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PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

15¢

JANUARY

HEDY LAMARR
BY PAUL HESSE



FEATURING IN THIS ISSUE **S** MOVIE STARS IN FULL COLOR
"WHY I'M NOT DIVORCING VICTOR MATURE"—Martha Mature's Own Story

"Forever in Love with YOU!"



● "What are you doing to him?" she choked. "Mike—what are you doing to him?"

"Trying to give him a bath," I explained, hope suddenly hot in my heart.

"Here—let me," breathed Anne. "Oh, the poor lamb—the poor little lamb . . ."

Here is the throbbing story of an adoring young husband whose lovely wife freezes him from her heart—after the death of their baby daughter. In desperation, he secretly adopts a baby boy and brings him into their home—but the problem only increases until...

Read "Forever in Love With You"—the book-length true novel featured in January True Story Magazine. You'll go hot and cold—with passionate sympathy, and with righteous indignation when you read this gripping story of a man who wooed his wife with another man's baby.

"OUT OF ALL THE WORLD"

—the story of a local boy who made good, after he stopped being bad. Don't miss part I of this 2-part serial in January True Story Magazine.

"RENDEZVOUS WITH MARRIAGE"

—it took a global war to unite this boy and girl whose path to marriage was beset with detours. Another complete true novellette—in January True Story Magazine.

These are but three of the **28** stirring true stories and features you'll enjoy in the January issue of True Story Magazine. Your greatest bargain in reading—now only 10c. Get your copy of True Story today!

True Story

Only 10c

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In Canada — 15c

**TUNE IN
TRUE STORY
THEATRE OF THE AIR**

Every Wednesday Night
at 8:30 New York Time
Henry Hull and a strong
supporting cast present
stirring dramas based
upon stories selected from
True Story Magazine. Be
sure to tune them in on

**MUTUAL BROADCASTING
SYSTEM STATIONS**



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

hearts surrender to a radiant smile!

To give your smile extra sparkle and appeal, brighten your teeth with Ipana and Massage!

TAKE COURAGE, plain girl—and smile! You don't need beauty to win your heart's desire. Just glance about you at the girls who are well-loved—the brides-to-be—the happy young wives—

Very few can claim real beauty... *but they all know how to smile!* Not timid, half-hearted smiles. But big, heart-warming smiles that light their faces like sunshine!

You, too, can have that same mag-

netic appeal—compelling, irresistible. So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Let your smile turn heads, win hearts, invite new happiness for you.

But it must be a *brave* smile, flashing freely and unafraid. For that kind of smile, you must have teeth you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise

by today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means gum circulation is quickening—helping gums to new firmness.

Make Ipana and massage part of your regular dental routine and help yourself to have brighter teeth and firmer gums—a more attractive, sparkling smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We wish you a Merry Christmas and
A Happy 1943.

And add a particular wish to all those
in the armed forces.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films are flown to
our warriors in Iceland, Ireland,
Great Britain, Australia, Hawaii and
New Caledonia.

At the moment, as Santa shouts "On,
Donder and Blitzen", there are two films
of opposite type tucked in his bag.
There's the melodious music box of hits
"For Me And My Gal".



Judy Garland, the all-talent girl, (the
boys with Judy are George Murphy and
Gene Kelly) fulfills every promise of her
precocious entertaining art.

The other film is "Random Harvest"
starring Ronald
Colman
and
Greer
Garson.



Two pictures in production at MGM
dealing with the one burning topic of
today are recommended especially.

One is the talked-about "Journey for
Margaret". The other is the will-be-
talked-about "Cargo Of Innocents".

Both are from novels and both were
condensed for the Reader's Digest.

"Journey For Margaret" is a William
L. White story of a refugee child who
found a refuge at last.

It presents little "Margaret" O'Brien in
one of the greatest of all performances.
Robert Young and Laraine Day admir-
ably foster the child.

Three strong men star in "Cargo Of
Innocents".

They are Robert
Taylor, Charles
Laughton and Brian
Donlevy. But more
about this anon.

It is a lionhearted
picture.

Naturally. — *Leo*



PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE
MIRROR

JANUARY, 1943

VOL. 22, NO. 2

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



It's a dramatic BOMBSHELL



when a world-famous correspondent



meets MARGARET during a blitz!

Here it is. And eagerly awaited is William L. White's story that thrilled millions in Reader's Digest and as a best selling novel! It has become one of the most soul-stirring pictures of our time. Brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer this strange and beautiful story of a valiant little orphan of the blitz and her flight to freedom will open your eyes and your heart.



GREAT
BOOK!
GREAT
PICTURE!



with
ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINÉ DAY
FAY BANTER
NIGEL BRUCE
WILLIAM SEVERN
and presenting
"MARGARET" O'BRIEN

Screen Play by David Hertz and
William Ludwig • Based Upon the
Book by William L. White

Directed by
MAJOR W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by B. P. FINEMAN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Snappy little movie: Victor Mature, Lucille Ball in "Seven Days Leave"

✓✓ Seven Days Leave
(RKO-Radio)

It's About: An Army private who has seven days to meet and marry a girl.

HUNK of man Mature takes leave of pictures for the Coast Guard in a lively, jivey, tuneful, snappy, little movie.

Vic learns through a radio show he's a missing heir. But in order to collect his money, according to his grandfather's will, he must meet and marry a certain girl. Vic has seven days leave to perform the miracle and, being Vic, he dood it.

Lucille Ball is the girl who spurns Vic's gall and then falls for it. Little Marey McGuire makes her screen debut and clicks solidly. Mapy Cortes is another newcomer who shows great promise. Freddy Martin furnishes the swell music and Hal Peary's (the Great Gildersleeve) laugh is everywhere. A homely little thing labeled Arnold Stang, who plays a pal of Vic's, is a riot. Peter Hayes, another pal, is terrific in his imitations. Ginny Simms simply wows with her rendition of "Can't Get Out Of This Mood."

Your Reviewer Says: It just oozes good fun.



Laugh riot: Irresistible Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour in "Road To Morocco"

✓✓ Road To Morocco
(Paramount)

It's About: Two scallawags in the Orient.

HERE they are again, those irrepressible, irresponsible, irresistible B boys of the screen—Bing and Bob—in another laugh riot.

Out to kid themselves, their studio, the customers and the picture, Hope and Crosby start out on a raft and end up on a raft, but, oh boy, what goes on in between! Stranded in Morocco, hungry and broke, Crosby sells Hope to a sheik for a cozy bunch of mazuma. When Crosby is warned in his dream by a favorite aunt, a Hope impersonation, to locate Bob, he does. And guess where the plump little rascal is? In Dorothy Lamour's boudoir! When Dorothy's sheik lover gets wind of the goings-on, Hope tries to slough her off on Bing. All three get caught, however, and from there on in it's a series of calamities, with talking camels putting in their two cents' worth.

What a picture! We're still laughing. Dona Drake is a cutie; Anthony Quinn makes an alarming sheik.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a howl.



Colorful romance: Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara in "The Black Swan"

✓✓ The Black Swan
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The love-making of a reformed pirate.

TALK about rowdy, gusty, colorful stories of romance—this, my friends, is it. It's a man's tale that women will love.

Tyrone Power scores mightily as *Jamey Boy*, a pirate who casts his lot with Laird Cregar, former pirate who has become Governor of Jamaica. With the aid of Thomas Mitchell, Tyrone Power and the rest of his plunderers set out to clear the seas of three former comrades, including George Sanders in the most magnificent red wig and beard imaginable.

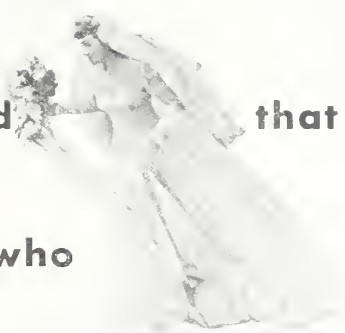
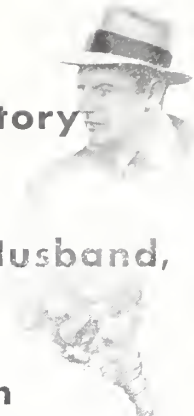
Enamored of the beautiful Maureen O'Hara, daughter of the former governor, and spurned constantly by his lady fair, Tyrone kidnaps her on his way to the sea. Need we say she eventually scorns her former and traitorous suitor, Edward Ashley, for *Jamey Boy*. Miss O'Hara is wondrously beautiful. Power comes forth with one of his best performances. In fact, the whole cast is top-notch.

Your Reviewer Says: A gorgeous riot.
(Continued on page 81)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 82

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 94

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 14

Have you heard  that priceless story
about the Girl who  left her Husband,
went to Florida in a private train with Ten



Mad Millionaires, nabbed the
richest Young Guy  in America, and then ...

but that's

**"THE
PALM**

**BEACH
STORY"**

The deft, dizzy,
different hit written
and directed by
PRESTON
(Never a dull moment)
STURGES

A Paramount Picture starring

CLAUDETTE

JOEL

COLBERT • McCREA

with
MARY ASTOR • RUDY VALLEE

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Speak FOR YOURSELF

Ann Young knew
the \$5 answer
when she looked at
Macdonald Carey

\$10.00 PRIZE

A Woman's Inspiration

COMING out of the theater from seeing "Wake Island" my husband said, "Honey, if only I had the ability to put into words the way I feel right now, every man and woman in these United States would have to buy Bonds so that there could never be another 'Wake Island.'"

Then he turned to me and asked if I minded terribly if he put the money he had planned for my Christmas gift into Bonds. One look into his dear face, at its grim, glowing purpose and there was but one answer. A great thankfulness toward Paramount Pictures and our Navy for filming "Wake Island" filled my heart and I could not help but feel that wives everywhere were being asked the same question and were responding just as gallantly.

Mrs. Leonard J. Lipton,
New Haven, Conn.

\$5.00 PRIZE

It Happened!

NO ACTOR can blitzkrieg me! I'm too nonchalant and easygoing a movie fan to lose my head and heart to a movie star.

Uh-uh. That's what I used to think B.C. (Before Carey). One look at Macdonald Carey's smooth, magnificent acting and—zip!—I lost my head. Another look at his classically handsome face with the devastatingly sincere grin and—pfft!—my heart was his.

I was so fascinated by his dynamic performance in "Dr. Broadway" that my head weaved around like a snake watching a charmer. Guess I'm old-fashioned, but I like to see polished actors like my favorite make good on the screen. The skaters are nice—in the rink; the singers are nice—when they're singing; but actors alone belong in Hollywood where there's

some serious acting to be done. There must be a place in the stars for such brilliant talent as Macdonald Carey's. There should be meaty roles, because Mac's just the lad to bite into them!

Better fasten the altitude goggles on this brilliant movie newcomer. And, elevator operators, don't bother to ask Macdonald Carey the customary, "Going up?" Just take one look at him and you'll know the answer!

Ann Young,
Berkeley, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

The Girls They Left Behind

TEMPTATIONS galore beset the "girls they left behind"—and inasmuch as they have promised not to sit under the apple tree with anyone else, where can a girl go to forget she's lonely, worried and heartsick. Not to dances, parties, night clubs.

Where else but the movies, where unescorted girls don't seem out of place; where recreation, tears and laughter erase for a brief spell the

choking feeling of loneliness; where pictures like "Wake Island" don't make those girls forget but remember proudly that "he's" in there, too, an American fighting as only an American can—and strengthening our resolve to keep faith with them as they have kept faith with humanity.

Pictures like "Mrs. Miniver" to make them vow to hold their heads high—no whining, no martyrlike attitude in their letter to "him," just a cheery, "Keep 'em flying, kid!"

Pictures like "Pride Of The Yankees" to help them remember what it is we're fighting for—the spirit of America, the spirit of a clean sport and an equally clean-cut plain American guy—Gehrig!

Pictures like "Mrs. Miniver" to to keep them from forgetting how to laugh, 'cause we at home need morale-boosters, too!

Mrs. Joseph Lieser,
Chicago, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Take Note, Hollywood

YOUNG America salutes the picture, "Eagle Squadron." Although several of our elders thought it a bit rough and too mechanized, we know that's the only way to win the war and hold on to the happiness and the way of life we and our children are entitled to.

I personally had four dollars in my handbag to buy a red sweater I wanted badly. But after seeing the picture I was "fighting mad." I marched into the lobby of the theater and bought stamps with that money. A friend of mine who was in the Naval Reserves went home from seeing the picture and applied for immediate action.

Hats off to "Eagle Squadron's" personnel and all those responsible for that fine picture.

"Keep 'em coming!"

Jane L. Smith,
Lebanon, Pa.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Parentetical Picture

AT FIRST I thought she was just funny and so I laughed, but I soon sat up and took notice. I thought she was beautiful—but *dumb*.

Now I think she is one of the best comediennes Hollywood has introduced in a long time. The more I see her the more convinced I become that here is a girl who has them all beat.

She's beautiful (from the right angle). She can sing (if she wants to). She can act (if she tries to). She can keep an audience in an uproar (always). Young and old like her (and always will). Everybody talks about her (though sometimes they don't quite remember her name).

Who is she? Well, she's that glamorous sour-puss crooner, none other than Virginia O'Brien. Give us more pictures with Virginia—she's good for what ails us. She's a laugh tonic if there ever was one.

R. T. Winstead, Seaman 2nd Class
 Naval Air Station,
 Norfolk, Va.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Boners

MAY I suggest that casting directors use a little more discretion?

In the picture "Moontide," starring Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino, a very serious moment was spoiled when the minister turned toward the camera, revealing himself to be none other than Dick Tracy who appears in a thrill-packed serial every Saturday at our local theater.

Someone said, "Oh, Dick Tracy!" and the audience howled.

The young man is very good-looking and the part was not important, but it proved most disconcerting for the dare-devil of the serials to take the part of a minister.

And while I am in a griping mood, can't something be done to keep movie slang within the confines of the period that is depicted? I refer, in particular to that musical of the gay nineties or thereabouts, "My Gal Sal," when the songwriter says, "It stinks," when speaking about a number he has just played. And again when *Sal* says, "Could be" in one of her songs.

If the dialogue writers are not stopped, they will have George Washington say, "I dood it," after he chops down the cherry tree.

Nina E. Watkins,
 Mena, Ark.

Honorable Mention

I'VE seen but one motion picture in three months, so I hastened out on our boulevard to see what I could see. One theater (Continued on page 77)

Love
comes
to
JACK BENNY
and
ANN SHERIDAN!
IN WARNER BROS. RIOT

"Geo. Washington Slept Here"

with
CHARLES COBURN PERCY KILBRIDE • HATTIE McDANIEL
 WILLIAM TRACY • Directed by WM. KEIGHLEY
 Screen Play by Everett Freeman • From the Stage Play by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman • Produced by Sam Harris

★ Watch and Wait for the Howling Date! ★



hollywood
for
SERVICE



Big thing in a big town: Hollywood Canteen opening. Sponsor Bette Davis was ushered in by Lt. Col. Jack Warner, served as a cigarette girl . . .

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



. . . Greer Garson came to watch the dedication ceremonies out front at \$50 a seat; then to dance, talk and kid with the 5,000 service men first-nighters



HOLLYWOOD's Canteen: Two groups with a single thought met and merged. One, Hollywood actors; the other, the musicians' union, Local 47. Result—the idea behind the Hollywood Canteen, one of the greatest things of its kind in the country. It was the musicians, aware of all the night spots, who thought of the Old Barn, a night club on Cahuenga near Sunset, as a possible location.

In a flash union after union came marching in to offer their services—carpenters, painters, electricians who toiled and worked long after their

own day's work was done. Decorators, artists, illustrators painted the tables a gay red and white like old-fashioned gingham. Cartooned artistry covered the walls. Hairdressers, wardrobe girls, secretaries poured in to be registered as waitresses, hostesses, anything at all. Stars, male and female, fought to be allowed to wash dishes, to sweep, to clean, to be bus boys, to serve, to entertain.

Jules Stein, head of one of the biggest agencies, took over the business management. Max Miller, press agent de luxe, offered his services free.

Bette Davis was elected president.

Then came the opening night with Uncle Sam's boys of the Army, Navy and Marines passing by the grandstands on which sat, for a change, the stars to cheer them on. For this privilege the stars paid \$100 per pair of seats. Ten thousand dollars was realized the first night.

The boys marched along open-mouthed, staring at their spectators on the grandstands. One little sailor recognized Judy Garland sitting high up. He stopped and stared. "Judy," he said huskily, "please come down."

Canteen

MEN



Clean sweep was made by aproned Dietrich. Below: Irene Dunne full sail with a sailor



Humphrey Bogart and Ann Miller teamed up to pass the kitchen ammunition to the front line



Rochester passed cake, tapped out time for Rudy Vallee and Kay Kyser's bands



He danced with Judy later.

So great was the crowd, and still is, servicemen are entertained for one and a half hours in relays. Those who eat, drink, dance and are entertained, move out through the back door so that a new group may move in.

The biggest name bands in the country, including Kay Kyser, Rudy Vallee, Duke Ellington, Tommy Dorsey, Freddy Martin, Ozzie Nelson, Ted Fio Rita, and many others, take turns on the platform and other bands, while waiting to go on, play outside for the overflow.

Such stars as Eddie Cantor, Abbott and Costello, Betty Hutton, Dinah Shore, Ginny Simms, Eleanor Powell, Marlene Dietrich, Betty Grable and dozens of others have entertained for the boys, danced and served them.

One boy dancing with Dorothy Lamour never spoke a word. Finally Dorothy began a conversation. "No, please don't talk," he said, "just dance and let me dream."

"To think," another said as he sat and looked at Bette Davis, "not so long ago I was in a lifeboat on the Pacific alone for five days, hungry,

cold and never expecting to see land again. And now here I sit looking at you. Somehow that makes it all worth while."

Cal went over to the Canteen the other late afternoon to greet Bob Hope, who had just returned from Alaska and was broadcasting that night from the Canteen. Bette was there and greeted us heartily, taking us about, showing us everything and straightening chairs and tables like a fussy housewife. Bette was on the broadcast and, of course, Cal sat through all the rehearsals. "Take my



Merrily they roll along—Lana Turner and new husband Steve Crane at ease at the Roller Bowl

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

phone number," Bob said between jokes. "I want to talk to you about Alaska."

Above our heads wagon wheels were hung, from which dangled lanterns for light. In one corner on a dais was a table covered with gold-fringed cloth. Suspended above were paper angels and halos. This was the "angel table" we were informed, where for \$100 a couple of civilians are permitted to sit and watch. The table has never been vacant one night.

Into the Canteen, while we were there, poured the junior hostesses for that night. Among the hairdressers and secretaries we noticed Martha O'Driscoll, Carole Landis, Fay McKenzie, Deanna Durbin, Alexis Smith and many others. When the doors were opened, the servicemen flowed in, sitting in rows on the dance floor

ready to listen to the broadcast. Several boys sat down at a table with Deanna Durbin. If they recognized her, they were too shy to let on.

We came away with a feeling of gratitude that we are a part of this Hollywood that feels so keenly the needs of these boys who are going out to do or die for us. And not only do we "feel," but we do something about it. Now if you'll excuse old Cal we'll put on our apron and get to work.

Heigh ho, we're a bus boy at the Canteen. Another doughnut, soldier?

Round about the Town: Beautiful Ilona Massey and her husband Alan Curtis separate and reunite more often than any couple we know. One

day they'll make that separation final, you'll see, or Cal misses his guess.

John Payne's enlistment in the Army Reserve for a forty-week civilian pilot training course came as no surprise to friends who knew the actor was shopping about for a spot to help Uncle Sam. And it seems Warners just can't keep Humphrey Bogart out of the excitement. Bogie is now trying for the Merchant Marines. George Montgomery is another Merchant Marine fan and will join that outfit shortly. Incidentally, Payne's course of training won't begin until January first so we'll be seeing him about town a while longer.

While Lana Turner was causing a small-sized riot among the servicemen of the Hollywood Canteen, who all struggled to dance with the star, her husband, Steve Crane, remained

He Kissed Her All Over The Map

ON ANOTHER FELLOW'S
HONEYMOON!

THAT EVENING IN PARIS

SOUL KISSES IN PRAGUE

LOVE UNDER FIRE IN WARSAW!

VIENNA WAS HEAVEN

Whirlwind romance that races headlong through the tumbling capitals of Europe! ... A truly great picture that catches the courage, the drama, and the flaming spirit of a blitz-torn world, in the most exciting story of this war!



HER Finest Since 'Kitty Foyle' ... THEIR First Time Together ... THE YEAR'S Greatest Love Affair!

Ginger and Cary **ROGERS GRANT** *are coming soon* in *"Once Upon A Honeymoon"*

Produced & Directed
by Academy
Award - Winner

**LEO
McCAREY**
His Greatest Hit Yet!



With
WALTER SLEZAK · ALBERT DEKKER
ALBERT BASSERMAN
Screen Play by Sheridan Gibney

See it at
**RADIO CITY
MUSIC HALL**
Or At Leading Theatres
Everywhere. Watch For Date!



Out of bounds: Jack Oakie and his outsized rig, complete with derby, took the Hollywood cake at the annual charity leading men vs. comedians football game. Betty Grable came; so did . . .

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



. . . Ann Miller and Linda Darnell who did their dog-gone best as spectators



Roz Russell and uniformed husband Fred Brisson put their heads together at the popular Mocambo to celebrate a reported coming stork visit

in the kitchen and washed dishes. And it cheers our heart, by the way, to feel this couple is growing happier by the minute. Now let's all keep our fingers crossed for Lana and Steve.

It is not true that at the annual visit of the circus to Hollywood Joan Blondell's young son tried to feed peanuts all through the performance to Laird Cregar in the delusion the actor was an elephant. Laird says the little boy only thought so at first until he discovered the actor had no trunk.

Girls, if you like plenty of trimmings and gee-gaws with your frocks, don't think you stand alone. They tell us over at RKO that shooting always begins an hour late on the dress-up scenes in a Ginger Rogers picture

while the director, designer and wardrobe woman very, very tactfully strip-tease Ginger of the adornments she insists on wearing.

"See, it's beautiful, Ginger," they'll say, "but I really believe you'd photograph better without the artificial flowers and the clip. And won't the jewel and the bow in your hair overshadow your lovely, smooth coiffure just a shade?"

By the time they've denuded Ginger of her overabundant accessories a lot of time has gone by. So you see, others may like a lot of gingerbread as well as you.

Hollywood's Mystery Child: Hollywood is beginning to ask questions

about Joan Leslie, Warner's star who will be eighteen years old in January. They're asking why Joan is kept so secluded, made so much of a mysterious recluse by her studio. Requests that Joan appear at officers' organizations with such stars as Jane Withers and Bonita Granville, are met with such howls of horrified disapproval by her studio Cal is growing more and more puzzled.

What's the idea, the town asks. Whom or what are they afraid of? At fourteen, Joan was tramping the streets of New York alone looking for work, according to her biographical publicity and fourteen is pretty young to be going about alone in the big city. Now here she is, a young lady of eighteen, with so much denied her.

A friend was telling Cal of a Sunday afternoon party at the home of a certain young star where Joan was one of the guests. Her father drove her there—late—then sat out in the car in full view of the festivities and waited. The kids were in the midst of a vaudeville show when Joan arrived, each putting on a single routine of his own. Joan asked to perform right off, then, not satisfied with one skit, begged to do another and still another. There was such a repressed eagerness about her for this hour of fun that even the younger set caught the meaning of it and cheered her on.

If anyone can offer a solution to this mystery, we'd certainly like to know about it. Good, free, happy times seem such a normal thing for young ladies of eighteen, old Cal thinks.

(Continued on page 93)

CHILLED? SNEEZING?

LOOK OUT FOR
COLDS AND SORE THROAT



LISTERINE-Quick!

It may nip the trouble in the bud

AT the first sign of chill, or sneeze, start gargling with this wonderful antiseptic.

Excitement, fatigue, raw temperatures, cold feet, may lower body resistance so that threatening germs can invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection.

Nature Needs Help

Then, if ever, Nature needs a helping hand to keep such germs under control . . . to help prevent a "mass invasion" when defenses are down.

That's why it is wise to gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic at the

first hint of trouble.

Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs . . . including hosts of the very "secondary invaders" that many specialists believe to be responsible for so many of a cold's troublesome aspects. Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7 per cent 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle and up to 80% one hour after.

At the First Sign of Trouble

If you feel chilly, under par, have the sniffles and your throat feels irritated,



THE
SAFE ANTISEPTIC

gargle at once with Listerine Antiseptic and repeat every 3 hours. You may spare yourself a nasty siege of cold and a painful sore throat.

It's a
BIG PICTURE



THE MOST
THRILLING DRAMA
OF THIS WAR

Great as the courage of
the American Volunteer
Group, whose exploits
thrilled the world. A
spectacular film tribute
to their daring!



FLYING TIGERS

Starring

JOHN WAYNE
JOHN CARROLL · ANNA LEE

with

PAUL KELLY
GORDON JONES
MAE CLARKE
BILL SHIRLEY

BUY
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



Benny-Sheridan hi-jinks in
"George Washington Slept Here"

✓ **ACROSS THE PACIFIC**—Warners: Exciting, well-done melodrama about the roundup of Jap spies and saboteurs by an American agent, with Humphrey Bogart as the agent, Sidney Greenstreet as a Jap agent and Mary Astor as a mysterious damsel. The three principals cook up a lot of excitement and thrills. (Nov.)

✓ **APACHE TRAIL**—M-G-M: A whoop-la Western, with Indians and uprisings and maraudings. William Lundigan is a fearless stagecoach driver of the old West, who guards his cargo against his evil brother, Lloyd Nolan. Donna Reed, Spanish girl at the post, and Ann Ayars, charming widow, are rivals for Lundigan's love. (Oct.)

✓ **ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY**—Paramount: The marital woes of an average young couple, played by Betty Field and Ray Milland, add up to chuckle entertainment, what with the little jealousies, the fibbing of the wife and her interference with her husband's work. Charles Dingle, Patricia Morison, Eugene Pallette and Leif Erickson contribute to a pleasant evening. (Oct.)

ATLANTIC CONVOY—Columbia: This story of a Marine base off the Iceland coast is a timely little number. A mysterious weather man, John Beal, is suspected of being the tip-off agent to Nazi submarines interfering with our convoys. Virginia Field plays a rescued nurse and Bruce Bennett is the Marine commanding officer. (Dec.)

✓ **BABY FACE MORGAN**—Producers Releasing Corp.: Richard Cromwell unknowingly heads a gang of racketeers, although how he could have been so stupid is beyond us. Mary Carlisle is the sweet young thing who finally beats some sense into his head; Robert Armstrong is the bad man. (Oct.)

✓ **BERLIN CORRESPONDENT**—20th Century-Fox: A neat little package of melodrama, with Dana Andrews an American news commentator in Berlin who slips information via air to his New York paper. When pro-Nazi Virginia Gilmore sets out to trap him, she discovers her own father to be the informer. (Nov.)

✓ **BETWEEN US GIRLS**—Universal: Diana Barrymore scores a knockout as the daughter who hopes to help along her mother's romance with John Boles by posing as a twelve-year-old. Robert Cummings, a friend of Boles, attempts to amuse little Diana and finds himself a victim of riotous conspiracy. Kay Francis is beautiful as the mother, and Andy Devine very good. (Nov.)

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON—Paramount: Here's Dorothy Lamour back in her sarong again, playing the circus girl who's really an heiress. To help her prove her claim, the whole circus crew, including Richard Denning, Walter Abel, the scientist who discovered Dottie in the jungle, and Jack Haley, an unfunny press agent, go back to the jungle to search for the papers. (Oct.)

✓ **BIG STREET, THE**—RKO Radio: An unexpected delight is this Damon Runyon story. Its

aura of unusualness, its charm and appeal are strictly Runyonesque. Lucille Ball is the ruthlessly unfeeling night-club performer, permanently crippled, and Henry Fonda is the hus boy who blindly adores and serves her. Both give superb performances and create living characters. (Nov.)

BUSSES ROAR—Warners: Spies and saboteurs commandeer the night bus from Los Angeles to San Francisco, planting a bomb timed to explode as the bus reaches vital oil fields, but, like the story, the bomb fails to explode at the right time. Richard Travis is a passenger Marine; Peter Whitney as a Nazi and Julie Bishop as a stranded passenger are among those present. (Nov.)

SHADOW STAGE

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CAIRO—M-G-M: This isn't very good, but it does have its moments of fun with Boh Young as an American correspondent in Cairo and Jeanette MacDonald as an American singer who's the dupe of Nazi sympathizers. The way the two chase each other around is a caution. Jeanette sings beautifully and Ethel Waters is superb as the maid. (Nov.)

CALLING DR. GILLESPIE—M-G-M: Philip Dorn replaces Lew Ayres in the *Dr. Kildare* series and scores a solid hit as the Holland-born doctor who hopes to become a psychoanalyst and does when a homicidal maniac roams the hospital seeking revenge on *Dr. Gillespie*, played as usual by Lionel Barrymore. Phil Brown is the young maniac and Donna Reed his sweetheart. (Oct.)

CANAL ZONE—Columbia: It's the same old story of the young upstart in aviation training who finally gets his come-uppance and turns out to be a man and a hero. John Hubbard is the believable smartie, Chester Morris the flying instructor, and Harriet Hilliard the lone female of the cast. (Nov.)

CAREFUL, SOFT SHOULDERS—20th Century-Fox: Everything happens to everybody and little of it makes sense. Lovely Virginia Bruce, a Washington socialite scatterbrain, gets involved with Nazi agents under the impression that they're our own Secret Service men. Jimmy Ellison is the strong-armed boy friend and Sheila Ryan and Aubrey Mather stand out clearly. (Dec.)

CITY OF SILENT MEN—P.R.C.: When a small-town mayor turns over a local cannery to a group of ex-convicts as a rehabilitation experiment, the town folk grumble and eventually flare into rebellion when a murder is committed. Frank Albertson, June Lang, Jan Wiley and Emmett Lynn head the cast, but the picture's strictly small-time. (Dec.)

✓✓ **DESPERATE JOURNEY—Warners:** A thriller in this melodrama, telling of the adventures of a group of R.A.F. flyers whose bomber crashes in Germany. They escape the Germans and then comes their desperate attempt to evade German officer Raymond Massey and make their way back to England. Errol Flynn is the squadron leader and the flyers include Ronald Reagan and Alan Hale. (Nov.)

DRUMS OF THE CONGO—Universal: It seems we need certain meteoric mineral for our defense industries, so Don Terry of the Army Intelligence is dispatched to the African jungle to get it, but he finds that foreign agents are also after it. Ona Munson is the brave woman doctor, Peggy Moran a girl spy, but Stuart Erwin as the jungle guide steals the show. (Dec.)

EYES IN THE NIGHT—M-G-M: Ann Harding comes back to the screen as a stepmother who must break up the romance of her daughter, Donna Reed, with John Emery. There's also a plot to steal millionaire Reginald Denny's invention. It's blind man Edward Arnold who, with the aid of his dog, discovers the plot and brings our enemies to justice. (Dec.)

FLYING FORTRESS—Warners: You'll see Richard Greene in this English-made film, in which he plays an American playboy who joins the Ferry Command, falls in love with an American newspaperwoman and joins the R.A.F. The air-raid scenes in the American-made bomber are thrilling, but the English interpretations of Americans are most unconvincingly. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FLYING TIGERS—Republic:** A thrilling, heart-stirring film based on the adventures of the volunteer American flyers who fought and died for China's cause. John Wayne, the squadron leader; John Carroll, the braggadocio; Edmund MacDonald, Paul Kelly and Gordon Jones give us a page of American history that should make every American proud of his race. (Dec.)

✓ **FOOTLIGHT SERENADE—20th Century-Fox:** Victor Mature is an egotistical prize fighter who goes on the stage, ousts star Cobina Wright Jr. from her role, substitutes his own choice, Betty Grable, and then can't understand why Betty should prefer John Payne to him. Betty does several dance routines, Jane Wyman plays her girl friend and James Gleason is the producer. (Oct.)

FOREIGN AGENT—Monogram: Another spying story, but this time the baddies wend their way after the usual secret invention in and out of studios and Los Angeles environs. John Shelton and Gale Storm are the romantic leads and Ivan Lebedeff and George Travell stir things up a bit. There's plenty of action. (Dec.)

✓ **FOREST RANGERS—Paramount:** Fred MacMurray is the handsome ranger who meets and marries Paulette Goddard, to the jealous chagrin of Susan Hayward, who tries to get him away. More important than the fine cast, which also includes Alvert Dekker, Eugene Pallette and Lynne Overman, is the succession of tremendous fire scenes, magnificently photographed in Technicolor. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FOR ME AND MY GAL—M-G-M:** A musical knockout, with George Murphy losing his vaudeville partner, Judy Garland, to Gene Kelly. Judy falls in love with Gene, almost breaks her heart when he's attracted to Marta Eggerth, then suddenly Gene discovers he loves Judy. But then comes World War I and Gene pays dearly for his unpatriotism. You're bound to love this picture. (Dec.)

(Continued on page 88)

"To be his Guiding Star try my*W.B.N.C."

Paulette Goddard, Starring in "Star Spangled Rhythm", a Paramount Picture



Says Paulette Goddard:

"He's fighting for you—so it's up to you to look the part! W.B.N.C. are your call letters for..."

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.

"See how this 3-minute care with Woodbury Cold Cream helps keep your skin smooth and alluring." Cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Tissue off soil. Then swirl on a light film for overnight. Woodbury contains four luscious ingredients for softening, smoothing the skin.

A fifth exclusive ingredient is constantly working to purify this cream right in the jar. Try the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars, tonight. Soon your mirror will whisper, "He's coming back--to find you even lovelier than before."

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars



Beauty isn't Rationed. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, \$1.25, 75c; also 50c, 25c and 10c sizes.

Seas Ablaze

...with black villainy, with fiery romance, with breathless deeds of daring... in the roaring era of Love, Gold and Adventure!

"Sixteen men on a
dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

Tyrone *Maureen*
POWER · O'HARA
in Rafael Sabatini's
**THE
BLACK SWAN**
in Technicolor

with
LAIRD CREGAR · THOMAS MITCHELL
GEORGE SANDERS · ANTHONY QUINN
GEORGE ZUCCO

Directed by HENRY KING • Produced by ROBERT BASSLER
Screen Play by Ben Hecht and Seton I. Miller • Adapted
by Seton I. Miller, from the Novel by Rafael Sabatini

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE



Christmas presents—from Hollywood to you

FOR two thousand years, in war and peace, famine and plenty, the miracle of Christmas has been re-created, to touch us with new faith and help us momentarily to turn from the grim overtones of bombs bursting across the fronts of the world.

Hollywood, tinsel-loving child, this year will once again clasp Christmas to her heart, leading the way to this brief moment of happiness in so many moments of tragedy, adorning herself with the brightest wrappings, not counting the many gifts she has tucked into our own Christmas stockings.

For all of us who go to the movies have had exciting presents from Hollywood during this past year:

Hedy Lamarr who now can act as well as appear ravishing on the screen.

"Mrs. Miniver"—a wonderful gift—which permitted us to see for ourselves something we had suspected right along: That ordinary English families have the bright quality of simple heroism we hope and believe we too possess.

Rita Hayworth perfecting her loveliness in "My Gal Sal" and "You Were Never Lovelier," surely one of the aptest titles of the year.

Ronald Colman with all his old charm refurbished in "Talk Of The Town" and his enchanting new film, "Random Harvest," in which he co-stars with Greer Garson.

Clark Gable's voluntary enlistment, a gift of inspiration that caught America's imagination and wiped out a whole carload of bitter, unthinking grumbling against "privileged movie stars."

George Sanders in A productions. A rescue of a potent personality from a succession of roles and films that scarcely scratched the surface of his popularity.

Katharine Hepburn, who returned to Hollywood and joined with Metro and Spencer Tracy in giving us "Woman Of The Year" and—soon to be seen—"Keeper Of The Flame."

Monty Woolley's beard, magnetic bit of foliage behind which lurks a delightful new personality equally at home in the back-biting role of "The Man Who Came to Dinner" or the grumpy old softie of "The Pied Piper."

Lana Turner's new marriage. At a time when our thoughts centered grimly on the desperate battles being

fought in the wastes of the Southern Pacific, the burning desert of North Africa, the shattering siege of Stalingrad, this cellophane-wrapped gift of romance proves that the heart of Hollywood beats with as strong a pulse as ever.

Humphrey Bogart as a hero—after he proved himself over and over again in such melodramas as "The Maltese Falcon" and "Across The Pacific," tense photo-plays of murder, double-cross and heroism.

Veronica Lake, fresh reminder that sex appeal is still a valuable commodity.

Bing Crosby-Bob Hope-Dorothy Lamour teaming to gift us with unmatched wit and, in turn, two hours of forgetfulness. (Have you seen "Road To Morocco?")

Alan Ladd, whose performance in "This Gun For Hire" gave the feminine population of the country a brand-new star to hitch their wagons to—and the critics a brand-new enthusiasm.

"My Sister Eileen," for its bright glow of merriment, fitting prelude to 1942's hard-earned holiday respite. Incidentally, thank your Hollywood Santa for bright little Janet Blair—and who wouldn't be glad to find her on the Christmas tree?

Two Yankees—"Pride Of The Yankees" and "Yankee Doodle Dandy"—which brought to the screen the lives of Lou Gehrig, greatest of all first basemen, and George M. Cohan, America's outstanding showman.

John Ford, who proved Hollywood genius wasn't afraid to be in the thick of it when he kept his camera rolling throughout the Battle of Midway and sent back home to America a stirring film, visual proof of what our men are doing in the Pacific.

All those stars who went out to meet you, the people, to give you a chance to know them and sell to you personally the Bonds that are your Christmas present to Uncle Sam.

My list could be much longer, but editors are modest people who say very few words directly to their readers. So I suggest that you make your own list and see—to your surprise—how many presents Hollywood has left at your doorstep during the year.

Merry Christmas!

Fred R. Hammit

"ALASKA HERE I COME!"

BY

Bob Hope

—and Alaska will never be the same! Neither will you, after you've finished this saga of red-hot Hope



Guitarist Romano, Hope
and Frances Langford
warming up at Cordova

WHEN we dipped out of the clouds, up there in Alaska and the Aleutians, and those kids rushed towards us and cheered us, I was never so close to tears in my life. And I don't cry easy.

I've played a lot of camps in the States. A few months ago, I walked into Soldiers Field in Chicago where 100,000 people or more were inside and 50,000 or more outside. And it was great. Last year, at the Academy Award dinner, I got goose pimples when they awarded me a plaque for Humanitarian Effort. That was great, too. But I never got such a reaction as I did up there in those outpost theaters of the war.

You just got to be there to understand the feeling. For it's something different.

Those kids, up there in Alaska, in the Aleutians, in that Umnak, for instance—get that, Umnak—well, the feeling is different. Because the need is so great. The need for diversion. The need to laugh. They're so far away from home, from mail. Their radio reception is none too good, lot of those places. They certainly can't go to canteens and dance with Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth, Dottie Lamour and The Girls. Naturally there isn't a movie. So naturally they're starved for entertainment. "Hunger not of the belly kind," as that poet of the North, Robert W. Service, once wrote.

So I found that to feed the starving anything, even a few gags in

exchange for a few laughs, was the biggest wallop I ever got in my life.

Why, they were so starved for entertainment they'd sit out in the rain on the damp ground when there wasn't a hall or a barracks where we could put on our show. And we'd do our shows out in the open, too, mounted on those knolls, or on a



Running the gauntlet
of a crowd of cheering,
cheered-up Americans

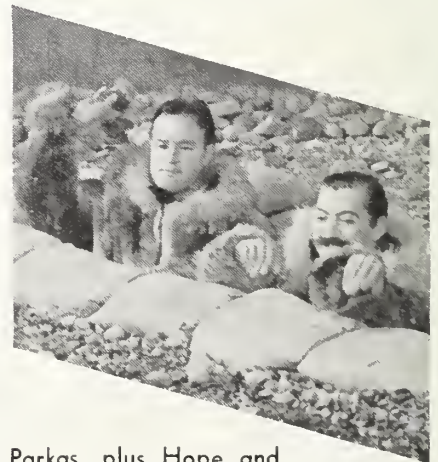
truck or the rear end of a tank. "I used to play tank towns," I told them, "now I play off tanks. I can't get away from those tanks!" From the enthusiasm of that audience you'd think they were sitting in loge seats in the Shrine Auditorium here at home.

One kid, fellow by the name of Lester Bentley, from Sidney, Nebraska, wrote a letter to his mother after he'd seen our show. His mother sent it to me. It was written in pencil. It began "Dear Mom." It's with me for keeps. I quote it, in spots, because he says things I can't, and remain graceful.

"Dear Mom: Our mail has not been coming through at all. However, just received our first big thrill since leaving the States—just five months ago to the day. I was standing by the fire in my tent, lamenting the fact that one day was just like another, when a fellow pokes his head in and says 'Bob Hope, in person, is at the lake.' It was five or six miles away, but we lost no time running for trucks. Believe I can say we made record speed for the Army. A horrible-looking crowd we must have been—mud on our clothes, whiskers. But they must have been used to it. They looked pretty tired themselves—they looked very tired and travel-worn. Wished all the time that you were there and could have been as close to them as I was—in the front row. I could have reached out and touched them. I wanted to shake his hand. Know that I speak for the Army when I say that Bob Hope is the Army's Number 1 entertainer."

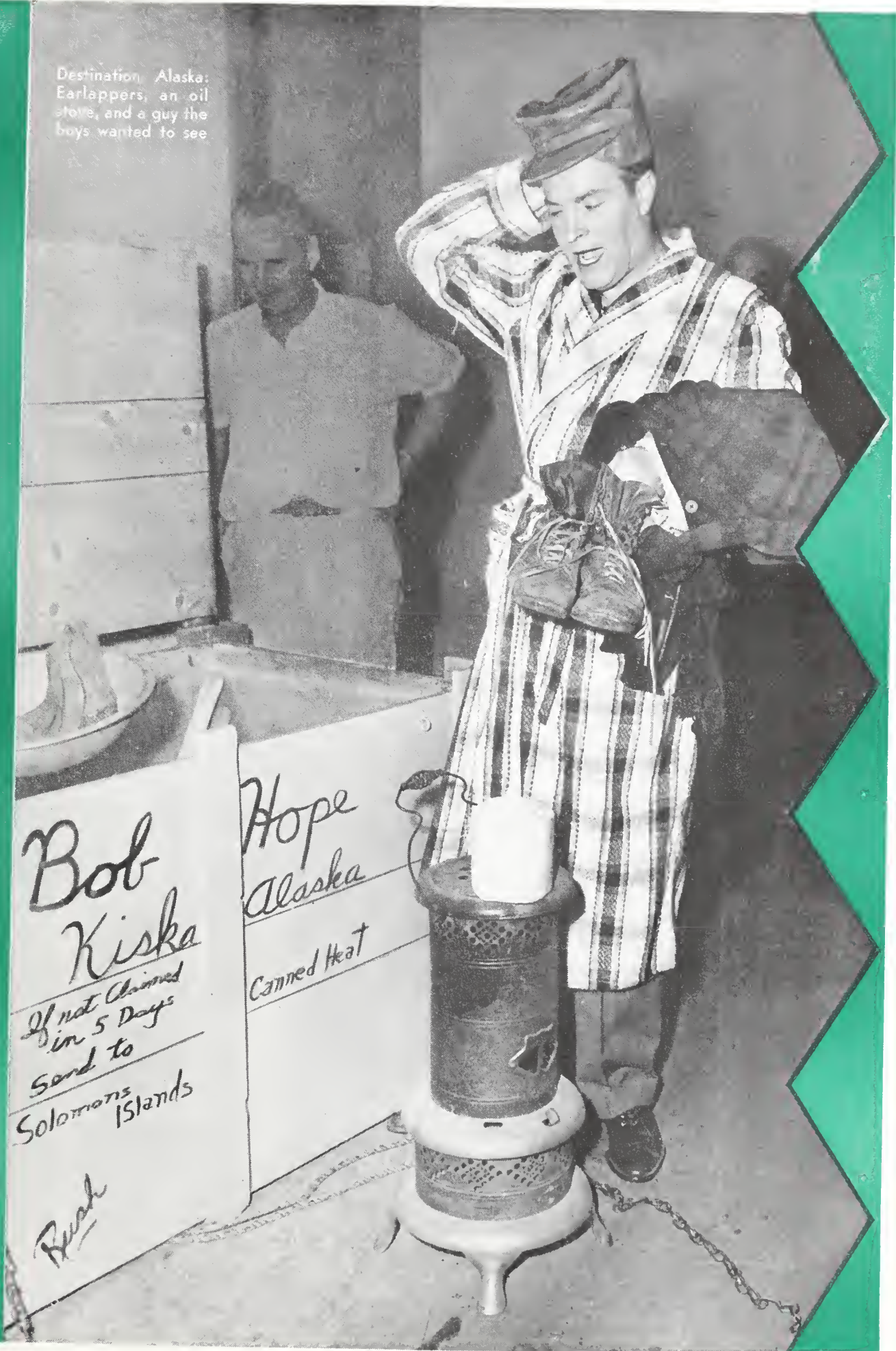
To give a kid up there, doing the job he's doing, his "first big thrill"; to get a bouquet like that—gee, thanks. Les!

About the most thrilling time is
(Continued on page 75)



Parkas, plus Hope and
Jerry Colonna, plus
picture of a fox hole

Destination: Alaska:
Earlappers, an oil
store, and a guy the
boys wanted to see





John liked the role he had to play with Jane, one very different from that of Anne's husband

Hollywood's in for a surprise. It has to do with John, recuperating from a broken "perfect marriage," and Jane, the question-mark girl of filmdom

BY BETH EMERSON

Heart Affair—

The New Romance in John Payne's Life



JOHNNY PAYNE, who will probably be Johnny Dough-boy by the time you read this, as he is due to enter the Army Air Corps as a private as soon as he finishes "Hello, Frisco, Hello," is spending his last civilian evenings with Jane Russell.

They make the newest and most provocative of those combinations that always set Hollywood jittering, this tall, black-haired, broad-shouldered fellow and this smouldering, sexy girl whom the whole world knows but has never seen on the screen.

Their dating would set the

Hollywood tongues wagging in any event, but the town goes into double talk when it thinks of Anne Shirley. Anne and Johnny had one of those "perfect marriages" that ended suddenly and without explanation from either one of them last January.

It honestly was a "perfect marriage," too. Anne and John had met in 1937 while they both were very young, Anne still in her teens, and John, despite a wealth of worldly experiences, still only twenty-six. They had married almost at once and had their child a little more than a year later.

Throughout their marriage they were very popular with a whole mob of mutual friends. They each had their careers at which they were most successful. They had a charming house and apparently their tastes were exactly similar, since you could see them, laughing together as they danced, almost any evening at Ciro's or the Mocambo or whatever cafe was the cafe of the moment.

Thus Hollywood was deeply disillusioned when one night over a dinner table at Romanoff's they separated. For once, the mood of the town was unanimous. "What

a rotten shame," simultaneously breathed the gossips and the friends and the enemies. Snoop around as they would, no one from any group could find out which one was "to blame."

Still, Hollywood was in for one surprise. It was obvious that John had increased in star stature since marriage and that Anne had not. This should have meant that it would be John who would be seen in the night clubs while Anne, in the manless society of the movies, would sit home alone.

The shock was that the reverse happened. It was Anne who immediately began appearing out every evening, and with one devoted escort after another. She was seen with Eddie Albert, with David May, with Edmond O'Brien, with Robert Stack and some score of others, while John stayed quiet and alone in his bachelor quarters.

Months passed before John did begin dating Sheila Ryan, but whip that up as they would, the Hollywood gossips simply couldn't make a big thing out of that pairing, since it was so visibly a friendship and nothing more.

But when, a couple of months ago, John first appeared with Jane Russell, everyone sensed that this was something that would bear watching. There was, between Jane and John, that electric quality of awareness of one another's presence. When John began being seen, not once or twice, but constantly with Jane, then the whole town knew it was witnessing one of those torrid romances, taut with emotion, flaming brighter for the short time it could endure because of John's coming service. The tongues at once began to clatter.

Then when John and Anne were seen back together again one evening, the whispers rose almost to shouts.

The explanation of this latter date was distressingly simple, however. Both John and Anne adore their small daughter, Julie Anne, of whom Anne has the custody. As her parents, they had met to discuss the little girl's future, stayed together for dinner that they might talk about her, her schooling, her bright sayings. Even if you hate your ex-spouse cordially, you can't go around Hollywood showing it, as that would be just too wearing in a place where lost loves are always bumping into one another. John and Anne don't hate one another, so they behaved charmingly that evening.

BUT when, the next night, John and Jane Russell were observed together again, then there was no longer any question but that this was a real romance. But the chief reason why, over and beyond their youth, their ambition and their handsomeness that these two are attracted to each other has never been told up until now.

It has to do with John's love for Anne Shirley and with Jane Russell's love for a boy named Bob Waterfield.

You have to understand, first of all, that for all his handsomeness, for all this adventurous life which has included jobs in carnivals, burlesque shows, boxing rings, movies and the like, John Payne is an inhibited, shy young man. You have to know that Anne was his first real love, and that marriage was an ideal relationship to him, and that the death of love stunned him deeply.

Some people can knock around the world and never be touched by it. This, until very recently, was true of John. He had lived in two distinct worlds before he came to Hollywood. The world of his childhood was that of the most refined Virginia society. The world of his first wage-earning, of his young manhood, was that tawdry side of show business. Any Holly-

wood interviewer will tell you that this star, who should be full of the most wonderful stories, is actually colorless in speech. My personal belief on that score is that John Payne, in order to protect himself against the seaminess of the reality he saw in the sports and show world, so steeled himself against all feeling that now it has become almost a prison for him against emotion. It is not at all that he has not experienced, or does not experience, strong emotions. It is, rather, that these emotions are so violent within him that he dares not give them any expression whatsoever.

Anne Shirley, who took her name from the character she played in her first starring role, "Anne Of Green Gables," had knocked about life even more years than Johnny. She had been supporting not only herself since her third birthday, but her mother, too. But instead of life's making her either timid or bitter, it left her a little girl who until her marriage had one of the biggest doll collections in the world, a gay, laughing girl who, off screen, couldn't be bothered with glamour, who, more often than not, was apt to pull her hair back from her plain, unpowdered young face, a girl who had a devastating honesty and who, in terms of movies, knew all the answers.

IN the year 1937, when John and Anne married, Jane Russell was pursuing Bob Waterfield at the Van Nuys, California, High School which they both were attending. Jane was only fourteen then. "The Outlaw" and its international publicity, the fact that a hundred magazines would print covers of her and hundreds more would run full pages of her photographs all still lay in an undreamed future. Even if she had visioned such fame. Jane couldn't possibly have imagined the strange fact that would make her famous in movies and yet keep her off screen. She had no time to think of such things, however, for in 1937 and for four years afterward, until just a few months ago when she met John Payne, the only thing Jane wanted from life was Bob Waterfield's love.

They had actually met, Jane and Bob, two years earlier. Bob Waterfield was sixteen then to Jane's fourteen, and he was distinctly the glamour boy of the Van Nuys High School. He possessed that rare combination of both brains and looks, for he was graduating in that summer of his sixteenth year, and he was also a football hero, he drove a low, expensive car, he dressed smartly, he danced every step known to any floor, he had cold green eyes, broad shoulders and slim hips, and he was going through school on an athletic scholarship. There was hardly a girl (Continued on page 96)

In the middle of the Russell-Payne datings, John appeared one evening with Anne Shirley. Tongues wagged—till Hollywood found out the reason



The columns had Vic's story of his wedding to Martha; hers was never told till now. Right: Wedding-cake scene at Stork Club



"Why I'm not divorcing Victor Mature"

MARTHA MATURE'S OWN STORY

(As told to Sally Jefferson)

"My pride has been humbled . . . I am neither wife nor ex-wife . . . I feel I must tell my side"

I HAVE been accused of standing in the way of a man and woman's happiness. I have been threatened with suits, seen my little daughter used for publicity purposes and been victimized in print to a point of humiliation.

"Now I feel I must tell my side."

Martha Mature, tiny, attractive blonde wife of actor Victor Mature, sat in the living room of an apartment strewn with the toys of her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Helen Kemp, and told her story.

"This is the first time in all these months I have said one word. Ever since Victor and I separated, friends and acquaintances—and I might add strangers, too—have been asking me, 'Why do you persist in standing in the way of Vic's happiness when you know he loves another woman? Why do you refuse him a divorce? What kind of woman are you?'"

"Through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, I want to make this statement. I have never refused Victor a divorce. The truth is, Vic will

not give me a divorce, though he promised, when we separated, he would agree to one. The only person who is standing in the way of his own happiness is Victor, not I.

"Due to the laws of California it was impossible for me to apply for a divorce sooner than this summer, as one must be a resident of the state one year before applying. Before the case was called, Vic joined the Coast Guard and the law says a man in service cannot be sued—even for a divorce—unless he consents to it. Therefore, I



When love was in bloom in all the newspapers: Martha and Vic before the break-up

officially withdrew my suit. Vic refuses me freedom although he loves another and never sees me. That means two women are being cheated of happiness, but I, alone, am taking the blame. I am neither wife nor ex-wife.

"Then the matter of alimony. Imagine how I feel to read I'm collecting \$1,000 a month alimony from Victor, or to be chided about it.

"I want to make this statement. I am not receiving one cent from Victor, not even the allotment soldiers and sailors usually turn over to their wives. If it were not for the fact that I have a little money of my own, which I feel rightly belongs to my daughter, I should have nothing except the wages I could earn.

"When I had to go to work, I was informed through certain parties that I would be sued if I dared go on the screen and use my own name, Martha Mature. Victor claimed he did not want his name dragged about. At the time I had a small part in 'The Powers Girls,' but I gave it up. I wanted no fuss or contention and, quite frankly, I do not believe pictures are for me. For one thing, I am not talented enough.

"Next, I took a job in the publicity department of Columbia Studios as a beginner. I soon found out, however, that my troubles and heartaches were furnishing more publicity copy than I was able to get for others. So I was compelled to give it up.

"Victor and my little daughter got along well and I had no objection to her seeing him after our separation. But I saw the friendship and visits of the baby were being utilized for

publicity. So I had to end it.

"The town began resenting me when the story was given out at the time we separated that I hated Hollywood. Proof that that statement was false is evidenced by the fact I am still living here and expect to make this my home. Luckily, my friends have come to realize this.

"My pride has been humbled and my entire family humiliated by the stories given out for publicity's sake. Recently I was again made to look ridiculous when reported to have been left standing at the church by Vic for the sake of ensuing publicity.

"I want to say now such a statement is false and degrading to anyone who holds marriage sacred. Never at any time did I agree to such a circuslike stunt."

VICTOR MATURE and Martha Kemp were married in Martha's own apartment in New York by Judge Pecora. Victor had been previously married to and divorced from Frances Evans, an actress, who attended the Pasadena Community Playhouse while he was there. Martha was the widow of Hal Kemp, the orchestra leader who was killed in an automobile accident, and who was the father of Martha's tiny daughter.

Mrs. Mature has not taken her marriage or separation lightly. Today she is actively engaged in war work, devoting every free hour to the various Hollywood canteens, where she is captain one night a week and on special call other nights of the week. At least four nights a week are given over to serving the enlisted men.

"Please believe me," she begged, "I

am not making any sort of spiteful accusation against a service man. My heart and my strength are given over too completely to them at this time. I am merely stating facts that concern my whole life, my future, and my child's, as citizens of Hollywood. I believe Victor loves another woman and I am therefore more and more puzzled by his attitude, especially in his permitting me to suffer under false accusations.

"I see the glances of people. I understand what they mean: 'There goes the woman who is standing in the way of a man's happiness at this time when every man has the right to whatever happiness he can get.'

"So I say again, please believe me, I am not refusing Vic a divorce. I am eager and anxious to be free and to give him his freedom to marry the woman he loves.

"But Victor refuses his freedom and mine. Not I. But Victor.

"And that is my side of the story."
The End

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

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★ in Universal's "Forever
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Deanna Durbin

To Ellie with love ~



Any woman would envy Eleanor Powell
her presents from Glenn Ford. They are the things a man
gives the woman he loves

BY
MITZI CUMMINGS

Favorite picture of her favorite man
is this of Eleanor and Glenn together,
published here for the first time



"... Mizpah; for he said *The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.*"

—GENESIS, XXXI.

MANY years ago a young man and a young woman exchanged marriage vows and into each other's wedding band was written the one word—"Mizpah"—a pledge of eternal at-oneness even beyond life itself. It was a beautiful marriage and they wanted to pass on to their grandson all the love and happiness their life together had brought them. When he was twenty-one, he received a simple gold ring, with his initials, G.F. The ring was made from the combined gold, melted together, of the old wedding rings. Inside was carved "Mizpah."

Glenn Ford still wears this ring. He always will. One day, when he and Eleanor Powell are married, she will have one like it.

Perhaps this, more than anything else, gives the clue as to why these two are in love with each other. Glenn Ford has been immersed in a background of complete devotion and love. Somewhere, therefore, there had to be the right girl whose own background and whose heart sang the same melody. Eleanor Powell, with those rare qualities of the spirit that spell devotion and understanding, is the girl.

How did it happen?

One night, about four months ago, Eleanor, whom we might as well start calling "Ellie" immediately, and who, besides being the world's greatest tap dancer, is also the world's greatest

picture fan, went to the movies with her mother to see "The Adventures Of Martin Eden." In this picture was a newcomer named Glenn Ford. His performance electrified Ellie. "Why, that man's a young Paul Muni," she cried to her mother. "I've never seen such an interesting new actor."

Just a few weeks later Ellie went on a Victory Caravan with twenty-two other stars. But, so far as the girl whose magic feet have fascinated two continents was concerned, Claudette Colbert, Pat O'Brien, Jimmy Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Joan Bennett and Cary Grant might have been gods on Olympus—that's how awed she was of them.

It didn't take her too long, however, to find out they were human beings. Of course, like other human beings, they marveled at and were thrilled by her dancing.

Besides the hundreds of thousands of dollars Ellie helped collect for Army and Navy Relief, she got immeasurable value, herself, out of that trip. For the first time in her life she had social contact with people outside of her workaday sphere. "Ellie the workhorse," as she laughingly called herself, hasn't had too much time to play—and she's heartily discouraged even the most ardent of beaux.

For a while she did think herself in love with Merrill Pye, big Hollywood art director, but with the keen discernment that is hers she soon discovered that their association should never be anything but friendship. Actually, therefore, it's been the

beautiful, gay and devoted Mrs. Powell who's been her companion all her life. What Ellie has gained from this has made her the great dancer and the great person she is today. She never needed anyone else, never really wanted anyone else.

But the Victory Caravan trip dispelled her awe of outsiders and it prompted a definite decision—henceforth her rigorous routine would be eased to let in the fun that others had to offer.

Indirectly, and of vital importance to Ellie, was the fact that she also met Glenn Ford through the Victory Caravan trip. It grew out of a discussion she had, one evening, with Pat O'Brien who also loves to go to movies . . . and who was also impressed with young Mr. Ford. "Tell me about him," said Ellie. "What kind of a person is he?"

"A swell guy!" answered Pat heartily, who had just finished making "Flight Lieutenant" with Glenn. "And he's got a great future." It's probably not unduly prophetic to say that Ellie, at those words, felt she might be included in that future, too!

WELL, the Victory Caravan concluded its gloriously successful tour and Ellie came back to Hollywood. From force of habit, she nearly turned down the first invitation that came soon after. She had to get plenty of sleep; she had lots of rehearsing to do; she needed her strength. But she was going to change that routine, wasn't she? So she did. And had a very nice evening, thank you. The (Continued on page 66)

Betty Grable



Contrary to your idea of him,
Ronald Colman's a careless dresser. He's
a lot of other "contrary" things, too

Portrait of a Casual Sophisticate

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE arrived in New York in 1920 with fifty-seven dollars, three clean collars and two letters of introduction.

He looks more Latin than English.

He is characterized by an earnestness which is tempered with a keen sense of humor; is "regular" without verging on the professional good fellow; reserved without being affected.

He never smokes a pipe; likes starchy foods, and dislikes being chauffeured.

He made his first professional appearance at the age of seventeen as a banjo player at a Masonic smoker.

His full name is Ronald Charles Colman.

His next-door neighbor is Jack Benny, both are lively friends, and he would rather have been a writer or singer, could he have excelled in these arts. He was married to Benita Hume, English actress, at Santa Barbara, California, on September 30, 1934.

He speaks deliberately, decisively, and clips his sentences sharply. He taught himself the piano which he plays only indifferently and when alone.

He was born at Richmond, Surrey, England, and never wore a moustache until he went into the movies. He loathes being interviewed and is reputedly the best "careless dresser" in Hollywood.

He dislikes using an electric razor.

He takes life in stride, is strongly introspective, and never takes a cigarette before eleven in the morning.

He likes wearing sport shirts of blue, beige and tan, and his viewpoints are direct, forthright, well thought out.

He prefers biographical novels and has a very special affection for Remarque's "The Road Back" and Ald-

ington's "Death Of A Hero."

His eyes are frank, penetrating and brown.

He has an innate aversion for routine and order. He is not considered a wit by his friends.

He is specially fond of French and Italian cooking, is very punctilious in personal matters, and swims only fairly.

He responds readily to satire and broad burlesque in literature or drama, does not play golf, and seldom experiences moments of depression.

If Ronald Colman had to spend the rest of his life on a desert isle and could choose only two authors he would elect Dickens and Shakespeare.

His early youth was strongly influenced by the essays and letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. He goes shopping only under duress.

He wears high-ankled shoes when playing tennis, due to his war injury.

He seldom goes to Hollywood parties and when he does he is usually the last to leave.

He wears no jewelry. He rarely wears a hat when formally attired, is fond of wire-haired terriers and attends a prize fight and a football game about once a year.

Ronald Colman loves leaving a port and hates arriving at one. He has never worn spats.

He has never had a physical trainer, his clothes are tailored wherever he happens to be, and he considers "Beau Geste" his best picture.

He is a fatalist.

He considers his first year in the United States the most valuable from the standpoint of lessons learned. He dreads personal appearances and thinks good health and a decent philosophy the most important things in life.

His favorite silent picture was "In-

tolerance" and he is convinced that good breaks have played a more important part in shaping his life than his own premeditated plans.

He speaks a smattering of French, German and Italian. He has been happiest in California and does not care for Mexican food.

He has a strong aversion to killing animals, never goes hunting, and is inordinately fond of oysters and clams.

He has never been in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, once made a futile attempt to read James Joyce's "Ulysses," and confesses that life has given him far more than he ever expected from it.

HE is both an idealist and cynic, sentimentalist and realist. His birthplace was a small country town on the edge of a river.

He is intolerant of neurotics.

He prefers playing in comedies, dislikes talking about himself and as a boy dreamed of becoming an engineer.

He is always tanned and prefers wearing comfortable tweeds.

He took singing lessons for one year at Guildhall School of Music, London, but his vocal talents never jelled. He does not indulge in the British custom of afternoon tea except when entertaining English friends.

He is genial, cautious and prudent.

He has not varied more than five pounds in weight during the last fifteen years. He has never had a nickname. He smokes cigarettes.

He never carries a cane and believes Edinburgh, Scotland, has the most beautiful main street in the world. He has no hobbies.

He is Scotch-English, considers "The Unholy Garden" his worst picture and believes life was pleasantest in the Gay (Continued on page 78)



Diana
Barrymore



Dennis
Morgan



Ray
Willard



Kathryn
Grayson





KEEP 'EM

How to do the one thing you really want to do—

collected for you by



"They want to see your frilliest frock."

Rosalind Russell



"Never urge him to do anything."

Jeanette MacDonald



"Dance your feet off... make cakes."

Ann Sheridan

ALL RIGHT! So it's six in the morning and you've been traveling all night and you feel awful and you've hardly had time to wash your face. Makes no difference! If you're going to see soldiers when you get off the train, you put on your gayest flowered chiffon, your best lipstick and your floppiest, most transparent hat." This was Rosalind Russell, back from a tour of Army camps, and she said she knew what she was talking about. We guess she does, too!

"Those boys wear uniforms, look at uniforms, look at bare walls, tin dishes, olive-drab blankets, potato peelings, guns—all day every day," she explained. "They dig ditches and then lie on their stomachs in them. They march in the dust and they make contact with metal and leather and scratchy wool. Well! When they do have a bit of time off, when they relax

and see a girl, do you think they want to see more uniforms, more olive-drab wool, flat-heeled shoes, unadorned faces? They do not. They want to see your gayest frock, your silliest hat, your brightest face.

"It's up to us to keep them smiling. Take or send your boys some laughs, some color, some fun, some affection. You'll be helping to win the war—and I mean it!"

Nearly all our picture and radio stars have traveled thousands of miles, have given scores of performances in past months for men in service. Nearly every Hollywood actor gives every spare moment to entertain service men in his home or at canteen and U. S. O. centers. They talk with the men, get acquainted with them, do their very best to learn how to please them, how to build morale. Here are some of the things Hollywood can tell

us, from firsthand knowledge:

"The things that really count are so simple that we might overlook them if someone didn't jog us," Roz Russell says. "For instance, if you are a sweetheart, mother, aunt or sister going to spend a week end near the camp where your man is stationed, make all your plans to give him pleasure. Don't complain if accommodations are sparse and crowded. Lots of other women want to see their men, too, you know! Don't be disappointed and pettish if he can't spend every living minute with you. Just see that the minutes you do have with him glow.

"Be practical. Take along non-crushable clothes, things which won't take up much room and which won't have to be pressed. Be prepared to go dancing or walking or just to sit. But, whatever it turns out to be, let

SMILING



make your man happy. Some star-spangled hints

Helen Louise Walker



"Write till you have writer's cramps—plus."

Linda Darnell



"Send him snapshots of his dog."

Michele Morgan



"Make your message to him sing."

Mary Martin

him see that you enjoy it—just because it's with him—if it half kills you! Don't let him down!

"Take him a cake or some candy or a leather gadget if you want to. But remember those simple things—the gossip and news and messages from home. I can't tell you how important they are."

Let's have the masculine angle, too. John Payne has spent a lot of time with service men in connection with recent pictures he's made and is himself due to go into the Air Corps the first of the year. Meantime, he picks up every hitchhiking service man he can, entertains soldiers constantly. John says, "They wish that civilians would remember that service men are still people. Before he got into a uniform, each one was just a John Q. American, holding down a job, hoping for a raise, trying to get along. The

uniform didn't make him into something new and odd, to be stared at. He's just the man next door whom you always knew, only he has a more important job now and he wants to do it well, without dramatics.

"Don't feel sorry for him! He's proud of his part in this whole thing. He feels fine and, if you only knew it, he's probably a little sorry for you—you with your Victory garden and your air-raid precautions. These men are having a big experience. They are the most important men in the world just now. Let them know that you know that.

"Don't try to make him think you are doing him a favor if you ask him to dinner. Make him know that you ask him because you want him. If you're a girl and you date with a service man, do it because you want to, not because you think it's 'a patri-

otic duty.' No man worth his gun powder enjoys a date with a girl who thinks she is 'doing her duty.'

"And when you tell him good-bye at the end of his leave, don't use that tearful tone which says, 'You poor thing! Next time I hear of you, you'll probably be dead.' He doesn't think he'll be dead and he'll thank you not to think so, either. He's probably right, you know! Just give him a cheerio and say, 'Next time it will be even more fun.' Help him keep his chin up or else leave him alone."

That should be a starter on what not to do if we want to bring some grins to military faces. Finding out exactly what to do requires tact and sometimes a resilience against surprise. It was Connie Bennett, acting as hostess at a canteen at the harbor, who reported that a sailor asked her, wistfully, if (Continued on page 73)

Paul Hensrud



Enter Paul Henreid



His home, a comfortable Brentwood house; his wife, the Viennese "Lisl"

If you are an American girl, Paul Henreid's first gesture upon meeting you might be a bit startling. After that, though, knowing him would be all to the good

ON the select blacklist compiled by the German National Socialist Party his name is written, "Paul, Baron von Hernried. Minorities sympathizer...Official designation, enemy of the Third Reich."

It was this little catch phrase of the Nazis—enemy of the Third Reich—that drove him out of Germany into the arms of the wife he had not yet met and eventually into a country he never dreamed to call his own.

Today he lives in a smart, not too pretentious Brentwood house in company with his wife "Lisl," a cantankerous old Skye terrier, a sophisticated young male secretary, an equally unimpressed but beloved nurse who insists she is too old to learn English, and a colored maid who, finding it necessary to talk over household problems with the nurse, obligingly learned German. She speaks it with a strong Jacksonville accent whenever there are guests in the house, because she knows it amuses the master.

Many things amuse him, in a quiet way. It would be very hard to induce in Mr. Henreid the Austrian equivalent of plain American belly laughter. He is too completely a product of post-war Vienna, with its bitter-sweet aura of abject poverty and audacious gaiety; too recently escaped from the peril of the New Order; too newly a resident of America, to believe one hundred percent in any joke.

BY HOWARD SHARPE

If you are an American girl meeting Mr. Henreid for the first time, it is imperative that you remember this: He is an actor, and he is also a Continental gentleman, trained that way from infancy. The combination in practice is likely to take you unawares. For one thing, he will kiss your hand. You may put it behind you or hide it in a muff, to no avail; it is going to get kissed, and you may as well relax about this in advance.

But after that it will be all to the good. You will find yourself thinking that here is a second Boyer, only younger. And a lot taller, and a better swimmer, and better looking in his clothes.

YOU may have read or heard that men of the Henreid type are impossible to live with. Reserve for Mrs. Henreid only half your pity, then, since Paul is impossible only until noon. While shadows still fall westward he regards the world through purple glasses and snarls at any animate thing unfortunate enough to move within his ken. After lunch, however, he makes the transformation from ogre to prince of fellows, whereupon his household emerges gratefully from hiding and begins another day.

But it must be a good lunch. He is

a connoisseur of food, as he is of glass table bells (what remains of his collection after the wartime Atlantic passage fill a cabinet in his living room), of music, of books, and of women, both foreign and domestic.

Like most Europeans, he is conscious of money; thrifty with it, knowing how hard it is to get; contemptuous of it, knowing how well one can live without it if necessary. He learned this ultimate truth at the age of ten, two years after the death of his father, Baron Carl Alphonse, banker, adviser on Bohemia to late Emperor Franz Josef, originally a Swedish citizen. Paul's father had left him a fortune all right, he discovered—but in Austrian war bonds.

There were some additional funds in French banks. Fortuitously, when the franc disintegrated, he learned he had been granted a scholarship at a leading academy. When that ran out he informed a family council of uncles and sundry other relatives that he wanted to become an actor. They voted against it, whereupon he joined the publishing business. This did not pay and, the argument won, he became an actor. He went to the right school, interested the correct producer (one Otto Preminger, affiliated with the Max Reinhart Theater) and, having wangled a contract, took the Vienna theater in stride.

He would like, if possible, to describe these (Continued on page 80)

TWO AGAINST LOVE

Can a woman fall in love with a man against her will? It was for Kay to answer that, alone in this house with Riley Sloane

BY HELEN DOWDEY

MOST any girl would have envied me, assigned as a nurse to Riley Sloane, the great motion-picture star. But from the moment I had been told that he would be my case at Justin Sanatorium, an establishment that specialized in curing Hollywood's nervous breakdowns and heavy-drinking cases, I had dreaded it. It had been Chris who'd told me—Dr. Christopher Ross, young nerve specialist on the staff, who'd been my special friend ever since I'd come there from my Texas home.

"Riley Sloane is an interesting type, Kay," he'd said. Interesting Riley might be; difficult he certainly was.

I'd heard from Carlotta Fane, old-time actress at the Sanatorium, about those famous black moods of Riley's. I'd heard, too, how his name had been linked with Honey Hollister, a promising young star who'd fallen in love with him and then suddenly retired. And I came to know Riley myself in the days that followed—his sarcasm, his curtness, his open rebellions.

But it was after the poorly dressed woman visitor had left and I'd learned from her how he had once saved her husband's life that I saw another side to Riley. For one brief moment, then, it was as if we understood each other—the moment when he said quietly, "If I'd only known someone like you, Kay," and then had leaned over and brushed my forehead with his lips. But the very next day, Riley had been his old self again, a bitter, contemptuous self.

It had been bad enough at the Sanatorium, but when I had been sent home as a special nurse to be with him while he was working on his new

picture, "Lost Melody," I had felt I could stand no more.

Almost any other woman would have walked barefoot over hot coals to be where I was tonight—in this beautiful bedroom in the home of Riley Sloane. Why was it that for me these moments were salted with dread?

Quiet reigned in the house. I tried to read a little. I had given Riley a sedative and doubtless he was sleeping now. I was just getting into bed when the sound came—a slight scuffling noise at my door. For a moment I went rigid. Then in the dead stillness the sound came again.

"Who's there?" I called. There was no answer. I went to the door and flung it open.

THERE was no one outside my room! But as I stood there in the half light, I had the feeling that the door down the hall had just closed quietly—Riley's door. I couldn't be sure, it was just an impression; but the whisper of sound still lingered in my ears.

What should I do? That man was my patient. If he was ill and in need, I should go to him in spite of the fact that he could have rung the bell connecting our rooms. But if he wasn't . . . Holding my breath, I wrapped my housecoat close about me and walked down the shadowy hall. I knocked lightly.

"Come in."

He was lying in bed. The light was on and he had obviously not been asleep. The bright blue eyes held an inscrutable expression as he looked at me. In front of that gaze, I felt more unsure than ever.

"I—I thought someone knocked. Did you—hear anything?"

"No." It was flat and unanswerable, but I had the feeling it wasn't true.

"At my door," I said. "I thought you might have heard—"

"You dreamed it." Then as I still hesitated, he yawned. "You look very fetching in that get-up, Miss Howells, but really I'd like to go to sleep."

In furious silence, I closed the door. He hadn't really felt I'd come to his room for some ulterior purpose of my own, but he enjoyed making me think so. I could picture him chuckling over my discomfiture.

I got into bed and the uneasiness I'd felt at the hospital and since I'd come here swept over me again. I didn't know what I was afraid of—but I was afraid. I'd tried to tell Chris that. I lay there, staring into the darkness of my luxurious room, and dreaded tomorrow and all the tomorrows that lay ahead. . . .

THE set for the famous "renunciation" love scene in "Lost Melody" was ready. Or so they said. To me, quiet as a mouse (and just about as popular) in my chair beside Riley Sloane's everything was a welter of confusing noise and blazing lights, of wires and props and costumed extras. "Grips" fell over me and muttered absent-minded apologies. Assistant cameramen did things on big cranes above my head, at peril of their necks and mine. Actors stood around talking among themselves, sometimes staring at me. Riley Sloane looked straight ahead with a sardonic aloofness to everything. At least, I thought resentfully, (Continued on page 67)



Riley and Chris moved towards Honey at the same instant. I saw a gun, heard her shout, "I'll make you wish you'd never seen her!"

Are you a woman



EVERY time I see a girl saying good-by to a soldier or a sailor it takes me back to that night last spring when, numb with emptiness, I walked down the long ramp of the Los Angeles terminal. I was a raw recruit to the great army of women whose men have gone away. I had just told my husband John good-by and, very mistily, watched his train glide down the tracks.

It's funny the way we go along not really accepting the fact that the man we love is slated to leave us until almost the moment of his going. Johnny, certain war was inevitable, applied for service back in November, 1941, a month before Pearl Harbor. For six months after that, however, we both went along blithely—the thing called youth, I guess—refusing

to think ahead into the future.

Then came the day when Johnny learned his orders were on the way. That was a heavy, heavy time. No use pretending otherwise. We had dinner with Edith Head (who designs clothes for Paramount), her husband Bill Ihnen and Mr. and Mrs. Preston Sturges that night. John met us—we all came from the studios together—at the Players. He talked and laughed normally enough at dinner. I didn't suspect a thing. But immediately we got outside and he said, "I have a letter . . ." I knew by his voice what it was and tears began falling. I don't happen to count it any disgrace to cry at such a time. Your tears don't mean you'd hold your man back, even if you could. Actually, of course, the happier you

have been the more you have at stake, the more you have to fight for.

We were together as much as possible during the two weeks we had left, Johnny and I. We went to all our old haunts. We visited the little hofbrau where we first danced the Beer Barrel Polka. We spent Sundays on the beach swimming and lying in the sun. We drove up to that little inn in the hills of Palos Verdes, where you look down over the sea and the little towns along the curving shore.

I watched Johnny all the time so when he had gone—I was beginning to get the idea at last—I would remember the way he squints at the sun and the strong line of his neck where it rises to his hair. I was unforgivably sentimental, I suppose.

without a man?

This is no time for obey-
ing hidebound conventions!
An enlightened viewpoint
for the modern wartime girl

BY

Veronica Lake



Entering the Players
on that eventful
night—Veronica and
husband John Detlie



A soldier's wife turns soldiers'
friend—Veronica hostessing for
the boys in khaki at the U.S.C.

But who isn't on such an occasion?
When I saw Johnny in his uniform
I felt very strange. Somehow he
seemed suddenly to belong more to
Uncle Sam than to me. I would
have kept him alone beside me every
minute if I could have. But he had
things to do. He had to get some
last-minute business affairs in shape.
He had to tell the kids in his office
good-by. He had to go to see all our
relatives, on both sides. He acted a
little kittenish in his uniform, the way
men do when they're self-conscious.
And what that does to a woman isn't
funny.

There was an ulterior motive in
some of Johnny's visiting, I must ad-
mit. We wanted to go to the train
alone. First we stopped at a Mexican
place near (Continued on page 64)



Hollywood calls her "Babs"; her legion of admirers call her Stanwyck, that down-to-earth, sympathetic actress; United Artists names her a hit in Hunt Stromberg's "G-String Murders"

. . . and Hollywood calls him "Butch"
—the poised Cesar Romero with the
ready smile, the genuine nature, the
dark good looks that make him a
perfect bet for Fox's "Coney Island"



That's



Teresa Wright, who was never wrong about the right way to go about making Hollywood—and you—adore her!

Even romance crept up on Teresa in an unglamorous fashion. The guy in question—writer-husband Niven Busch

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

IN Santa Rosa, California, the other day, a movie-struck mother hauled her six-year-old son on the set of Alfred Hitchcock's "Shadow Of A Doubt" location set. Prodding the reluctant moppet up to Teresa Wright, the ambitious mother gushed, "Junior, don't you think Miss Wright is the most beautiful girl in the world?"

Junior squinted an appraising look. "Naw!" he said.

In spite of the tanning he undoubtedly earned the minute he got home, Junior was absolutely right. Teresa Wright is not the most beautiful girl in the world, nor in Hollywood either. She is not gorgeous like a Petty peach, or voluptuous à la Venus. She is just a pretty, dainty, typical American girl with green eyes, loose dark hair and a swell smile, who can act like nobody's business.

And the result is sensational.

In three straight Hollywood hits—"The Little Foxes," "Mrs. Miniver" and "Pride Of The Yankees"—the glamour-gorged public has snapped at sweet, unspoiled Teresa like a shipwrecked sailor at a T-bone steak. Critics call her "the Maude Adams Hollywood has been hunting for" and exhibitors have just voted her the star discovery of the year. Today jealous producers stand in line at Samuel Goldwyn's studio scrapping for a chance to star Teresa in this and that, salary no object.

Teresa Wright's amazing Hollywood blitz has occurred with such a suddenness that a couple of parties are left confused and gasping for breath. To wit, (1) Hollywood and (2) Teresa

Wright. The party of the first part is baffled because a new star is born with absolutely no glamour build-up or ballyhoo pains. As for Teresa, the sudden picture of herself as a Hollywood star still doesn't make sense.

Only a few months ago Teresa was summoned to test with Gary Cooper for "Pride Of The Yankees." The minute she saw Gary, a movie idol she had watched in action ever since she was a kid, her legs failed her. Teresa ducked and fled down a side alley at Goldwyn's. They had to round her up, practically rope her to meet her own co-star!

And when she first spied Bette Davis, another idol, at the United Artists commissary, Teresa whirled and slipped out the door. "What on earth is the matter?" asked her puzzled agent.

"I don't want to meet a star like Bette Davis, unprepared like this," confessed Teresa. "I think I'll eat somewhere else."

She lunched across the street at a hamburger stand. Next day she started "The Little Foxes" with Bette, mentally and spiritually prepared to meet a real star.

It's no inferiority complex that does this to Hollywood's new wonder girl. She's just allergic to glamour in all shapes and sizes. A while back the press department at her studio talked Teresa, at long last, into some glorified stills. The photographer had her run hands seductively through her hair, part her lips, hoist a silken gown fetchingly to her dainty knees and slink seductively on a sofa. It was

agony to Teresa, but the results were even worse. The prints looked like a high-school senior impersonating Cleopatra in the class play. The publicity office, with a sigh, admitted defeat. They vetoed the slinky stills. "Not the glamour type," was the verdict.

To any other actress those fatal words might well be a Hollywood death sentence. But to Teresa Wright, on her record, they are an insurance policy for success.

SHE'S been playing Plain Jane and Sweet Sue ever since she left high school and she's been doing all right for herself. Glamour has given Teresa the go-by with salubrious results and it's no wonder she instinctively shies away from the stuff like a colt from a cottontail.

"Miss Wright," wrote a customer when she was playing the tank town circuit with "Our Town," "I think you're a swell-looking girl—but why don't you keep your stockings pulled up?"

"N-o-o-o," decided Oscar Serlin, the Broadway producer who was casting "Life With Father," "I want a good-looking blonde. Afraid you won't do."

But Teresa wowed 'em with "Our Town"—and she got the part in "Life With Father," too, finally. And in Hollywood, minus a smidgin of glittery allure, Teresa in practically no time at all has got herself all this we've been talking about—and a husband, too. But even the tender passion crept up (Continued on page 72)

WRIGHT!



A letter from Bataan

The letter was written by Johnny Lewis for Mary, his wife, and his Mom; but the contents belong to you. That's why Paramount brought Johnny to the screen

THE CAST

Johnny Lewis, Richard Arlen

Mary, Susan Hayward

Mrs. Lewis, Janet Beecher

Chuck, Jimmy Lydon Roy, Joe Sawyer

Pete, Keith Richard

Mrs. Jackson, Esther Dale

In a hospital tent in Bataan lies Johnny Lewis, private in the United States Army. A doctor and a nurse lean over his bed. The doctor's decision has just been made. Amputation—amputation without anesthetics, since Bataan's supply is gone. The nurse is anxious; can the boy survive the shock? The doctor is not anxious; after what he has seen in these past days, he feels sometimes that these boys can survive anything. The operation starts . . . in the distance, the noise of heavy cannon, the low moans of a man in agony, his voice saying, "I can't go out now—no more. My wife Mary and Mom . . . I've got to write a letter—I've got to write it—so they'll know . . ."



Dear Mother and Mary—

2. We haven't got a regular mail now. But I sure hope this one gets through. We've had a pretty bad time here . . . but one thing's made it lots easier for me—thinking how Mary took it when I decided to go . . .

3. I'd been thinking about it for some time but I was worried about what Mary might think. Then when I told her I wanted to go, as we were riding on top of the bus, and she said, "When?" and I said, "Tomorrow," she just climbed off the bus at City Hall and said, "If you're joining up tomorrow, we're getting married today." And you, Mom, you just said, "Take care of yourself, son." Nothing is too hard to take for a family like mine.



4. We may have to give up Bataan, but it won't be the Japs that beat us—it'll be lack of food and equipment and medicine. A pal of mine, Pete, died because I couldn't see well enough to knock down the Jap that got him. The Doc called it night-blindness from not having enough vegetables.



Everybody is going to have to go without a lot of things if we're going to win this fight, Mom. It's too late for us on Bataan, but it'll win for those who are carrying the fight from now on. For one thing, tell the folks not to hoard food. We haven't had anything but a little horse meat and rice for days. I've seen guys cramped up with stomach pains for lack of food. That's what got Pete so that he couldn't grab the gun when I couldn't see that Jap.

6. Tell that friend of yours, Mrs. Jackson, to stop bragging about all the coffee and sugar she's got stored up in her cellar. And kitchen fats, Mom. Don't waste any. Kitchen fats make glycerine and glycerine makes explosives. Two pounds of fats can fire five anti-tank shells.



7. And pass this along to that brother-in-law of mine, Roy, who won't use a razor blade twice. It takes 12,000 razor blades to make the tail assembly for one 2,000-pound bomb. Tell my kid brother Chuck to go easy on those curves with the car. Because rubber, that's the worst. Don't let anybody waste it. Five car tires make one bomber tire. Four battleships could have been equipped with the rubber used by week-end golfers and other athletes in three months of last year. Tell the folks, Mom, they've got to nurse those tires like their own babies.



8. There isn't much more. I don't think I'll be able to write again soon. Tell Mary I think about her always and God bless you all. Johnny.

DEEPLY REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON JOHN W. LEWIS DIED AT BATAAN FEBRUARY 6 IN PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTY AND IN SERVICE TO HIS COUNTRY.

Pocketful O' Songs

Striking a true note about Judy Garland: The little-known facts about the past of one of Hollywood's greatest singing stars



BY JUNE PALMS and CAROLYN DAWSON

PANDEMONIUM reigned in the Garland home. Judy had signed a contract with M-G-M! Imagine!

It didn't seem possible that this was the same old world—that Princess Pudge, as her father, Frank Gumm, called Judy, had been summoned to M-G-M, given an audition and within a day had become a part of that famous studio. It had come only after long years of struggle on the part of Frank and his wife Ethel, vaudeville troupers of old, to establish their three youngsters on the Hollywood scene.

They had trekked across the country from Minnesota, singing their way, three little Gums piled with the luggage in the back of the car, their possessions a few dollars, courage and a pocketful o' songs. Came years of

waiting on Hollywood, years while Frank toiled as manager of a small-town California theater and Ethel kept her three small daughters in tune. And now Judy, the youngest, had made it, and that new name, "Garland," was on its way to fame in neon lights.

Judy sat for hours before her dressing table practicing angelic expressions on her childish face. Somehow these never seemed to be a great success.

"I guess you're not the type," her sisters said with family condescension. "You'll have to play the tomboy parts."

Judy flew out of the house for a session with her trapeze act.

"Judy!" Ethel called sternerly. "Come down out of that tree this minute.

What if you broke your arm and the studio called you to go to work. That would be a fine kettle of fish."

Pandemonium day by day; and then, abruptly, there was nothing. The Garlands waited patiently beside a phone which did not ring. The studio was singularly uninterested in its newest find.

Ethel was bewildered. Here a contract had been signed. Money, perfectly good money, was being paid them every week. Why the very food on their table was made possible by the generous proportions of that weekly check. And the studio had not put forth a single communication. She didn't get it! In fact, the whole shebang was a sort of anticlimax for the entire Garland clan.

One day, November 17, a month to



Memorable day: Judy sang a song to Clark Gable, "My Fan Letter To My Favorite Star," the world listened and applauded, Clark gave her a bracelet reward

the day after the signing of the contract, Judy came home from school to find an unfamiliar scene. Ethel's eyes were red from weeping and a serious-faced doctor was in her father's room.

"What's the matter?" she asked Ethel, terrified.

"Daddy's sick," Ethel sobbed. "Spinal meningitis. They say he hasn't got a chance."

Judy sat down on the couch in the new living room. "He mustn't go now," she prayed over and over to a God close to her. "He just can't go now. For years and years when we've needed him he's always been here to take care of us. Now, when he won't have to worry so much about the bills getting paid—he just can't go away now."

The doctor came out into the hall. "It's you he wants," he said to Judy.

Judy tiptoed in to find a Frank she didn't know—a Frank whose eyes were telling her that she must be brave, that she was too big a girl to cry.

"Don't cry, Pudge," Frank said. "I'm not going away. Just this funny old body of mine is going. But you know that I'll be with you always. When you sing your songs I'll be there. When you're a famous star and people stand for hours just for a chance to see you, why I'll be there too. And (Continued on page 86)

Judy grows up, turns sixteen, gets a kiss from Mickey Rooney, her team-mate in a money-making film pair-off





The Okay Kid

Just for the romance record: It's girls like Marsha Hunt with whom men fall in love

IN ALL her life, according to tall, slim, big-eyed Marsha Hunt, she has done but two harebrained things—and both of them consisted of coming to Hollywood.

Her first trip occurred in 1935 and it was one of those things that really can't happen. After all, she had four budding careers clamoring for all her attention in New York.

Career One—she was modeling for John Powers.

Career Two—she had successfully passed a comprehensive NBC audition and was all set to astonish the air waves with her radio acting.

Career Three was slightly more complicated. She had been introduced to Gabriel Pascal, the fierce, dark little man who later produced George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" for M-G-M. He had instructed her to read lines; he had asked her to imitate a

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

bowl of lumpy mashed potatoes and a pale lavender envelope. Then he had said, "You have the imagination to be a great dramatic actress, but you need to be trained."

So arrangements were made for her to go to London in the fall, at which city she was to enroll in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Simultaneously, Marsha's mother, Mrs. Earl Hunt (Mr. Hunt is an attorney), was scanning the Met with an eye to her daughter's career. A successful voice coach herself, Mrs. Hunt began to coax high, sweetly lyric soprano sounds from her daughter while morning beds were being made or the breakfast dishes were getting dunked. Tag this as Career Four.

There is an old Chinese proverb,

we hope, which states, "Lovely lady who live in four-room quandary likely to trade in for one-room sure thing." Which means that Marsha was headed West.

Some photographic friends of hers had moved to Hollywood where they anticipated a hurricane of business, so Marsha joined them because they had written that they would like to use her intriguing pan for some commercial art. Besides, they knew some people that Marsha should meet.

A reporter with the eye of a casting director asked Miss Hunt, when she wandered through the Los Angeles station, if she had come to Hollywood to stun a movie contract into carrying her signature. She said no, thank you, that she had four other lives to lead. When the reporter regained consciousness, he slapped this flabber- (Continued on page 91)

Gay Performers



★ Happy holiday thought to conquer the holiday crowd: Sun tan, a warm new color richer than beige, deeper than ivory, goes into the glamorous making of this Leslie satin evening dress, fitting slimly, flaring richly, shining with bugle bead and rhinestone embroidery. A gay performer worn by a great performer, Ginger Rogers of RKO's "Once Upon A Honeymoon"



★ Step in to see Ginger in "Once Upon A Honeymoon," step out dreaming of the perfect winter dress—a natural wool with a "dress shirt" yoke stitched in place with slot seams. Wear with it, of course, a man-tailored dickey, a brown tie, a plaid short coat of beige, brown and coral thrown over your shoulders

★ Cary Grant, co-star in the new Rogers film, couldn't take his eyes off this; no woman would want to. It's a dove gray crepe dress with slight front fullness, new short sleeves and a bodice slashed deeply in front and held in place with gold and diamond clips. Hat and gloves are gray; shoes, sable suede



You can look as smart as a star
 Ann Rutherford helped reader "Ginger" Maharan choose these winter winners—
 clothes with a Hollywood flair that you yourself can buy at budget prices



"Ginger" Maharan of Huntington, Long Island, met Ann at her hotel. Before starting on their shopping expedition they settled down to a good solid discussion about clothes.

"You really don't have to spend a fortune to look as smart as a star," Ann assured "Ginger." "The manufacturers of budget-priced clothes pick up tips from the best designers. All you have to do is develop an eye for color and line and shop carefully"

"Ginger" was photographed with Ann, of course.

The dress she's wearing is gay (as red as Santa's nose) and warm (45% wool and 55% rayon.) Which is another way of saying it's just what is needed this winter.

"Call it your morale dress," Ann told "Ginger."

In gold, blue, white, purple, sizes 9-15.
 \$8.95 at Saks-34th Street



A dream-gown of flannelette—not like the nighties Grandma used to wear—to keep you warm and beautiful these fuel-rationed nights. The waistline of this gown turns into a sash so you can tie it as high and tight as you please.

The gown, white with tiny hearts of red or blue sprinkled over it in profusion and large applied hearts, is available sizes 32-38.
 \$2.98 at Saks-34th Street



Night and day you'll be the one in this fleece coat of camel tan with its red collar and bandings embroidered in peasantry green and yellow. For, as Ann pointed out, it will be young and flattering over a date dress too.

It's 100% wool and reprocessed wool and lined in quilted rayon with woolen bindings and chamois across the shoulders to keep you extra warm.

The all-wool red hat, which is on the square, has insets of green leaves, green pipings around its crown, and a sprig of green in the center of its fez tassel.

The coat with green bandings also, sizes 10-16—\$19.95

The hat, in navy with red, Kelly green with red, and brown with tan, in small, medium and large sizes—\$1.98

At Saks-34th Street

Winter white (first cousin to oyster white) is very Fifth Avenue this season. This afternoon dress of rayon crepe, which pinch hits for informal evenings, has a deep V surplice to streamline your figure and black silk fringe and black sequins to highlight your charm.

In winter white only, sizes 12-20.

\$7.95 at Arnold Constable

The clothes featured on these pages are on sale at the New York stores specified. For instructions as to how you can purchase them easily, turn to page 87)





Christmas Bell-Ringers

These are the gifts that will ring the bell with boys and girls, young and old. Uncle Sam, speaking for Santa, says, "Send useful gifts . . . avoid gimcracks . . . keep packages small . . . and mail them early"

THIS is not—we have Uncle Sam's word for it—a year in which to forget Christmas. Christmas is one of the things we're fighting for. However, this isn't a year for gimcracks. Let no one opening a gift from you murmur, "It's pretty, but what is it?" It's easy enough to give people what they want. They'll tell you if you'll listen. They'll say, "I'd like an extra lipstick to keep in my bag," or "I get so confused about the relative position

of cities and countries that I don't follow the war news too easily. I wish I had a big map." And so on. . . .

It's certainly no trick to send the boys in service something they want and need. Their pay is small and part of it often goes home. They never quite catch up on all the things they require for their new military existence. So let's give them a break and start with their side of the Christmas picture.



FOR THE BOYS IN SERVICE

Wooden Clogs: The boys really need these. For hygienic reasons. They can wear them right into the shower. They come with elastic around the heel and a multistriped cotton band over the in-step. For 98c.

Gin Rummy, Bridge, Solitaire or Pinochle: Gin rummy sets, including cards, score pads, pencil and rules, come in khaki and blue gabardine cases for \$3.50. Attractive decks of cards in similar cases are \$1.50.

Soap: To settle a long discussion, soap is issued to the boys; but it's a little on the rough side. So he'll appreciate soap, especially pine soap which makes a grand lather. Twelve small cakes or three Jumbo cakes in an attractive brown box with a green pine branch, \$1.25 and \$1.00 respectively.

Snapshot Folders which look for all the world like leather wallets contain four or six acetate envelopes, each of which will carry two snapshots back to back. \$1.00 up. Don't stop when you buy the folder; get some pictures of his dog, his boat, his favorite people.



Writing Cases: Get one with his insignia, with fifty sheets, fifty envelopes, fifty postcards and three pencils. The case we saw would serve as a writing surface and, when empty, as a correspondence file for those letters he wants to keep even though he knows them by heart. \$1.09.



Toilet Kit in khaki or navy blue twill, bound with leather. With a comb and brush and a nonbreakable mirror. He can hang it up in his barracks or quarters and he can take it with him when he goes; for it folds compactly. The more elegant numbers have razors and blades. But practically all kits have pockets for these things and for toothpaste and toothbrush too. \$3.50 up.

FOR THE GIRLS—YOUNG AND OLD

Skigees is the Kentucky Looms trade name for their handwoven hood which is tight-fitting and sports a little shoulder-length cape that, in turn, sports enchanting fringe. Skigees are cozy and snug and come in bright colors or lovely subtle effects. \$2.00 up.

Perfume Containers for Her Bag: This is no time to waste even a drop of those precious élan-giving liquids. The gold-plated Dunhill Sentinel, about the size of a fifty-cent piece but thicker, of course, has a vial with a screw-top to keep your perfume safe. \$2.50. Then there's the Atomet, a lucite case holding a vial with a gadget top so the perfume comes out drop by drop. \$1.50.

Lucite Compacts and Cigarette Cases cost a song, are light as feathers, and gay enough to awaken the gypsy in a little churchmouse. \$1.50.



Frames for His Picture in Uniform: They come in khaki or blue gabardine, suitable for a 5 x 7 photograph, \$3.50, or an 8 x 10 photograph, \$3.95.

Sequin Neckwear comes in pale pink and blue and green, also bright fuchsia, gold, silver, emerald and sapphire. From \$2.98. This is a fairy-godmother accessory. It transforms the dark dress worn into town for shopping or business into a sparkling cocktail or dinner gown, especially when the color of the neckwear is accented by a hair bow, gloves or a bag.

(Continued on page 84)



It costs only \$15 per to make Lucille Ball a model of perfection

Killer-diller Bogart's joke builds him up for his public

M-G-M's tricked-up trick makes Van Heflin what he is today. Right, top: Nancy Coleman, who stopped being self-conscious about that certain something

Who says the stars are perfect?

On the screen, you see them in the pink. Now take off those rose-colored glasses and glimpse them as they grinningly admit they are—without that make-up that covers a multitude of sins

HOLLYWOOD'S no Olympus any more. The pedestals upon which the old gods and goddesses used to live are nowhere to be found. Stars today are on the human side. They admit to thin hair and big ears and lots of other human failings. They don't stop there, however. They overcome their defects—which probably is one of the reasons they're stars.

Not all Hollywood heroes are six-footers plus, like Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Gig Young and John Payne. When Humphrey Bogart, one of the killer-dillers who build up their height for the public, arrives at the studio make-up department mornings he invariably cracks, "Okay, boys, bring on the wedgies!" Brian Donlevy, who otherwise has such a physique as dreams are made of, also is on the short side. When Brian was making "The Great McGinty" he found it difficult not to tip over, his heels and inner soles were so built up.

Glenn Ford's another star who has given Nature a push upon occasion.

"By Fearless"

Glenn's always filled out business suits admirably. But, until recently, wearing the shirt sleeves and tight trousers which Western pictures demand, he had to resort to a harness which padded both his chest and his shoulders. Today, however, because of the rigorous training he has undergone, Glenn would rate for *Tarzan*.

Glenn and Bill Holden used to share a dressing room. Bill, round-shouldered at this time, wore a makeshift pair of braces. And it was by kidding each other that these boys learned never to take themselves seriously.

Some studios keep dentists right on the lot. In the old days teeth that were out of line or off color were covered with enamel caps that were cemented on temporarily. Nowadays lucite caps are the thing. They're pliable, a slight pressure clicks them

on and they're comparatively inexpensive, costing about fifteen dollars apiece.

Lucille Ball, who wears several lucite caps when she's before the camera, recently gave Victor Mature a bad scare. She forgot to remove her caps before a scene in which she and Victor struggled violently with each other. Vic sailed right into it. Suddenly Lucille's caps, jarred loose, went flying in all directions. Hunk of Man, not knowing she wore them, thought he really had knocked her teeth out. And for once in his life he was too stunned to speak.

Hair that's a crowning glory is another Hollywood "must"—even if here again Nature isn't always entitled to the credit line.

There's more to Ida Lupino's hairdos, for instance, than meets the eye. A childhood illness left Ida with thinning hair. She wears her own hair in front, in pompadour fashion usually, bringing all her hair forward to manage it. (Continued on page 79)

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

You may find the answer to your own dilemma in this great feature wherein Bette Davis gives intimate advice to you, our readers

THIS month I decided to do my bit toward answering that perennial question, "How Can I Become An Actress" in its several phases. I have selected six representative letters out of the thousands that come in every month, asking approximately the same questions, and I hope my answers will prove to be useful. This is the first:

Dear Miss Davis:

You are a busy woman, of course; I've read that over and over again. But, Miss Davis, if you don't answer my letter I think I am going to hate you forever.

You are supposed to be such a Good Samaritan, and now is your chance to prove it. I have a wonderful little daughter who is just four years old. Her name is Deanna, named after Deanna Durbin.

She is a very unusual little girl who can learn poems and remember them indefinitely. She has a natural talent for singing and dancing and I just know there is a place in motion pictures for her.

Now, here is my problem. My husband died two years ago and since that time I have been working in a department store, barely getting by. I don't have any extra cash with which to give Deanna the training she needs.

That's where you come in. Could you loan me the money to come to Hollywood, or to go to New York, and pay a good teacher to give my baby the start in life she deserves? When she becomes famous you will have the satisfaction of claiming her as a protégée, and at that time she will pay you back every penny.

I am planning on hearing from you real soon.

*From a desperate mother.
M. L.*

Dear Mrs. M. L.:

I am not answering your letter because you threaten to hate me forever if I don't reply. After all, hatred takes a lot of time and energy and you really haven't any to spare since you are working so hard and taking care of your small girl.

I am answering your letter because those people who are in the motion-picture industry receive thousands of similar letters every day. If you were in our shoes, you would understand how impossible it is for us to grant such requests; think of Santa Claus—even he is expected to operate only one night in an entire year. All of us are asked a hundred times a day for gifts. And surely you haven't forgotten all the myriad other demands upon us—taxes, benefits, charities, donations by the dozens. We love to respond, of course, but we are only human and the extent of our salaries is widely misunderstood.

Now, about your little girl. She sounds like a darling. However, in my humble opinion, for parents to start letting children earn their way at such a tender age is shameful. Extreme talent is very rare and every year there are thousands of parents and children who are disappointed because vast sums of money have been spent on training and, in the final selection, only one child achieves stardom, whereas the others fall back into the ranks of the unknowns. This results, frequently, in a permanent mental hurt to the child; his entire personality may be changed. It seems to me that all parents should guard against setting up hopes and dreams in a child's heart, which may only be destroyed.

You sign yourself "desperate mother." I don't wish to be unkind, but no woman should use the future of her

child to overcome desperation; that is a job she must do for herself.

Yours truly,

BETTE DAVIS.

Dear Bette Davis Farnsworth:

Can you sing? I guess you can't, because I have never heard you, but you sure can act. You can act Romantic, you can act Serious, you can act Comic, and several other kinds.

I can't act for sour apples. But I can sing. I am the ambitious one—I want to sing with an orchestra. My voice is blue, but it also has a lovely high range, as the leader of our church choir told me.

Please tell me how I can start out to get a chance to sing with an orchestra. Do you have friends who are orchestra leaders? Could you introduce me to one, or could you please tell me how to get started?

Yours in the groove,

Joan A.

Dear Joan A.:

If you are really interested in checking up on my singing voice, you might watch for a picture titled "Thank Your Lucky Stars" in which I actually do something that is called singing. You might let me know how successful the effort was, after you have seen the picture.

In the first place, it seems to me that you should secure several other opinions about your voice, in addition to that of your choir leader. Is there a vocal teacher in your town? If so, why don't you sing for him or her, and secure that impression?

If there is a radio station near your home, why don't you try to arrange for an audition? In case some trained radio authority thinks your voice is really fine enough to merit attention, he will undoubtedly direct you to a

good teacher. The value of being taught by someone who understands the human voice is that the voice is a delicate instrument and you can ruin it by treating it badly. You should learn to use it properly.

Once you have had training, you will hear of some "name" band on tour near your home. At that time you should try to make arrangements for an audition by the leader. The best of luck to you.

Sincerely,
BETTE DAVIS.

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

You must know practically everyone of importance in Hollywood, so I am writing to you for some information.

I don't know whether you have ever heard of this small town in which I live or not—probably not, as we aren't famous for anything. There are railroad shops here, however, and my father is one of the foremen and makes a pretty good salary. He wants me to have the advantages that girls in larger towns have, but I don't want anything except a chance at Hollywood.

Now here is my problem, Miss Davis. There is a man who stops here in town occasionally. I met him first at the drugstore one afternoon when he said I had the most beautiful profile he had ever seen. I do have fairly regular features, so that didn't exactly bowl me over, but when he said that my hair was a perfect color for the Technicolor camera and that my entire face and body were photogenic, I began to get interested.

This man says he is a talent scout for a major studio and he wants me to drive out to Hollywood with him. My mother has met him and thinks he is a nice, courteous young man, but she thought we shouldn't tell my father about my opportunity as he is always getting suspicious.

Miss Davis, could you give me the names of the accredited talent scouts in my state, or in my section of the country? I trust this man and he seems like a wonderful person, but I'm not sure I want to go on a wild goose chase to Hollywood and find out that he hasn't any real influence, when we get there.

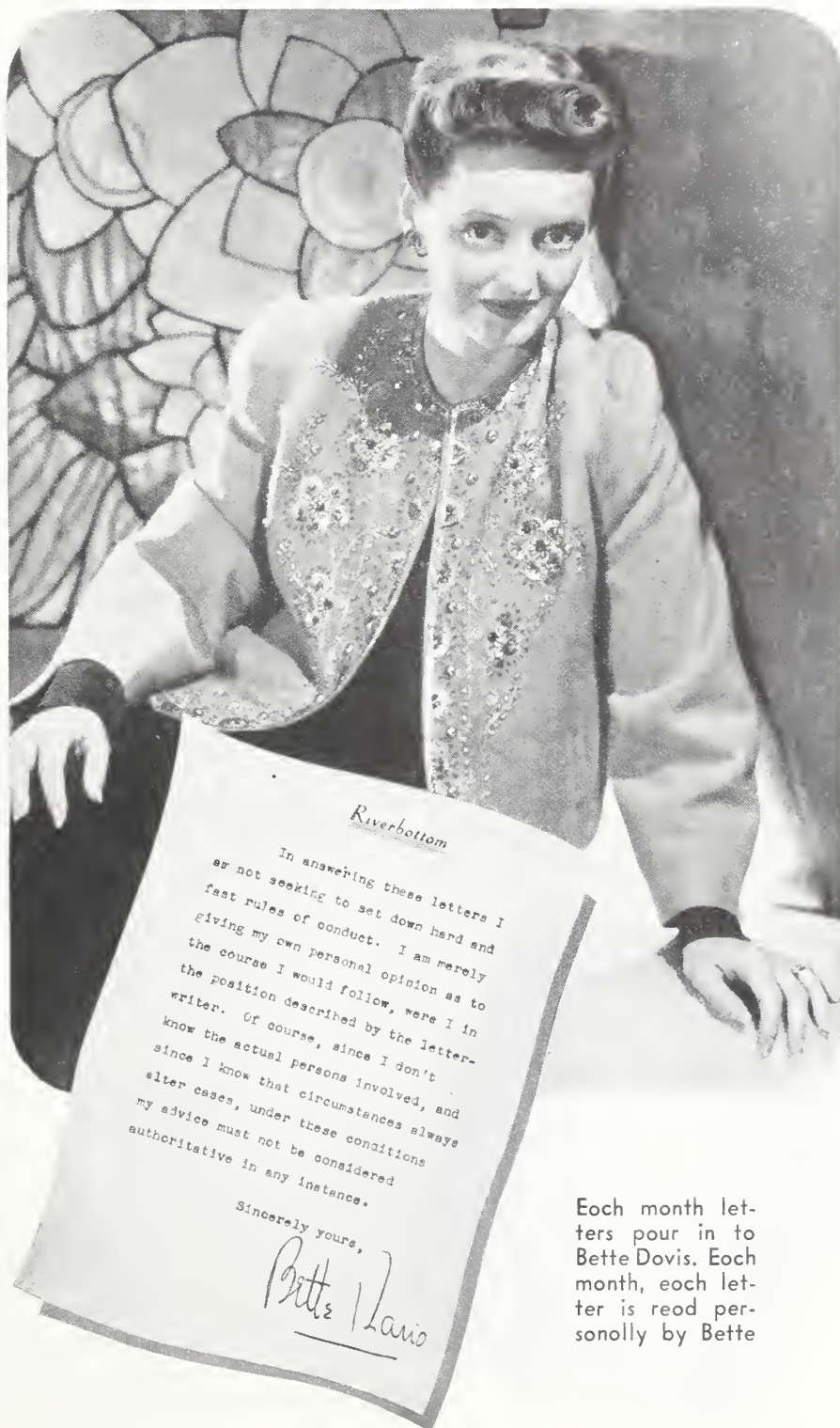
Thank you so much for your help.
Mady J.

DEAR MADY J.:

Naturally, it isn't possible for me to supply the names of all accredited talent scouts. They change from time to time, of course, and there are other good reasons for not broadcasting their presence in a particular locality.

However, a talent scout should be able to supply you, instantly, with the name of his (Continued on page 90)

KKNOWN universally as the great advice stor of Hollywood, Bette Davis, through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, now offers to answer the problems contained in letters sent to her. Each month she will choose the letters with those problems that seem to her most universal and give the writers her own candid advice. Address your letters to Miss Bette Davis, c/o Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. It may be your letter that she will choose to answer here. No names of towns will be given and all names of persons will be changed.



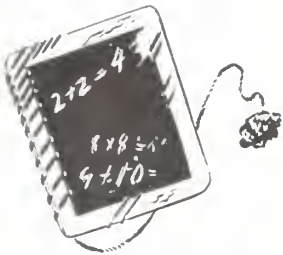
Each month letters pour in to Bette Davis. Each month, each letter is read personally by Bette

Heartlines of Hedy

A talk about love that you'll love—i.e., what the lovely Lamarr has said to herself—out loud—about all those men in her life



♡ Her first romance



He was a boy in school in Vienna. She can't recall his name. She only remembers that he had broad shoulders and curly hair, that he was a mathematical wizard and sternly ignored her. Because of him she mastered mathematics, too. He fell for her then, and she fell promptly out of love with him. The result of all this was that to this day she can balance her check book, a feat that still astonishes her.

♡ Her first husband

Fritz Mandl, the Austrian munitions maker. He was past thirty and a "power." She was sixteen and the thought of being the rich mistress of a beautiful house, of being "Madame Mandl," of having servants about completely intrigued her. Six months after the marriage she knew she hated pomp of any sort. She had been in the picture "Ecstasy" before her marriage. She now dreamed of entering films again. She ran away to Paris, managed an introduction to Louis B. Mayer, got her freedom, came to Hollywood.



♡ Her first Hollywood boy friend

Reginald Gardiner, the very amusing English actor. She met him originally at the Charles Boyers'. She spoke very little English, but his diction was so perfect, his patience with her so great, his wit so keen that she was enchanted with his company. Hedy admits she used Reggie as a sort of course in spoken English. He was always a little in love with her, but she was never in love with him. She is proud that they are still friends.

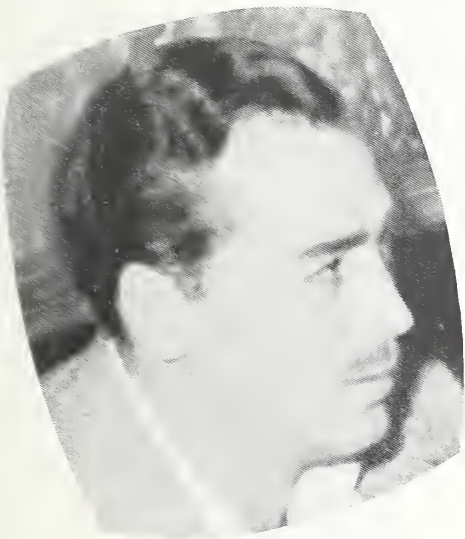
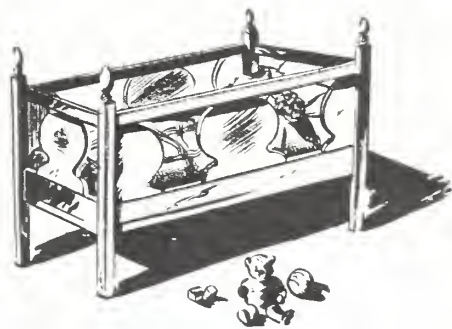


♡ *Her second husband*

Gene Markey, the writer-producer. Gene was all the things she desired in a man, witty, urbane, a celebrity in his own right, intelligent, a little unhappy. She was madly in love with him and misunderstood him completely, for she thought that the things he most wanted were a home and children. She did not know until after the marriage that he was really married to his job and that her attraction for him was only her beauty and glamour, both of which bore her.

♡ *Her most lasting love*

Jamie, the little boy she adopted while she was still Mrs. Markey. For Jamie she stayed home, alone, for a year after her divorce, while the romantic wolves howled outside her door. Jamie is all hers now and she says he has brought her more pleasure than any other individual whom she has known in her entire life.



♡ *Her best friend*

John Howard, the actor. Not romantic, this, but perpetual. Likes John because he is intelligent, because he appreciates her as a person and not as an actress or beauty, because he will come to her house and do all the chores like washing the dog, watering the garden and hanging the pictures, because he likes to do the simple things that charm her, like driving to the beach and eating in drive-ins, because Jamie adores him.

The gentlemen who would like to take her places but with whom she refuses to go

Wooly Donahue, the New York playboy. Wooly has gone with most of the Hollywood glamour girls, including Joan Bennett, a former Mrs. Markey, too.

Howard Hughes, the big suitor and oil well boy. Plays the field similar

to Donahue. Persistently calls Hedy. She persistently does not answer.

Arthur Hornblow (right), ex-husband of Myrna Loy and buddy of Gene Markey. Sends wonderful presents and witty notes. When he recently sent Hedy clumps of rare daisies for her garden, she gratefully planted them, said "thank you" but didn't accept the asked-for dinner date.

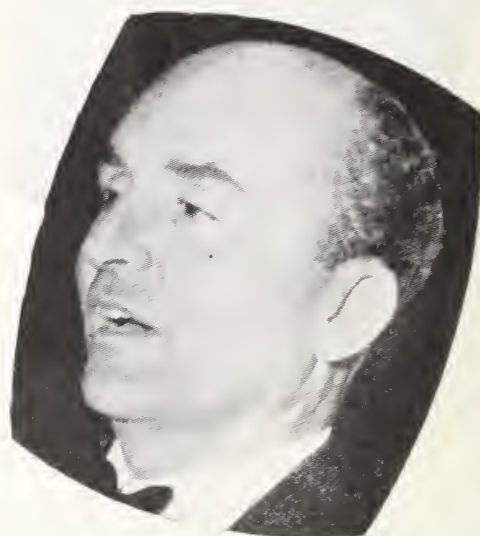
That radio executive in New York who just married another actress. He told Hedy he'd show her. Hedy didn't care but she hopes the other actress will be very, very happy.

George Brent. Hedy's line was always busy.

S. P. Eagle, the guy who produced "Tales Of Manhattan" on a shoe-string. Hedy went to the opening with him. She liked his nerve.

Glenn Ford. Hedy was always busy.

Jean Pierre Aumont. Hedy didn't care, but she enjoyed flirting in French again. Besides, she found Jean (now merely Pierre) very amusing.



The love that hurt her



George Montgomery. She's still hurt. He seemed to her ideally American and he was the first young man she had ever loved. For George, she began going crazy over horses, the West, the great open spaces, simple ranch houses, hunting and the "things that count." She was ready to elope the week after they met. She was overjoyed when they announced their engagement. She planned a brilliant, dramatic future for them. She dreamed of having numerous children. She would have gladly given up her career. (She is no career girl, anyhow.) She nearly took the count when she heard that George had been instructed to court her, on the grounds that this would get him lots of space in all newspapers. That's when she returned his ring and he returned her dishes. They distinctly are not good friends.

The man who hasn't pursued her--who she thinks might be fun if he would

Orson Welles. She has never met him, has no friends in common with him but she thinks he is a genius. She considers him handsome, intelligent and probably misunderstood. She sort of fancies she would understand him, but she'd like to know for sure.

You get the general idea that she is romantic, don't you? She is. She doesn't care a hoot about getting the Academy Award. She'd much prefer to get married and live happily ever after.

Barbara Stanwyck CO-STARRING IN "FLESH AND FANTASY"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



Max Factor * Hollywood Face Powder!

- 1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3...it clings perfectly — really stays on

TO GIVE your skin a lovelier, more youthful color tone, and to harmonize perfectly with your natural complexion colorings, *Max Factor Hollywood* created face powder in Color Harmony shades.

Whatever your type may be... blonde, or brunette, or brownette, or redhead... there is a particular shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder definitely created for you to enhance your own individual beauty.

You'll like the superfine texture of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder, too, because it creates such a soft, satin-smooth make-up, and its unusual clinging quality will keep your make-up looking fresh and lovely for hours... \$1.00.



**MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
... FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK**



Are You a Woman without a Man?

(Continued from page 41) the station for dinner. I don't remember what we ordered. For we didn't eat it. We just sat in a fog and talked and laughed as if we weren't in a fog at all. I did pull myself together long enough to try to tell Johnny how much I love him and how proud of him I am. I have no patience with girls who let men go away without these warm, comforting assurances. It's not exactly a cinch for the men either. Such girls, I think, deserve to lose their men, as they do sometimes, to girls with less foolish pride.

I was no heroine the night Johnny left. How I drove my car I'll never know. I have never had such an empty feeling. When I got home I couldn't go in. I turned the car around and went over to Eadie's and Bill's and sat with them for a while. I knew with the baby asleep and no Johnny there the house was going to be as empty as a meeting hall.

IRRRESPECTIVE of where Johnny was I sent I had made up my mind to follow him. The day after he left I went into action. I put our house, which is miles from anywhere and in the dim-out area, on the market. Then I packed everything, including our new refrigerator, and called in the shippers.

There are always complications when you become a camp follower, I guess. My complications were different from those most girls would face. However, if I wanted to let them stagger me I could easily. I could convince myself it would be madness to jeopardize a movie career by leaving Hollywood. But I must admit I've never really thought about it. My only idea has always been to be with John.

Even so there are weeks upon weeks when I don't see John. During the first two months he was in service we had only two week ends together. I went straight from "I Married A Witch" into "Star-Spangled Rhythm." Then I went on a Bond-selling tour. There's not much point, after all, in sending our men out to fight unless we give them guns and tanks, planes and ammunition.

It isn't too easy, as I well know, to adjust to the lonely stretches that are inevitable when the man you love is called to the colors. But there are ways and means of keeping your life moderately normal and happy, I have discovered. And I write this in the hope others will profit from my findings.

IF I weren't married and I had known a man long enough to be sure we were right for each other I would marry him. I believe in war marriages. They aren't all bliss and romance. They take plenty of adjustment and sacrifice. But human beings have a swell habit of rising to occasions. All except the softies.

If, for some reason, I couldn't marry the boy I loved—if we hadn't known each other long enough, for instance—I still would see him whenever possible. I'd save dimes to call him on the long-distance telephone. I'd be niggardly to finance week ends or longer holidays near his camp.

This is not the time for hidebound conventions and false pride. It's good for a man's morale and ego when his wife follows after him. And a girl isn't running after a boy if she goes to him when he can't come to her.

Also, because this is an emergency and calls for emergency measures I believe a girl should go out with other men while the man she loves is away, but not with anyone the man she loves mistrusts,

naturally. Above everything else on earth I value normality. And a life without masculine society is abnormal.

There are, I know, certain girls who are too inflammable for their own good. Their ardor, easily aroused, isn't easily controlled. Inevitably these girls are going to break out now and then while the men they truly love are in service. I can only hope when they find themselves in another man's arms, kissing him, that they won't confuse a chemical attraction, no matter how overpowering it may be, with love.

Such slips are not desirable. They should be guarded against. They shouldn't be encouraged for the sake of a cheap thrill or the sop they prove to the ego of any girl foolish enough to think a man's impulsive embrace proves her irresistible. And once they are over they should be forgotten as quickly as possible; not permitted to ruin a deep, true relationship with the boy who is



Bettie J. Reid, one of the ten lovely winners in the nation-wide Beautiful Eyes contest sponsored by Republic Pictures and a mascara manufacturer. Prize: A string of pearls

temporarily absent. Dwelling on such experiences can only induce remorse which is destructive or excitement which is dangerous.

WHEN I'm separated from John for any period of time I go out with other men. It's better to do this than to sit home brooding. Sit at home and brood long enough and you won't know yourse'f, your personality will be so warped.

I take care to go out with boys Johnny approves. Sometimes, for instance, those I go out with are new friends Johnny has made during our separation. He often tells such friends to look me up if they're going to be wherever I am. Above everything else, need I say it, I take care not to make Johnny unhappy.

John and I have always been on a wonderful basis. When we married John didn't ask me to drop my friends. We used to invite them to dinner, often. And now many of them are our mutual friends. A little trust does wonders for marriage, if kids would only realize it.

I even call up boys John and I know and say, "I'm in the dumps. Will you take me to a show or something?" And because they are our friends they're de-

lighted to do this and they don't misunderstand.

I don't always go out with single men. I frequently go out with couples, married and unmarried. I go out with Eadie and Bill and dance with Bill as often as Eadie does. I try not to be stupid and shy and silly when a couple asks me out. I remind myself people may ask me once out of politeness but that they won't ask me again if I don't pay my way by being good company.

That puts me on the spot. If I'm unhappy I make a genuine effort to hide it—whereupon, almost always, before the evening is over I feel less forlorn. With John in service I can't afford to act like a droop. The men and the couples who ask me out are lifesavers whom I must not alienate. We can, after all, control our minds. If we didn't always do this—to some extent—we would go to pieces. And our minds under control will control our actions.

Because a girl goes out with another man it doesn't mean she's slipping. In fact it may very well be her way of guarding against slipping. For the girl who holds herself down, who refuses the company of other men through a mistaken sense of loyalty, is far more likely to go berserk when she does finally find herself in a man's company. We need men in our life to keep us on an even keel.

I DOUBT there are many girls who do not know single men or couples with whom they can have dates. Beyond this there often are service men stationed near by. It's respectable enough, certainly, to go to dances at the service men's clubs. On the posts these clubs are sponsored by officers' wives. Any girl whose actions are not perfectly correct is asked to leave and not to return. In other words, your second appearance at any service club dance anywhere testifies to your propriety.

You also play safe when you seek masculine society at these dances. Because there's safety in numbers.

I make it a point to see different men, not to date one boy over and over irrespective of how much more fun and how much more compatible he may be. It's a good idea not to underestimate the force of companionship or to believe, smugly, that you're beyond physical temptation.

Work will take care of loneliness very nicely, some people insist. I think that's nonsense. I'm loneliest those nights when I come home tired after working hard all day, too tired to ask friends in or to go out. For those are the nights Johnny and I ordinarily would spend alone together, talking quietly, playing gin rummy, or listening to the radio.

It's on those nights I rush, quick like a bunny, for my personal defenses for the blues. I've discovered the surest way of chasing the blues is to change your mood. Movies will do this for you. So will books. I've also taken up knitting. The sweater started isn't finished and whether it ever is finished is not important. It serves as a sedative when my mind begins going around in lonely, frenzied circles.

These are days that take plenty of adjustment and it looks as though we were in for a long hard pull. Consequently, the faster and the better we adjust ourselves the happier we'll be for the duration and the more attractive we'll be when he comes marching home. Which also is something to think about!

THE END

Keep your smile bright... but

DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

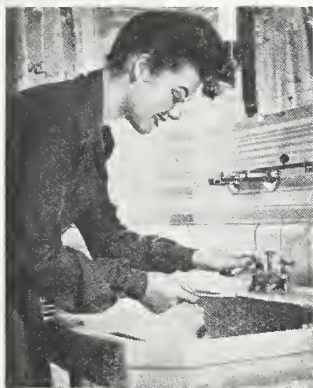


An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice... they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so... we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you help save enough for others... there will be enough for you.



DON'T LET Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.



DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.



DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.



DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.



DON'T RUB — Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Always measure out powder for small children.



DON'T USE a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.



DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

REMEMBER...

only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So... keep your teeth bright... but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others... and there will be enough for you.

To Ellie with Love—

(Continued from page 27) second invitation was from Pat O'Brien. All the members of the Victory Caravan were coming over to his house. Maybe, thought Eleanor, Glenn Ford might be there, too. She'd have gone, anyway, but she just looked a little prettier than usual when she arrived.

Glenn was there, and they met. But because of the crowd that's as far as it went. However, thought Eleanor, at least we know each other. And he is charming. And boyish. And somewhat shy. And straightforward and honest. Those things added up to Ellie Powell, because she's that way herself.

Then came the Army and Navy Ball with all of Hollywood's greatest as audience and entertainers. Ellie knocked them all for a loop, not only with her footwork, but with her comedy as well. Glenn Ford was among the admiring throng who congratulated her. He outwaited the Eddie G. Robinsons, the Louis B. Mayers, the Nelson Eddys and asked if he couldn't see her alone some time. Could he have her telephone number, please? He could! Then Ellie worried for five days afterward that she'd been so quick in giving it to him. But he phoned and asked her to dinner. Now you can't be too anxious all the time, so Ellie told him casually that she was planning on having dinner at home—just she and her mother. How about joining them? He joined.

After dinner Ellie, who would rather listen to music than breathe, discovered he preferred staying and hearing her magnificent collection of fine records than doing the town. He sat and listened and smoked his pipe. She sat and listened and got a new sweater started. He didn't know it, but the sweater would be for him . . . if . . . Of course he's wearing that sweater today.

THE second date they went out for dinner. It was a glorious meal, but Ellie wondered what had happened to Glenn's previously healthy appetite. Now that she and Mrs. Ford are as close as mother and daughter and Glenn and Mrs. Powell are real mother and son stuff, Ellie knows. Falling in love found Glenn a victim of all the usual symptoms!

After the alleged dinner, they took a long ride. They talked. And talked. He learned that despite her glowing career on Broadway and in movies, she and her mother have remained a true-to-life *Hardy* family. She found that Glenn hadn't been changed by his success in "The Children's Hour" on Broadway, or by Hollywood, which has already recognized both his ability and his potentialities. They also found out each had come from a small town—and that each was an only child . . . and that both of them adored and appreciated their mothers.

Beyond that—well, they also brought to light their dreams of the perfect marriage built on such a foundation of love that death itself could not terminate that love.

Then Glenn had to leave on a trip. His first note, from Kanab, Utah, where he was on location for "The Desperado" was short but sweet. "Dear Ellie," it began and was signed, "Sincerely, Glenn." Ellie wrote back, but the plane crashed and Glenn didn't get the letter till after he'd phoned, long distance, and scolded her for not answering. Ellie loved that. His next letter began, "Dearest Ellie." He signed it, "Affectionately, Glenn." It progressed to "Darling Ellie" and "Love, Glenn." Two dates and the romance was

blazing like a house afire. Ellie could hardly wait to have him return.

HE greeted her with a silver cup his magnificent riding had won for him in a rodeo at Kanab. She, having learned to twirl a rope under the tutelage of Sam Garrett, world's greatest trick roper, for her cowboy numbers in "I Dood It," greeted him with "Hi Gunsel," affectionate cowboy term for tenderfoot. She got a few more presents, as time went on. No flowers, no candy, nothing like that. Books like "Forever" by Mildred Cram, inscribed "To Ellie, with love, Glenn." The "Mizpah" theme—and Ellie has read it half a dozen times. Books like Jack London's "The Adventures Of Martin Eden," a ninety-eight-cent edition Glenn hurriedly picked up in a drugstore one night because Ellie wanted something substantial with which to remember Glenn's hit picture.

The books he's given her she reads aloud to him when they're not listening to the records he brings her. When they're not doing either, they're out for a ride, or for a good dinner, or for a game of miniature golf. They've been dancing only twice. Which is fine so far as Ellie, who is strictly the non-night-club type, is concerned. But what worried her was that boogie-woogie music, from whose primitive rhythms Ellie gets many of her creative inspirations, revolted Glenn. She isn't so worried any more, however. She's noticed that despite his objections his foot has been tapping to Stuff Smith.

But jive notwithstanding, Ellie's an old-fashioned kind of girl and Glenn is an old-fashioned kind of boy. Because of her sense of justice and her regard for the home, Ellie has planned, all her life, towards giving up her career when she married. And Glenn doesn't want his wife to work. When he picks her up at the studio at five o'clock, Ellie's eager to show him all she's accomplished throughout the day. Glenn, however, would rather see it on the screen. The natural surprise at this attitude has become a pleasurable thrill to Ellie now. She's never known, before, when to call quits.

SHE'S happy that the right man has come along just at the time her dancing has been acclaimed perfection. Ellie's soul, throughout years of struggle and the succeeding years of success, has cried only for perfection. She doesn't count her success in dollars or neon signs but in such memories as that of the day when Toscanini, with Mrs. Tos-

canini and Mr. Mayer, came to visit her set. Fortunately, Ellie and her group of dancers were doing an exquisite ballet—certainly just the type of dancing to please the great maestro. But, instead of leaving after thanking her, he asked for the "dancing with noise." Ellie interpreted that as meaning tap. She flew to get her shoes and instructed her nervous accompanist to dive into jive. Then her lightning feet flew into impossible patterns of rhythm—sharp, clean, machine-gun taps, faster than anyone else in the whole world can do. Toscanini kissed her later with tears in his eyes. "You have more music in you than a symphony orchestra!" he cried. "If only I had the rhythm you have!" Later came his letter of thanks. There were three things, he told her, he'd like to carry with him when he died. His memory of the Grand Canyon. Of a beautiful sunset. Of Eleanor Powell's dancing.

So she knows she has attained perfection and she's ready, as she always said she would be, to give up her dancing career. Her desire to turn to straight acting—to prove, with the right opportunity, that she has talent for that—she'd give that up in a moment too, for marriage. "Susie Smith, with the babies in the crib and the market basket on her arm, that's for me," she tells you yearningly. Making a happy home, rearing a wonderful family, devoting herself to her husband's career—and being together always, always . . . that's what she wants.

And Glenn wants that, too, beyond everything else. But the way they've planned their marriage and their lives cannot be accomplished now, for Glenn is going into the Navy. Neither will he be able to play the violin and star in the title role of "The Life Of Chopin." But he will have a much more vital opportunity to do something for his country. And Ellie will forget about giving up her career for the role of a wife. She'll gladly continue going on Victory Caravans and selling Bonds. She'll go on dancing for the soldier boys and dancing for movie audiences throughout the country. She'll be doing her part as few of us are able to do it—and waiting for the day when the world is at peace and she and Glenn can have time for each other.

Till that time, wherever he is, and whatever happens, it's Mizpah for Ellie and Glenn. "Mizpah—The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another."

THE END

Ermine and orchids and a night of triumph: Anne Baxter, who won Hollywood cheers for her role in "The Pied Piper," comes to the premiere with Richard Tibbett, son of Lawrence Tibbett, famous Metropolitan Opera baritone



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Two against Love

(Continued from page 38) he might pay some attention; he might show some awareness that I was in everybody's way because I had to be. I wanted to tell all those people that I wasn't dogging his footsteps because I loved it; that Dr. Justin, backed up by the studio, had ordered me not to let him out of my sight.

But he was being difficult—as usual.

He'd seemed to go out of his way to make my job hard. There had been the time he publicly humiliated me at the studio. We were in his dressing room between scenes and I'd tried to give him his medicine. He said he was sick of taking the stuff and when I'd insisted he raised his voice to inform me in a tone that carried clearly to the ears of everybody working on the set that he preferred to be left alone. Still I persisted. At that he seized the bottle, went outside the dressing room, walked over to a potted palm and ostentatiously emptied it in the dirt. Then he politely handed the bottle back. Everybody laughed. Riley Sloane had outwitted his nursemaid again.

TOO angry to talk, I'd stalked through the soundproof doors of the studio stage and gone over to the public telephone booth in the entry way. I was going to call Chris and serve notice I was quitting the case. Just as I dialed the number, Riley put his head in the door.

"Telling papa on me?"

"I'm calling Dr. Ross, if you must know."

He put his hand over the transmitter, and looked down at me mockingly. "You quit easy, don't you?"

It was a challenge and I couldn't let him get away with it. I couldn't give him the satisfaction of a victory in that never-ending duel. I slammed down the receiver and walked back to the set. But he'd made me look a fool—again.

And there'd been the time we'd met Prudence Vickers, the columnist. She'd asked him how he was and he'd said, "Ask Nurse Howells. She's my guardian." The next day there had been a cute little quip about it in her column.

I knew people talked, some maliciously. And I hated it.

"Ready, Mr. Sloane?" the director said now.

The stand-in moved away and Riley took his place. Then came the words that caused a thrill of excitement every time I heard them, that made me forget I was in the way. "Quiet, please. Ready. Lights. Sound."

Riley began to speak and suddenly all the confusion, the make-believe fell away. He wasn't an actor with his face covered with make-up. This wasn't Stage Three on the Martin lot. This was a cottage many years ago and he was a man making passionate love to the woman he was doomed to lose. The illusion lasted only a few minutes before the director yelled "Cut" and we were back in reality again. But it was enough. That was the secret of Riley Sloane's success. He made you *feel* him.

IT was the last scene of the day and I turned to gather up my things to go home. When I looked around for my patient he was nowhere in sight. I asked an electrician. "Riley? Why, I think he's gone."

I hurried to the gate. The car wasn't in sight. "Mr. Sloane?" the guard said. "Oh, he took the car and went."

Inwardly I fumed. The guard had

"They can't Blackout Romance while girls have Adorable HANDS,"

says

Arleen Whelan



Arleen Whelan, lovely Hollywood movie star, with Richard Simmons. Hasn't she thrilling hands! She uses Jergens.

"I pity the girl who has red, rough hands," declares Arleen Whelan, brilliant young Hollywood star. "Jergens Lotion takes no time to use and it helps to keep your hands lovely. I always use Jergens and, they say, the other stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1."



Hand-care that's almost professional . . .

Any girl can easily cultivate rose-leaf soft hands by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Remember the 2 special ingredients in Jergens—they're the same as many doctors rely on to help rough, harsh skin to heart-holding smoothness. No sticky feeling. Even one application helps, when you use Jergens.

Jergens Lotion

for Soft, Adorable HANDS

given me the same sly, amused look as the electrician. I felt they were all snickering at me behind my back at this new humiliation, this cute trick of running off while I went home alone. "Hear how old Riley gave his nurse the run-around again?" I could hear them passing it around.

It was raining. Or at least, it was what Southern Californians said was a mist, but back home in Texas we'd have called a good steady rain. I had just money enough for the long taxi ride home, but I wouldn't give Riley that satisfaction. I pulled my cape around me and ran to the bus line that would take me within a mile of his house.

Soaking wet, I huddled there during the long ride. Then I got out and walked stubbornly what seemed the endless distance to the rambling white house. My cap was ruined, my hair was a mass of tangled curls and my uniform was wet through. Riley saw me coming and met me at the door.

"Why in blazes didn't you take a studio car or a taxi?" he demanded sharply.

"There weren't any studio cars and working girls don't have money for taxis."

"I'd have paid for it, you little dope." "Would you?" I wiped the water from my eyelashes and gave him a steady look. "After you pulled a truant school-boy gag like that, I wouldn't count on you for anything."

With that I left him half fumbling, I thought, for an explanation. At least that round was mine.

THAT moment we'd shared at the hospital seemed now like a dream that had never happened. I'd tried to see some trace of it in him while I'd been here, some reminder. There was nothing. And that knock at my door—I knew it had been Riley. What had he wanted? Had he come to taunt me, or to seek some strange solace or—or what?

I longed for Chris. Tonight was his evening to call and when we were alone, I would beg him to get me out of this. I couldn't stand it any longer—this torment that was more than constant hu-

miliation, that was compounded of such warring emotions I couldn't admit them to myself. I *had* to leave.

Riley always went to bed immediately on coming home. When I led Chris into his room that evening, he looked up and grinned. "Hi, doc." Beneath his casualness, I could sense his growing respect for the doctor. Chris was the only person who could control Riley. And beneath Chris's answering smile, I felt his personal interest. In some peculiar way, the men were becoming friends.

THE examination was quick, routine. "How long before I get my parole, doc?" Riley asked. "How much longer will I have to have your lady dick tailing me?"

I looked over his head. When Chris was there, I could be the nurse again—impersonal, self-possessed.

"You'll get time off for good behavior," Chris said. "But the more you refuse to co-operate, the longer she'll have to stick."

Riley sighed. "All this because of an innocent little spree that hurt nobody."

"Not so innocent. I'm not only curing you of the effects of the spree. I'm trying to cure you of what made you go on it, in the first place—the 'impulse to self-destruction,' we call it in the profession."

"Nuts to you, doc," Riley said pleasantly. "My life's my own."

"And nuts to you, Mr. Sloane." Chris gave a cheerful grin. "I'll cure you in spite of yourself."

When Chris and I were alone, I turned to him with almost desperate pleading. "He's getting better, Chris. Ask Dr. Justin to relieve me, put somebody else on to finish it. I—I just can't go on any longer."

"Why, Kay, you know I can't do that. It would ruin you with Justin and everywhere else. It's a tough assignment, but you've let it get on your nerves."

"Get on my nerves!" I laughed, almost hysterically. "Oh, why can't you understand? I've got to get away!"

"Look, darling." He put one arm around me and tilted my face up to his.

"There's a possibility I'll be offered a position with a research foundation in the East. If it comes through, it'll mean—not much money, but enough for us to get married. It will mean I can have my own life, instead of this false one, and share it with you. A few days more and I'll know for sure. If it's 'yes'—oh, Kay, it'll be the end of waiting, of wanting you and not being able to ask you, of—"

"Then let's get married now!" And there was an urgency beneath the words that not even I could identify.

"We can't, Kay, until the offer comes through. You know how I feel about Justin's, why I'm working with a man and in a hospital I can't respect—just to support my mother and myself until I get my chance. Three of us couldn't live on what I make out there."

"We can get other jobs. I'll keep on working—"

"You're not making sense, darling."

"Do you always have to figure angles before you do anything? If you love me—"

"Kay! I'm only trying not to wreck the things I've spent a lifetime building—and drag you down with me in the wreckage." He took my hands and went on more gently. "You're overwrought, darling. . . ."

Maybe he was right, I thought dully. After all, how could I explain to him when I couldn't to myself the instinct that warned me to get away before it was too late? Too late for *what*?

That night I felt lonelier than ever before. Chris, my rock, my refuge, had somehow let me down.

THE next few days were like those that went before—except that Riley was improving. Not in his behavior to me, but physically. We had a few visitors, too. Carlotta Fane came by to see us. I was glad—even though she gave me a searching glance and asked in a dramatic whisper if I was all right, as if I were living with a cobra. Prudence Vickers came, too—nosing out gossip tidbits for her column. Corky Smith, the writer, came and acted as if he'd never seen me before which was certainly all right with me.

And then one evening when I answered the doorbell, a woman swept past me into the hall in a swirl of silver fox and expensive perfume. As she turned to face me, I was startled and puzzled. Where had I seen before that cloud of honey-colored hair, those wide bright-blue eyes, that milky skin? There was a curious drawn pallor in her face, but it was beautiful.

"I want to see Mr. Sloane," she said with husky imperiousness.

"I'm Kay Howells, Mr. Sloane's nurse. I'm afraid he can't be disturbed."

She shrugged out of the furs. She was wearing what I'd come to recognize as the typical Hollywood costume—silver fox cape over tailored slacks that moulded her slender figure, open-toed sandals on her bare feet.

"I'm Honey Hollister. I know he'd like to see me. Don't bother—I know the way."

Her heel taps sounded insolently, flauntingly, as she walked unhesitatingly to Riley's door. Without knocking, she opened it and went in.

Honey Hollister. Carlotta Fane's words came back . . . "mad about him. Some people say she still is . . ." When he'd talked to her at the hospital, he'd been upset afterwards. I set my chin and followed.

She was sitting on the bed beside him. I've seen other women use their

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR, published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Carroll Rheinstrom, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of the PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(Signed) CARROLL RHEINSTROM.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1942.

(SEAL)

JOSEPH M. ROTH,
Notary Public, Westchester County.
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. No. 525
N. Y. Co. Register's No. 3-R-312
Commission expires March 30, 1943

beauty to get something from a man, but I've never seen such an exhibition as that one. Her blue eyes were innocently wide and appealing. But the pose of her body, as she leaned toward him, was wise and seductive. He was looking at her with an inscrutable expression.

She glanced up with annoyance. "I've got to talk to you alone, darling," she said pointedly.

He gave a wicked grin and shook his head. "My she-dragon is always with me. Doctor's orders."

"But, Riley, it's been so long. We've got to talk, to—"

I wasn't going to stand there like a bedpost. "Mr. Sloane is right, Miss Hollister. He really isn't supposed to see many people. . . ."

She looked from me back to Riley, and got up. The blue eyes now were hard. "Of course I wouldn't dream of intruding on your *special domain*," she said with poisonous sweetness. "See you later, Riley darling."

When she was gone, Riley said, "I take it all back. You have your uses, after all."

"I just don't know how to thank you for those kind words."

HE didn't answer. His eyes went dark with some remembered pain, and he spoke as if talking to himself. "I took an awful beating once—from her. There's no hell on earth like what a woman can dish out when she knows you've got to take it."

I stood looking down at the lean, dark face with the mouth suddenly gone bitter and once more I was stirred by the mystery and the deep appeal that lay in it. "Did you love her so much?" I asked.

"I was a sucker. I'd thought I was armored against life but everybody's got a chink in his armor plating once. She was mine. Me—" he laughed sardonically—"in love with a husky voice and a white skin. She gave me quite a going-over about five years ago when she was tops around the studio and I was nobody. Now, as you may have noticed, things are different. But definitely."

"But if you loved each other—"

Riley snorted. "Love, my little dumping, is a mirage—in spite of what you and the doc think about it."

I flushed. "What do you mean about me and—Chris?"

"Think I'm blind? He's nuts about you in his calm, rock-of-Gibraltar way. And I wouldn't be surprised if you thought he was a good guy. As a matter of fact," he said seriously, "he is. He's straight. I like the doc. He'll make you happier and be a lot better for you than—a lot of other guys I could name, baby."

"I don't need your advice, Mr. Dorothy Dix, and don't call me baby."

"Okay, baby. . . ."

YOU thought you were getting at the bottom of Riley Sloane, at what lay beneath the hard shell, you thought you would find the key and something would happen. And suddenly a door slammed in your face and you felt a fool for trying.

What he said about Chris was true. Yet—even Chris had let me down. When I was with him now, he was the same, but I was different. I missed something between us. Once I'd thought life was simple, that you liked or didn't like people, loved or didn't love them. Now life was an equation with an x I couldn't solve.

Honey Hollister tried persistently to see Riley. Each time that I prevented her,



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Evening in Paris

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BOURJOIS

she would turn on me furiously, as if I stood in her way out of some wish of my own. There was something uncontrolled in her anger, and I would have been shocked and frightened by it if I hadn't dealt with excitable women before as patients.

Once she eluded me and had a few minutes alone with Riley. That was the night I spent in a chair in the living room, watching him pace up and down, refusing to go to bed, refusing to speak. He was more morose and bitter than I'd ever seen him.

I told Chris about it. "She's got some hold over him," he said. "If we knew what it was, we'd know a lot more about him. He dislikes her and yet—I don't know."

In spite of everything, though, Riley was showing improvement. Chris's treatments were taking effect, and he was getting interested in the "Lost Melody" part. It was a good role, as well as a big one; it was similar to the bit he'd played five years ago that had skyrocketed him to fame and stardom. That had been merely a few scenes in an important picture. But it had suited him perfectly and he'd run away with it. The stars of the picture were forgotten while everybody—Hollywood and public alike—asked "Who is Riley Sloane? We want more Riley Sloane!" Inexperienced as I was, I knew that his *Gerald* in "Lost Melody" would be one of those parts you never forgot.

ONE evening Carlotta Fane came to see me. After she'd inquired for the patient, she said, "But I came really to see you, my dear. I had to warn you about Honey Hollister."

"Warn me?" Miss Fane was always dramatic, but this time she was deadly serious. "But I hardly know her."

"She's spreading the vilest possible things about you all over town. She's *insanely* jealous and I've always suspected—well, never mind that. She's insinuated that you and Riley are—that you're not here as a *nurse*, my dear." When I would have spoken, she stopped me. "I hope you'll forgive me for telling you. But you're young and inexperienced; you don't know what a woman like that can do."

"What can I do? I can't stop her—I can't leave."

Miss Fane shook her head. "I don't know. I thought of mentioning it to Riley—"

"No! Please don't. He'd only tell you he never wanted me here in the first place and what she says is no concern of his. I know him," I said bitterly.

I felt touched with something evil. Honey Hollister hated me for reasons of her own and I could do nothing about that, but gossip was something else. No matter what Chris said, no matter how it hurt me professionally, I was determined to leave. The longer I stayed, the more reason people would have for believing what Honey said.

Miss Fane went in to see Riley, who was well enough to be up that evening. Then Prudence Vickers came, and then Corky Smith, accompanied by some young actress whose name I never knew. It was like a small party. They gathered around Riley, laughing and talking, and I hovered in the background. As long as they didn't stay late enough to tire him, it would do him good to have company. After they'd gone, I would tell him I was leaving.

I felt Corky's sly gaze on me once or twice. Had he heard the gossip too? Had he come out of curiosity to see for himself if it was true?

Presently I slipped out the French doors to the terrace. Out there it was peaceful and beautiful, and nothing was evil. Early December, and it was like a moonlit spring night at home. Suddenly, desperately, I longed for home.

A shadow fell across the flagstones and I jumped. Corky Smith was standing beside me. "This is no place for a beautiful girl alone," he said.

I wanted to get away from him. "I'm just hired help. I don't mingle with guests."

"Don't be in such a hurry. I think you'd mingle fine." He slipped his arm around me. "Come on—mingle."

He bent his head and his lips, careless and yet possessive, lay on mine. It was a hateful kiss. I tried to pull away. He laughed and his arm tightened until I could hardly breathe. "What's the matter? Has the Great Lover really got you sewed up?"

I struck out angrily, but he was too much for me. I could scream—but I thought of the others in the living room, of adding fuel to the flame of gossip. He was bending me back against the pillar, his fingers biting into my arm, his

DOROTHY KILGALLEN

who knows her alphabet
of Broadway and Holly-
wood, gives her own
adroit definitions of the
latest from filmland in

MY HOLLYWOOD DICTIONARY

Coming Soon

mouth at my lips, my throat. Suddenly a voice spoke like a whip crack.

"Take your hands off her!"

Riley Sloane's big figure was blocked out against the doorway. Corky released me and turned. "So," he said, and laughed, "the little rumors I've heard are true."

WITH one long stride Riley crossed the terrace. His fist caught Corky on the point of the chin. He staggered backwards and brought up against the wall—hard. His girl, standing in the door with Carlotta and Miss Vickers, screamed.

For a moment he gathered himself together as if he would strike back at Riley. Then he gave a short laugh. "Sloane in the role of Galahad is too much for me to stomach," he said. "Come on, sugar." He took the girl's arm and they walked out in the sudden silence.

It was Prudence Vickers who broke it. "I must be going too. It's been such an interesting evening, Riley darling . . . coming, Carlotta?"

Miss Fane whispered something I was too shaken to understand, and then followed. Riley stood there like an image. We heard George showing them out.

"You shouldn't have hit him," I said unsteadily. "They'll say—"

"Don't tell me what I shouldn't have done! I couldn't stand to see him paw you—that's all."

"You saw him do it once before and laughed!" I was rubbing my arm where Corky's fingers had bruised it.

"Did he hurt you?" Riley demanded. Angriily he unbuttoned the long sleeve of my uniform and turned it back to the

spot where the skin was beginning to redden. He looked down at it and his fingers on my bare arm were gentle as a woman's. He gave an odd, muttered sound. Then his arms went around me and his face rested in my hair. "I could kill anybody who hurt you," he whispered.

I couldn't speak. This was like the magic of that other moment flooding through me, leaving me breathless, powerless. He tilted back my chin and when his lips met mine there was both asking and giving in the kiss. "Don't ever leave me . . . Always be here . . . Always. . ."

How long we stood there I'll never know. Suddenly he let me go, stepped back, and fumbled for a cigarette. "Better put something on that arm," he said gruffly.

"Riley," I whispered. "Riley—"

"I'm going to bed," Riley Sloane said rudely. And walked away.

THE next day was Sunday. I breakfasted in my room, alone with the thoughts that had brought both pain and ecstasy all night. I was surprised to see Chris's gray coupe pull up in the driveway; he wasn't expected until noon and I didn't want to see him now.

But I went to meet him. He thrust a newspaper at me. "See this?" he demanded. It was folded to Prudence Vicker's Talk of the Town. The first paragraph leaped out. "It looks as if Wiley-Riley Sloane had a real heart interest at last. There was a slight flurry of fisticuffs last night at his house over the lovely young thing who's been his guardian angel for the past little while. It would seem . . ."

I couldn't read any further. ". . . you can't stay here any longer," Chris was saying. "The offer from the foundation came through last night, Kay! I'm to leave for the East next week and I'm going to take you with me. We can get married now."

I looked at him and it was like looking at a stranger. "Why didn't you say that last week?" I said bleakly. "Why didn't you take me away when I asked you to?"

"But I couldn't, Kay. Don't worry about this publicity. It's nasty, but people have short memories and once we're away—"

"It isn't only that. I can't marry you now, Chris. You've come too late."

He stared at me, his face paling. "What's changed you? Last week—" the words trailed off. "It's Sloane, isn't it? You're in love with him."

"Oh, I don't know!" I cried miserably. How could I tell him of last night? "I only know it wouldn't be fair to marry you now, feeling as I do," I finished lamely.

"I've been afraid of this," he said slowly, "ever since I knew you were coming here."

"But you wouldn't stop it. You wouldn't take a chance on what Justin or the world would think. You wouldn't take a chance of finding other work. You were afraid!"

"You've got to play it as you see it, Kay. I did only what I thought was right. The hell of it is—I've seen him falling in love with you. Oh, yes," he went on as I would have interrupted, "I've seen him look at you when you didn't know it. I've seen his improvement, his interest in his work. You did that. He may snarl at you but—even though he doesn't know it yet—he's in love with you."

My heart gave a great leap. "I don't believe it."

He laughed wryly. "It looks as though I'm trying to sell you on my rival. If I weren't a doctor, if he weren't my patient, I'd fight him with everything I had to get you. As it is, I'm in the position of taking away from a sick man the one thing that will cure him. But I didn't know you'd feel this way—I knew I was running a risk, but I thought—"

TAXI brakes squealed to a stop in the drive. The front door banged open. Honey Hollister, her blonde hair disordered and her eyes wild, stood on the threshold glaring at me. "You sneaking little wench!" She waved the newspaper at me. "Worming your way into this house, pretending to take care of him, while all the time—"

"Don't believe all you read in the newspapers, Miss Hollister," I said coldly.

"You think you're pretty clever, don't you, not letting me see him, keeping him to yourself."

"What goes on in here anyway?" Riley's weary voice said. He was standing at the inner door, looking at us.

She turned on him, her face a mask of fury. "You've fallen for her. Prudence Vickers knows it!" She was screaming hysterically and Chris started forward as if to calm her. "The whole world knows it!"

"You were always one to jump at conclusions, Honey," Riley said. "But what of it if I have?"

"I'll show you what of it! I'll make you wish you'd never seen her. I'll—" She fumbled in her bag, and suddenly I was looking at the mouth of a blue-black gun pointed directly at me. The eyes above it were insane.

CHRIS and Riley moved at the same instant. Riley knocked the gun toward the ceiling and Chris grabbed the woman. There was a blinding explosion and a bullet went harmlessly over our heads. Honey twisted in Chris's grasp—and then froze. She made a strange gasping sound and pitched forward. He caught her as she fell.

The shot still echoed in my ears, as if the sound had gone on and on for hours. Honey's face had gone gray. Her body jerked once as he laid it on the couch, and then lay still. It had a dreadful stillness.

Like a slow-motion film, I watched Chris bend over her. I saw him look at her eyes. Riley and I were rooted in our places. After what could have been a year Chris straightened.

"It's her heart," he said briefly.

Riley nodded. "It's been bad. She—took drugs."

"I'd have guessed it." Chris looked at us, his gaze lingering on me. "I'll have to report this, of course. She's—dead."

I saw Riley's sudden start, felt my own knees buckle. "She can't be," I cried. "She can't be dead."

"I'm sorry but—she is. I'll have to telephone."

"Just a minute." At the tone in Riley's voice, Chris stopped. We both looked at him. He was staring down at the tossed blonde hair, that still slender body, and his eyes were haunted. "Before you telephone, there's something you ought to know," he said dully. "Honey Hollister is—my wife."

At last Riley's defenses are down. The admission he is forced to make turns him into a changed man; the consequences of that admission vitally affect his life—and Kay's. Continued in February
PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

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That's Wright!

(Continued from page 44) on Teresa in the usual, unspectacular, unglamorous, Wright wonder-working way.

Mr. Teresa Wright—who will poke us in the nose for calling him that—is an up-and-at-'em Hollywood writer named Niven Busch. He's a tall, good-looking, well-turned-out guy in his thirties who was story editor at the Great Goldwyn's when lightning hit Sam as he gazed at Teresa emoting in "Life With Father" and moved him to unbuckle one of his best star-making contracts.

Wooing Teresa presented Mr. Busch with a problem.

Teresa suffered from a horror of glamorous gossip columns. When Mr. Busch asked her to dinner, she said fine, if he'd dodge the glamour cafes.

Niven came up with Olvera Street, the Los Angeles Mexican street where tourists send home jumping beans and hum La Golondrina in cocktail tenors while absorbing atmosphere. For dinner, Teresa drew a tired tamale (which almost burnt her in two) and for this eye-watering treat noted that her escort parted with exactly twenty-five cents.

We don't know whether his elegance impressed Teresa or whether she thought a guy smart enough to burn out a girl's appetite right at the start had something on the ball. Anyway, it wasn't long until she was wearing an engagement ring and Walter Pidgeon, that old reprobate, was kidding her about it on the "Mrs. Miniver" set.

THE Busches were wed quietly just a half block from where they now live, out in the San Fernando Valley at Teresa's new sister-in-law's. Only a few pals on each side were present and the Goldwyn Studio, which likes publicity even as the next one, put a ban on photographers. This was right after "Pride Of The Yankees" finished shooting and the publicity would have been welcome. But, "No," said Teresa. "Glamour might jinx the wedding."

The honeymoon comes next—on this unglamour subject. The first night the bridal pair drove and drove, peering expectantly for a honeymoon hotel en route complete with rose bowers, babbling brooks, nightingales and things. Nothing gave. Finally the bride and groom wound up in tiny King City's only tavern, in a room with squeaking floorboards, ripped blinds, a cast-iron bedstead and the sweet song of trucks clanking by on the highway beneath. The tariff was three dollars.

"A classic example of too much for too little," commented Teresa.

Teresa and Niven Busch dwell today in a cozy Van Nuys retreat spotted with walnut trees, flowers and a nice swimming pool. What time Mrs. B. has had away from the camera has been spent there—although that hasn't been very much.

The week she returned from the honeymoon, Teresa hopped right back up north to Santa Rosa for "Shadow Of A Doubt" with hardly time to hang up her trousseau. The four weeks before we saw Teresa she had been working sixteen hours a day doing day and night scenes.

Fortunately, Teresa is the kind of hundred-percenter who doesn't mind foregoing glamour and missing fun as long as she's knee-deep in a part. She tears herself to pieces, gets a nervous tummy, loses weight, thinks, eats and breathes what she's doing.

All this traces very much back to the do-or-die traditions of Teresa's past.

So we'd better give out with some biography.

She was born in New York City twenty-four years ago and grew up in Maplewood, New Jersey. She had an insurance salesman papa who oddly enough thought it was swell if she wanted to act for a living. She also had a teacher who told her she had real talent and so Teresa was a cinch to get mixed up with those summer "straw hat" theaters in barns, garages and old woodsheds that clutter up New England in the good old summertime.

The Wharf Theater in Providence, Rhode Island, got her off to a good start, as it had young hopefuls like Bette Davis and Henry Fonda, years back. That led to a job understudying Dorothy Maguire, who was then doing "Our Town" on the road. Another "straw hat" season at a place called Tamworth and Teresa was ready for Broadway. Strangely enough, too, Broadway was ready for her. All that happened was that Teresa read a part in "Life With Father" for the producer, Oscar Serlin, and she got the part. She got it because she was good, that's absolutely the only reason. Because, as we said, Mr. Serlin had his heart set on a buxom blonde and Teresa is a tiny brunette.

Two seasons with the hit "Life With Father" rolled around before Goldwyn, on a tip from the playwright, Lillian Hellman, flew to New York just to see our Teresa in action. He started figuring out the terms of the contract before the first act was over.

So Teresa came to Hollywood lugging along the age-old doubts about Hollywood and with Broadway advice about letting Hollywood remake her ringing in her ears.

WELL—all the glamorizing Teresa got at Goldwyn's was a nice new lucite-handled hairbrush and Sam's instruction, "Go home and brush your hair 100 strokes in the morning and 150 strokes at night. I want," said Sam, "you to be natural in every department!"

Teresa even took pains when she first came to live in Hollywood like a mouse, first with nonprofessional friends, then at the Hollywood Roosevelt alone with her hairbrush and, finally, in a Beverly Hills apartment perched over a garage.



"Not the glamour type," agreed the studio about Teresa Wright after one look at this knee-high siren pose

A lot of this sidestepping of Hollywood publicity has vanished by now from Teresa's life, but the town, as a whole, still doesn't know her. That's because Teresa has been working night and day or getting acquainted with her husband.

Most of their spare time, if and when, the Busches spend at home surrounded by in-laws, the Winston Millers, whose wife is Niven's sister, and the Johnny Mahins, whose wife, Patsy Ruth Miller, is Winston's sister. A couple of other Hollywood writers and their families complete their set. It's a Sunday evening barbecue-and-swimming-pool set, with neighbors dropping in and kids spraying everyone with dive-splashes.

THIS doesn't necessarily mean Teresa is domestic. Fact is, she can barely fry an egg. She can't sew, either. One of these days, she says, she wants five children and she's already talking about only two pictures a year to permit a little home life.

With people who know her, Teresa has a pretty tomboyish reputation for fun. "She never laughs," a friend of hers told us, "Teresa whoops." She's always in for anything, loves games, parties and people.

She doesn't sculpt, paint, write poetry, or play the zither. She likes to read, but always optimistic stories; heavy stuff gives her the willies. She likes average everyday music, everyday food, everyday clothes, with suits on the preferred list, and slacks and sweaters around home. She goes for a massage when she's tied up in nerve knots but hasn't ever followed a figure-conditioning program in her life. Her worse petty vices are candy bars between meals and drive-in feasts at night. The gal hadn't even worn French heels until Gary Cooper's timber-topping tallness made her put them on in "Pride Of The Yankees." Then her ankles ached for weeks.

IN fact, the only luxurious outcome of Teresa's rise to Hollywood fame so far has been the starting of a set of table silver and the plush habit of sleeping in silk nightgowns. That is mighty poor pickings to ballyhoo a star as big as Teresa Wright is bound to be. So, let's face it: What Teresa is going to get by on from now on out is just that one little thing that got her where she is today—her acting.

Someday, if she sticks around Hollywood long enough, perhaps Glamour may reach out and seize Teresa by her skittish skirts in spite of all she can do. Already there are faint omens of a Wright rebellion.

The other night Teresa rolled in from the Santa Rosa location, dog-tired, with every intention of hitting the hay with her neighboring Van Nuys chickens. The Hollywood Canteen was opening that night with stars and bars and fancy cars. Niven casually mentioned it. "I suppose," he observed, "with your eight o'clock call you'd better get to bed."

"Why should I?" countered Teresa, almost shocking her husband out of his easy chair. "What's the use of working like this if you can't enjoy yourself once in a while? I say let's go!"

So they did and what's more made a night of it afterwards at Ciro's until three in the dawning, leaving Teresa four hours' beauty sleep for the camera.

Horrible Hollywood might get Teresa yet—if she doesn't watch out. It's just barely possible.

The End.

Keep 'em Smiling

(Continued from page 35) she could introduce him to "a nice girl who owned a washing machine." It was Claudette Colbert, trying gently to find out what her soldier guests would like most, who discovered that at least five of them yearned for the use of a large bath tub apiece, "with plenty of time to bask, plenty of large towels, plenty of magazines to read while basking."

As for more general suggestions . . . well, Linda Darnell has toured and toured and has met hundreds of men. She says, "Maybe it sounds trite now to emphasize the importance of letters. But it wouldn't if you had seen, as I have scores of times, the tattered, dog-eared letters the men whip out of their pockets to show you! If you could see that, you'd write until you had writer's cramp *plus*. If you're lucky enough to have a man of your own in the service, do write to him every day."

"The important thing about writing so often is that you will put down all the little things . . . tell him whom you saw at the grocery and the Red Cross meeting. You'll remember to tell him who sent him a message and you won't forget the little joke on the next-door neighbor."

"It isn't enough just to send him the home-town paper," she went on. "Read that paper and pencil in your own comments in the margins—gay ones, impertinent ones, sentimental ones. Make it a 'special edition' for him. Don't think of it as reaching him at a camp which is near his home. Remember, it may catch up with him when he is in a jungle or a desert or when he is sailing from some far port."

But Linda cautions us about presents. "I talked with one private," she said, "who had just received a terrific package from home. All the relatives had chipped in and there was a portable radio, an electric clock (for goodness sake!), boot trees, sweaters, leather kits for one thing and another, brushes, all sorts of impedimenta. The soldier was almost tearful. He said, 'They spent money they couldn't spare for these things! I'm going to be moved next week and I can't take it with me. If they'd just sent shaving cream and cigarets and sox and chocolate . . . They're so good to me. But what shall I say to them?'"

Don't embarrass your soldier with that problem. If you don't know exactly what he wants and needs, ask him. But remember, to begin with, that he will have to carry his belongings in his pack on his back.

MICHELE MORGAN has made a gay romp of furnishing smiles (in small packages) for service men she meets. You can do it, too, if you have as much interest and enthusiasm as Michele has. She gets in touch with the man's family and enlists their co-operation. Then she assembles news clippings, round-robin letters and what not. She gets snapshots of his mother, his best girl, his dog, his kid brother, his next-door neighbor, his back yard. She pastes all this in a tiny book, one which will fit into a soldier's pocket, and then she writes him a note, enclosing her own autograph. A pint-sized package—just for him. Can you imagine how much pleasure it gives him?

Ann Sheridan doesn't think that the girls who live near Army camps are doing enough. "They must," she urges, "plan parties; they must dance their feet off (there are never enough girls to go 'round); they must make conversation

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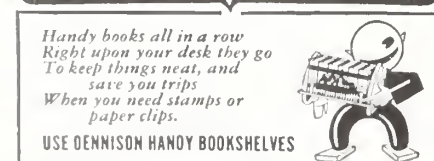
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for homesick boys; they must try to give the men fun and music and color and laughs. They must make cakes and take long trips on buses, even if the weather is foul.

Ann is pretty wrought up about all this. "Remember," she keeps saying, "they're doing everything for us—giving up homes, jobs, families, health, lives. Sit down quietly for a few minutes and try to think what these men are doing and what it may mean to all of us!

"Then, if you're lucky enough to date with a service man, I hope you'll think it's a privilege. Maybe you're pretty and maybe you've been pampered all your life. Maybe you're accustomed to being pettish about what you want to do for the evening. Well, this time, have the good taste to know that it's his party. It's important that he have fun. Let him decide whether you'll dance or go to the hot-dog stand or whether you'll sit at your house over a pan of fudge!

"It's our turn now—yours and mine—to try to please. And it isn't just one or a dozen or a thousand of us gals who are important. It's all of us. It's our job to keep 'em smiling! Let's do our best!"

So, you go to see them, you dress to please them, you write to them, cook for them, dance with them, send them presents, give them music and color and fun. You can even mother them a little, if you're the type. It all counts. You still can't do anything for them which is half as important as what they're doing for you.

Jeanette MacDonald is still giving those Sunday parties for service men which she and Gene Raymond started long before Gene went into the service. Jeanette provides pretty girls and she has, in addition, tennis courts, badminton courts, a swimming pool, all sorts of equipment for games and terraces for just lounging and talking. Even Jeanette admits that it takes a little tact and patience to make a party "jell." "The men may be shy at first," she says. "I have to count on the girls to help me make them feel at home. I never urge anyone to do anything just at first. The men are ordered about enough at camp without being nudged into playing games when they come to a party!

"I just try to see that everyone meets everyone and then, since they are all young and flexible, I count on them to find what they want to do. Anyhow, no one clucks at them!

"THEY seem to relax faster if you feed them!" says Jeanette. So she provides platters of sandwiches, bowls of cookies, candies, nuts, soft drinks to occupy them during the hours before a rather tremendous buffet supper is served. After that the party is sure to become intimate. Jeanette sings for them and they all sing determinedly for her. She likes to tell about the wistful youth who asked her if she would sing "my mother's favorite song." Jeanette grew quite dewy-eyed, hoping she would know the song. It turned out to be "Frankie And Johnnie" and Jeanette astounded her soldier-guest by getting into the groove and giving the song the works with all the verses. "Gee!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet my mother will hardly believe it!"

Jeanette is urgent about remembering that you don't know your guests' tastes when you invite service men to your home. "Maybe one or two want to huddle in a corner and play Sibelius records, maybe another one wants to browse among your books and magazines. Maybe another one wants to show off by standing on his head on the terrace. One

or two always want 'just to sit and rest.' Remember—whether you're entertaining one service man or ninety they know what they want to do. You just try to see that they are allowed to do it!"

HERE are some brief tips from other stars who've been investigating. Ginger Rogers found that the men who came to her house wanted nothing so much as to play with the famous soda fountain. "They squirted syrup and scooped ice cream," she reports. "And when we ran absolutely out of 'the makings' at the fountain, they wanted to—and did—go into the kitchen and fuss with pancakes and scrambled eggs. It's been like that every time. Any man who hasn't been on recent 'K. P.' duty apparently yearns to do something or other with a spoon and a pan or a griddle!"

Arleen Whelan says, "Maybe you want to send your man a magazine subscription. Well, maybe it will be chasing him all over the globe. Why don't you send your subscription to the U. S. O. center where your man is stationed? Then all the other lads will enjoy it. And remember that some of them want technical books and magazines about art. But, if you're in doubt, they all like movie magazines!

"It's swell to want to send letters and presents to men who haven't families. But there's been some doubt in military circles about whether service men should correspond with people they don't know. Just address the chaplain at any Army or Navy or Marine post, if you want to do something for boys who haven't families. He'll tell you what you can do. He probably knows, better than anyone, how important it is to keep 'em smiling!"

BARBARA STANWYCK has been pleased and flattered no end when the service men she and Bob Taylor have entertained have imitated her own little tongue-click (remember . . . in "Ball Of Fire?") to express approval. Babs says they have tongue-clicked over (1) a particularly lush evening frock (worn by Barbara); (2) a thick steak (with trimmings); (3) some especially "hot" music; (4) some sleek little slacks (worn by a girl at the next table); (5) an invitation to spend a Sunday, doing nothing in particular, with the Taylors.

"That," says Barbara, "should give you a rough idea, I suppose, of what will please a service man."

There have been no complaints, to date, that the Taylors haven't succeeded in pleasing the men.

Mary Martin adds, "There is no mystery about it. The boys in the service are the same boys we all knew before they went to war. What you have to remember is that their lives are a little stereotyped now and that they may be a little homesick. Since we all know them so well, it doesn't take much imagination to know what will make them laugh or sing or dance. It doesn't take much ingenuity to think of what will interest them in their spare moments.

"The important thing is that we must think about it. We must let them know that we all care what happens to them . . . whether they are happy or not. Send him a song or a bow tie or a box of pretzels. Send him a postcard or a jigsaw puzzle. But send him your love, your confidence, your faith in him, your gratitude for what he's doing. Let him know that you know that he is the most important man in the world today! Make your message to him sing!

"If you make one soldier smile, you'll help! Believe me!"

The End.

"Alaska Here I Come!"

(Continued from page 18) when a private walks up to you, grabs you by the hand and says, "Just want to thank you for the boys." If a colonel said that, or a major, it wouldn't mean so much. But kids are usually so flippy, don't get down to that kind of sentiment, especially with a man. When they do, it gets you where you live.

Three sailors walked up to our table one night, a place in Anchorage. They wanted to buy us a drink. "We're having champagne cocktails," I kidded them. "Give us the money instead!" Few minutes later, a waitress walked over with eight champagne cocktails, two apiece for the four of us. "The sailors sent them over," she told us. "They just told me to say 'Good Luck.'" They were wishing us good luck. You think those Japs won't be flap-japs with guys like that out after 'em? They left, too, the three sailors. They didn't stay in the bar, hang around. They'd said what they had to say.

And another thing: When Frances Langford sang to the boys, standing there in the rain and cold, perhaps shivering a little, sang "You Made Me Love You," "Embraceable You" and "Take Me," which went over big up there, and the kids looked up at her with tears in their eyes, the gags didn't trip off my tongue as usual. On account of my heart was running the blockade of my throat.

But we all felt we were doing something, really doing something. It made me glad to be an entertainer, the kind of an entertainer I am, paid to give laughs. And proud of it. We all felt the same way, our little troupe of three stout men, Jerry Colonna, Tony Romano, our guitar player, and me—and one slim woman, Frances Langford.

HOW come we took that trip? Reading about Joe E. Brown going up there some months ago put the bug in my head. He did a magnificent job—and do those kids love him! Edgar Bergen did a swell job, too.

We were all set to go when it looked like the deal was off. The trip had been arranged by the agency for my radio show and the Army Personnel. At the last minute it was decided that, due to uncertain weather conditions which might make it impossible for us to get back to Seattle for our Tuesday night shows, it was too precarious. When I thought the trip was nixed I knew how much I really wanted to go. So I wired General Buckner, in command of the Alaskan territory, direct. "We are four disappointed thespians with witty sayings and songs who would like to make this trip. Please give us your okay and we will take our chances with the weather," I said. The General wired back "Okay." Or that's what he meant.

We had to have special permits from Washington, of course, before we could leave, had to be fingerprinted and take our orders from the Army. There are details of the trip I cannot talk about for to do so would be to disclose military secrets.

With the take-off date set, I was a little frightened, I admit. And I'm not easily frightened. But when I'd tell folks I was going to Alaska 'No kidding,' they'd say, 'how long you going to stay there?' Might have thought we were going to Mars. I didn't know what to expect. Thought they'd do everything by dog team. And when I first got there, I picked at the food.

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Imagined it all came in tins, and pretty tired tins, too, after a long hard season.

Then there was the sub-zero weather to face. I faced. I tell you I caught a cold just thinking about the cold!

As a precautionary measure, I went to Wardrobe here on the Paramount lot (Advt. where I am now making "Star-Spangled Rhythm") and had the man in charge give us some knee-high galoshes. And I wish you could have seen the underwear! Made the old red flannels look like crêpe de chine. Also outfitted myself with a scarf big enough to wrap your whole body in. We dug up four parkas, too. (Byrd wore one, didn't he?) Which we didn't need but couldn't park. So had to carry around with us, to Umnak and back. (Get us in the parkas, peeking over the rim of a fox hole. We had to get our baggage-checks' worth of those parkas!) Matter of fact, we hit only a couple of bad spots and they were in the Aleutians. We flew from Seattle to Ladd Field in Fairbanks, fourteen hours over the greatest country I have ever seen. The Rockies, the glaciers, the kind of country in which giants live. I was so thrilled by the terrific beauty of it when I got up there that I want to go back in January. and probably will.

FACT, one of the gags that went over best was when I'd say to the kids, "Great country, this. When the Big Beef is over, we'll come up here and go hunting and fishing." The "Boo's" that greeted that crack split the neighboring Pole down its middle.

There were four of us made the trip, as I said, Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, Tony Romano, our guitar player, and Hope. The guitar player was very, very valuable. We'd been told that we'd run into a shortage of pianos up there and that those we'd find would be arthritic. So, if we hadn't had Tony along we would not have had any accompaniment most places. That Umnak, for one.

I'll never forget Frances for going up there. A girl to take a hazardous trip like that—and what a job she did! The soldiers will never forget her, either. The hand she got, every camp we played, will ring in her ears as long as she lives, I bet. She had, moreover, the distinction of being the only white woman ever to set foot in Umnak. six hundred miles west of Honolulu. Umnak is, if you want to have a rough idea of where we were. But "Umnak or bust" was our slogan. We'd heard the boys could use us up there.

WE did some fancy commuting. We left Los Angeles, by transport plane on the eighth and got into Seattle on the morning of the ninth. We wanted to leave for Alaska that night but the Pan-American planes were grounded and so we didn't get out of there until the twelfth. We played a few camps around the vicinity and then flew straight to Ladd Field in Fairbanks. Played all the camps we could reach around there, then flew back to Seattle for our first broadcast of the season. Flew to the Aleutians the next day, then back to Seattle again for our second broadcast. Carrier pigeons, the four of us.

All told, we played some thirty-five different camps, gave about fifty-two shows. It was touching, not only the rousing welcome they gave us when we arrived but their reluctance to have us go. Came time to take off they'd all be out there, officers and men, sniffing the air, squinting at the sky, shaking their heads

ominously. "Damn it, man," they'd say, "look at that weather! Afraid you're fogged in." We'd have to explain the importance of the time element and how we'd have to take our chances with the elements.

But one night they weren't kidding about weather conditions. We left Cordova that particular night, were up about ten minutes and flew into a storm of sleet and rain. We started flying blind. When we tried to come down at Anchorage, we could see the town lights but no landing field. Right up we went again, 13,000 feet. The radio went off.

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We're speaking of pennies, nickels, dimes and dollars, the stuff that's in your pay envelope. If you want to save a man's life, loan (at good interest) your government

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Get behind them every pay day with 10% of your salary! Your company will be glad to put you on its Payroll Savings Plan. Don't let January 1, 1943, catch you without having enrolled in this gigantic nation-wide drive. Help Uncle Sam bring his nephews back alive by investing

ONE OUT OF 10!

The pilots were yelling at each other. One of them called Frances, put the lifebelt around her, attached the parachute.

Then they put them on Colonna, Tony and me. We were really ready to bail out. I thought, *This is the most thrilling moment of my life.* I thought of one of the gags I used in the show. I had a routine where I'd be talking to myself. "Flying doesn't bother me," I'd say. "Had a couple of drinks and flew kind of blind." Laugh. Then I'd go on, "But little rough, don't you think we should have parachutes?" "Don't be silly," I'd answer myself, "the fellows with parachutes bailed out an hour ago!"

Funny, how differently a gag goes over in different locales. It didn't get a titter out of me, up there. For—*This may be the finish,* I thought. And Langford—what guts! Pardon a word no poet would use but there is no other word for it. Colonna, of course, was relying on his drooping handlebars to float him down. They finally threw up a lot of searchlights and we came down over Anchorage.

As we walked down the runway, lifebelts, parachutes and all, all Frances said was "Bob, let's go get an ice-cream soda!"

EVERY place we went the officers, Colonels and Generals and big-wigs of all rank, would just want to talk to you about things "back there." They'd ask all kinds of assorted questions about how things were in the States. They'd always ask me what picture I'd just finished and what my next would be. Said they wanted to "keep up on things." A lot of them had messages they wanted us to deliver to their wives and kids. One of them, Major L., asked me if I would call his wife, in Portland, when I got back to Seattle.

When we got to Seattle, Colonna put in the call. The conversation went something like this:

Colonna: "This is Jerry Colonna speaking."

Mrs. L.: "Who?"

Colonna: "Colonna, Jerry C-o-l-o-n-a." (He really had to sell himself, something he's out of practice at. It's been a long time since anyone doubted that Colonna was Colonna. How could they?) "Your husband, Major L., asked us to call you. Said to tell you—"

Mrs. L. (her skepticism increasing): "You mean Captain L."

Colonna: "No, Major. He shot down a few jobs. He's a Major now." (Mrs. L. had not heard of the promotion.)

Mrs. L.: "Well, who is 'us'?"

Colonna: "Bob Hope is here, too. Just a minute and I'll put him on."

There was silence down Portland way. I got on the phone. Finally I convinced Mrs. L. She put her kids on the phone, then a couple of friends, then the whole neighborhood. But the time we disconnected, we had put on a show!

We had a couple of funny experiences. Places we stayed. The Windsor Hotel in Cordova was one of those remodeled grocery stores with glass windows. I hadn't stayed in a place like that since I did tab shows and the managers of the local theaters would come around, peer at us through the plate glass, shake their heads and say, disgustedly, "I don't want them. Don't like their looks!"

Some of the gags the kids liked best were local slams. "Stopped at the Bar-racks back in Nome, boys," I'd say, "You know, big crap game, with a roof." Or, "We've been all over Alaska, went to Nome—Devil's Island, with blubber." Or, "Can't stand this cold weather, just finished a picture with Dottie Lamour!" That always got 'em.

I sang "Thanks For The Memory" and my pièce de résistance, vocally, was a parody of "Tangerine," titled "Gasoline!"

I did a speech at the end of each show, varying it according to the crowd. But the windup, however worded, meant the same thing. "Well, we're going on now, to the next camp. You may feel you're hidden away up here, but you're doing a very important job, you're having richer experiences just because it's where it is and you're where you are—on a forced picnic. And everyone in the States is conscious of you, getting behind you by doing war work, closer to you than you think."

I never meant anything more.

It was a swell trip, kids, and you were aces as an audience. And here's the thing, the most important thing I want to say to those of you who read these notes: What you fellows gave me I can never repay. For up there, knowing how you needed some laughs and being able to give them to you, well, you don't know how it lifted my morale. Made me proud of being a clown. Made me feel—what's the word—sort of worth while. So I say, "Thanks, fellows. . . ."

The End

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 7) had "Mrs. Miniver." I had seen that, so on to the other theater where the billing said: "Pied Piper." What! No Crawford, or Gable, or Stanwyck? This was terrible . . . well, I'd be a martyr . . . I could always leave in case. So, I went in to see "Pied Piper" with a chip on my shoulder. What a story!

Mr. Monty Woolley gave an inspired performance. Those children; so natural. Well, I never thought I'd ever see another picture as perfect as "Rebecca," but I did, and I will want to see "The Pied Piper" again!

Mrs. Marguerite Markmann,
Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.

THANK you, Photoplay-Movie Mirror, for "Gentleman Of Courage" and thank you, George Murphy, for the comfort and courage your story brought to me. It has now been five months that I have been seriously ill. My doctor, family and friends insist that if I am ever to get well, I must never give up hope that I shall.

But it is only when learning of another who has experienced the fear and sense of defeat that come with illness, only to conquer it, that one can find the faith to believe that he too can win.

Miss J. Doyle,
Chicago, Ill.

WHEN "Tales Of Manhattan," with its imposing array of stars, was billed locally we expected something extra-special in screen fare. What a letdown! Boyer was his usual polished, flawless self, but la Hayworth was far from con-

vincing as his double-crossing mistress. For pure unadulterated ham, Charles Laughton took the cake.

The only real episode was the portrayal of the down-and-outer *Avery Browne*, by Edward Robinson.

You'll have to do better than that, Hollywood, or box-office receipts will surely fall.

Marion Ranton,
Toronto, Canada

I DON'T agree with the lady who in a recent issue said she would like to see the older stars leave the field to the youngsters. Cute little Grables and Hayworths, etc., can be found for a dime a dozen, but there's no depth or artistry connected with their work.

Nancy Lovett,
New York, N. Y.

CAN'T the Navy heroes of the movies be more authentic? I have a very dear friend who is a real Navy hero. He was a member of the Anti-Aircraft Crew and has been missing in action since March, 1941. He would never look so much a playboy. Why not have some real American type, like Glenn Ford or Dennis Morgan, portray the Navy heroes?

Marie Virginia Duncan,
Indianapolis, Ind.

THIS is a plea for Ruth Hussey. She deserves more than a supporting part or the lead in "B" pictures. She has all the requirements of a successful star; namely, a beautiful face, figure and especially acting ability. I'm sure other

intelligent Americans are rooting for Miss Hussey with me.

Jerry Crocker,
Washington, D. C.

WHAT'S wrong with these people saying Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth and Lana Turner will soon fade out of the pictures? They may not be a second Bette Davis, but they've certainly got something the soldiers and sailors crave!

Jean Brown,
Hot Springs, Ark.

WHY is it all pictures have to do with the older generation? Why not give us more pictures that have to do with younger people? I think most kids like to have pictures pertaining to the younger group.

De Vera Hull,
Elkhart, Ind.

NOT so long ago I saw "Holiday Inn." It was one of those musical pictures that rate high with me. In it I discovered a new personality and one that's tops with me now. She sang with Crosby and danced with Astaire. That girl Marjorie Reynolds has what it takes.

Hope Rosch,
New Philadelphia, O.

AMERICA is going places, but fast, with men like Ronald Reagan to pave the way. He was one of the first to give up fame and fortune for a uniform and a gun.

I am proud to be an American and know there are men like Ronald to fight.

Donna McDonald,
Chicago, Ill.

*Holiday
Greetings*

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Portrait of a Casual Sophisticate

(Continued from page 30) Nineties. He likes old book stores and antique shops.

He does not think the average person's life any happier now than it was a hundred years ago.

He believes talking pictures have lost much by leaving less to the imagination. His father was a silk importer of modest circumstances. He says pictures are meant to be seen rather than heard.

He was shy of girls as a youth and was given to silent and distant adoration.

Ronald Colman considers "Talk Of The Town" and "Random Harvest" his best pictures in years. He is five feet eleven inches tall.

His first job was as office boy for a British steamship company at two dollars and fifty cents per week.

He ranks principle above policy and fights stubbornly to keep faith with himself. He considers a man fortunate indeed who can afford to put up such a fight. He is descended from George Colman, of eighteenth century theatrical fame.

HIS closest friends are Charles Boyer and Herbert Marshall. He loathes being interviewed because in an exhibitionistic community he is one of the few who is genuinely shy and modest. He has never played gin rummy.

He was for years President of the Hollywood Division of British War Relief and is still indefatigable in war work. He is a director's delight, never needing directorial guidance, and takes an unselfish and paternal interest in advising the younger actors in his pictures.

He adores his gay and beautiful wife who is one of the most energetic women in the screen colony in sundry war activities. He loves good stories and chuckles warmly when the point is reached. He seldom carries a cigarette case, though he owns a fine collection.

He never drinks before six in the evening, then takes several Scotch highballs before dinner, and rarely anything after dinner. His wife works three nights a week, five hours each stretch, as a "spotter" in the Los Angeles air-raid charting room.

He serves on the Hollywood Victory Committee and is one of the few survivors of the original British Expeditionary Forces of World War I who wears a Mons Medal with the 1914 bar.

He recalls with wistful amusement that a London casting office once listed him as "Does Not Screen Well." He has con-

tributed to various causes during the past eighteen months more than a hundred thousand dollars of his radio time.

He is religiously punctual and becomes boyishly embarrassed and apologetic when he is unavoidably late. He is being hailed in Hollywood as the 1942 Academy Award winner for his performance in "Random Harvest." He has assiduously avoided acquiring histrionic tricks or mannerisms. His contributions to various war causes and charities average twenty-eight percent of his net income.

He recently went on an exhaustive Bond-selling tour for the Treasury Department at which time he visited Virginia City, ghost gold-mining town of Nevada. He addressed the hundred or so citizens of this picturesque old town in the famous Crystal Chandelier Bar; and at the end of his speech, said, "Well, I don't know what else to say to you—except—that the drinks are on me." Whereupon he went behind the bar and mixed the drinks.

His favorite story concerns an applicant for a commission in the Army who, on being asked whether there had been anything hereditary in his family—serious illnesses or accidents—thought a moment, then replied: "Well, when my mother was carrying me, my father struck her over the head with a victrola, but it never affected me . . . never affected me . . . never affected me . . ."

His first picture was a two-reel comedy, which, to his great relief, was never released. He was disabled at Messines, near Ypres. He appeared in 1922 in "La Tendresse," supporting Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller. He was discovered in this by Henry King, the director, who gave him the male lead in "The White Sister," starring Lillian Gish. He played in Los Angeles in the road company of "East Is West" back in 1921, but the movie studios did not think him a good type.

The star of M-G-M's "Random Harvest" has a scar parallel with his right eyebrow which he got in a fall at the age of four.

Ronald Colman likes to quote from a George Bernard Shaw play in which the Irish dramatist admonishes play producers to leave the interpretation of a role at the discretion of the actor. He feels that he cannot too often remind Hollywood producers of the wisdom of this advice.

THE END



Footnote to a word portrait of Ronald Colman: He adores his gay and beautiful wife, Benita Hume, one of the most energetic women in the screen colony's war work



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Who Says the Stars Are Perfect?

(Continued from page 57) The hair that cascades down the sides of her head to her shoulders is a "fall" the studio hair-dresser applies. In private life, instead of a "fall," Ida usually wears a snood on the back of her hair or a fancy handkerchief.

Back in the days when Van Heflin was not King Bee but king of the "B's" at RKO nobody was much concerned how he photographed. That was fine with Van, who never has had any wish to be a Robert Taylor. However, following Van's success opposite Katharine Hepburn in the stage version of "The Philadelphia Story" and his recall to Hollywood for a picture with Errol Flynn, M-G-M signed him—and went to work on him.

Van's hair, fine and soft, almost a baby fuzz, suits him to a T. But the studio prefers him with a thicker, smoother and straighter crop. To this end a make-up man applies a toupee or transformation over Van's hair before he steps before the camera.

"You're not the only toupee-er on the lot," a dozen Hollywood sheiks, Preston Foster among them, could tell Van.

SOME defects aren't visual but oral.

Cute, blonde, round-eyed Virginia Gilmore never would have seen a studio had she listened to her friends. Virginia has a lisp.

"A lisping heroine! Ridiculous!" dear ones told Virginia. But she decided differently. And crashed Hollywood. Always, however, she's careful to avoid any word that might prove a tongue-twister.

Even the glorious Greer Garson, in the full bloom of her success, doesn't boast complete perfection. And thereby hangs an amusing tale. Beautiful as Greer's features are she looks the way most women do without make-up—not too glamorous.

When Greer leaves for the studios in the early gray morning she doesn't even stop to put on her "lips." And she ties a large handkerchief over her head to protect her bright hair from the wind.

Consequently when she arrives at the make-up department she looks not at all like Mrs. Miniver but very much like Mrs. Joe Citizen.

Judy Garland, after seeing "Mr. Chips," practically worshipped Greer. Day after day, when Greer first arrived on the M-G-M lot, Judy tried, in vain, to get a glimpse of her. Finally some old idol-crasher suggested Judy wait at the make-up department so she would be sure to see Greer when she came in. Judy waited.

Greer arrived. Casually Judy glanced in her direction and just as casually she glanced away again. It wasn't until Greer came out of the make-up department, in all her new glory, that Judy recognized her.

OF all the new players in Hollywood Nancy Coleman shows the greatest talent for strong dramatic acting. She's entirely content to let the Linda Darnells and the Donna Reeds take honors in beauty while she concentrates upon Academy nomination performances.

Nancy even wears dark glasses which feature those slant-eyed harlequin lenses and, often enough, give her a strange buglike appearance.

"I stopped being self-conscious about glasses when I was in my 'teens,'" Nancy often tells reporters. "When I first wore specks I remember being afraid the kids would make fun of me

and hiding my glasses whenever anyone came into view. It wasn't long, of course, before the boys and girls realized what I was doing. Whereupon they began making fun of me. Whereupon I started wearing my glasses all the time so they wouldn't catch me unawares. That spoiled the fun!"

Columnists on the New York papers frequently commented on Ann Rutherford's harlequin lens when they spied her at Twenty-One, the Stork, Morocco and the other rendezvous where a girl from Hollywood might be expected to strut her stuff. "I wear them—so what!" is Ann's healthy attitude.

SOME years ago when Joan Bennett and Gene Markey were married they frequently lunched at the Vendome. "Darling," Gene protested one day as he followed Joan to a prominent table, "you walked right past So and So, without even a nod, and she was waving frantically at you!"

Joan, looking horrified, promptly reached into her bag, extracted her horn-rimmed glasses and determinedly set them on her beautiful Bennett nose.

Before Ronald Reagan went into the army he wore contact lens. These frameless glasses, made in the shape of the eyeball, slip in under the lower and upper lid and cover the eye. Unless the light strikes these lens at a certain angle they aren't perceptible at all. Many stage stars and debutante glamour girls wear contact lens.

Martha Scott's another star who belongs in the line-up of those who wear glasses—proving Dorothy Parker was wrong when she said men never make passes at girls—and so on. Beyond a few feet Martha sees only dimly.

At the Vine Street Brown Derby the chef daily features some figure carved of ice. One day a large ice carving of an Indian on a horse was displayed. To Martha's blurred vision this looked like an old friend. She bowed to it sweetly and swept on to her booth.

It isn't only the Hollywood boys who have physique trouble, incidentally. For years Hedy Lamarr thought she had to go around in almost ankle-length dirndl dresses. Then along came "White Cargo" in which Hedy wore a "lurong" that exposed her legs and her thighs. There were whistles but no catcalls when this picture was shown. Immediately Hedy marched out and bought herself a new wardrobe in which all her dresses, including dinner gowns, are of a new length that comes just below her knees.

Physical imperfections, as you must realize for yourself by this time, should never be accepted as handicaps. If you have some defect that keeps that inferiority complex working overtime on its destructive job remember the movie stars.

Remember, among others, Alexis Smith whose figure is quite boyish . . . Carole Landis who's the opposite . . . Ginger Rogers and Rosalind Russell who wish they had a schoolgirl complexion . . . Brenda Marshall whose lovely widow's peak is shaved that way for photographic purposes . . . and allow nothing to stand in your way.

If we may paraphrase, and we feel one coming on:

To have defects is human
To overcome them is divine
And smart, too!

THE END

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Enter Paul Henreid

(Continued from page 37) years as Years of Struggle, dedicated to hard work and inadequate meals and despair, alternated with moments of sharp triumph. All of which is true, except the despair and the general impression that his life was dull. It was anything but that. He was, after all, tall and handsome and lusty, and this was Vienna, the gayest of cities.

One night, at a party given by a rich acquaintance, he met two young ladies, the first extremely blonde and the other just as brunette. Now Paul was suffering from the effects of a recent broken engagement; he was ready for a bit of feminine flirtation, and he chose the blonde for the evening. She was an English girl. "I had," he recalls, "a tremendous flirt with her." When the party broke up the brunette offered him a lift in her car. "On the way," explains Mr. Henreid, "I observed that she wasn't so bad, either. So we went up to the Kobenzel Castle, which overlooks the Danube, and drank champagne and waltzed and fell in love until four in the morning."

He married her a few months later. She had a dress-designing shop in Vienna and, when an English producer offered him a hundred pounds a week to do a show in London, she resisted the change violently, at last refusing to discuss it any further. He went to England alone. In the end, however, by way of a compromise she began to commute between duty and love, flying back and forth once each month. It was 1935. She was with Paul when Hitler accomplished the Anschluss in 1938.

LAST year, when he took out his first American citizenship papers, the clerk said, "You were born in Trieste. That makes you Italian."

"No. I was born a Swedish citizen." "But you came to America on an Austrian passport."

"Yes, because Trieste belonged to Austria in 1908. The Austrian quota was full for another two years, but the Italian quota was nearly empty."

"Still, you came from England, and your residence was there."

"Yes, for four and a half years." "Oh, the devil with it," said the clerk, thumping the papers angrily with his stamp. At times Henreid has been of the same opinion. The comfortable opu-

lence of Hollywood and the free spirit of America have, to him, all the dream properties of an opium jag. The two deep lines of strain that come down to the corners of his mouth, producing that worldly look so fascinating to women seeing him in "Night Train" and "Joan Of Paris", are slowly being ironed out. Now, he tells you with wonder, he can work hard and enjoy it, play tennis or ride or swim in his pool, or he can give dinner parties for all of his new friends—without having to sneak some of them through the pantry for fear of the secret police.

IN a town of picture people who take such things for granted, he is like a small boy with a circus all to himself. He has a gargantuan capacity for enjoyment. Put him at a table in Chasen's restaurant and he will eat Vienna Schnitzel and crepes suzette in a manner that would have endeared him to Diamond Jim Brady. He rides the Brentwood bride trails hell-bent for leather and he ploughs around his pool as if there were crocodiles after him.

Allow him to sit up until dawn, arguing politics and world affairs with a few cronies and he is almost civil before lunch for several days. He will talk to anybody about anything except, just at present, about a certain experience he had with a spy in London, and his opinion of American women. The first made a good story, and he told it to a writer for publication. The writer reported some weeks later that his editor had rejected it as too fantastic to be true.

Another writer duly printed what he had to say about the American female, which was that they were more gracious and charming and a lot prettier than European women. After the article appeared, a stranger accosted him on the street one evening and said, "Why do you make up such lies about American girls? They are none of the things you say!"

Although still somewhat shaken by this experience, Henreid refuses to change his opinion. "American girls," he says, reaching for the nearest feminine hand and giving it a courtly buss, "are like everything else American—as you say, my dish."

THE END



Paul and his "Lisl" met at a party in Vienna, were married a few months later, were refugees in England together, and now share a Hollywood happiness that keeps them in a "pinch-me-it's-true" mood

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 4)

✓✓ The Navy Comes Through (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A broken officer whose loyalty cannot be shaken.

A SWELL service picture, this one, with each character standing out like a silhouette against the sky. And what's more, the story has a twang of newness about it, concerning itself with an officer who is accused and found guilty of negligence and thereby loses his commission.

Loyalty drives the disgraced officer to enlist as a plain seaman and, of course, in true movie fashion he finds himself under the command of the petty officer who accused him at the trial.

The capturing of a German supply ship is a thrilling moment even if the accomplishment of the feat seems a bit too simple.

George Murphy is tops as the demoted officer, Pat O'Brien just right as the petty officer, Max Baer and Jackie Cooper stand out as sailors, Desi Arnaz, who comes from Cuba to "free" America, and Frank Jenks add pep to the maneuvers. Jane Wyatt is very good as the Army nurse and Carl Esmond a hit as the sailor-musician.

Your Reviewer Says: Good solid movie stuff.

✓ Thunder Birds (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The training of English, Chinese and Americans at a desert flying school.

INFORMATIVE, entertaining and colorful is this story of how our boys, as well as English and Chinese lads, are trained for flying at Thunderbird Field in Arizona. The scenic effects are terrific and the story engrossing, dealing with the patience and understanding of an American flying instructor for an English student who suffers from the fear of falling.

The fact the two are rivals for the affections of Gene Tierney, rancher's daughter, lends strength and a measure of sterling quality to the actions of the characters. Preston Foster is so manly as the American instructor. John Sutton, who seems a bit too old for the young Englishman, is still most likeable. Miss Tierney is beautiful but has little to do. However, all parties concerned must take second place to the interesting flying sequences. Jack Holt, Dame Mae Whitty, Richard Haydn and George Barbier make up the excellent cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Of interest to everyone.

✓✓ Journey For Margaret (M-G-M)

It's About: The harrowing experiences of English children orphaned and homeless.

THE story of "Journey For Margaret" in printed form was one of those gems of literature that can never be forgotten, so poignant, so tragic is its theme of suffering, bewildered little children made victims of war. It comes to the screen now in a translation to touch the heart

of every movie-goer who will suffer and marvel in turn at the resultant horror of this present catastrophe and the skill and perfection of four- and five-year-old children on the screen.

We feel the fumbling direction of Major W. S. Van Dyke II (as he is billed) somewhat mars the beautiful story. A man with more understanding in the direction of children should have been chosen. This is the picture's one fault.

Robert Young is brilliant as the American foreign correspondent in London who meets orphaned William Severn and Margaret O'Brien at the rescue home of Fay Bainter. The love of the children for Mr. Young prompts him to take them home to America to his waiting wife Laraine Day. Too much, of course, cannot be said for little Severn and O'Brien.

Nigel Bruce, Doris Lloyd and Elisabeth Risdon highlight the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Be American and see this picture.

The Falcon's Brother (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The end of the famous sleuth and the beginning of a new one.

GEORGE SANDERS bows out of the famous "Falcon" series, a hero who gave his life to save that of a foreign diplomat, and his own real-life brother Tom Conway takes over.

The plot, involving spies and intrigue, has to do with the insertion of a tip-off advertisement to the Pearl Harbor disaster in a national magazine.

Pretty girls, gowns, fashions, Jane Randolph as a reporter, Don Barclay as a comic, and Keye Luke as a chief sidekick, roam in and out of a fumble-mumble tale that isn't worth any of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Poor stuff indeed.

✓ I Married A Witch (The Cinema Guild-U. A.)

It's About: A witch becomes a mortal and a wife.

A WHIMSICAL little fantasy that will puzzle and entertain at the same time is this Thorne Smith tale that has a witch and her sorcerer father burned at the stake during Colonial Days and returning 270 years later from their grave beneath an old oak to haunt the descendant of the man who denounced them.

Veronica Lake is the teasing, determined witch. Fredric March, engaged to marry Susan Hayward and about to become Governor, is her victim. Cecil Kellaway is Veronica's very nasty old father. "Be a bad girl," he cautions her when he decides to give her a body like other mortals. And Veronica does what Papa tells her, to the amusement of the audience and horror of Freddy.

The wedding scene with Fredric trying to marry Susan and Veronica interfering is very amusing. Robert Benchley as Fredric's pal is droll, to say the least.

If one can accept the whimsy-pooch quality as just so much milarky and refuse to take it seriously, a good time should be had by all.

Your Reviewer Says: Odd but funny.

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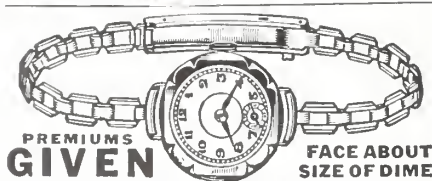
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Scattergood Survives A Murder (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Murder in the town of Mr. S. Baines.

WE regret the departure of the studio from the homespun, small-town stories centered around the philosophical Mr. Fix-It, one Scattergood Baines, into the realm of average movie murder stuff. And they'd better get back to their original theme in a hurry or they'll hear from us, by golly. (That racket is RKO shivering in its boots.)

Anyway, John Archer, newspaper man, is accused of murdering two old lady recluses. More relatives are bumped off during the post-burial rites and the ensuing commotion involves Margaret Hayes, a scrumptious reporter, Wally Ford, rival newsman, and Scattergood, played as usual by Guy Kibbee.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a Scatter-bad for our money.

The Mummy's Tomb (Universal)

It's About: An avenging mummy.

UNIVERSAL Studio can think up more ways to scare people and more varieties of monsters and creatures and what-nots to drive them batty than any ten studios put together. Not satisfied with Frankenstein's and Wolf Men, they've now dug up a mummy, kept alive through the ages by high priests and transplanted to America to kill Dick Foran and Wally Ford, archaeologists, who disturbed the mummy's tomb years before.

John Hubbard and Elyse Knox are the romantic leads and Lon Chaney is the mummy in a make-up that would scare even Perc Westmore.

Honestly, if this studio doesn't cut it out we're going to die of nervous fright long before our time.

Your Reviewer Says: Mummy, stay 'way from our door.

Henry Aldrich, Editor (Paramount)

It's About: The irrepressible Henry is accused of arson.

THERE is no one to equal Henry Aldrich for getting himself in and out of trouble and back in again and this epic in the series is no exception, with Henry hinting of sabotage in his high-school newspaper when building after building is set afire. So accurately does Henry predict the fires he is himself accused of being a firebug, is dismissed from the paper and brought to the courts. But you know Henry. And you know very well he traps the real culprit, is given an honorary banquet and promptly sets fire to the table.

Jimmy Lydon as Henry, Charles Smith as Dizzy, Rita Quigley as the girl friend are right in there pitching.

Your Reviewer Says: Funny as a crutch!

Moonlight In Havana (Universal)

It's About: A discharged ball player who becomes an entertainer.

GOOD heavens, is this mixed up. Or maybe it was our night to be confused. Anyway, the story seemed to be

about a discharged ball player who could sing only when he had a cold. (Get that one!) When a manager of a traveling group of entertainers hears the lad, played by Allan Jones, warbling at his makeshift job, he signs him up and from there on in it's everybody's show with pretty Jane Frazee and Marjorie Lord in a tussle for Jones's affections. Two drunks wander in and out of the musical numbers.

Your Reviewer Says: Entanglements set to music.

That Other Woman (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A secretary pursues her boss.

HO hum, here we go again on the old secretary-boss merry-go-round with Virginia Gilmore, the pretty secretary out to lure her architect boss James Ellison, who intrigues her with his disinterest.

Grandma Alma Kruger advises Miss Gilmore how to trap Ellison and the scheme works—but not in the fashion Miss Gilmore expected. Janis Carter is cute as the persistent huntress.

Your Reviewer Says: Do we smell something?

Gallant Lady (P. R. C.)

It's About: A woman doctor with a prison past.

SENT to prison on charges of a mercy killing, Rose Hobart, a woman doctor, is forced to participate in a jail break. Instead of giving herself up, she joins a country doctor, Sidney Blackmer,

Best Pictures of the Month

Journey For Margaret
The Black Swan
Road To Morocco
The Ox-bow Incident

Best Performances

Robert Young in "Journey For Margaret"
William Severn in "Journey For Margaret"
Margaret O'Brien in "Journey For Margaret"
Tyrone Power in "The Black Swan"
Bing Crosby in "Road To Morocco"
Bob Hope in "Road To Morocco"
Henry Fonda in "The Ox-bow Incident"
Dana Andrews in "The Ox-bow Incident"
Anthony Quinn in "The Ox-bow Incident"

in his practice. When she decides to marry Blackmer and gives her right name at the license bureau, her past is disclosed and much unhappiness ensues.

Your Reviewer Says: We were unhappy right from the beginning.

✓✓ The Ox-Bow Incident (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: An unjustified lynching

LIFE as it really is comes to the screen in a one-act drama of undecorated realism that lifts the spectator by one horny hand and shakes him as a puppy does a toy. How average audiences will react to this ahead-of-its-time bit of artistry is problematical. We can only say it left us stirred to the soul.

There are none of the usual hokumy twists to the story; it is simply a picture of man's inhumanity to man—the story of what happens when man takes justice into his own hands.

In a small unpicturesque Western town where—glory be—the sidewalks are not crowded by mobs of pedestrians, men ride out as a posse to avenge murder and cattle-stealing. Making some concession to decency, the men are falsely sworn in as deputies by a deputy sheriff. High up in the pass, three men are captured—Dana Andrews, a newcomer to the West, and his helpers Anthony Quinn and Cris-Pin Martin. Their story is thin but bears enough authenticity to swerve seven men to the side of justice. The rest, still unsure, deliberately hang the trio only to discover the whole thing a gruesome, irredeemable error.

Henry Fonda is so very natural as the rancher who swerves to the side of justice. William Eythe is the weakling son of old tyrant Frank Conroy. Jane Darwell is the only woman of the posse and a horrible wench we must say. Harry Davenport, Paul Hurst, Henry Morgan and Victor Kilian are members of a splendid cast. We could see no rhyme or reason for the unrelated incident of Mary Beth Hughes and George Meeker. It served only to confuse and meant nothing. Tony Quinn and Dana Andrews, as well as Cris-Pin Martin, are terrific

Your Reviewer Says: A cold slice of life served raw

Night Monster (Universal)

It's About: Mystic murder nonsense

PRACTICALLY everyone gets killed—it's more fun. Mystic, cosmic, yogi monkey business creeps all over the place, especially on the estate of Ralph Morgan, where scarey Bela Lugosi is the butler (pass the decapitated head. Jones). Housekeeper Doris Lloyd chauffeur Leif Erikson, Yogi Nils Asther and several doctors are all suspects. Irene Hervey is the too pretty psychiatrist. Fay Helm is the sister who thinks she's nuts. We thought so, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh pish tosh.

The Man In The Trunk (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A ghost who aids in solving his own murder mystery.

A PRETTY dancer buys a trunk for her wardrobe and finds the remains of a body inside. Attorney George Holmes is anxious to exonerate his client,

now in the death house, by proving his innocence through the skeleton in the trunk, who, to oblige, steps out as a ghost, and, unseen, aids in the exposure of the real culprit.

Lynne Roberts is the dancer. Raymond Walburn is the fleshy ghost. J. Carrol Naish, Dorothy Peterson and Douglas Fowley are also victims, as we the audiences are, of this nonsensical movie

Your Reviewer Says: Back to your trunk, ghostie!

Jungle Siren (P. R. C.)

It's About: Nazi business in the African jungle.

OF all the silly, stupid potpies, this underbaked one concerning Nazi agents at work amongst jungle tribes (not that we would put it past them) is the limit. Buster Crabbe and Ann Corio (the biggest strip-teaser name to come out of burlesque since the days of Gypsy Rose Lee) are the leads. Neither has a chance to be very good and there can be no doubt about the picture.

Your Reviewer Says: It's plain bunk.

The Hidden Hand (Warners)

It's About: A faked death test.

PRACTICALLY everybody gets killed but the people responsible for this potpourri of gore and we're on the prowl for them, shotgun loaded.

An elderly woman fakes death and burial to test her dreadful relatives and in the testing no less than five corpses litter up the story. Milton Parsons is the escaped criminal. Craig Stevens, Elizabeth Fraser and Ruth Ford are unfortunate enough to be cast in this one.

Your Reviewer Says: Run like a turkey from this.

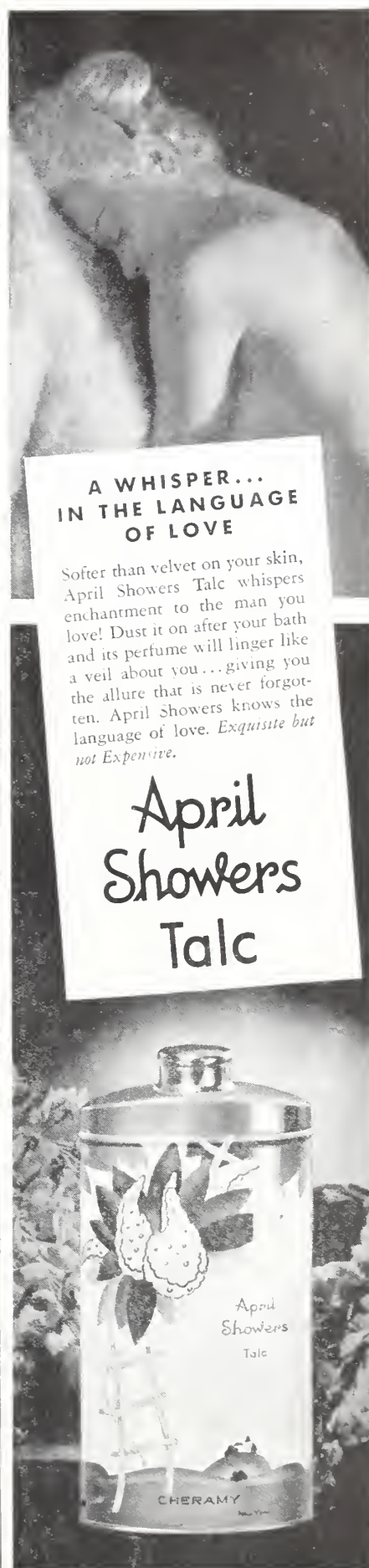
✓✓ One Of Our Aircraft Is Missing (United Artists)

It's About: An R.A.F. crew who bail out over Holland and get back to England through the efforts of the Dutch Underground.

TODAY, more than ever before, truth exceeds fiction insofar as both drama and excitement are concerned. If you have the slightest doubt on this score see this picture—and be convinced. Based on fact throughout, it tells of six members of the R.A.F. who fly a bomber over Germany. When their plane is disabled by anti-aircraft fire they bail out over occupied Holland. Their experiences as they make their way to the North Sea and finally to England—helped always by the Dutch underground—are exciting and absorbing not only while the picture is on the screen but also in retrospect.

Produced in England by Alexander Korda, with the full co-operation of the Royal Air Force, the British Air Ministry and the Royal Netherlands Government, it is an honest, straightforward chronicle which is the more impressive and memorable because it is free of theatrical claptrap. The players, not familiar on this side of the ocean, give performances which are as simple and convincing and moving as the story itself

Your Reviewer Says: A mental and emotional treat.



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Christmas Bell-Ringers

(Continued from page 56)

War Stamp Nosegays: Girls like to wear them in their hair. And what an idea for decorating Christmas packages instead of sprigs of mistletoe or holly. From 10c to how much have you.

Handkerchiefs: Not just handkerchiefs, but special numbers by Burmel, available in stores everywhere, with flower prints on white backgrounds and names embroidered in a graceful script in colors to complement the flowers. There are seventy-two names from which to choose. 29c each.



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Mama Sweaters button all the way down the front whether they're cardigan or V-neckline models. You can get them in all wool powder or navy blue, natural, wine, black, or brown in sizes 34-46 for \$2.98.

Younger Set Sweaters come in pairs, have peasant embroidery, are spangled with sequins. In any color the heart desires. From \$1.98.

Knee Warmers: We're not fooling. They're foreshortened socks without feet which can be pulled up over the knees. Red Cross workers and those who have sedentary jobs in drafty workrooms will be happier and healthier for a pair of these in their Christmas stocking. \$1.95.

FOR THE BOYS—YOUNG AND OLD

Maps: Rand McNally's Cosmopolitan Map of the World—53 x 35—shows the Americas in the center with Europe and Africa on the right and Asia and Australia on the left. It's very colorful and has a washable surface. Therefore he can mark areas of occupation with colored crayons and change his colors as the war progresses. Unmounted, \$3.00. With taped edges and mounted on a resilient board so he can record events with thumb tacks, \$8.85.

A Polar Projection map (in about four colors) shows the North Pole occupying the central point with the continents and oceans spreading out and up and down from it. The government hopes more men, women and children will be guided by this map even though it is more difficult to read. For it does away with any theory of isolationism showing Minneapolis, with its big inland milling centers, to be about the same distance from a Japanese island in the Kuril group as the naval base and airplane factories of southern California. A polar projection map presents the new world the airplane has created.

Globe of the World: A Victory Model 9 inches in diameter on a wooden stand costs \$1.98. On a metal stand, \$2.95.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

 **Airplane Spotter Cards:** Regulation playing cards with various airplanes depicted in the center of the cards where the large heart, diamond, spade or club usually sits. The King of Clubs, for instance, shows a Cors. B 24 C U.S.A. while the Five of Hearts pictures a Hawker "Hurricane" of G.B. There are Japanese and German ships on them too. 50c.

FOR THE KIDS

 **Kitten Mittens:** There's no need to be dreary because you're practical. These mittens knitted with bright kitten faces will keep children's hands warm and amuse them too. About \$1.00.

 **Twinkle Twinks** are stars, moons and planets—over one hundred of them—cut-out paper coated with harmless luminous paints so they will glow in the dark. They're gummed on the reverse side so they can be mounted on the ceiling or walls of children's bedrooms. \$1.00.

 **Plus-Lite Boards** are white boards for children to draw upon with colored crayons. And with a whisk of a cloth they're clean again. For two years and older. The smallest board, about fourteen by seven inches, is a convenient lap size. From \$1.25 up.

 **Paper Kits:** One kit, printed with Army colors, contains papers that readily fold into tanks, cannons, forts and all the other paraphernalia of warfare with which boys are enthralled these days. \$1.00 and up.

 **War Stamps:** You can buy gay greeting cards which enfold stamp books that have amusing drawings on every page. And the more stamps you paste in them the redder and merrier they'll be.

FOR THE HOUSE (Gifts for the Whole Family)

 **Table Mats:** Cork mats topped with flower prints or scenes and shellacked against heat. Or mats of plastics. They make the dining-table as gay and cheerful as it should be for digestion and wartime morale and they conserve laundry bills. Each from 25c up.

 **Door Knockers** with the family's name engraved upon them, in Old English script perhaps. From \$4.50. For a special bit of swank small knockers for bedroom doors too, with first names engraved upon them. From \$1.50.

 **Casseroles,** large ones, like the old pot au feu which the French knew in happier days, to hold spaghetti, soup, or stew. Or salad when a salad bowl is lacking. Individual casseroles in which the cheese and toast on the onion soup can be brought to a crusty finish under the fire, for beef and kidney pies, for almost anything. Charming in glazed colors. From 39c.

 **Matches:** There's still time to order those paper books of matches with names printed on them. "The Smiths" perhaps. Or "John and Mary." Whichever way you choose. Fifty books from \$1.15.

And when you're planning for Christmas remember the U.S.O. clubhouses have lists of boys, unable to get home for Christmas, who would like to have Christmas dinner with a family. Figure out how many of these boys, homesick for a soft chair, the kind of turkey stuffing and pumpkin pie their Mom makes, a father at the head of the table to say grace, the ruction children raise in a house, you can invite for Christmas day. Commanding officers at all camps and stations will authorize as many furloughs as possible.

Nowhere in the land and nowhere our boys serve overseas will it be forgotten that Christmas is one of the things we're fighting for.

Remember

YOUR HAIR
COLLECTS

UNPLEASANT
ODORS



If you are a girl who wants to be popular, remember that oily hair quickly absorbs unpleasant odors. The scalp perspires, too. So don't offend. Check up on your hairbrush—your hat—your pillow.

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Pocketful o' Songs

(Continued from page 49) Baby, listen. If the time ever comes when your whole world tumbles down, don't be afraid. Daddy will be right there with you, tramping across the boards."

That night at sundown Judy was alone. For the first time in her life she realized what it meant to be alone. Her best friend had gone where she couldn't follow.

The next months were so heartbreaking that at times even Ethel wavered. Frank was gone and she was alone with this responsibility. It was a business which she didn't understand. Why should the studio continue to pay them money when they did nothing to earn it?

Then she was depressed and frightened because of a practical and alarming reason. The studio had signed a child singer. Six months had passed and Judy was already taller. Were they to sit inactive for a year or more while Judy changed into that "awkward age?"

Into this came a sudden summons from the studio. It was a "short" they had in mind, a sort of musical debate, "Opera Versus Jazz," and for the first time Judy met another newcomer to the studio, a young lady who has subsequently done fairly well for herself—one Deanna Durbin.

At last the short was made. It was called "Every Sunday." The world took one look and said, "Thanks, we're not having any."

THE result was that Judy sat idle for another six months and Deanna was released. Deanna calmly walked over to Universal and almost overnight was made a star.

The boomerang was terrible. Harried officials at M-G-M, when driven to the breaking point, screamed, "You should talk to me! What birdbrain was it who let Durbin go?"

It was only natural that the girl who was retained in preference to Deanna should be the one to stand the gaff. On the lot the attention Judy received was quite in keeping with the Hollywood tradition. So many people, Judy found, were struck by an acute attack of snow blindness whenever she appeared.

However, there were two friends she had made who were staunch and loyal and, as the years have proven, worth their weight in gold; Ida Koverman, secretary to Louis B. Mayer, and Roger Edens, the composer and arranger who had accompanied her on that eventful day of her first audition.

These two stood by her through all the early months of discouragement. They listened to her childish heartbreaks and later, when her troubles became more adult problems, they guided her with wisdom and with understanding.

During this period Judy was loaned out to Twentieth Century-Fox for her first picture, "Pigskin Parade," with Jack Haley and Patsy Kelly. It was only a small, very small part, but her joy knew no bounds. At last she was acting before the camera. That camera, she was soon to learn, could assume the aspect of an ogre. She missed an audience. This silent infernal machine gave no sign whether one was going over big or not. The director, when a scene was finished, would say, "That's fine. That's exactly what I want. Now let's do it again."

When the picture was released Judy sat huddled in a darkened movie theater and stared at her image up there on the screen. It told her what a great deal she had yet to learn. Her gestures were awkward—the way she held her head, her pigeon-toed walk, her gangly arms,

her forced smile. It was pretty bad. She went to work on herself in earnest.

Into this "lost" period a few early pictures made their way: "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" in which Judy appeared for the first time with Mickey Rooney; "Everybody Sing" with Allan Jones and Fanny Brice; "Broadway Melody" with Sophie Tucker and Robert Taylor in which Judy sang her famous song to Clark Gable, "My Fan Letter To My Favorite Star"; and "Listen, Darling" with Freddie Bartholomew and Mary Astor.

IN none of these pictures did Judy feel that she had done anything worthwhile. She confessed her discouragement to her close friend Roger Edens. Roger, with that marvelous insight he has always shown with her, wisely refrained from comment. Instead, he went to the piano.

In Judy's next picture, "Love Finds Andy Hardy," she sang the song he played that day—that unforgettable, original song, "Just An Inbetween."

It was while filming "Love Finds Andy Hardy" that a visitor could be found with increasing frequency on the set. Mervyn LeRoy, who had spent many years at Warner Brothers, had recently become affiliated with M-G-M. He saw great possibilities in this starry-eyed young girl and he took her under his wing. Judy's hair, which up until now had been a perfectly serviceable shade of brown, became almost a copper color. This was to highlight it on the screen.

She was sent to a dentist and porcelain caps were made for three front teeth. Thereafter on the set when a frenzied cry arose for "Clutch!" everyone knew that Judy's teeth had come "unstuck" again.

There were weeks of testing hair-dos, dresses, make-ups. Day after day Judy submitted to being made over. At last Mr. LeRoy was satisfied. She was the girl he had been looking for. Judy was cast as Dorothy in "The Wizard Of Oz."

IT was then a serpent crept into the Garland's paradise. Avoirdupois. After the day's tests loud and mournful was the wailing from the projection room. "What are we going to do about these curves on little Judy?"

Princess Pudge was ordered to get the heck on a reducing diet.

"But I'm starving," Judy protested and went right ahead lapping up banana splits. Finally orders were left in the commissary that no matter what Judy selected all she was to be served was soup—and not too much of that.

Judy realized she was licked. She ate her soup dutifully and made up for it when she got home.

In Hollywood news gets around. Out at M-G-M a telephone call came through for wardrobe.

"This is Madame So and So," a foreign voice announced. "I hear you have a problem on your hands concerning Judy Garland's figure. Now I have a garment..."

The wardrobe department literally pricked up its ears. Madame arrived and in due time created an odd-looking contraption which Judy swore was made of iron. Miracle of miracles, though, the curves disappeared. All through the "Wizard" when Judy danced blithely down the Yellow Brick Road underneath the innocent-appearing gingham dress was a complicated invention, the likes of which were never seen in the wonderful land of Oz.

In May, 1938, a gigantic musical was scheduled to begin shooting with Mickey

Rooney playing the starring masculine role. That much was settled. The difficulty seemed to be in finding Mickey's running mate. Busby Berkeley, who was to direct, asked for Judy Garland. Violent were the headshakings. Busby Berkeley asked again.

"Look," the opposing side pointed out, "the girl who plays this part will have a heck of a lot more to do than sing."

"That's why I want Garland," Berkeley said.

He won. Judy went in as *Patsy* in the production "Babes In Arms."

FROM the first Berkeley knew he had a team. He called Mickey and Judy together and quietly and solemnly he talked to them. "The people in this script are our kind of people," he said. "Troupers, every one of them. Now they're down and out. Sick at heart and broke. You kids are to pull them out. Give."

And Mickey and Judy gave. They took their hearts and laid them on the altar of America. Their dreams, their tears, their heartbreak; all of these they gave. America took one look and enfolded them in a million eager arms. With a million soft young throats pulsing with the joy of song, with a million dancing feet twinkling to the lilt of swing they worshipped them.

As long as people live who laugh and love and sing, these two, Mickey and Judy, will live always in their hearts.

In "Little Nelly Kelly" Judy, for the first time, was allowed to show her age, the ripe old age of eighteen. Princess Pudge in an Adrian suit seemed a far cry from Huntington Park and a pleated skirt. But underneath that faded sweater was a trouper's heart. It is still there.

"I'd rather be an actress who can sing," Judy says thoughtfully, "than a singer who can act. Singing got me in but it won't keep me there."

And when Judy Garland talks like that she is as wise and old as show business itself. . .

In Hollywood on Wednesday nights a program called "California Melodies"

was broadcast over K.F.I. Week after week Judy listened, enthralled by the harmonies of a young composer she had never seen. Yet she felt she knew him—his music told her much in a language which, at times, almost frightened her. Oftener and oftener she found herself waiting for that certain spot on the dial which told her when that program was on the air.

One misty California night, without telling anyone, she slipped nervously away to the broadcasting studio. She would see for herself if her heart had been wrong.

When she arrived the orchestra was already on the stage. A slight unassuming young man stood before the microphone. His voice was saying something humorous and the audience laughed. The young man laughed with them. Then, his eyes passing over the faces of the audience found a slender girl in a big green hat. His eyes found her and stopped.

Only one other time during that Wednesday program did these two look at each other. That glance was brief. Rather, it seemed as if its purpose was to satisfy each of them that this thing happening could be really true.

When the last notes of the orchestra died away, Judy made her way hesitantly toward the aisle. A slight, breathless young man rushed up to her side.

"Miss Garland, I—I—please, will you wait a moment. . ."

Judy stood there and listened to the pounding of her heart. Something told her this was no ordinary meeting. Something told her this was going to be important, very important in her gay young life.

It was, rather. Judy Garland had just met the man who would one day be her husband, David Rose.

As odd as their meeting was the courtship of Dave and Judy. You can read the details of that courtship and their much-discussed marriage in February PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

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(Continued from page 15)

✓ **GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE**—Warners: Even Washington himself would have laughed at the trials and tribulations of Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan when they find themselves in a dilapidated country house long on tradition and short on bathrooms. Complications pile on when Jack becomes jealous of neighbor Harvey Stephens and rascally young Douglas Croft descends upon them. It's a howl. (Dec.)

✓ **GIVE OUT, SISTERS**—Universal: It's corny, it's funny, it's lively and a bloom with music and singing. Grace McDonald plays a young heiress gone jitterbug mad and Dan Daney Jr. is her handleader beau. The Andrews Sisters introduce four new songs and the Jivin' Jacks 'n' Jills dance new steps. (Dec.)

✓ **GLASS KEY, THE**—Paramount: Alan Ladd scores again as the pal of political boss Brian Donlevy, who finds himself suspected of murder. Veronica Lake strolls through with a monotonous performance, but William Bendix, Bonita Granville and Joseph Calleia give swell performances. (Dec.)

✓ **HALFWAY TO SHANGHAI**—Universal: Passengers aboard a train bound for Rangoon become involved in a murder mystery when a man escaping with plans of defenses in China is killed. American engineer Kent Taylor, Irene Hervey, Nazi sympathizer Charlotte Wynters, and George Zucco are among the passengers. (Dec.)

✓ **HARD WAY, THE**—Warners: Ida Lupino plays her role of a relentlessly selfish woman who promotes her younger sister, Joan Leslie, to perfection. Equally fine is the performance of Jack Carson as the lovable but dumbish vaudevillean who marries Joan and rescues them both from their miserable surroundings. Dennis Morgan, Leona Maricle and Gladys Cooper are also good. (Dec.)

✓ **HELLO, ANNAPOLIS**—Columbia: Jean Parker refuses to marry Tom Brown unless he enters Annapolis. When he attempts to trick her into marriage, Joan turns the tables and tricks him into Annapolis, where he gets the smart-aleckness taken out of him. (Dec.)

✓ **HERE WE GO AGAIN**—RKO-Radio: A giggle fest, with Fibber McGee and Molly celebrating twenty years of marriage at a hotel where Edgar Bergen, with Charley McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, is searching for a peculiar moth to aid the production of silk. You can imagine the goings-on, with the great Gildersleeve adding to the laughs and with Ginny Simms singing to Ray Noble's music. (Nov.)

✓ **HIGHWAYS BY NIGHT**—RKO-Radio: Richard Carlson as the millionaire playboy who gets taken by gangsters and ends up in the trucking business does very well with loosely knit material. Jane Randolph is fair as the girl, but Jane Darwell, Barton MacLane and Ray Collins are good. Average. (Dec.)

✓ **HI, NEIGHBOR**—Republic: Radio personalities such as Vera Vague, Don Wilson, Lillian Randolph and others cavort around in this weak little home-grown number, with Janet Beecher as sponsor of a school that becomes a lonely heart retreat in the summer. Jean Parker and John Archer are the inevitable twosome. (Oct.)

✓ **HILLBILLY BLITZKRIEG**—Monogram: The famous cartoon characters, Snuffy Smith, played by Bud Duncan, and Barney Google, played by Cliff Nazarro, cut all sorts of capers that have the pair embroiled in a rocket invention. Edgar Kennedy as an Army sergeant and Lucien Littlefield as an inventor add to the rather silly maneuvers. (Nov.)

✓ **HOLIDAY INN**—Paramount: The blending of Fred Astaire's dancing and Bing Crosby's singing is all to the good and Irving Berlin's tunes make this a special treat. Bing leaves their act to run an inn open only on holidays. To the inn as a performer comes Marjorie Reynolds and Fred tries to steal her away. Virginia Dale is also involved. (Oct.)

✓ **ICELAND**—20th Century-Fox: Some of the best skating of her career is presented by Sonja Henie; but the story's only fair. It has Sonja, an Iceland maid, grabbing off John Payne, a Marine on the island, before he knows where he is. Osa Massen is Sonja's sister, Jack Oakie clowns on skates very funnily and Sammy Kaye and his orchestra provide some swell music. (Nov.)

✓ **INVISIBLE AGENT**—Frank Lloyd-Universal: Jon Hall, who inherits the secret of invisibility, offers his services to his country. Flies over Germany, becomes invisible and gets embroiled in some very amusing and intriguing escapades. Ilona Massey is the girl spy; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre and J. Edward Bromberg are the Axis agents. You'll enjoy it. (Oct.)

✓ **ISLE OF MISSING MEN**—Monogram: A rather suspenseful little melodrama with John Howard as the governor of a penal colony. He befriends Helen Gilbert who has come to the island to help her husband, Gilbert Roland, escape and much exciting action transpires before she is successful. (Nov.)

✓ **IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH**—20th Century-Fox: An exciting baseball yarn, with Lloyd Nolan terrific as the manager of the club that once

Brief Reviews

oust him as a player on trumped-up charges. George Holmes as the rookie befriended by Nolan shows great promise and Carole Landis as the object of young Holmes' heart is very beautiful. (Oct.)

✓ **JACKASS MAIL**—M-G-M: Wally Beery and Marjorie Main in their familiar story of a renegade who becomes regenerated through the orphaned son of the man Beery kills. It takes Darryl Hickman, the boy, and Marjorie Main, fearless owner of the transport mail line, to civilize Wally. (Nov.)

✓ **JOAN OF OZARK**—Republic: Corn, but good, is this teaming of Judy Canova and Joe E. Brown, with all their ludicrous antics in store for you. Judy lands in Joe E.'s night club, where she's been brought from the Ozarks on a deal hatched by Nazi spies. Jerome Cowan is the spy and Eddie Foy Jr. is swell. The airplane sequence is a howl and it's all a lot of fun. (Oct.)

✓ **JUST OFF BROADWAY**—20th Century-Fox: When juror Michael Shayne, played as usual by Lloyd Nolan, sees the evidence piling up against the innocent defendant, he sets out on his own to uncover the guilty party. Girl reporter Marjorie Weaver, press cameraman Phil Silvers, attorney Richard Derr and singer Joan Valerie are all in on the excitement. (Dec.)

✓ **LADY IN A JAM**—Universal: Irene Dunne is an heiress badly in need of a psychoanalyst. She lands in bankruptcy, heads West and becomes embroiled in a phony gold mine. Ralph Bellamy is a cowboy out-of-this-world and Patric Knowles the doctor. It's all pretty silly, so just laugh it off. (Oct.)

✓ **LITTLE TOKIO, U. S. A.**—20th Century-Fox: The West Coast's Japanese colony comes into the spotlight with this lively little epic of a police officer, Preston Foster, who suspects shenanigans in the Jap settlement. Comes Pearl Harbor, and he scoops up spies like fury. Brenda Joyce is his girl friend, and June Duprez, Harold Huber and George E. Stone are spies. (Nov.)

✓ **LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Depth and beauty characterize this tale of the great poet's life—his adoption as a child, his first boyhood love affairs with Virginia Gilmore, his marriage to Linda Darnell and his slow disintegration due to alcoholism. John Shepperd seems an ideal Poe; Miss Gilmore and Miss Darnell give polished performances. (Dec.)

✓ **MAJOR AND THE MINOR, THE**—Paramount: Don't miss this gay comedy, with Ginger Rogers posing as a twelve-year-old child and wreaking havoc with the boys at a military academy and with Major Ray Milland. Rita Johnson as Ray's suspicious fiancée, Diana Lynn, Rita's younger sister who knows the truth about Ginger but helps her, and Robert Benchley add to the fun. (Oct.)

✓ **MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S ELEPHANT**—RKO-Radio: Leon Errol again plays the dual role of Lord Epping and Uncle Matt, with Lupe Vélez all over the place trying to help out Uncle Matt when smuggled jewels are hidden in an onyx elephant and the elephant must be returned pronto. Walter Reed is Lupe's husband, and Lyle Talbot and Marion Martin are the smugglers. (Nov.)

✓ **MOON AND SIXPENCE, THE**—David L. Loew-Albert Lewin, Inc.: George Sanders is the painter of Somerset Maugham's famous story, who leaves his wife and children to live the life of a starving artist, and Herbert Marshall the writer who narrates the story. Their performances, as well as those of Doris Dudley and Steve Geray, are most impressive. It's a strange and fascinating tale, but leads to no climactic crescendo.

✓ **MY SISTER EILEEN**—Columbia: A howl from start to finish is this adaptation of the successful play about two sisters who come to New York to seek a career. Rosalind Russell is the older sister, Janet Blair her pretty sister Eileen; and George Tobias as their landlord, Brian Aherne the editor, and reporter Allyn Joslyn join the throng who wander in and out of their basement apartment. (Dec.)

✓ **NIGHT FOR CRIME, A**—Producers Releasing Corp.: Murder mystery, with the victim a movie star, played by Lina Basquette. Glenda Farrell is the newspaper reporter and Lyle Talbot the studio press agent. Newspaper columnists Jimmy Starr, Edwin Schallert and Erskine Johnson play themselves. (Oct.)

✓ **NOW, VOYAGER**—Warners: Another Bette Davis masterpiece is this story of a frustrated woman who finds release through the aid of psychiatrist Claude Rains. Paul Henreid, the man who brings her love that can never be realized in marriage, will create a stir among feminine fans. Gladys Cooper, Ilka Chase and Bonita Granville are on to the very high standard of the story. (Dec.)

✓ **ONE THRILLING NIGHT**—Monogram: A bedroom riot in this comedy with John Beal as the bridegroom who has twenty-four hours to honeymoon with bride Wanda McKay before his induction into the Army. But into their room parade gangsters, cops and robbers, dumb house detective and hoodlums. (Oct.)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

✓ **ORCHESTRA WIVES**—20th Century-Fox: All about the love lives of members of a band, with Glenn Miller's band providing all the music. George Montgomery is a trumpet player, Ann Rutherford his wife. Mary Beth Hughes, Carole Landis and Virginia Gilmore, other orchestra wives, start all the trouble between them. Cesar Romero is the pianist and Lyn Bari the singer. (Nov.)

✓ **PALM BEACH STORY, THE**—Paramount: This so-called comedy misses a mile, despite the cleverness of Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea who play the separated husband and wife. Claudette, out to garner new laurels, finds them in millionaire Rudy Vallee. Mary Astor is good, but the antics are as antiquated as an antimacassar. (Nov.)

✓ **PANAMA HATTIE**—M-G-M: A pleasant, delightful-in-spots musical that boasts Ann Southern as star, Dan Dailey Jr., as the rich soldier boy, and a trio of comics, Red Skelton, Rags Ragland and Ben Blue. The singing of Lena Horne, the dancing of the Berry Brothers and the dead-pan warbling of Virginia O'Brien also brighten it up no end. Little Jackie Horner is very good. (Oct.)

✓ **PARDON MY SARONG**—Universal: By far the funniest of the Abbott and Costello riots, this is madcap fun from its beginning where the pair take their cross-town Chicago bus to Los Angeles to its hilarious finish on a South Sea isle. Robert Paige is the romantic lead, Virginia Bruce lovely as the girl, Lionel Atwill a villain, and Abbott and Costello are at their best. (Nov.)

✓ **PIERRE OF THE PLAINS**—M-G-M: John Carroll is a devil-may-care French Canadian accused of murder but too busy helping a friend escape another murder indictment to care much. We don't care about it either. Ruth Hussey is shamefully miscast and Bruce Cabot, Phil Brown and Henry Travers are poor, weary fellow travelers. (Oct.)

✓ **PRIDE OF THE YANKEES**—Goldwyn: To the role of Lou Gehrig, beloved star of baseball Gary Cooper brings all the gentleness, simplicity and sincerity of the first baseman. Teresa Wright as Mrs. Gehrig becomes Hollywood's most important young actress, and Babe Ruth plays himself. It's a fitting tribute to a great man. (Oct.)

✓ **PRIORITIES ON PARADE**—Paramount: Johnnie Johnston is a band leader who seeks a job playing for defense plant workers and the whole band takes jobs in the plant in order to furnish the music, with Johnnie working under the tutelage of Betty Rhodes, who sings very well. Ann Miller is the jealous dancer, Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna the comics. Plenty of talent and fun. (Oct.)

✓ **SECRETS OF A CO-ED**—P.R.C.: This tells the story of the secret racketeering operations of a respected attorney, Otto Kruger, that he reveals to a jury when his daughter, Tina Thayer, is on trial for killing her sweetheart, a gunman hired by Kruger. Rich Vallin, a newcomer, is a find; and the performances of Miss Thayer and Otto Kruger are outstanding. (Dec.)

✓ **SEVEN SWEETHEARTS**—M-G-M: Whimsical and gay, charming and quaint, with Kathryn Grayson the youngest of seven sisters, whose father, S. Z. Sakall, runs a hotel in a Little Holland village in Michigan. Reporter Van Heflin comes there to cover the tulip festival and Marsha Hunt, the oldest sister, snares him. The sisters are charming and Miss Grayson sings delightfully. (Nov.)

✓ **SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR**—Universal: Basil Rathbone, the indestructible Holmes, with his pal Doctor Watson, Nigel Bruce, uncover a Nazi radio nest and prevent all sorts of German invasions. Evelyn Ankers is the pretty Limehouse girl who also helps Holmes. It's pretty average fare. (Dec.)

✓ **SIN TOWN**—Universal: Bunco artists Constance Bennett and Brod Crawford arrive in a Western oil town looking for easy money, which they find when Crawford declares himself partner in Ward Bond's saloon. Anne Gwynne and Patric Knowles provide the love interest and Andy Devine and Leo Carrillo romp around. The brawl between the two villains is really a lulu. (Dec.)

✓ **SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU**—M-G-M: Love around the globe, with Clark Gable and Robert Sterling a brother team of foreign correspondents and Lana Turner as the beautiful corner of the triangle. The action carries the trio from New York to India, China and Manila. Gable is right up there at the peak of his acting and Sterling does a fine job, as does Lana. (Oct.)

✓ **SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES**—20th Century-Fox: Betty Grable is in love with Broadway

actor John Payne, but when he misbehaves she pretends to love her new dancing partner Cesar Romero. From a New York stage play the group carry on their misunderstandings at Lake Louise. Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood and Edward Everett Horton aid in the mix up in this Technicolor musical. (Dec.)

✓ **TALK OF THE TOWN**—Columbia: Ronald Colman's a dignified, bearded law professor who rents a home from Jean Arthur and finds much confusion. It turns out to be escaped prisoner Cary Grant who's being hidden in the attic. Miss Arthur is as always delightful and the men give brilliant performances. (Oct.)

✓ **TIMBER**—Universal: Sabotage in our timber regions, with Leo Carrillo and Andy Devine worrying about it until along comes Dan Dailey Jr., special undercover agent. He fires the saboteur and hires instead Edmund MacDonald who brings along his pretty sister, Marjorie Lord. (Nov.)

✓ **TISH**—M-G-M: The three delectable sisters of Mary Roberts Rinehart's beloved "Tish" stories take on all sorts of foreign characterizations in this unimaginative screen version. Marjorie Main, Zasu Pitts and Aline MacMahon play the spinsters; Lee Bowman and Virginia Grey are romantic. (Oct.)

✓ **UNDERCOVER MAN**—Sherman-Paramount: A group of haddies have Hopalong Cassidy, played by William Boyd, puzzled when they take turns impersonating first Mexicans and then Americans and they even go so far as to impersonate Hoppie and his host Antonio Moreno before they're caught. (Oct.)

✓ **WAKE ISLAND**—Paramount: Every American should see this authentic picture of the gallant stand of the Marines on Wake Island and their magnificent fight. Brian Donlevy plays the Major who commands the Island's defenses. Albert Dekker is a civilian engineer. MacDonald Carey plays a young flyer and Robert Preston and William Bendix play two Marine buddies. (Nov.)

✓ **WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY, THE**—M-G-M: A honey of a picture, with Fay Bainter as the selfish, ingrown woman who refuses to alter her life or accept wartime alternation in the lives of others. Van Johnson, the redheaded, freckle-faced hero, is the best thing in the show, even surpassing Richard Ney, who plays the regenerated young man. Edward Arnold and Jean Rogers are good, too. (Nov.)

✓ **WHITE CARGO**—M-G-M: The trouble with this picture of white men and a tropical seductress is that the story has become repetitious through imitation, but the performance of Walter Pidgeon, veteran of the tropical isle, gives great stability to the play. Richard Carlson and Frank Morgan are very good and Hedy Lamarr is certainly the most gorgeous Tondelayo. (Dec.)

✓ **WILDCAT**—Paramount: Never a dull moment in this story, with Richard Arlen playing a wildcat oil man who goes into partnership with Elisha Cook, Jr., gets buffaloe by Arline Judge, Elisha's fake sister, and fights it out with his enemy oil driller Buster Crabbe. (Dec.)

✓ **WINGS AND THE WOMAN**—RKO-Radio: A fitting tribute to a gallant woman, Amy Johnson, is this story of her life, with Anna Neagle playing the first great woman aviator. Robert Newton as Jim Mollison, the flyer, who married Amy and lost her, is outstanding. Edward Chapman as her father, Joan Kemp-Welch as her mother, give beautiful performances, and Miss Neagle is superb. (Nov.)

✓ **YANK AT ETON, A**—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney gives life, color and laughter to a story that depends too much on its star and too little on its content. He's a typical American high-school football star who finds himself at Eton when his mother marries an Englishman and his trials and tribulations at the famous old English school form the bulk of the yarn. (Nov.)

✓ **YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER**—Warners: A remake of the Paul Muni picture, "Hi, Nellie," with George Brent, now playing the newspaper managing editor who uncovers a gang of racketeers operating behind a night-club front and a Lonely Hearts Club. Brenda Marshall is the girl reporter, Roscoe Karns the photographer, and Gene Lockhart and Edward Cinnelli the villains. (Dec.)

✓ **YOUTH ON PARADE**—Republic: That college show is here again, with Tom Brown and Martha O'Driscoll leading the talent parade. Broadway actress Ruth Terry joins the campus scampers after they've played a trick on Professor John Hubbard, who plays his part to perfection. It's young and snappy. (Dec.)

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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 59) studio He should carry complete identification. If you will send me this man's name, I will find out promptly whether he is employed by any of our major studios.

One word of advice to you, Mady, and to all girls tempted by Hollywood offers. Don't believe anything you hear unless the man can prove himself to your local banker.

My candid impression is that this man is not trustworthy.

Yours truly,
BETTE DAVIS.

Dear Miss Davis:
I can scarcely wait until your picture "Now, Voyager" comes to our town. I never miss a Bette Davis picture. That brings me to something I would like to ask you: How to become a movie star?

I guess I'd better be frank. I'm no prize. I am five feet eight inches tall and I weigh about a hundred and thirty pounds. My hair is just plain brown and my eyes are blue with thick lashes. I have quite a lot of freckles; I would wear cold cream at night except that my two older sisters who sleep in the same room with me make fun of me.

I would like to get away from home and become famous just to show them I'm not such a goon. I know that being an actress is no snap and I'm willing to slave for a chance to prove that I really can act.

A Plain Jane.

Dear "Plain Jane":
Goodness, why do you describe yourself like something that would scare Bela Lugosi? After all, five feet eight inches of height isn't so tall; Alexis Smith is your height. As for freckles, Myrna Loy has always been proud of hers. If you want to wear cold cream at night, ignore your sisters' teasing. When they discover that they no longer get a rise out of you, they will forget it.

Unfortunately, wanting to become famous to prove to your family that you aren't a "goon," as you say, isn't the right approach to becoming an actress. As you must realize, there are no rules about appearance's alone making a star; we have every type of face in Hollywood. Also, success in pictures is not always a question of hard work—there are so many other things to consider.

It seems to me that your problem is first to learn to look well-groomed all the time. Keep your hair brushed, your complexion clear and your dresses neat. Walk with your shoulders back and stop hating yourself. Once you have won the respect of everyone in your town, let the future develop as it will.

Sincerely yours,
BETTE DAVIS.

Dear Miss Davis:
I think you are the most wonderful actress in the world and I hope I will be just like you someday. That is why I am writing to you.

For the last three years, ever since I was graduated from high school, I have been working in our local telephone exchange. At first I thought that the job would allow me enough time off to drive to a town forty miles away and try to do something over the radio because everyone says I have a very beautiful speaking voice and I can sing a little although I've never had lessons.

However, you know what has happened. The men have all gone into the Army and girls who could leave home have gone to larger cities where there

are defense plants, so the first thing I knew I was working like mad just to take care of the business of our local exchange.

I did one smart thing—I saved my money. I now have five hundred dollars in the bank and I have been thinking seriously of coming to Hollywood and trying to get a break in pictures. I thought maybe I could work on a studio switchboard and my voice would give me a chance at a screen test. I am not bad-looking. My hair is naturally curly and chestnut in color, my eyes are greenish, and my skin is good and clear.

What do you think, Miss Davis? Would it pay me to take the chance?
Yours very truly,
M.

Dear Miss M:
You sound like a sensible, levelheaded girl. Yes, if I were you, I would go either to Hollywood or to New York. I say this only because you have five hundred dollars tucked away for emergencies; better keep that much and hold onto your present job until you have enough for carfare and a wardrobe that will last at least six months.

Any girl over twenty-one who is able to run a large switchboard and who has five hundred dollars as anchor against ill winds is justified in trying her luck with a career.

Yours truly,
BETTE DAVIS.

Dear Miss Davis:
Because I have read such nice things about your friendliness to ambitious newcomers, I am taking the liberty of bringing my problem to you.
I am seventeen years old, a senior in high school. I have taken singing lessons since I was thirteen and I have had the good luck to sing over several radio stations.

I am five feet four inches tall and I weigh 110 without dieting. My hair is naturally curly and deep auburn in color and my eyes are dark blue.

Probably you are thinking, "that conceited little drip," but I'm not really. I know that I don't know a single thing about dramatic technique and I know it would be silly to try to get into pictures without training. My family want me to finish my high-school work and take a year or two at our state university and I think I should do as they wish.

What I would like to have you tell me, Miss Davis, is this: What can I do now to begin fitting myself for a stage and movie career? Are there some home exercises I could do to improve my diction? What sort of books ought I to read?

I know how frightfully busy you are, but could you have your secretary give me some sort of outline that I should follow for the next three years? I know that sounds pretty presumptuous, but writing to you is the only way I could think of, in which I could get the real lowdown.

Thanking you with my whole heart,
Yours sincerely,
Margaret B.

Dear Margaret B.:
Please don't feel that you have been "a conceited little drip"—as you say—because of telling me how you look. As a matter of fact, you sound very attractive. One of the most important things in life is to feel attractive, if you really are. Beauty is nothing over which to be

conceited, because it is something over which the individual has no control—it is a happy act of nature.

I like your letter because it shows an intelligent approach to your ambition. And there are many things you can do now to further your chances of realizing that ambition.

You are quite right in planning to attend a university if your parents wish you to do so. However, between now and then, you will no doubt be given many opportunities to appear before the public and something unusual may occur to change your plans.

No doubt there is some sort of dramatic class in your high school. You should join, if possible, and appear in as many plays as possible. You should read as many plays as you can, because this will give you a feeling of great lines and dramas of the past.

Perhaps there is a competent dancing teacher in or near your town. I think you should take lessons, not so much with the idea of becoming a dancer, as to learn how to handle your body with grace and poise.

Meanwhile, the most important thing for you to do is to work on your speaking voice and your diction. There are certain definite rules about voice placement which would have to be explained to you by a teacher, I think. However, there are two excellent books available on the subject, "Phonetic Studies In Folk Speech," by Anne Darrow and "The Speaking Voice" by Amelia Summerville.

You must have noticed that a pleasant speaking voice is a prime asset in any walk of life and that good diction is a treasure unpossessed by many, many people.

Having attained grace and a flexible, compelling voice during the next three years, you will have taken a long step toward success in any field.

Yours truly,
BETTE DAVIS.

Share your problem with Bette Davis. Write to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. All such letters are subject to publication in this magazine if Miss Davis elects to answer them. Names will, of course, be changed to protect the identity of the writer.

The Okay Kid

(Continued from page 50) gasting story in the paper.

Result: Marcia (as she was known in school) Hunt became Marsha Hunt on the dotted line for Paramount.

In 1938, after three years of making enough B's to stock all the alphabet soup on earth for the next ten years, Marsha began to wonder what gave on Broadway. She discussed this curiosity with her husband (more about him later) and, together, they decided that she might as well sever her Paramount connections and haunt Eastern casting directors for a time.

In New York she had a nice juicy part lined up with a summer stock company when she received a wire from Hollywood saying that M-G-M wanted to test her. That was all. Just test. So-o-o—here we go again, boys.

She telephoned husband Jerry for a family council and, before you could say, "Your three minutes are up, please signal when through," she was on a westbound plane.

"I may be back in a flash without cash," she told her Eastern friends, "but here goes on another harebrained ex-

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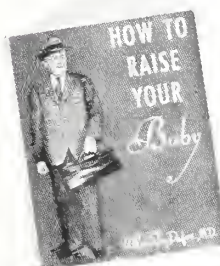
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WR0K—Rockford, Ill.
KGB—San Diego, Calif.
KNOW—Austin, Texas
WACO—Waco, Texas
*CKLW—Detroit, Mich.
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KABC—San Antonio, Texas
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*KWK—St. Louis, Mo.
KBON—Omaha, Neb.

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True Story
MAGAZINE

you will thrill to these vivid presentations on the air. Make it a habit to tune them in every Wednesday night.

*See Your Local Newspaper for Day and Time.

peation. So harebrained, in fact, that she was signed and cast in an opus titled "These Glamour Girls." After that came "Pride And Prejudice," "The Trial Of Mary Dugan," "Blossoms In The Dust," "Unholy Partners," "Kid Glove Killer," "Once Upon A Thursday," "Joe Smith, American," and "Seven Sweethearts."

After "Joe Smith" was released everyone began to congratulate Marsha, but warmly, on her performance. Finally Betts (as she is called at home) turned her pair of limpid eyes upon one of her praisers.

"It gets me," she said, running her forefinger around the high neck of her peasant frock. "I mean it really does. As Mrs. Smith, I simply acted natural. In other pictures I've worked twice as hard and worried five times as much to achieve a telling characterization, yet nothing was said about it."

SO much for the Hunt career. Now for that thing called love.

If you have a spare moment, visualize Henry Fonda playing Cupid, because that is his role in the Marsha Hunt-Jerry (Jay) Hopper romance. In a lefthanded sort of way, of course.

While Marsha was at Paramount she was called in one day to do an assist-test. This is an arrangement whereby a girl acts as backstop against which some hopeful acting-gent bounces dialogue. There was a group of people in the room where the test was to be made, so Marsha glanced around in search of friends. Lo, yonder was a familiar face. Marsha met the man's eyes and wondered if Mr. Fonda, whom she had met only once before, would remember her. The gentleman returned her look squarely—and with relish—but he didn't speak.

Several seconds went by, yet Marsha and the man continued to stare at one another. Finally—and a lucky thing, too, or they might still be standing there—the director called, "All right, Marsha, let's go."

Several weeks later Marsha was called in to do some scores for a picture. When she entered there was her Henry Fonda. Only he turned out to be Jerry Hopper, assistant head of Paramount's music department. Some Samaritan introduced them, then Mr. Hopper went away again. Marsha kept thinking it would have been nice if he had stuck around, but there's no accounting for the behavior of men.

Actually he hadn't gone very far

away—merely into the recording booth high above the stage. Well, the recording began at three in the afternoon and it went on and on and on. Finally, at three in the morning, the okay was given for sound and Marsha was free to go home.

As the technicians were leaving, Jerry Hopper observed, "That Hunt gal is some trouper. Never a whimper, never a fluke, never a blow-up in twelve hours of recording! For my money, she is Queenie, the okay kid."

After that round-the-clock siege of recording, Jay managed to be in the vicinity every time Marsha appeared in the Paramount music department for business purposes. His co-workers, in loud clear voices, began to comment on this interesting state of affairs. "How is it," they wanted to know, "that you are always around, Jay, when Marsha has to record? How does it happen that you skip the vocal activities of all the others, but you are always deeply interested in Miss Hunt's note-tossing?"

Jay retaliated by saying that he would be glad to explain to Miss Hunt personally, over luncheon. Miss Hunt, eager for an explanation, said it was high time.

WHILE they were hiding behind menus the size of sheet music and trying to think of something to say to one another, John Howard came clanking up with a sprained ankle. He joined them and uttered loud lament over the fact that he was going to be on the sidelines at Sunday's tennis tournament instead of out there giving all for dear old Paramount.

"Are you two going?" he asked, the very voice of providence itself. This gave Jay a superb chance to ask Marsha, "Shall we?" And the lady said yea!

Hopper picked up Hunt early Sunday morning and took her to a favorite spot where the eggs Benedict are simply super. This breakfast proved to be such a success that it has become a Hopper family ritual to have eggs Benedict to celebrate each wedding anniversary breakfast. "It seems to me that creating traditions and then observing them year after year helps to keep a marriage happy," Marsha told her sister.

After the precedent-establishing breakfast, Jay and Marsha went to the tennis matches and cheered their favorites to victory. From that event, they hurried to a patio party being given by Lee Bowman and Roger Converse, two hos-

pitable worthies who were, at that time, keeping bachelor quarters.

This party, in the manner of all patio affairs, went on and on until people began to get hungry. "Armstrong-Schroeder's for a hunk of steak a mile long and a yard wide," someone suggested, so the party in toto adjourned to Armstrong-Schroeder's.

Steaks devoured, Jay Hopper brought himself of Gordon's, an intimate Beverly Hills night club with a small stage on which there is a piano, a microphone and space enough for a quartet. Hopper took over the piano. Bowman acted as MC and everyone else donated talent.

"Pennies From Heaven" was No. 1 on the hit parade at that time, so they sang "Pennies" until the Indian was bald. When, at last, Jay took Marsha home he said, "It's been a swell day."

Marsha said "Uh-huh!"

Jay said, "We sure have fun together, don't we?"

Marsha said "Uh-huh!"

Jay looked down at her for several glad seconds. What he saw was a girl five feet six inches in her nylons; a girl who weighs "with ten sensational potato pounds added" a total of 120; a girl with soft brown hair and widely spaced eyes fringed by eyelashes of extravagant natural length. "Could be Pennies From Heaven for us," Jay (Hopeful) Hopper said.

"It certainly could," agreed Marsha. A mockingbird in a near-by tree uttered a joyous whoop at sight of what happened next. But that is none of our business.

FROM that day on, with the exception of an occasional location trip, Marsha had a date with Jay every single night. They were married on November 23, 1938. At present, Jay is with the Signal Corps at Astoria, New York, and the instant Marsha finished work in "Flight To Glory" for M-G-M she whizzed East to visit him.

In addition to her husband, Marsha loves hot-fudge sundaes and mashed potatoes. She drives other actresses to a spree of nail-chewing, because she can eat anything she wants, and lots of it. "My figure runs to bones around the neck," she says with considerable exaggeration. Actually, her figure has never lost its enchanting juvenile coltishness. She looks like someone's kid sister about to go into a jitterbug routine.

During leisure hours, Marsha gies in heavily for peasant clothes with high gathered necklines, short sleeves and voluminous skirts, in which she looks like a heroine stolen right out of a Franz Schubert operetta.

These outfits are made at the Hopper ranch by Mrs. Whitney ("Mrs. Whit") who is a small but superior major domo. Not only does she sew "stupendously," as Marsha says, but she cooks the same way. And she watches over Marsha as if she were made of porcelain.

But so does practically everyone on the M-G-M lot, for that matter. It takes her thirty minutes to walk three blocks because she is hailed by two out of every three persons who pass.

What does she want of the future? Well, more Mrs. Smith parts. Frequent trips to the camp at Astoria. And—after the war—a family. "I've thought it all out," she says. "I warned you to begin with that I'm really not a hare-brained character."

But how can anybody be so lovely . . . and so wise!

The End



Marsha Hunt with Lieutenant Jerry Hopper, Signal Corps, U. S. Army, her husband and the reason why she commutes between Hollywood and N. Y.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



The old cliché, "Sweets to the sweet," gets a new workout at The Players with brother Vernon Cansino handing out a piece of birthday cake to the celebrating Rita Hayworth

(Continued from page 12)

Inside Information: Now that cute little Nan Wynn has a new Columbia contract, Rita Hayworth will have to find someone else to sing for her in pictures. Nan is the gal who sang all Rita's songs in "My Gal Sal." Her voice was dubbed in.

Fans would certainly be disgusted if they knew how one cowboy star, now in the service, is trying to horn in on the publicity of another Western actor, not yet in. These boys of the old West are almost as temperamental in their jealousies as the stars of olden days.

Remember the Mauch twins—Billy and Bobby—who starred in Warner Brothers pictures and later returned to the studio as messenger boys? Well, the handsome pair have enlisted in the radio control division of the Army Air Corps. If the lads amaze the Japs as completely as they did the examining physicians by their identical appearances, even to the same dental work, the war is over, boys.

Jack Oakie is the most desolate man in town since the separation from his wife Venita Varden. For several weeks neither his studio nor his press agent could find him. Cal spied him one afternoon late on the terrace of The Players cafe, sitting all alone and frankly and unashamedly weeping.

The other night Oakie gathered up ten soldier boys around town, took them up to his apartment and had each boy telephone his home long distance. The bill was huge but Oakie was happy.

Hollywood, who is really fond of Jack, hopes he'll try to be a better boy and get himself straightened up.

The town is tittering over comedian Phil Silver's reference to that supposedly ill screen hero as the bravest 4F he ever saw in his life.

Romance Notes: Since her divorce from agent Walter Kane, Lynn Bari is finding the steady company of Sid Luft.

a test pilot, very pleasant, indeed. . . .

Jennifer Holt, daughter of Jack and sister of Tim, will marry Robin Sinclair, R.A.F. flyer, in the near future. Interesting, too, that little Jennifer will then be Lady Jennifer Sinclair. . . .

John Payne and former wife Anne Shirley startled the Mocamboites by coming in together, arm in arm. But it's not a reconciliation, folks, Jane Russell (see page 21) is still John's best girl and Ann continues to play the field. . . .

"No, it isn't serious," Arline Judge told Cal about two months ago at The Players. "Jimmy and I are just old, old friends."

And then Arline up and marries her old, old friend Captain James Addams of the R.A.F. and Cal wonders what gets into these girls anyway. Why deny things so vehemently?

The town won't seem the same somehow with Reggie Gardiner, that man about town, all settled down and married. Yes, Reggie and the fair Nadra Petrova are now married and seem very happy, indeed.

A Lesson In Acting: Out over the Pass to Warner's studio, Sidney Greenstreet and Cal drove one night recently to a studio preview. The rotund villain of "The Maltese Falcon" and "Across The Pacific" fame was in rare form (no pun intended). The performance of Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager" inspired him to talk at length of her rare talents. We fully expected Sidney to go right home and write Bette a fan letter, but, instead, he came to our house and, under the exuberance of his appreciation for the Davis talents, gave a young hopeful at the house lessons in acting.

If only we had the power to convert to paper the wonders of that evening with Greenstreet, the favorite of Lunt and Fontanne, striding up and down, or sitting menacingly in a corner, beckon-

ing with small frightening gestures, or rising to full length, his face suddenly lightening as if with spiritual vision. What an actor! A craftsman who knows down to the tap of a toe, the tiniest side glance of an eye, the crook of a small finger, how to transform man from spiritual to evil and all the way back again.

Suddenly it came over us we were privileged to behold a performance audiences would never see and would give a small fortune to behold, and instantly we wanted to share with you fans (you are near our old heart, you see) something of this evening.

Incidentally, did you know Greenstreet was an Englishman who has been in America since 1924 and has a handsome young son in New York? His laugh off screen dances up and down the two notes of the scale as it does on, chilling or cheering as he wills.

With Hearts Full: Hollywood stood by helplessly while its good and substantial citizen Joe E. Brown arrived back from Detroit, where he was starring in "The Show-Off," to bury his handsome oldest son, Lt. Don Brown, who was killed in a plane accident near Palm Springs.

Those of us who know of the deep devotion of Joe E. for his family, of the close ties among them, realized the extent of their heartache.

Yet Joe E. proudly bore away from the grave the flag that had draped his boy's coffin. And four days later he was back doing his civic duty, being sworn in as a playground commissioner.

There are no finer, more honest, more human people than the Browns. Down to the last child, Hollywood extends its hand in sympathy.

Tidbits: *Blondie* (Penny Singleton) refuses to call her new baby "Blondie," because she's afraid she'll grow up and marry a fellow called Dagwood, just to be cute. Instead, she calls her Robin, if you please. Penny is the wife of producer Robert Sparks. . . .

Did you know Jack Benny is silver-haired off screen? And since George Brent has joined the Army as a flying instructor, he is also very gray-haired. Due to the movies, George had to keep his hair constantly dyed. Now he can go natural again. . . .

Close friends will be happy when that screen and stage actress goes back to her play in New York and lets that married star, so infatuated at the moment, return to his wife and children who love him. . . .

The Bud Abbotts went out on a Bond-selling tour and came back with a three-year-old little girl whom they've now adopted. The couple couldn't be happier. "This is my reward for helping Uncle Sam," Abbott grins.

Gone But Not Forgotten: With Tony, the famous horse of screen fame, gone to greener pastures, and his master, Tom Mix, who rode him through hundreds of films, also gone, seems as if the good old days of movies are slipping far into the gone-but-not-forgotten era. . . .

In a way that was quite a sacrifice on Jack Benny's part, giving up the old Maxwell that has played such a substantial part in his radio shows. But when the Government facetiously asked Jack to set an example by giving his imaginary Maxwell to the scrap salvage, being a good American, he leaped to comply. Oh, well, maybe he'll get a motorcycle and (Continued on page 94)

(Continued from page 93) we can all laugh at that.

Tragedy: A few weeks ago Cal saw Mrs. Norma Auer, ex-wife of comedian Mischa Auer, shopping with friends. She was slim, trim and handsome.

Now she is dead by her own hand, a suicide. But before she died she gave to Mischa the two children, Tony aged eight, and Joe just three, to be taken care of by him. Mischa had lost custody of the children in a court battle just a few weeks previous.

Mischa is now married to Joyce Hunter, radio singer. The separation and divorce of the comedian and his wife failed to bring happiness to the first Mrs. Auer, it seems, although she tried desperately to go on as before.

III: This may well be termed collapse month in Hollywood. The stars who returned from the unbelievably heavy grind of their Bond-selling tour are still trying to recuperate.

Actor Walter Abel, troupier extraordinary, repaired to his Oregon ranch for a rest.

Gene Tierney spent two weeks in a hospital with flu and fatigue.

Dorothy Lamour had the added worry

of her mother's illness to combat.

Ronald Colman is still ill and George Murphy was several weeks abed before getting about.

Merle Oberon and Patricia Morison, tense and weary from their jaunt to England and Ireland, practically slept standing up for days after.

Hedy Lamarr took to a hospital cot after her return and Ilona Massey, appearing at the Beverly Wilshire Officers' Club, seemed almost too exhausted to stand.

Hollywood, who works hard all the time with its five and six o'clock (A.M.) rising hour, considers it all worth while, however, and is eager and anxious to tackle it again.

Incidentally, fans will be distressed to hear of the serious illness of Edna May Oliver, who is under constant nursing care in a local hospital.

Lost-Minute Events: The stir over Victor Mature's sudden termination with the Coast Guard and his reputed drafting by the Army had the whole town in a twitch. Vic, who had enlisted only temporarily in the Coast Guard, has now re-enlisted permanently. And were those Army boys down at Fort MacArthur disappointed!

The death of May Robson, who had been failing rapidly the last few months, came as a shock, nevertheless, to the town that loves her from every child to every adult. Hollywood will miss its "Muzzy May," who, incidentally, was reported to be eighty-four years old at the time of her death.

With an "Andy Hardy" picture coming out in the near future, M-G-M finally succeeded in bringing together Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner, at least temporarily. A reunion doesn't impair Mickey's 3A rating either.

Hollywood hopes the kids will make a go of it, though it does put it on a bit thick to refer to the affair as "just a family argument" when the case went to a judge with the request for a fifty-fifty cut on \$200,000 plus alimony.

The annual charity ball game between Hollywood's leading men and comedians brought out lovely Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable as umpires. (See page 12.) Jack Oakie's outsized uniform and derby killed the customers. Champion Joe Louis, in uniform, was an amused spectator. Milton Berle and Edward Arnold were announcers, of all things. Hot dogs, crack-jacks and lemonade were enjoyed by Linda Darnell and Ann Miller from the bleachers.

Casts of Current Pictures

BLACK SWAN, THE—20th Century-Fox: *James Warner*, Tyrone Power; *Margaret Denby*, Jones Haring; *Maureen O'Hara*, Captain Henry Morgan; *Land O'Gregor*, Tommy Blue; *Thomas Mitchell*, Captain Billy Lee; *George Sanders*, Wogan; *Anthony Quinn*, Lord Denby; *George Zucco*, Roger Ingram; *Edward Ashley*, Don Miguel; *Fortunio Bonanova*, Captain Graham; *Stuart Robertson*, Fenner; *Charles McNaughton*, Speaker; *Frederick Worlock*, Chinese Cook; *Willie Fung*, Higgs; *Charles Francis*, Bishop; *Arthur Shields*, Major-Domo; *Keith Hitchcock*, Captain Blaine; *John Burton*, Captain Jones; *Cyril McLaughlin*, Daniel; *Clarence Muse*.

FALCON'S BROTHER, THE—RKO Radio: *Gay Lawrence*, George Sanders; *Tom Lawrence*, Tom Conway; *Marcia Brooks*, Jane Randolph; *Lefty*, Don Barclay; *Donovan*, Cliff Clark; *Bates*, Edward Gargan; *Grimes*, Eddie Dunn; *Arlette*, Charlotte Wynters; *Paul Horington*, James Newell; *Jerry*, Keye Luke; *Carmela*, Amanda Varela; *Valdez*, George Lewis; *Diane Medford*, Gwili Andre; *Savitski*, Andre Charlott; *Miss Ross*, Mary Halsey.

GALLANT LADY—Producers Releasing Corporation: *Rosemary Walsh*, Rose Hobart; *Steve*, Sidney Blackmer; *Nellie*, Claire Rochelle; *Linda*, Lynn Starr; *Lucy Walker*, Jane Novak; *Baldy*, Vince Barnett; *Sheriff Verner*, Jack Baxley; *Pete Saunders*, Crane Whitley; *Judge Stevens*, John Ince; *Luke Walker*, Frank Brownley; *Nick Marley*, Richard Clarke; *Ben Walker*, Spec O'Donnell; *Jane*, Inez Cole; *Jed Hicks*, Pat McKee; *Sarah*, Ruby Dandridge; *Genesis*, Henry Hastings.

HENRY ALDRICH, EDITOR—Paramount: *Henry Aldrich*, Jimmy Lydon; *Dizzy Stevens*, Charles Smith; *Mr. Aldrich*, John Littel; *Mrs. Aldrich*, Olive Blakeney; *Martha Daley*, Rita Quigley; *Mr. Bradley*, Vaughan Glaser; *Elias Noonan*, Charles Halton; *Acro Smith*, Francis Pierlot; *Fire Chief*, Cliff Clark; *Tubby Jones*, Bennie Bartlett; *Miss Bryant*, Fern Emmett; *Mrs. Morris*, Maude Eburne; *Norman Kenly*, William Halligan; *Jack Lewis*, Ray Walker; *Judge Saunders*, Oscar O'Shea; *Dr. Leon Brink*, Leon Belasco; *Clerk in Drug Store*, Chester Clute; *Robert Allen*, Paul Matthews; *McLean*, Edgar Dearing; *Charlie*, Matt McHugh; *Moxey*, Frank Thomas.

HIDDEN HAND, THE—Warners: *John Channing*, Milton Parsons; *Lorinda Channing*, Cecil Cunningham; *Mary Winfield*, Elisabeth Fraser; *Dr. Lawrence Channing*, Frank Wilcox; *Walter Channing*, Roland Drew; *Horace Channing*, Tom Stevenson; *Rita*, Julie Bishop; *Estelle*, Ruth Ford; *Eleanor Stevens*, Marian Hall; *The maid*, Inez Gaty; *Peter Thorne*, Craig Stevens.

I MARRIED A WITCH—Cinema Guild U.A.: *Wallace Woolley*, Fredric March; *Jennifer*, Veronica Lake; *Dr. Dudley White*, Robert Benchley; *Estelle Masteron*, Susan Hayward; *Daniel*, Cecil Kellaway; *Maigaret*, Elizabeth Patterson; *J. B. Masteron*, Robert Warwick; *Tabitha*, Eily Maloy; *Town Crier*, Robert Greig; *Martha*, Viola Moore; *Nancy*, Mary Field; *Harriet*, Nora Cecil; *Allen*, Emory Parnell; *Focalist*, Helen St. Rayner; *Justice of the Peace*, Aldrich Bowker; *His Wife*, Emma Dunn.

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET—M-G-M: *John Davis*, Robert Young; *Nora Davis*, Laraine Day; *Trudy Strauss*, Fay Bainter; *Heibert V. Alston*, Nigel Bruce; *Margaret*, Margaret O'Brien; *Peter*, William Severn; *Mrs. Bailey*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Mrs. Barrie*, Doris Lloyd; *Mr. Barrie*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Mrs. Harris*, Heather Thatcher; *Susan Fleming*, Jill Esmond; *"Rugged"*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Frau Heber*, Lisa Golm.

JUNGLE SIREN—Producers Releasing Corporation: *Kuhlala*, Ann Corio; *Capt. Gary Hart*, Buster Crabbe; *Frau Anna*, Evelyn Wahl; *Sergt. Mike Jenkins*, Paul Bryar; *Dr. Harrigan*, Mil Kibbee; *Herr Lukas*, Arne Frey; *Chief Selangi*, Jess Brooks; *Major Renault*, Manart Kippen; *Johnny*, James Adamson; *Greco*, A Chimp.

MAN IN THE TRUNK, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Peggy*, Lynne Roberts; *Dick Burke*, George Holmes; *Jim Cheevers*, Raymond Walburn; *Reginald DeWinters*, J. Carrol Naish; *Lola DeWinters*, Dorothy Peterson; *Abbie Addison*, Eily Maloy; *Sam Kohler*, Arthur Loft; *Dr. Pluma*, Milton Parsons; *Detective Murtha*, Matt McHugh; *Lieutenant Bailey*, Charles Cane; *Swann*, Theodore von Eltz; *Yvonne*, Joan Marsh; *Joe*, Syd Saylor; *Ed Mygott*, Douglas Fowley; *Auctioneer*, Tim Ryan; *Mrs. Kohler*, Vivian Oakland.

MOONLIGHT IN HAVANA—Universal: *Whizzer Norton*, Allan Jones; *Gloria Jackson*, Jane Frazee; *Barney Crane*, William Frawley; *Patsy Clark*, Marjorie Lord; *Joe Clark*, Wade Boteler; *Daniels*, Don Terry; *Martinez*, Sergio Orta; *Charles*, Gus Schilling; *George*, Jack Norton; *Grace and Nikko*, Themselves; *and Aaron Gonzales*, Rhumba Band.

MUMMY'S TOMB, THE—Universal: *Kharis*, Lon Chaney; *Stephen A. Banning*, Dick Foran; *Isobel Evans*, Elyse Knox; *John Banning*, John Hubbard; *Jane Banning*, Mary Gordon; *Mrs. Evans*, Virginia Brissac; *Mehemet Bey*, Turhan Bey; *Babe Hanson*, Wallace Ford; *Andoheb*, George Zucco; *Sheriff*, Cliff Clark; *Pedro*, Paul E. Burns.

NAVY COMES THROUGH, THE—RKO Radio: *Mallory*, Pat O'Brien; *Sands*, George Murphy; *Myra*, Janet Wyatt; *Babe*, Jackie Cooper; *Tarriba*, Desi Arnaz; *Berringer*, Max Baer; *Kroner*, Carl Esmond; *Sampter*, Frank Jenks; *Hodum*, Frank Fenton; *Bayliss*, John Maguire; *Kozac*, Lee Bonnell; *Dennis*, Joey Ray.

NIGHT MONSTER—20th Century-Fox: *Rolf*, Bela Lugosi; *Dr. King*, Lionel Atwill; *Laurie*, Leif Erikson; *Dr. Harper*, Irene Hervey; *Kurt Inagton*, Ralph Morgan; *Dick Boldwin*, Don Porter; *Ayor Singh*, Nils Asher; *Margaret Inagton*, Fay Helm; *Dr. Timmons*, Frank Reicher; *Miss Judd*, Doris Lloyd; *Dr. Phipps*, Francis Pierlot; *Cap Roggs*, Lloyd Homans; *Millie Carson*, Janet Shaw; *Jeb Harmon*, Eddy Waller; *Torque*, Cyril Delevanti.

ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING—U.A.: *Tom Earnshaw*, Eric Portman; *Frank Shelley*, Hugh Williams; *Goff Hickman*, Bernard Miles; *John Glyn Haggard*, Hugh Burden; *Els Weertens*, Pamela Brown; *Jo Te Vries*, Googie Withers.

OX-BOW INCIDENT, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Gil Carter*, Henry Fonda; *Martin*, Dana Andrews; *Rose Mafen*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Mexican*, Anthony Quinn; *Gerald*, William Eythe; *Art Croft*, Henry Morgan; *Ma Grier*, Jane Darwell; *Judge Daniel Tyler*, Matt Briggs; *Arthur Davies*, Harry Davenport; *Major Tetley*, Frank Conroy; *Farnley*, Marc Lawrence; *Monty Smith*, Paul Hurst; *Darby*, Victor Kilian; *Pancho*, Cris-Pin Martin; *Joyce*, Ted North; *Mr. Swanson*, George Meeker; *Miss Swanson*, Almira Sessions; *Mrs. Larch*, Margaret Hamilton; *Mapes*, Dick Rich; *Old Man*, Francis Ford; *Bartlett*, Stanley Andrews; *Greene*, Billy Benedict; *Gabe Hart*, Rondo Hatton; *Winder*, Paul Burns; *Sparks*, Leigh Whipper; *Jimmy Carnes*, George Chandler; *Moore*, George Lloyd.

ROAD TO MOROCCO—Paramount: *Jim Peters*, Bing Crosby; *Turkey Jackson*, Bob Hope; *Princess Shalmar*, Arthur Lamour; *Mullay Kasim*, Anthony Quinn; *Mohirrah*, Dona Drake; *Hyder Khan*, Vladimir Sokoloff; *Ahmed Fey*, Mikhail Rasumny; *1st Aid to Mullay Kasim*, Jamie Hassan; *2nd Aid to Mullay Kasim*, Monte Blue; *Handmaids*, Louise La Planché; *Theo de Voe*, Brooke Evans; *Suzanne Ridgway*, Patsy Mace; *Yvonne de Carlo*, Poppy Wilde.

SCATTERGOOD SURVIVES A MURDER—RKO-Radio: *Scattergood Baines*, Guy Kibbee; *Dunker Gilson*, John Archer; *Gail Barclay*, Margaret Hayes; *Hipp*, Willie Best; *Wally*, Wallace Ford; *Som*, George Chandler; *Rolfie Quentin*, John Miljan; *Thaddeus*, Frank Reicher; *Sheriff*, Spencer Charters; *Phoebe*, Florence Lake; *Mrs. Grimes*, Eily Maloy.

SEVEN DAYS LEAVE—RKO-Radio: *Johnny Grey*, Victor Mature; *Terry Hazelock*, Allen, Lucille Ball; *Mary Cortes*, Mary Cortes; *Jackson*, Peter Lind Hayes; *Gildersleeve*, Harold Peary; *Ginny Simms*, Ginny Simms; *Mickey*, Marcy McGuire; *Clarkey*, Buddy Clark; *Bitsy*, Arnold Stang; *Ralph Bell*, Neil Hamilton; *Sergeant Mead*, Wallace Ford; *Ralph Edwards*, Ralph Edwards.

THAT OTHER WOMAN—20th Century-Fox: *Emily*, Virginia Gilmore; *Henry Summers*, James Ellison; *Ralph*, Dan Duryea; *Constance Powell*, Janis Carter; *Grandma*, Alma Kruger; *George*, Bud McCallister; *Mrs. MacReady*, Minerva Urecal; *Baley*, Charles Arnt; *Smith*, Charles Halton; *Linkletter*, Charles Trowbridge; *Lauderback*, Frank Pershing; *Zineschwich*, George Melford; *Tough Guy*, Paul Fix; *Tramp*, Syd Saylor; *Clerk*, Henry Roquemore; *Haater*, Leon Belasco.

THUNDER BIRDS—20th Century-Fox: *Kay Saunders*, Gene Tierney; *Steve Britt*, Preston Foster; *Peter Stackhouse*, John Sutton; *Colonel MacDonald*, Jack Holt; *Lady Stackhouse*, Dame Mary Whitty; *Gramps*, George Barbier; *George Lockwood*, Richard Haydn; *Barratt*, Reginald Denny; *Cadet Hackzell*, Ted North; *Blonde*, Janis Carter; *Chinese Cadets*, Archie Got; *Lawrence Ung*, Doctor, Montague Shaw; *Mrs. Blake*, Nana Bryant; *Saleswoman*, Iris Adrian; *Nurse*, Viola Moore; *Ellen*, Connie Leon; *Messenger*, Walter Tetley; *English Cadets*, Billy McGuire, Richard Woodruff.

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Eye Cues

BY GLORIA MACK

—from Olivia de Havilland, the star of Warners' "Princess O'Rourke." Possessor of a pair of eyes that have dazzled even Hollywood, she says, "I believe a girl should always make up to match the personality she knows is hers. One of the most charming of the younger actresses has a sweet pert personality. To accent this, she wears her hair in crisp curls, her lashes long with an up-curl of extra mascara." More cues from Hollywood: Use artificial eyelashes if nature was skimpy; keep your eyes sparkling by regular use of eye lotion. Don't ever forget the terrific pick-up of a short nap with medicated eye pads in place.

To make your eyes look larger:

Eyebrow Shaping

Create the illusion of size by arching the eyebrow just a bit lower than usual—but not so low that your expression will be too severe. Remove just a few hairs from the upper edge of the brows; accent the lower arch with the eyebrow pencil.

Mascara

Mascara only the tips of the lashes.

Eye Shadow

Use little eyeshadow and none at all in the hollow of the eyelid next to the nose.

To make your eyes look less round:

Eyebrow Shaping

Shape the eyebrow ovally so that there is no feeling of a rounded arch.

Always be sure the eyebrow is not thinned too much. Work with the pencil until the eye takes on a definite almond shape.

Mascara

Use mascara only on the lashes from the center of the eyes to the outer corners.

Eye Shadow

Follow general eye shadow rules: Never apply shadow with the same density over the whole lid; never apply it under the eye.

To keep your eyes from looking too prominent:

Eyebrow Shaping

Don't wear too-thin brows; but don't make them too heavy. Make up lower section of face so that attention will be immediately drawn to some feature of it.

Mascara

Mascara only the upper lashes—and very lightly.

Eye Shadow

Blend the eye shadow carefully over the prominent part of the upper lid; use as dark a shade as possible.

Heart Affair

(Continued from page 22) in the school who wasn't pursuing him and Jane immediately took her place at the head of the race.

Later, when she had been able to get over the heartbreak of him, Jane said, "Gym and athletics were important to us at Van Nuys and we all became body-conscious. I guess I've always been that way. When I meet a fellow I always notice his build. To me a man's build means he has manly instincts. Besides, I think girls are divided into two groups, the ones who like flowers and courtesies from a man, and who want to be chased, and then the girls who want to do the chasing.

"I CHASED Bob for more than a year and a half. My friends would say to me, 'He's a funny fellow. He's no good for you, Janie,' but that didn't stop me. He was the main school figure and he had a gang of stooges who always traveled with him.

"The first time we ever met on the campus, he just stood there, looking down at me, absolutely quiet, completely sure of himself, and then he moved away, without a word, with all his gang following after him. I was impressed as only a dizzy kid of fourteen can be impressed.

"It didn't take me long to learn that the gang all gathered at his house, that his mother was a swell sport whom they called 'Frances' and that she'd been supporting them both ever since Bob's father died when Bob was ten.

"So I saw to it that I joined that gang. I saw to it that I was wherever he was. I went in for sports, I went in for groups of pals, I went in for anything that I thought would attract and hold his interest. I lost my own father in 1937, and I'm not sure now that that wasn't one of the things that brought us together. Something did, and that was all I cared about then. I knew I was five times as in love with him as he was with me, but that didn't matter either, so long as he would speak to

me and let me be somewhere near him. "Bob went on to UCLA to major in forestry and football coaching. That nearly drove me mad, for every day, from the day of our original meeting, I had managed to see him somehow. After that first year and a half, we began going together exclusively. I'd beg and tease him, 'Why can't you love me a little?'"

"Bob would answer, not with the adoring phrases that I wanted to hear, but by saying, 'Who says I don't? I'm here, aren't I?'"

He liked to fish, to hunt, to shoot deer. Jane pretended an interest in guns that she did not possess. When her chance to go into pictures came, she rushed first to tell his mother about it. She did not know why she sensed that he would hate her stardom, but she did, and her instinct was right. "This is going to break us up. You know that, don't you?" he asked when she told him.

SHE promised that it would not, and she tried to prevent it. By Christmas of 1940, they were officially engaged. Jane was working on "The Outlaw" by this time and whenever she was kept late at the studio, she would stop by his house and call 'good-night' to him through his bedroom window. Half the time he did not answer her and she never knew whether or not he was lying there in the darkness, half awake, listening for her voice.

She coaxed and begged him to come to the studio to watch her work and he came just once. They were actually on location and he hid behind a rock and watched her. When the scene was finally over and she was free to leave, he took her home, but he was sarcastic all the way. "Is that so, Miss Hollywood," he would reply to all her speeches. "You are really the big star, aren't you?"

He grew madly jealous of her. She would tell him of some press stunt that

had been arranged for her, or of some scene she had played, and he would remark, "That murders me. The idea of my girl being stared at by a hundred guys."

Yet beneath it all, she sensed that as she grew in importance, so his stubborn love grew for her. She wanted nothing from life but to be happy with him, but their quarrels grew more frequent, and more devastating.

A WOMAN can get to the point where she hates her own unhappiness. Jane Russell reached that place by the end of 1941. She went to Bob finally and gave him back his ring. As the winter faded into the spring, she told herself she was quite over him, that even the thought of him didn't matter to her any longer. It was almost true until one night she drove down to the beach and saw him there, with another fellow and girl, and found herself trembling at the sight of him. She made herself rush away before she got a chance to speak to him. She said to herself, "Russell, you are not going to get in that state again."

She was still living up to that vow, too, when she and John Payne met, early last summer, two disillusioned young people who were trying to find themselves. They met, each of them with the memory of love about them, each of them lonely, and it was wartime when there is scarcely time enough left for the most important things, let alone the trivialities.

John Payne was now sure of his stardom, even if after his fine dramatic work in "Remember The Day" he did feel wasted on a bunch of silly musical-comedy roles. But Jane Russell, for all her beauty and talent, for all her headline fame, knew not where she stood, whether Hughes would ever show "The Outlaw" or release her from her contract, whether any other studio would sign her. Where Anne Shirley had understood every angle of the Hollywood game, Jane was truly a beauty in distress. Compared to her, John felt wise, protective and helpful. Men like that role.

SO they began seeing one another. Johnny and Jane, at first casually and then steadily. Jane knew from the beginning that John couldn't talk of marriage, first because his divorce wasn't yet final, and then because of the war. She soon learned how steadily he was keeping up his flying practice, even though he insisted upon entering the service as a private, not wanting to be one of those "ninety-day wonders" who quickly lord it over the lads who have gone through the best camps. She soon learned that he promised his studio, Twentieth-Century-Fox, to finish a couple of extra pictures, just to repay them for having initially given him his biggest break, but that he had said that he would not remain a civilian one day after the end of 1942.

This means that like millions of other young couples of today, Jane and John must put aside their individual happiness as a willing sacrifice to the greater love of freedom and of country. What time and separation will do to them, they do not know or question.

They are living neither in the past nor in the future. They are living excitingly, romantically in the present which they find very wonderful, all because they found one another out of all the world.

THE END



Heroine of the old romance in John Payne's life—Anne Shirley, his ex-wife, shows up at the Mocambo with Ensign Bob Stack, in training for Navy duty in the Aerial Gunnery corps

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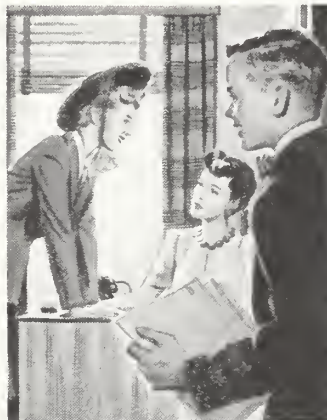
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A harvest of praise is coming in for "Random Harvest".

This Hall of Fame picture is now playing at New York's Radio City Music Hall and is due to reach the country on the crest of an M-G-M wave in the Miniver manner.

What a job the movies are doing for the national morale. Lieutenant General Dwight Eisenhower cables from Africa:

"Motion pictures are of the utmost importance to provide entertainment and build up the morale. Newsreels are specially of tremendous value providing for the soldiers the means of keeping up with their friends in other theatres of war and with their families at home. The stories and the sets in the feature productions bring their home country vividly to their memories. Let's have more motion pictures."

And anyone in the Navy as well as anyone out of it will stand up and cheer for "Stand By For Action". This is a screen play based on the story you may have read in Reader's Digest entitled "Cargo of Innocence".



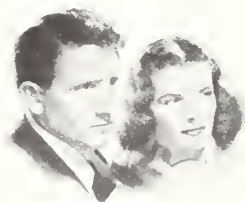
Three Big Guns are the stars: Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy.

Nor must we (and who will ever?) forget the performance of Walter Brennan.

Old Reliable Robert Z. Leonard directed. The "Z" stands for Zenith. This is that of his career.

"Stand By For Action" is a mighty picture of the battle-wagons in the Pacific. It is a thrill.

This is a preliminary to the ushering in of the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn opus "Keeper of The Flame".



How many of you have read I. A. R. Wylie's book? The picture is based on it and was photodramatized by Donald Ogden Stewart.

"Keeper of The Flame" is different from any picture you have ever seen.

George Cukor, now a private in the army, is the director. Of the many great pictures which he has made this is probably his best work.

Those horns we hear echo the Happy New Year's Roar

from Leo



PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE
MIRROR

FEBRUARY, 1943

VOL. 22, NO. 3

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Deep in your heart, seared in your soul
you'll keep the flame of this drama a loved
movie memory. Two great stars bril-
liant in "Woman of the Year" are reunited
now — more exciting together than ever.

SPENCER

KATHARINE

TRACY • HEPBURN

"Keeper of the Flame"

RICHARD WHORF • MARGARET WYCHERLY • FRANK CRAVEN
FORREST TUCKER • HORACE McNALLY • PERCY KILBRIDE

Screen Play by DONALD OGDEN STEWART

Based Upon the Book by L. A. R. WYLIE

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by VICTOR SAVILLE • Associate Producer LEON GORDON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Excitement plus: Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman in "Casablanca"

✓✓ Casablanca (Warners)

It's About: Two who loved in Paris meet again in wartime Morocco.

IF YOU like movies with excitement, suspense, a Nazi menace and a love story running through them like a bright flame this is your dish.

Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart have a grande passion in Paris. Circumstances force her to run away from him. They meet again in Casablanca. She is married to Paul Henreid, who has recently escaped from a German concentration camp.

Embittered though Bogart is over Ingrid's leaving him in Paris, he still loves her and she him and in the midst of the dangers of war, that love grows stronger. When Bogart, who has important stolen visas, turns out to be the only man who can save Henreid—and by the same token lose Ingrid—you find yourself on the edge of your chair.

Humphrey Bogart is grand. Ingrid Bergman is poignantly and dramatically beautiful. Henreid is quietly convincing as are Conrad Veidt and the rest of the notable cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Leave the dinner dishes when this one's showing.



Screen event: Greer Garson, Ronald Colman in "Random Harvest"

✓✓ Random Harvest (M-G-M)

It's About: A victim of World War I whose life takes a strange path.

PRETENTIOUSLY screened, elaborately dressed and exquisitely acted, "Random Harvest" becomes an important big picture of the year. Suffering from overlength at times and somehow lacking the warm, tender appeal of "Mrs. Miniver," the picture nevertheless rates among the best of the year and will, undoubtedly, be the most talked-of picture of the month.

The first half is truly great. In it, Ronald Colman as a war victim who escapes an asylum and is befriended by showgirl Greer Garson, has never been finer. The latter half of the story, unfortunately, is permitted to become somber and stuffy; but this, in view of the magnificence of the film as a whole, becomes a very minor point.

Garson, of course, is magnificent. There's the Academy Award winner of 1943 or we miss our guess. Susan Peters has personality, charm and great talent. Philip Dorn registers in a minor role. But it's the story itself that draws and attracts. Don't miss it.

Your Reviewer Says: An event.



Important: Ida Lupino, Monty Woolley in "Life Begins At Eight-thirty"

✓✓ Life Begins at Eight-thirty (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Shall a girl sacrifice her lover for an erring parent?

THIS is an odd movie to classify, interlaced as it is with a peculiar feeling of unreality, sheer humor and stark drama, none of which comes too clearly into focus. And yet under the ingenious acting ability of Ida Lupino and Monty Woolley it takes on terrific importance. It becomes important, too, because of the work of newcomer Cornel Wilde, talented and handsome.

Ida is the crippled daughter of Monty, a paranoiac personality and a has-been actor given to inebriety. For years she watches over him, always trying to lead him back and almost always being let down. When musician Wilde brings her the offer of love, she must choose between him and the father who needs her; and therein lies the terrific emotional struggle.

Sara Allgood, Melville Cooper and J. Edward Bromberg offer strong support.

Your Reviewer Says: Performances glitter like jewels.

(Continued on page 97)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 98

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 110

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20



ALAN LADD

...The hottest
guy in
pictures!

BY

Roberta Gilman



HE'S COLD...CALM...AND A KILLER!

His eyes seem to pierce you, go right through you like two icicles. Sometimes he smiles, but it's not a gay smile—it's cold just like he is. And yet, there's something about him that is tremendously attractive to all of us girls.

It was a little over six months ago that Alan Ladd burst upon the cinema scene. It was in a picture called "This Gun for Hire" and his name was listed far down on the billing sheet. But when the critics and the public saw the picture there was only one thing they talked about—**ALAN LADD!** "He's different," they said, "He's unlike any other star."

So the Paramount studio executives realized that they really had something in this lad Ladd and gave him a starring picture all his own—"LUCKY JORDAN"—and you'll be able to see it at your neighborhood theatre shortly.

In "LUCKY JORDAN," Alan really establishes his spot in the firmament of stars. He plays the part of a racket boss, a killer, who gets tangled up with a spy ring, only to realize that he can't sell out his country.

We predict that after America sees "LUCKY JORDAN" Alan Ladd will be ranked among the ten biggest stars in Hollywood. That's why he's the hottest guy in pictures!

ALAN LADD in "LUCKY JORDAN"

A Paramount Picture with HELEN WALKER • Mabel Paige
Sheldon Leonard • Marie McDonald • Directed by FRANK TUTTLE
Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Speak FOR YOURSELF

Reader Jean Austin's heart
dictated to a willing hand.
Result: "A killing" for
Mr. Humphrey Bogart

\$10.00 PRIZE The American Girl

IT'S my opinion that the movie producers should begin to make the American girl *the* American girl, if you get what I mean. The screen too long has been painting her as the glamour gal, instead of what she is at heart.

Since pioneer days, when our women shouldered the axe, helped clear forests, made the deserts bloom and the waste places green, our American girl has been willing to carry her half of the burden.

For a time, it is true, American men, as well as women, have grown soft. But circumstances made them so. The time has come when soft living and pleasure-seeking must be laid aside.

Picture again a laughing, freckle-faced, tomboyish, happy-go-lucky girl with a pitchfork under her arm, in blue overalls and a faded shirt, tousled, windswept hair and a determined smile on her honest young face. For she is ready and happy to take up where her mother, and even her grandmother, left off when the days of soft living and high-stepping swept them off their feet.

The Old World had its Joan of Arc, Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale.

We had our pioneer mothers who stood undaunted by their fearless husbands in the face of every danger until freedom and independence were fought for and won. The girl of today will not falter. She is ready to stand by her man through every sacrifice. So please leave off the "painted doll" type for the duration!

SUE BAXTER BEAM,
Lincolnton, N. C.

\$5.00 PRIZE Devotion Plus

ALTHOUGH I have been a fan of Humphrey Bogart's ever since he killed his first man, I have never before had the desire to write to a fan magazine and drool over him! However, I have just come home from seeing "Across The Pacific," and the urge to write to your magazine just struck me. My heart dictates to a willing hand, so please let me drool!

To say that "Bogie" has more oomph in one trigger finger than any of the Hollywood "pretty boys" have in four reels of torrid love scenes is a masterpiece of understatement! He can slaughter all the "flatfoots" he wants to and I'll just coo, "Ain't he wonderful?" I won't stretch a fact by pretending that he is any Adonis—that convict hair-whack and mugg of his would never win any beauty contests—but I'd rather "take it on the lam" with Humphrey than visit a Manhattan clip joint with anyone else, even if they threw in a sable coat for good measure! I don't want to be famous or rich, but if "Bogie" needs a good gun-moll, I'll be thrilled to death to talk out of the side of my mouth forever!

In case you still don't know how I feel about that mobster, I'd rather have a ticket to one of his films than four new tires! If that ain't devotion, I give up!

JEAN AUSTIN,
Evansville, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE The Finest Tribute

MILLIONS of us have thrilled to the great performance of Greer Garson in "Mrs. Miniver." But the

finest tribute yet paid for the sincerity and reality of that performance came from the lips of a little boy in New York. Let me tell you the story. . . .

My family and I were seeing "Mrs. Miniver" one afternoon in Radio City. Seated behind us were a young mother and her small son. Like thousands of other Americans, they stayed to see part of the movie over again. Finally they *had* to leave, so the young lady took her son by the hand and started leading him up the exit aisle. Suddenly the boy disengaged himself, turned so that he was facing the stage, waved his hand and said wistfully, loud enough for the lovely lady on the screen to hear, "Good-by, Mrs. Miniver!"

MRS. HENDERSON FORSYTHE,
Petersburg, Va.

(Continued on page 86)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.



THE HOTTEST BAND IN THE LAND!

THE SCREEN'S MOST THRILLING LOVE STORY!



RADIO'S MOST ROMANTIC SINGER!

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS!



*What More
Could Anyone
Ask!*

CHARLES R. ROGERS presents

THE POWERS

GIRL

with GEORGE MURPHY

BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

DENNIS DAY

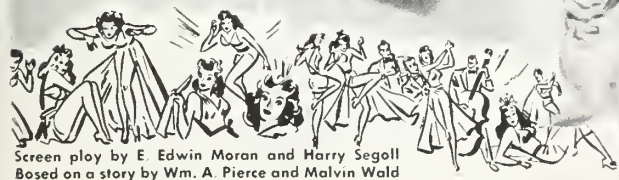
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

WITH THE POWERS LONG
STEMMED AMERICAN BEAUTIES

ALAN MOWBRAY

5 BIG SONGS!

"Partners" "Three Dreams"
"Out Of This World" •
"The Lady Who Didn't Be-
lieve In Love" • We're Look-
ing for the Big Bad Wolf"



Screen play by E. Edwin Moran and Harry Segoll
Based on a story by Wm. A. Pierce and Malvin Wald



Produced by Charles R. Rogers • Directed by Norman Z. McLeod

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN "THE POWERS GIRL" IS COMING!

A "stop look but don't listen" picture (right) of Roz Russell, Cary Grant and Edward Everett Horton at the Screen Guild Show



(Left): Same time, same place, with Barbara Stanwyck and husband Bob Taylor doing a bit of radio dueting



Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

CLOSE Ups and Long Shots: Hollywood turned from its first throes of stage fright over the \$25,000 salary limit, with several actors jumping the gun by refusing to fulfill commitments, to turn puzzled eyes on the Skeltons. In a way the town feels a sense of responsibility toward Red and Edna, who for sixteen years waded through wretched poverty to hard-earned success as a vaudeville team. Edna wrote many of Red's skits and joined her husband in his act. They fought loud and noisily like many married couples who let off steam, but always their need of each other held them together.

Hollywood removed that need. There were writers, publicists and

people galore to flit around Red's head, supplying his wants, building his ego. Eventually the fights between the two grew less noisy and therefore more frightening. Finally one morning Edna drove Red to the studio and kept right on driving to a lawyer's office. The story of their impending divorce in the afternoon papers was Red's first intimation of Edna's serious intention. What it really boiled down to was a woman crying for help like a child who throws things when attention is diverted from itself.

Hollywood feels keenly about all this. Don't for a moment think it doesn't. Red remained in their new Brentwood home, the one he and

Edna had shown us through a few short weeks before, and Edna moved to a hotel, took a small office across the street and continued to pound out material for Red. It was announced she'd take on commitments for other comedians as well. Red sent flowers on the day she opened her office.

Then a day or two afterwards, the city desk of a local paper received the flash that Red had committed suicide. Publicity directors of M-G-M tumbled out of bed to answer clamoring phones. They in turn clamored away at Red's phone, forgetting for the moment that Red never answers phones. That was Edna's job, always. Dread grew in several hearts when the comedian failed to answer. In the

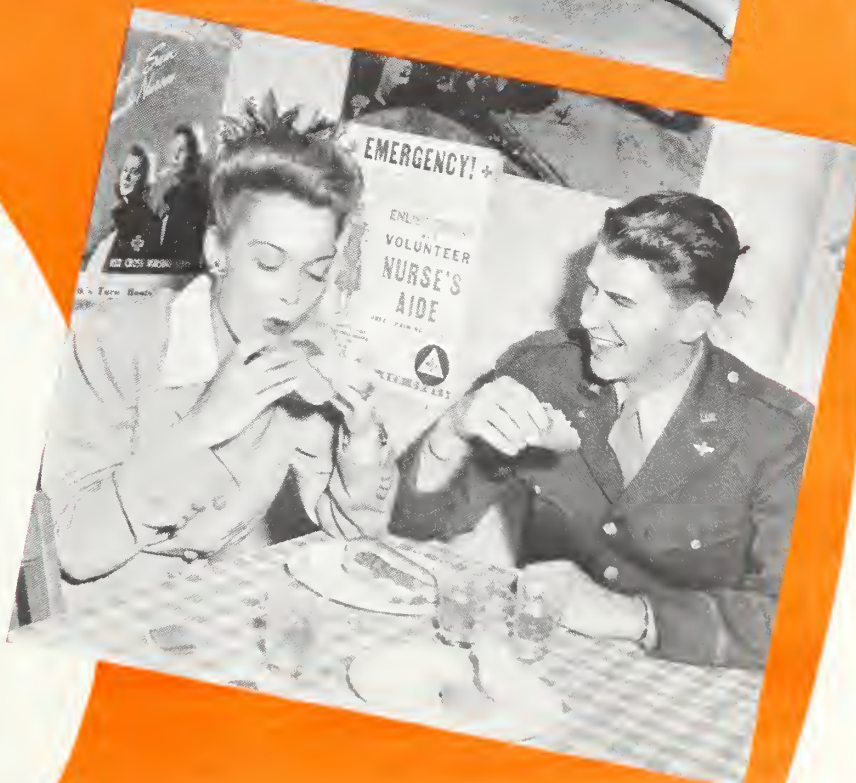
Three million-dollar showgirls at the Hollywood Canteen for service men—Ginny Simms, Rita Hayworth and Mary Martin in their intermission act



A look-see at what the West Side Tennis Club saw and admired: Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert



Snack-time at the West Side Tennis Club with Jane Wyman enjoying food, husband Ronald Reagan enjoying her



dawn there was a mad dash of pajamaed and overcoated gentlemen toward the Skelton manse. After repeated poundings, whoopings and screamings, an upstairs window banged up, a sleepy red head protruded and Red demanded, "What's going on around here, anyway?"

Everyone went back to bed satisfied. No one knows where the rumor originated. Names were named, that's all we can say.

One columnist inferred Red's mother and Edna's mother had prevailed upon him to take Edna back. He inferred Red liked things the way they were. Whoopee, it's fun being a movie star, isn't it?

Yes, Hollywood success can do

Loveliness



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It's almost entirely up to you to keep your hands and skin soft, smooth, lovely — as nature intended them. Proper care will counteract the effects of work and play.

Use Chamberlain's Lotion regularly as an aid to keeping hands and skin naturally lovely. This clear, golden lotion helps prevent chapping, cracking, harshness and other results of carelessness. You'll enjoy using Chamberlain's often, too, because it dries with such convenient quickness.

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Thousands of fastidious women use Chamberlain's to soothe legs and skin roughened and chapped by cold and wind. They also use it as a cologne. Try it.

Buy it at all
Toilet Goods Counters



Chamberlain's

Lotion



Hammer and tongs backstage among the Brentwood Service Players: Wielding a heavy hammer is Philip Dorn; following through are hard and happy workers Laraine Day, Allan Jones, Lee Bowman and Ruth Hussey

More monkeyshines by moneymakers: Philip Dorn at the organ; Allan Jones in voice



one of several things to people. For instance, it came to our ears recently that Ty Power, who, heaven knows, is everyone's idea of a successful star, is leaving for the wars a relatively poor man; a state of affairs, if true, that has served only to draw more closely together Ty and his wife Annabella. It seems almost incredible a man as successful as Ty could be broke—broke in the Hollywood sense, that is, with a large house and magnificent gardens.

From Tyrone himself we learned of his sad experience with a business associate. One morning, after years of hard work, the actor woke up to find his affairs a muddled, mismanaged mess with very little on the right side of the ledger. And what Hollywood itself doesn't dream is that just before he left the studio for his base camp, Ty signed the contract that placed him in the big money; an empty gesture at the moment and one that may remain empty for many a day.

But, as we said, all this has only served to draw more closely together

Ty and Annabella, who will work during her husband's absence. Wealth and fame couldn't part them. Neither can hard-going and separation.

With the Skeltons in mind interest has turned to another pair of newcomers just now emerging from the blackest sort of luck, poverty and its attending consequences. The boy's name is Cornel Wilde, who gets his first big break playing opposite Ida Lupino in "Tonight At Eight-thirty." Like Edna Skelton, Cornel's wife, Jana Lauren, has helped and suffered along with her husband. Someone said to us recently, "If I thought Hollywood would do to the Wildes what it has to the Skeltons, I'd—"

He sputtered and gave up for want of a fitting threat. But someday soon we're going to tell you about the Wildes in a story all their own.

Incidentally, the Skeltons may be back together again by the time you read this. We hope so. Hollywood hopes so. It needs its sleep these nights and a guilty conscience has never been conducive to slumber.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



A well-"suited" couple: Franchot Tone and Mrs. Tone giving the Mocambo audience a dance treat

What, Again?: Eyebrows shot up straight at the news that George Montgomery and Hedy Lamarr were dining together at the Cock And Bull. It wasn't so much that the pair, so cool since their parting, were dining together as the fact that it was on that very day George had lost his girl, the beautiful model-starlet Kay Williams, to Macoco, the South American millionaire. So was it sympathy that brought Hedy and George together the town wonders, or mutual loneliness?

Cal has had a lot of fun out of this romance, with Hedy's studio telephoning to say how persistently George was pursuing their beauty and the next minute George's studio phoning to say Hedy called George every day and that, with a friend, Hedy stole out to the studios in the evenings to look at George's pictures—which in our opinion should be enough to discourage anyone.

So now we're back on that beam again and—oops, pardon a minute, it's the telephone and ten to one the studios are at it again.

We'll let you know next month.

If We Had the Wings: What a month! Practically everyone landed in jail at one time or other and for the silliest reasons. It got to be com-

WARNER BROS.
All-time, All-Out,
All-American
Show-World
Miracle!

James Cagney
in the story of that
great entertainer and great American
GEO. M. COHAN
YANKEE DOODLE DANDY
with **JOAN LESLIE WALTER HUSTON RICHARD WHORF**
JEANNE CAGNEY FRANCES LANGFORD GEO. TOBIAS IRENE MANNING
Screen Play by Robert Buckner and Edmund Joseph
Original Story by Robert Buckner
Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ**
Lyrics and Music by **GEORGE M. COHAN**

Never A Better Entertainment...
The Time to See it is NOW!

The hit that broke Broadway
records at \$220-showing of
**REGULAR
PRICES!**

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The Navy cuts in on the Army at the Hollywood Canteen. Reason for the fast work by the bluejacket—hostess Deanna Durbin



Lines of service men wait outside the Canteen just for a chance like this—a dance and some gay banter with Joan Leslie

John Payne used to be the lucky guy—now it's an Army two-striper who waltzes Anne Shirley around

ical, really, with studios, unable to locate actors, automatically phoning the local hoosegows with the request, "Is our star stopping at your ménage for the moment?"

Dennis Morgan spent seven hours in the Van Nuys jail for failing to have his draft card to show the police during a traffic altercation. Philip Dorn found himself about to be arrested in Monterey, California, while on a vacation with Mrs. Dorn. Stopping at an auto court, Philip telephoned the police a thief was trying to steal his car tire. When Philip couldn't find his draft card or explain why he hadn't registered under the name of Dorn (the Dutch actor always signs his real name of Van Dungan), he found the going tough. His studio, who was awaiting his presence for retakes, had no idea of his whereabouts or the cause of his delay.

Rags Ragland got out in time to wave to Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller going in. Both lads had been in a celebrating mood. Frances Farmer sassed a cop over a dimout charge and the Farmer was in the dell in no time.

Bud Abbott raced down to the police station to aid the manager of his cafe, grabbed on a dimout charge, and found himself incarcerated instead.

Gee whiz, what a time. Old Cal just grabbed that porch light in time to escape another of these "incidents." If a "For Rent" sign hangs out over this column next month you'll know

we joined the parade. Friday is visiting day. Write your old Uncle if he should get life.

War Versus Hollywood: No doubt about it, the war has brought on some peculiar developments, with former stars leaping to obey their corporals who were former extras and as far removed from a star's orbit as the earth from the sun.

A friend was telling us of a visit he paid to that radio group stationed at Santa Ana. Agent Freddy Brisson, who became a citizen one day and a

lieutenant in the United States Army the next, strolled over to visitor Major Donald Crisp, who had been a former client of Freddy's. Freddy touched his cap and greeted the actor he'd worked with with a "Hi, Donald."

Crisp eyed him coldly. "It's Major Crisp to you," he snapped. "Remember that, please, in the future." And as he turned to go he said, "That's not a regulation hat, either. Wear one in the future."

One hears tell Lt. Brisson obeyed. Incidentally, Hollywood refers to (Continued on page 14)

The Dangerous Age for COLDS

Children under 12 have more colds than any other age group, and are more susceptible to the serious complications that often result from colds. Sinus and ear infections, and even more serious disorders, can often be traced to the repeated and severe colds of childhood. In later life children may be "under par" because of such complications. A cold, whether in a child or adult, is always a potential enemy . . . deserves to be treated accordingly.



New Light on the Importance of Antiseptic Gargle in Combating Colds

Unfortunately there is no known preventive for the Common Cold in children or in adults. Certainly Listerine Antiseptic is not such a specific. Yet careful tests, made over an 11-year period on human "guinea pigs", have proved that this safe, refreshing germicide is often a remarkably effective aid.

Fewer Colds in Tests

In these tests, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-users. Moreover, when colds and sore throats did develop among Listerine users, they were usually milder in character and disappeared more quickly.

The explanation for this success, we believe, is found in Listerine's quick germ-killing action. Listerine spreads over mouth and throat surfaces; it kills millions of threatening germs on these surfaces known as the "secondary invaders" which, when body resistance

is lowered, may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate infection.

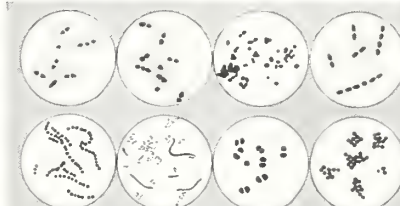
In other words, it attacks these germs before they attack you. Note Listerine Antiseptic's record:

Outstanding Germ Reductions

Tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour later. You can see the importance of using Listerine at the first hint of trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic may not *always* keep you or your child from catching colds. It may not *always* lessen the severity of a cold. Yet we think you will agree, in the light of the above record, that Listerine Antiseptic is a precaution deserving of your most serious consideration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Reduced Germs



Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

Listerine Antiseptic *for oral hygiene*

It's a
BIG SPECTACLE

IT'S ALL NEW!

**IT'S GAY! IT'S GLORIOUS!
IT'S GLAMOROUS!**

Here's the Winter's Wonder Show! Dazzling with sensational ice routines! Studded with stars galore! Teeming with grand song hits! Don't miss a single thrilling moment!



with Jerry Colonna, Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague), Harold Huber, Marilyn Hare, Bill Shirley

Featuring the Ice-Capades Company
with Internationally Famous Skating Stars

including Vera Hruba, Megan Taylor, Lois Dworshak, Donna Atwood

VERA HRUBA... You'll never forget her Ice Hula! It melts the rink!



**BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS**

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE



Twosome tricks at the Mocambo, starring the newest Hollywood romance, Ginger Rogers and Phil Reed. Serious? Well, you know Ginger. . . .

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

(Continued from page 12)

that unit stationed at Hal Roach Studios as the Culver City Commandos. Hollywood knows how to kid its own.

The Halls of Brentwood: The phone rang. It was Frances Langford. "Just back from Alaska," she said. "Come on down." In thirty minutes flat we were walking up the driveway to the spacious, lovely Brentwood home shared by Frances and her husband, Jon Hall. Spellbound, we listened for three hours to the adventures of Frances, Bob Hope and Jerry Colonna in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. What a story! And how near death came this band of minstrels as they flew through the fogs and storms of the Northland!

Frances paused suddenly in the midst of a story to listen. "Johnny's coming home," she said. "I can hear the put-put of his motorcycle."

A minute later tall, handsome Jon breezed in from his day's stint in the picture, "White Savage," at Universal Studios. After a bit of baiting on our part, Jon regaled us with stories of his reported feud with Maria Montez, his sparring partner in the picture. In no time at all Frances and Cal were in hysterics at Jon's drollery and the unbelievable antics of la Montez, who that day had chosen to upset Sabu out of his Indian calm.

Jon told us that for one scene he wore heavy chains which he had to drag up and down a pair of stairs

while Montez delivered a line of dialogue, which she invariably muffed. After the 'steenth time Jon protested. "Listen, Mr. Hall," came back Miss Montez, "I'm not reading the line wrong. Remember, I have a photographic mind."

"Photographic mind, eh?" came back Jon. "Well, if you ask me, it's been overexposed."

The ensuing fireworks were magnificent. We chuckled about them all the way home.

A Man's Gratitude: On a tour of Universal Studios in search of news for our readers, we happened, deep on the back lot, to witness an odd scene. Lon Chaney Jr. was affectionately rubbing the head of a rather weatherbeaten horse and muttering all sorts of complimentary phrases. We must have looked quizzical, for Lon explained that this horse deserved praise; that because it had remained absolutely still in a moment of crisis, he had not been deprived of one leg and Madame Ouspenskaya had not had both legs amputated.

It seems the pair were riding in a heavy iron cart through a wooded path on the set of "Frankenstein Meets The Wolf Man," when suddenly the cart overturned, pinning them both underneath. Had the horse bolted, the accident would have had unthinkable consequences. Instead, he had stood still midst the cries and confusion until Lon and Madame could be extracted. Madame's leg was fractured. Lon suffered severe cuts.

"He may not be a thoroughbred," the actor said, patting the horse again, "but he displayed thoroughbred qual-

ities at a time they were needed most and that's enough for me."

"Me, too," Cal agreed and helped himself to a pat. It occurred to us on our way home that despite Lon's "Wolf Man" make-up we'd remember only the kindness and gratitude of this player of monsters. Gosh, it's the first time old Cal ever thought he'd approve of a Wolf!

Love Out of Bloom: It was nine o'clock in the evening and Cal was deep in his "Inside Stuff" column when the telephone rang. "This is Alan Curtis," the voice on the other end informed us. We were a bit surprised, as we'd met Alan only occasionally.

"There's a story out that I've been escorting Marie MacDonald around," he said—in a most unhappy tone, we might add. "It isn't true and I wanted to ask you how I could go about having it denied."

"Afraid Ilona will misunderstand?" we asked.

"Yes, I don't want her to think I'm going out with anyone else since our separation."

From her close friends we learn Ilona loves Alan, too. Seems to be a case of can't-live-with-and-can't-live-without-each-other.

Too bad, too, for if ever there was a handsome couple it's this one. Cal hopes with all his heart they may once again find the road to happiness.

Romance Notes: When Walter Kane temporarily won out in the divorce hearing with his wife, Lynn Bari, by protesting he might be able to win her back, he was but idly wishing. Lynn is still heart-tied to test pilot Sid Luft and now that the property settlement between Lynn and agent Kane has been effected, friends look for an early divorce. . . .

It's Phil Reed who is escorting Ginger Rogers hither and yon these days. But don't take it seriously. You know Ginger. . . .

Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens of the Army have tested out the separation plan and found it not to their liking. Friends say if Craig is stationed near Hollywood the pair will wed. . . .

The rumors persist that Olivia de Havilland spends all her spare time writing to Lt. John Huston, former Warner director, who is estranged from his wife. This is a romance to watch. . . .

Briefettes: The very British Charles Laughtons are about to become American citizens.

Pretty Brenda Joyce, wife of Lt. Owen Ward, is the mother of a little daughter, Pamela Ward.

Hollywood agrees no one can re-

It's winter—but don't forget it's still summer under your arms!



Warmer clothes and indoor living increase risk of offending. Use Mum every day!

SOcial get-togethers, parties and indoor fun make it doubly important now to never risk charm! Though the calendar says Winter, it's still Summer under your arms—still an August temperature of 98°. So don't take chances with underarm odor.

Even if you see no moisture, odor forms swiftly in heated rooms—*stays longer* in warmer, winter clothes. Foolish the girl

who thinks that in Winter she doesn't perspire!

Why risk offending! Use speedy Mum after your morning bath, before your evening dates to prevent risk of underarm odor for hours to come! Winter as in Summer, let Mum save your time, your clothes, your popularity and charm! Get Mum at your druggist's today!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.



Take no chances! Your morning bath, your before-date shower wash away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come. Mum takes only half a minute!



Woolens trap odor—a hazard socially and in business. *Stay dainty*, appealing with quick, convenient Mum. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. It's harmless to fabrics.



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Daintiness lasts with Mum! Even through hours of dancing, dependable Mum prevents risk of odor. Gentle Mum won't irritate sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving.

Lovelier Lips and Cheeks

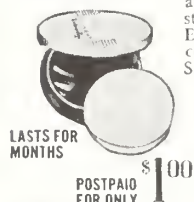


when **UNWANTED HAIR** is
REMOVED this Quick,
Easy, Modern Way!

Why risk the loss of romance and popularity because of superfluous hair, when it is removed from lips and cheeks so easily — *instantly* — with Lechler's famous VELVATIZE — the "complexion stone" that leaves your skin smooth and glamorous, with flower-petal loveliness! Immediately, it improves your personal charm and beauty!

USE ON ARMS AND LEGS, TOO!

Complete instructions are included for simple use of VELVATIZE on any part of the body! Carry Lechler's handy VELVATIZE in your pocketbook, use it any time, anywhere, for occasional eradication. So easy and clean — odorless — no muss, no bother — nothing to wash off. NOT a depilatory! Simply "erase" the hair! Lechler's VELVATIZE comes in a smart pastel compact. Equally effective on chin, cheeks, upper lip, arms and legs. No stubby regrowth! Enough in one compact for FULL SEASON'S USE.



If your Druggist is not supplied, mail the Coupon today. Enclose only \$1.00, and we pay postage. Or C.O.D. plus few cents postage. Sent by return mail in sealed plain wrapper.

Lechler's VELVATIZE

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Send Lechler's VELVATIZE compact with simple, easy instructions. I enclose \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed.

☐ Check if ordered C.O.D. plus few cents postage.

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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Mrs. Van Heflin makes a point at the West Side Tennis Club for Ava Gardner, husband Mickey Rooney and Van Heflin

place Edna May Oliver, whose passing saddened the entire colony.

Phil Harris, Jack Benny's favorite radio foil and husband of Alice Faye, along with his entire band enlisted in the Merchant Marines. Harris will be made a lieutenant junior grade at a salary of \$282 monthly. He will continue on the Benny show until called.

Lt. Clark Gable is now a tail gunner aboard a Flying Fortress, which is exactly the job he wanted. And Clark earned it, too.

Nosey News: That quarrel staged by Lana Turner and husband Steve Crane was really a piperoo.

But next day Lana had cooled down. "Last night," she told a friend, "I was all set to leave Steve. But I'm over it now and I love him, so it's forgotten."

Hear tell Roz Russell is resting at Palm Springs because she's going to become a mother. A friend told us Roz frankly admitted as soon as she'd gotten married she intended to have a child. But at that she'll be a wonderful mother.

Despite all studio protests the romance of Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature continues apace. Just to be sure every spare moment he has from service is shared with her, Rita has taken a small apartment in Long Beach. And brother, that's love, take our word for it. . . .

All the kicking and balking and suspensions and slapping down actors is over for Georgie Raft at Warner Brothers. George asked for and received his release from that studio and, shhh, it's a secret, but Cal hears Raft and Grable may do a Broadway play later on. What an attraction that would be!

North-of-the-Border News: Canada has eliminated Dinnerware Night in

all Canadian theaters.

The order is far-reaching and chinaware is out for the duration as a "trade inducement, attendance inducement, prize or award or in exchange for coupons or coupons and cash or in any similar manner." This bans the giving away of chinaware not only by movie theaters but as premiums.

Ceramic products include all kinds of ceramic and clay tableware, dinnerware and kitchenware, whether imported or of Canadian manufacture.

The order is designed to conserve available supplies of chinaware and crockery. The Dominion, in its all-out war effort, faces a shortage of man and woman power and is weeding out all unnecessary manufactures and curtailing essentials down to actual needs.

Thumbnail Sketch of a New Star: He comes from Cal's home-town—Pittsburgh. But even before we knew that we liked him. We liked him when we watched him make several scenes with Judy Garland on the set of "For Me And My Gal." We liked him when we sat through the picture and realized here was a new hit, a new star for Hollywood.

His name is Kelly—Gene Kelly, who knocked New York audiences cold with his performance as *Pal Joey*.

Together, the two of us sat over a coke recently and talked of home. Of Squirrel Hill, and Cal's little suburban town of Elizabeth, and the Schenley Hotel. We talked of the Joseph Horne store and the University of Pittsburgh, too, where Gene graduated in the class of 1933 and of the three large Gene Kelly dance studios that are still going in and around Pittsburgh.

He gave up the easy money to go to New York. He got a job in the

chorus of "Leave It To Me." Next he danced in "One For The Penny," played summer stock, staged all the dances for Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe show and George Abbott's "Best Foot Forward."

Sweet Betsy Blair, just sixteen at the time and a dancer, mistook young Gene for a mere errand boy and snubbed him during his dance-directing days. When she discovered who he was she nearly fainted.

She ended up by becoming Mrs. Kelly. They live in Beverly Hills now and she and Gene will be papa and mama by the time you read this.

Judy thinks he's a wonderful partner. You will, too, or we miss our guess. Take a look at "For Me And My Gal" and you'll know why we're for him.

Joan—The Brave: It came to our ears several months ago that the baby boy in the Joan Crawford household was no longer there. Rumors had it an unpleasant situation had arisen that was breaking Joan's heart, so we refrained from mentioning the incident, lest we, in some way, say something that might complicate things.

Now it can be told that Joan returned the little boy, Christopher, the child she'd had for over a year and loved so much, to the parents who had learned a big movie star had the baby.

Hollywood, who appreciates the splendid care and deep love Joan showers on her children, offers its sympathy and salutes her wisdom and courage in the decision she made.

I'll Take Vanilla: The telephone rang at the local U.S.O. center. It was Ginger Rogers again, asking for six

The girl who "brings the house down" according to Cal York at the Hollywood Canteen—singer Betty Hutton



Does your One face cream do All these Four things?



I bring your skin
4 aids to beauty in
a single jar of cream!

By *Lady Esther*



**Is your skin
dry and flaky?**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream softens your skin—relieves dryness and flaking.



**Do you have
blackheads?**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleans out the tiny mouths of the pores.



**Tiny lines
around eyes?**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps smooth away little lines due to dryness.



**Do you have
big pores?**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream works with nature—helps nature refine the pores.

SURELY you aren't using a lot of different kinds of creams and lotions in times like these! But are you sure the *one cream* you use takes care of the 4 vital needs of your skin?

Today more than ever the face cream for which you spend your money must do a "war-time job." It must help prevent the dryness that often causes wrinkles and tiny lines. It must help banish the three worst enemies of your skin: grease, grime and grit—especially if you are doing war work of any kind and exposing your skin to these dangers.

You can count on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *by itself* to help keep your skin fresh, radiant and attractive! For this one scientific face cream brings you 4 vital aids to beauty! (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin and relieves dryness. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a perfect, *non-sticky* base for powder.

Send for your generous tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



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Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

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DON'T FORGET YOUR SCALP PERSPIRES TOO!



THE girl who knows the secret of charm, takes precautions against scalp odor. She knows that the scalp perspires the same as the rest of the skin. Take no chance of ruining your popularity. Shampoo your hair and scalp regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo.

Because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar, this wonderful shampoo works wonders with oily hair and scalp odor. It cleanses so gently and thoroughly—and the delicate pine-woods fragrance does its work, then disappears.

Get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo today at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

PACKERS
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SHAMPOO



HOW TO TREAT "TEEN-AGE" SKIN

Don't risk making surface pimples worse by picking them. Instead, thinly cover each with Poslam, leaving some on overnight, if necessary. It hardly shows on the skin; girls can apply make-up right over Poslam. The powerful properties of this CONCENTRATED ointment work wonders in relieving that itch, redness and angry look; it's brought swift, happy results to thousands during 35 successful years. Only 50¢, all druggists.

FREE: Generous sample, write postcard to Poslam, Dept. 2W, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. City.

POS LAM

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Romance resumed: Jackie Cooper gets together again with best girl Bonita Granville at the Beverly Hills Hotel



Romance continuous: Bride Ruth Hussey and husband Bob Longenecker stirring things up at the West Side Tennis Club

boys in uniform to come up to her home and see a picture with her.

After the picture and a swim, Ginger got behind her famous soda fountain and began filling orders. "Gee," said one kid from Iowa, "my girl is a soda-jerker back home, but she'll never believe I'm having a soda you made, Miss Rogers. Not in a million years."

Ginger took the costume jewelry ring off her little finger. "Here," she said. "Give her this and tell her it's from one soda-jerker to another."

Killer With a Smile: He walked into a Paramount projection room and sat down, that crooked smile on a sensitive face, gray eyes topped by very

blonde, straight hair, a look of shy embarrassment broadening the crooked grin. It occurred to Cal then that this Alan Ladd is just about the most modest chap in town.

"Come over to my dressing room after the picture," he said, "I want to talk to you." We went. He wanted to thank us for the kind words we'd said about his work. (With work like his, who wouldn't say kind words?) He's that kind of a person, you see.

Over the tea table we chatted about the times when as a kid he'd sneaked over the back fences of this very studio, to play on the sound stages; and of times during his radio and Little Theater days when he'd had

nothing to eat but a chocolate bar; and how the studio had first insisted upon changing his name to Bob Gregory but his agent had wisely insisted that it be left Ladd.

We left with the most favorable impression we'd ever garnered from a newcomer. And incidentally, your letters, four huge piles of them, were neatly stacked on his dressing-room desk ready to be answered. Glad to have you there in spirit at least—and maybe Ladd isn't, too!

Last-Minute Reports: Oleg Cassini was suddenly transferred from the Coast Guard to the Cavalry, which means Gene Tierney will transfer her San Pedro visits to another and more distant point . . .

Victor Mature's G. I. haircut has cut down his glamour appeal, but doesn't seem to affect his appeal with Rita Hayworth, whose coiffure makes up in curly fussiness what Vic's lacks in waviness . . .

The tragic plight of Barbara Bennett, who lost the custody fight for her five children and whose three-day disappearance in Hollywood caused considerable alarm, has touched filmtown deeply. Certainly there are two sides to the situation and much more than meets the casual eye, but sympathy is none the less given. The mother of Miss Bennett's ex-husband, Morton Downey, has the children in the East. Rumor has it Barbara and her present husband, Addison Randall, are about to be separated . . .

Hollywood said good-by to two men this month with another, Tyrone Power, scheduled to leave any minute.

Henry Fonda, after his assignment in "The Immortal Sergeant" was finished, took the oath as an humble seaman. Henry has been studiously engaged at mathematical problems during his off hours in hopes of qualifying as a gunner's mate.

Hollywood said good-by, too, to Lt. Van Heflin of the Field Artillery.

After two years of R.O.T.C. training in High School and three years at the University of Oklahoma, (some years ago) Van was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery and sent off to Fort Sill for advanced training. Later he was placed in inactive reserve. But that wasn't enough for Van who had traveled the world on Merchant Marine ships and become a Third Mate.

So is it any wonder the Army was delighted to have so militarily informed a lad enlist again. His commission (which he did not ask for) was voluntarily bestowed upon him.

His wife, Frances Neal, who will become a mother in the spring, has been placed under contract by Van's own studio, M-G-M.

"Your Fate is Love— when your Hands have winning softness"

says

Irene Hervey



★ Glorious Irene Hervey with Allan Jones, Universal Pictures' Stars. Aren't her hands adorable! Irene uses Jergens.

"It's up to a girl, herself, to have nice hands," says Irene Hervey, one of Hollywood's lovely Stars. "Jergens Lotion is easy to use and it does help prevent mortifying roughness. Yes—I use Jergens; and I hear the other Stars in Hollywood prefer Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1."



You have Hollywood's HAND Care—

And it's next to professional care for your hands—when you use Jergens Lotion regularly. Even "forgotten hands" soon lose their ill-bred coarseness. Many doctors help rough skin to the loveliest silken-smoothness with 2 very special ingredients, which are both in Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to \$1.00 a bottle. See for yourself. Jergens Lotion is a joy to use—fragrant, and not a bit sticky.

Jergens Lotion

for Soft, Adorable HANDS



I DIDN'T MEAN TO, of course. But Dickie had such a dislike for that laxative I gave him, he'd actually fib when he needed relief. The stuff really tasted awful! And it acted even worse. It was just *too strong!*

SO, I TRIED giving him another laxative—with no better luck. Dickie would gag on it every time. And, when he did get some down, it only stirred him up and failed to give him the relief he needed. It was just *too mild!*



IT WAS A LUCKY DAY for Dickie and me when I finally changed to Ex-Lax! He simply loved its fine chocolate taste. And I was delighted to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works. It's not too strong, not too mild... it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective—but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called:

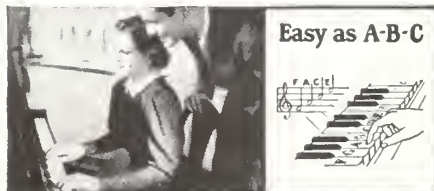
THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

As a precaution, use only as directed.

**IF YOU HAVE A COLD
AND NEED A LAXATIVE—**

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

EX-LAX
10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores



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Instrument _____ Have you _____
Name _____ Instrument? _____
Address _____



BRIEF REVIEWS

Benched for a lively United Artists movie: Jim Brown, Barbara Britton of "Young And Willing"

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ **ACROSS THE PACIFIC**—Warners: Exciting, well-done melodrama about the roundup of Jap spies and saboteurs by an American agent, with Humphrey Bogart as the agent, Sidney Greenstreet as a Jap agent and Mary Astor as a mysterious damsel. The three principals cook up a lot of excitement and thrills. (Nov.)

ATLANTIC CONVOY—Columbia: This story of a Marine base off the Iceland coast is a timely little number. A mysterious weather man, John Beal, is suspected of being the tip-off agent to Nazi submarines interfering with our convoys. Virginia Field plays a rescued nurse and Bruce Bennett is the Marine commanding officer. (Dec.)

✓ **BERLIN CORRESPONDENT**—20th Century-Fox: A neat little package of melodrama, with Dana Andrews an American news commentator in Berlin who slips information via air to his New York paper. When pro-Nazi Virginia Gilmore sets out to trap him, she discovers how own father to be the informer. (Nov.)

✓✓ **BETWEEN US GIRLS**—Universal: Diana Barrymore scores a knockout as the daughter who hopes to help along her mother's romance with John Boles by posing as a twelve-year-old. Robert Cummings, a friend of Boles, attempts to amuse little Diana and finds himself a victim of riotous conspiracy. Kay Francis is beautiful as the mother, and Andy Devine very good. (Nov.)

✓ **BIG STREET, THE**—RKO-Radio: An unexpected delight in this Damon Runyon story. It's aura of unusualness, its charm and appeal are strictly Runyonesque. Lucille Ball is the ruthlessly unfeeling night-club performer, permanently crippled, and Henry Fonda is the bus boy who blindly adores and serves her. Both give superb performances and create living characters. (Nov.)

✓✓ **BLACK SWAN, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power scores mightily as the reformed pirate who casts his lot with Laird Cregar and with the aid of Thomas Mitchell sets out to clear the sea of pirates, including George Sanders. Enamored of beautiful Maureen O'Hara who spurns him, Tyrone kidnaps her on his way to the sea. It's colorful, rowdy and romantic. (Jan.)

BUSSES ROAR—Warners: Spies and saboteurs commandeer the night bus from Los Angeles to San Francisco, planting a bomb timed to explode as the bus reaches vital oil fields, but, like the story, the bomb fails to explode at the right time. Richard Travis is a passenger Marine; Peter Whitney as a Nazi and Julie Bishop as a stranded passenger are among those present. (Nov.)

CAIRO—M-G-M: This isn't very good, but it does have its moments of fun with Bob Young as an American correspondent in Cairo and Jeanette MacDonald as an American singer who's the dupe of Nazi sympathizers. The way the two chase each other around is a caution. Jeanette sings beautifully and Ethel Waters is superb as the maid. (Nov.)

CANAL ZONE—Columbia: It's the same old story of the young upstart in aviation training who finally gets his come-uppance and turns out to be a man and a hero. John Hubbard is the believable smartie, Chester Morris the flying instructor, and Harriet Hilliard the lone female of the cast. (Nov.)

CAREFUL, SOFT SHOULDERS—20th Century-Fox: Everything happens to everybody and little of it makes sense. Lovely Virginia Bruce, a Washington socialite scatterbrain, gets involved with Nazi agents under the impression that they're our own Secret Service men. Jimmy Ellison is the strong armed boy friend and Sheila Ryan and Aubrey Mather stand out clearly. (Dec.)

CITY OF SILENT MEN—P.R.C.: When a small town mayor turns over a local cannery to a group of ex-convicts as a rehabilitation experiment, the town folk grumble and eventually flare into rebellion when a murder is committed. Frank Albertson, June Lang, Jan Wiley and Emmett Lynn head the cast, but the picture's strictly small-time. (Dec.)

✓✓ **DESPERATE JOURNEY**—Warners: A thriller in this melodrama, telling of the adventures of a group of R.A.F. flyers whose bomber crashes in Germany. They escape the Germans and then comes their desperate attempt to evade German officer Raymond Massey and make their way back to England. Errol Flynn is the squadron leader and the flyers include Ronald Regan and Alan Hale. (Nov.)

DRUMS OF THE CONGO—Universal: It seems we need certain meteoric mineral for our defense industries, so Don Terry of the Army Intelligence is dispatched to the African jungle to get it, but he

SHADOW STAGE

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finds that foreign agents are also after it. Ona Munson is the brave woman doctor, Peggy Moran a girl spy, but Stuart Erwin as the jungle guide steals the show. (Dec.)

EYES IN THE NIGHT—M-G-M: Ann Harding comes back to the screen as a stepmother who must break up the romance of her daughter, Donna Reed, with John Emery. There's also a plot to steal millionaire Reginald Denny's invention. It's blind man Edward Arnold who, with the aid of his dog, discovers the plot and brings our enemies to justice. (Dec.)

FALCON'S BROTHER, THE — RKO-Radio: George Sanders bows out of this series, and his real-life brother, Tom Conway, takes over, but this latest of the series is only fair. The plot, involving spies and intrigue, has to do with a tip-off advertisement to the Pearl Harbor disaster in a national magazine. Jane Randolph, Don Barclay and Key Luke roam around. (Jan.)

FLYING FORTRESS—Warners: You'll see Richard Greene in this English-made film, in which he plays an American playboy who joins the Ferry Command, falls in love with an American newspaperwoman and joins the R.A.F. The air-raid scenes in the American-made bomber are thrilling, but the English interpretations of Americans are most unconvincing. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FLYING TIGERS**—Republic: A thrilling, heart-stirring film based on the adventures of the volunteer American flyers who fought and died for China's cause. John Wayne, the squadron leader; John Carroll, the braggadocio; Edmund MacDonald, Paul Kelly and Gordon Jones give us a page of American history that should make every American proud of his race. (Dec.)

FOREIGN AGENT—Monogram: Another spy-ring story, but this time the baddies wend their way after the usual secret invention in and out of studios and Los Angeles environs. John Shelton and Gale Storm are the romantic leads and Ivan Lebedeff and George Travell stir things up a bit. There's plenty of action. (Dec.)

✓ **FOREST RANGERS**—Paramount: Fred MacMurray is the handsome ranger who meets and marries Paulette Goddard, to the jealous chagrin of Susan Hayward, who tries to get him away. More important than the fine cast, which also includes Albert Dekker, Eugene Pallette and Lynne Overman, is the succession of tremendous fire scenes, magnificently photographed in Technicolor. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FOR ME AND MY GAL**—M-G-M: A musical knock-out, with George Murphy losing his vaudeville partner, Judy Garland, to Gene Kelly. Judy falls in love with Gene, almost breaks her heart when he's attracted to Marta Eggerth, then suddenly Gene discovers he loves Judy. But then comes World War I and Gene pays dearly for his unpatriotism. You're bound to love this picture. (Dec.)

GALLANT LADY—P.R.C.: Rose Hobart, a woman doctor, is sent to prison on charges of a mercy killing and is forced to participate in a jail break. When she joins a country doctor, Sidney Blackmer, and then decides to marry him, her past is disclosed and much unhappiness ensues. (Jan.)

✓✓ **GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE** —Warners: Even Washington himself would have laughed at the trials and tribulations of Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan when they find themselves in a dilapidated country house long on tradition and short on bathrooms. Complications pile on when Jack becomes jealous of neighbor Harvey Stephens and rascally young Douglas Croft descends upon them. It's a howl. (Dec.)

✓ **GIVE OUT, SISTERS**—Universal: It's corny, it's funny, it's lively and abloom with music and singing. Grace McDonald plays a young heiress gone jitterbug mad and Dan Dailey Jr. is her band-leader beau. The Andrews Sisters introduce four new songs and the Jivin' Jacks 'n' Jills dance new steps. (Dec.)

✓✓ **GLASS KEY, THE**—Paramount: Alan Ladd scores again as the pal of political boss Brian Donlevy, who finds himself suspected of murder. Veronica Lake strolls through with a monotonous performance, but William Bendix, Bonita Granville and Joseph Calleia give swell performances. (Dec.)

HALFWAY TO SHANGHAI—Universal: Passengers aboard a train bound for Rangoon become involved in a murder mystery when a man escaping with plans of defense in China is killed. American engineer Kent Taylor, Irene Hervey, Nazi sympathizer Charlotte Wynters, and George Zucco are among the passengers. (Dec.)

✓✓ **HARD WAY, THE**—Warners: Ida Lupino plays her role of a relentlessly selfish woman who promotes her younger sister, Joan Leslie, to perfection. Equally fine is the performance of Jack Carson as the lovable but dumbish vaudevillian who marries Joan and rescues them both from their miserable surroundings. Dennis Morgan, Leona Maricle and Gladys Cooper are also good. (Dec.)

HELLO, ANNAPOLIS—Columbia: Jean Parker refuses to marry Tom Brown unless he enters Annapolis. When he attempts to trick her into marriage, Joan turns the tables and tricks him into

(Continued on page 103)

**Look Your
Loveliest
with
GLAMOROUS
HAIR**

Linda Darnell, glamorous 20th Century-Fox star in "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," uses GLOVER'S to condition scalp and hair. GLOVER'S helps to give the hair a soft and natural-looking appearance!

HOLLYWOOD speaks through lovely Linda Darnell, one of the many movie stars who keep their hair charming and refreshed with the systematic use of the famous **GLOVER'S MEDICINAL** treatment so popular with millions of men and women! **GLOVER'S** is not merely a "scented preparation"—it's definitely a *medicinal* application which you can use, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. **TRY** it today—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, *instantly*—and you'll be delighted with the results! Ask for

GLOVER'S
at any Drug
Store.

For your convenience, we offer (by coupon only) this Complete Trial Application of **GLOVER'S** famous Mange Medicine and the new **GLO-VER** Beauty Soap SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles, so that you can try the Glover's Medicinal Treatment and test it yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included **FREE!**

GLOVER'S

(with massage)
**for DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP
and Excessive FALLING HAIR**

COMPLETE TRIAL APPLICATION

GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st Street,
Dept. 552, New York City
Send Trial Package, Glover's Mange Medi-
cine and GLO-VER SHAMPOO, in hermet-
ically-sealed bottles, and informative booklet.
I enclose 25c.

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ADDRESS

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Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF SUBJECT OF
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



BEAUTY HANDBILL

BY GLORIA MACK

HANDY IDEAS

 Put a little perfume in the palm of your hand for an elusive scent that will linger longer in the winter air.

Plunge your nails deep into a cake of soap before any rub-and-scrub work. It keeps the nails from breaking, keeps the grime from discoloring your white tips.

Change your mind

 —about gloves. They're not just the hand-warmers or the style-setters you wear on the street. They're the insurance against ugly hands. Promise yourself never, never to do hard work without wearing them.

—about buying hand lotions or creams, just because the bottles or jars are attractive. Resolve to buy the kind that does the best job for your hands and to use the lotion or cream every single time you dip your hands in water.

—about a hand brush. It's not for occasional weekly use on a special clean-up process; it's for a daily scrubbing ritual to make your knuckles as soft and white as the palm of your hand.

—about the word "exercise." It takes in more than the body twists and turns that make you cut a pretty figure. It means hand exercise, too, all-important for keeping the wrists from being tense, training them to be relaxed, which is the first requisite for graceful hands. So, in odd moments, sit and quite literally wring your hands, shaking the wrists, until your hands are as poised as a ballet dancer's.

Hand-out from Hedy

 From the Lamarr lady, said by ace cameraman Joe Ruttenberg to have the most expressive hands in Hollywood: "The care of the hands shouldn't be seasonal by any means. The sun and wind are just as drying as cold winter weather, so I have formed a habit of using a light hand lotion the year around.

"Personally, I use my hands for numerous hobbies—needlework, painting bookshelves, moving furniture and gardening—so I find it necessary to wash my hands numerous times daily, after which I use a lotion suitable for all seasons. Also I have found it beneficial to use a natural mineral oil to discourage the little annoying tufts of hangnails that are often apt to appear after any 'laboring' use of the hands."

Watch Out

 —for stains on your fingers. They can ruin the prettiest manicure. Conduct inspection under a strong light, bleach out the stains. What's better, don't let them get there in the first place. Use the new protective film that war-workers are spreading over hands and arms. It washes off when the dirty work is done.

Listen, Ladies!

NEVER POINT!

 It's not a pretty gesture, and furthermore it's one from which the male instinctively shies.

—when, upon meeting that newest guy in khaki, you discover that the hand you present turns out to be a reddened veteran of your winter walks. Instead, before you go into any heated room from the cold outdoors, take a minute or two to hold your hands upright. That draws the blood away from the fingertips, leaves your hands pale and pretty.

Clap hard

 —as the boys go marching by with a pair of hands that advertise you as a lady who cares.



*"My love has wondrous
lustrous hair"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



SPARKLE AND LOOK GAY, when you play! This jet-trimmed, street-length dress and the shining satin gloves represent the newest note in after-dark fashions. The simple, but dramatic, new hair-do owes much of its beauty to Special Drene Shampoo!

**Why Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added is
the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap
... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!**

Do you want alluring hair, the kind men adore... gleaming with lustre, sparkling with highlights? Then don't go on using soaps or liquid soap shampoos! Because soaps *always* leave a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre!

But *Special Drene* is different! It *never* leaves any dulling film! What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings, the first time you use it. That's why *Special Drene* reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!

And due to the wonderful hair conditioner now in it, *Special Drene* now leaves hair far more glamorous... silkier, smoother and easier to arrange, right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness. If you haven't tried *Drene* lately you'll be amazed! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous and at

the same time so manageable. Only *Special Drene* with Hair Conditioner added!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

No shampoo known today is superior to *Special Drene* for removing dandruff... not even those claiming to be "dandruff remover" shampoos. For *Special Drene*'s super-eleansing action removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it... yet is so safe!

So don't put off trying this wonderful shampoo! For economy, buy the larger sizes. Or get a *Special Drene* shampoo at your beauty shop.

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, makers of *Special Drene*, after painstaking search and exhaustive laboratory tests of all types of shampoos, have found no other shampoo which leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Use *Special Drene*! It never leaves any dulling film. What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings.

That's why *Special Drene* reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

FIGHTING TIGRESS!

Here is fiery romance
amid the flame and violence
of today's mighty conflict!



*Captain Fifi—
115 pounds of
curves, crooked-
ness and kisses!*

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

and
ALAN BAXTER • SIG RUMANN
MYRON MCCORMICK • BOBBY BLAKE

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY
Produced and Written by BEN HECHT



Hollywood Street Scene

COMING back to Hollywood after an absence has the excitement of a second date with a beautiful woman you've never been able to forget since your first meeting.

In the space of a week after your plane streams out of the grayness of an early winter mist onto the landing field at Burbank, you have seen and recorded the following:

Cary Grant, lounging between scenes of "From Here To Victory" and telling with a paternal twinkle of taking his young son Lance to visit the set of the new Zombie picture and of Lance's recoiling in terror at sight of the six-foot-seven sleepwalker enacting his role.

John Payne and June Havoc at the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary, so handsome in their Gay Nineties make-up for "Hello, Frisco, Hello," breaking into laughter over their newest Jack Oakie joke and the story of June's goat, a household pet.

Bette Davis on the set of "Old Acquaintance" talking about her new Photoplay-Movie Mirror feature and wondering if the readers whose letters she is answering so frankly will charge her with being just another Dorothy Dix, or an old maid with nothing better to do—all the while the set lights showing her eyes to be incredibly blue.

Paul Henreid coming into the Warner publicity office wearing a jacket and a smile that helps explain his popularity so quickly attained in "Now, Voyager."

Annie Sheridan shouting a greeting to a friend half a block away and hard of hearing, judging from the volume of the hail.

Conrad Veidt, more amused than embarrassed, caught in a rehearsal studio at M-G-M rehearsing a tango and admitting that he had never before attempted such a dance.

Joan Crawford elated when told how nice a guy her husband Phil Terry is, and Phil entertaining on the set while Joan rehearses a difficult scene with Fred MacMurray.

Virginia Weidler, between gulps of a hasty luncheon,

saying hello and explaining that her newest picture, "The Youngest Profession," is based on a series of short stories by Lillian Day that appeared originally in Photoplay.

THE acrid smell of gunpowder from exploded blanks drifting across the set of "Assignment In Brittany" and the engaging grin of Pierre Aumont, new Metro find, somewhat obscured by the carefully applied grime that puts him in character for this story of a Commando raid.

Lana Turner, lovelier than memory, waiting patiently in Paul Hesse's studio, while Paul adjusts lights and camera in order to bring you another of his brilliant series of Photoplay covers and Steve Crane, Lana's young husband, waiting upstairs in the studio's modernistic reception room while Lana finishes the sitting.

Lloyd Nolan, stripped to the waist, playing nine holes of golf and coming in two over par, somewhat more brilliant scoring than his dubbing companions.

Betty Hutton, shepherded by fiancé Perc Westmore at a sneak preview of "Star Spangled Rhythm," the picture into which Paramount put everything it could beg, borrow or mortgage, beginning with an assortment of stars including Hope, Crosby, Lamour, Lake, Goddard and ending with such added starters as Betty, William Bendix, Jerry Colonna, Rochester and Cecil B. De Mille.

Deanna Durbin finishing her new picture which has broken nearly all records for length of time in production and remarking that husband Vaughn Paul was in Washington for his next assignment—"out of this country, he hopes: in Hollywood, I hope."

Maria Montez in flowing robes looking the part of a South Seas queen as imagined by Hollywood scenarists but talking like a smart girl who has her heart set on stardom and dares you to keep it from her. "Now I work for peanuts, but soon—"

Hollywood street scene, a town wrapped in silver glamour, hard-working, intent on its own peculiar problems, talking about rationing—of gas, of coffee and of leading men—talking about the Flynn case, the war, but mostly about itself.

Fred Sammis

What I think about



Flynn, portrayer of America's heroes. Above, in "Dodge City" . . .



. . . and as a Union Army officer in the rousing "Virginia City" . . .



. . . a West Point officer in "Santa Fe Trail" with de Havilland . . .

America's most famous woman reporter brings you the honest, plain-spoken truth about the grave accusations this Hollywood favorite now faces

AS nearly as I can remember, it was about twenty-three years ago that I wrote my first story for Photoplay Magazine. Because I believe that motion pictures are the most vital influence upon public thought in the world today, I have always felt an obligation to carry out the editorial policy of Photoplay which at all times has been to speak the truth to the public about motion pictures and the truth to the motion pictures about the public.

Which brings us to the case of Errol Flynn.

To begin with, it is manifestly impossible for any magazine devoted to the works and people of the movies to ignore a case which occupies the front pages of newspapers all over the world and which is discussed wherever people gather, no matter how difficult to achieve fairness and impartiality in so delicate a situation.

In my own personal experience I have heard the Errol Flynn case discussed and I have been questioned about it at an important tea in Washington; at an aircraft plant; at a military academy; during a delightful evening with the publisher of a high-brow literary review; at my hairdresser's; and on trains.

In these times that may seem strange, but it is true.

Photoplay has had hundreds of letters asking why it doesn't come to the defense of this screen favorite who they say has been accused by publicity-seeking girls crazy to get into

the movies and by others demanding in justice to the rest of the Hollywood stars, who behave themselves and sell War Bonds, that Errol Flynn be cast into outer darkness. Upon one thing they all agree. They want the opinion or judgment of Hollywood's foremost motion-picture magazine.

As nearly as we can come to that in justice and fairness we now propose to try.

But we must ask your consideration of one or two problems. First, Photoplay finds itself up against that arbitrary tyrant called the deadline, of which the reader seldom thinks. A certain length of time must pass between the writing of this story and its appearance in your hands. Much may be revealed of which we

could not know at the time I write. But this should reach you three or four days before Mr. Flynn is called into the Superior Court of Los Angeles County to answer the District Attorney's charge against him of statutory rape upon two girls under the legal age of consent, which in California is eighteen.

It is now so grave and far-reaching a matter that it must be faced. First because it necessarily involves all Hollywood, which has too often been called upon to suffer en masse for the sins of its individual members. But most of all because Mr. Flynn has become part of America.

For Errol Flynn has had the great good fortune to portray upon the screen the heroes of our country. He



Flynn with his attorney, Jerry Geisler, at the preliminary hearing

The Errol Flynn case

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



has worn the West Point uniform, he has been a brave officer of our Union Army, he has done the epic deeds of our pioneer forefathers. We have come to identify him with the men to whom we Americans owe so very much, we Americans who are once more fighting to the death for those things they bequeathed to us. It is Errol Flynn who made Custer's last stand come alive for many of us.

As a whole we are richer, we are warmer, for the way in which Errol Flynn made these men come to life, made them into real people and thus inspired us to feel a closer brotherhood with them.

The boys who a short time ago yelled and whistled and stamped to cheer on Errol Flynn's rides across the plains are today in the African desert or on the Solomon Islands or in camp somewhere in the U. S. A., getting ready to go over there. And Flynn was their idol. Let's not kid ourselves about that. I sat through too many Errol Flynn pictures with my own sons.

That is why it seems so essential to get at the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth of this controversial matter—for controversial it must be upon whichever side the truth now is. It is a tragic thing to lose any hero right now—or any man who has portrayed those heroes and identified himself with them in our eyes. But the times are too realistic for whitewash to stick.

When I get just this far I am overcome with a desire to smack Mr. Flynn. Honestly. Whether or not he is guilty of the crime with which he is charged—I for one do not believe that he is guilty as charged and we'll go into that in a moment—he had no business to get himself into such a spot. He had no right not to protect us all from such a mess. He's old enough to know better.

For Mr. Flynn now stands charged with a crime at the mere suggestion

of which that great sportsman whom Flynn has just brought to the screen, James J. Corbett, would have poked him right in the nose.

Sometimes you can hurt just as many people and get yourself in just as bad a jam by being dumb as you can by being bad.

However, I think that in view of all these things there are a number of matters which it is essential that we consider at this time.

If our timing on the deadline is right, you will read this before Flynn comes to trial in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, prosecuted by District Attorney Dockweiler and Assistant District Attorney Cochran and defended by Jerry Geisler, who is not only a fine trial lawyer but a man whose integrity and honesty are highly respected by our judges and law enforcement officials.

There and then Mr. Flynn will be charged and tried by a jury of his peers.

But in his case, that courtroom widens to take in most of the English-speaking world and the jury grows until millions will sit upon it.

FOR Errol Flynn must also be tried at the bar of public opinion and you are the jury of his peers in that vast court which is so vital to him—and to you. Your verdict is the most important thing in life to this man whom you have lifted to movie stardom. You will not be present in that small courtroom when Errol Flynn answers "Not Guilty." You will depend upon eyewitness accounts through the newspapers of what takes place and upon printed testimony of the two girls involved and the other witnesses. I know that is always difficult. I have read the transcript of court cases that I have covered and been amazed to find the difference; the ring of truth or the knell of guilt in a voice, the appearance and posture of a witness, (Continued on page 87)



... an upstanding Naval doctor in the stirring "Dive Bomber" ...



... as General Custer in "They Died With Their Boots On" ...



... and as James J. Corbett in his latest, "Gentleman Jim"



WHY HOLLYWOOD TOLD GREER GARSON:

"Don't Marry!"

She could hear Richard Ney's voice pleading, "When will you marry me?" She could hear Hollywood's voice saying all that must be said to any woman thinking of marriage now

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

THE eyes of thousands of women of America are on Greer Garson today. Faced with the same problems, or very similar ones, they are awaiting "Mrs. Miniver's" decision.

Will she or will she not eventually marry Richard Ney, the boy who played her son in "Mrs. Miniver," a lad younger than herself, because he begs for this happiness? During that period of indecision, followed by the delay caused by the three-day wait after the license was applied for according to California law, Hollywood held its breath. It didn't want Greer Garson to marry young Ney. A bold, perhaps ruthless statement in print, we admit, but behind it goes the warm, tender solicitousness for both of them. For Richard, as well as Greer.

For months, in fact from the time "Mrs. Miniver" was in production, Richard Ney had, as someone put it, "hounded, persisted and stormed Greer into a reluctant 'yes.'" Never for one minute did he cease his relentless pursuit. That Greer was older, that she was a great star and he a beginner, that she obviously didn't love him enough to accept him at once, made no difference. He was determined to have the lady as his wife. That he was unprepared to offer her financial security, even to share such burdens as she might incur, that on his return he might not be able to take up the career he had just begun—failed to daunt him. He wanted this one thing despite all hazards—Greer Garson as his wife.

"I have never been able in all my life to make up my mind about a thing," Greer says, "even to choosing a hat." So it looks as if the lady's mind will have to be made up for her.

However, this problem of Greer's is important, not because love and

marriage are always important, but because this engagement and perhaps marriage is a direct product of war. It was born in the roots of this conflict. It had nothing to do with the calm reactions of a man and woman in peaceful times. It is an example set for thousands of women who have been torn with the same problem—"Shall I marry this man before he leaves?" It is a problem Greer Garson has had to settle herself.

BEFORE he left Hollywood for his preliminary training, Richard begged Greer to say yes. During his training period, he bombarded her with pleading letters. How he completed his prescribed course of training is a mystery to Hollywood, considering the constant flow of communications to the West. After obtaining his commission as ensign, young Ney lit out for Hollywood and began his pursuit in earnest.

Those who have seen the two together declare Richard's devotion is not the tense, quiet, deeply buried love that renders a man reverently speechless. On the contrary, he was constantly beseeching Greer before an audience.

"When are you going to marry me, dear?" he'd ask in the presence of others. "When, when, when?"

He danced attendance, showered her with compliments and flattered her heart. And this in a way was good for Greer whose brilliant mind and conversation, whose deep thinking and constant reading kept her rather apart from Hollywood and within a limited circle of older men and women. A brilliant woman can very often be a lonely woman and no doubt Greer Garson experienced hours

of loneliness. She is a woman capable of great fun and gaiety, but her British reserve and ultraconservatism had restrained her from indulging in the good times she might have found.

Richard, with his young, impulsive, reckless ways, furnished her with that vitamin of enjoyment she'd been missing. He was tall and she liked tall men. He danced divinely and she adored dancing. It was like coming out of a stuffy room into a bright, intoxicating garden. Ballets, concerts, lectures, had been her chief diversions in Hollywood, along with hours and hours of reading. In fact, each year the Ballet Russe came to town, members of the cast were entertained by Greer. World-famous musicians and writers were guests at her home.

But with Ney came a new world.

HOLLYWOOD, to a man, hoped Greer Garson would hold out against young Ney's charm and persistence. She deserved, they felt, more hours of fun and laughter and dancing than could be given her as the wife of an absent sailor.

The suspense before his departure grew to such proportions that at every small dinner party or gathering one heard the same thing, "Oh, I hope Greer doesn't make a mistake."

The tension continued to mount, with this writer, believe it or not, summoned out of bed at 1:30 A.M. one morning to be told Richard and Greer had already been married. The next morning the report was denied and proved to be untrue.

Hourly M-G-M gave out the latest bulletin to the hundreds who phoned in for news. Always it was, "You know as much about it as we do. We only hope it doesn't go through." And, remember, Ney is an M-G-M contract player, too.

This was (Continued on page 82)

Hollywood —

This woman foretold some of the most startling Hollywood happenings of the past year.



Ginger Rogers has gone along smoothly for years. Now she faces her Waterloo

These Came True in 1942!

Errol Flynn:

"He has to beware the opposite sex, even more so than in 1941. They spell bad news for you this year, Errol, so if you haven't any caution of your own, hire ten people to protect you."

Joan Crawford: "Strong indication that she will announce her marriage."

Hedy Lamarr: "Marriage or a thrilling love affair in April or May." (Announced her engagement to George Montgomery.)

Cary Grant: "I think he will marry Barbara Hutton between June, 1942, and January, 1943."

Robert Stack: "Dynamic aspects which may interrupt his career in September or October." (Just received his commission as Ensign in the Navy.)

NINETEEN-FORTY-THREE—Hollywood, beware! Beware! Beware!

Separations, broken homes, divorces, journeys to foreign lands, emotional upsets and tumult are indicated by the stars.

This is a time of change and upheaval. Gone are the days of lavish display and fabulous salaries. The year 1943 will bring about a great leveling of all the world's peoples. It will bring to mankind the equality of a common burden. Each of us will be forced to share and share alike in sacrifice, service and almost primitive living conditions. The fight for existence will be paramount, not the fight for sables, caviar, dated wines and self-aggrandizement. The strong will survive. The weak will break.

Many of Hollywood's stars have proved their willingness to give freely of their time and money. After July 1 when Jupiter moves into Leo, the sign governing motion pictures and entertainment, Hollywood stars, theatrical stars and all entertainers will be called upon to keep up the morale of the entire world.

Now let's look at the personal charts of Hollywood's famous people:

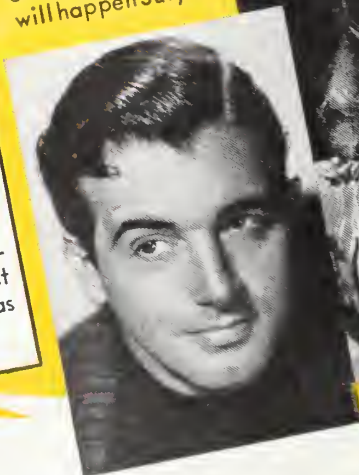
Clark Gable: Clark has had a tough year. He has proved to the world that he can take it and by entering the service has set a splendid example for boys and men of all ages. His country is proud of him.

His stars suggest that he may be released from the service or make some drastic change in July, 1943.

November should bring Clark a romance and happiness. After this tragic year of loneliness, I am sure that Carole

Ida Lupino: A possibility that tongues will be wagging about her

John Payne: It will happen July 3



Beware in 1943!

Now she warns your favorite stars of some amazing events to come in the '43 future

BY MATILDA TROTTER

would be the first to want him to find happiness and companionship.

Ginger Rogers: She has slid along smoothly for many years, but she meets her own little Waterloo in 1943. According to her planets, I don't see how she can help but win some sort of an award for her acting. Personally, however, the last six months of 1943 will be difficult. It is quite possible that she will alienate both her friends and her public at this time.

From September through December, 1943, Mars, whose excess energy stirs up trouble to cause quarrels, accidents, law suits, broken friendships and divorce, is in her twelfth house, house of confinement, self-undoing, secret matters and secret enemies. Ginger must watch her health and her nerves and guard against accidents lest she be confined to bed. She must control her temper, her tongue and her independent nature, for those who are her secret enemies are liable to have their innings now unless she is on her guard.

September 10, 1943, when Mars and Uranus are in exact conjunction in Gemini and in exact square to Venus, planet of love, good will and money, can be a fatal day for her, romantically, financially and in public relations. It can bring a broken romance, the termination of a valued friendship or association, public disfavor and—hold everything—suit for alienation of affections or any kind of a law suit and the aspects will not be in her favor.

Errol Flynn: According to his chart, Errol isn't an angel and he has very little discretion; but Mars, the highest planet in his midheaven, makes him a natural target for unscrupulous women and for blackmail. Where a wiser man might pay off to avoid unpleasant publicity, Errol's fiery independence

Joan Crawford and husband Phil Terry will beam at their forecast



For Gary Cooper a good possibility — and some bad probabilities



Victor Mature: As far as author Trotter is concerned, there is just one answer to the Rita Hayworth question

Watch for These in 1943!

Clark Gable: "Romance for Clark."

Ginger Rogers: "Meets her own little Waterloo in 1943."

Joan Crawford and Phil Terry: "A new baby in their home."

George Sanders: "Even Elsie Dinsmore couldn't get along with George."

Hedy Lamarr: "Her chart suggests a secret love affair or marriage."

A new angle on the recent news about Errol Flynn comes to light in the Trotter prediction for him

For the newly reconciled Ava Gardner and Mickey Rooney—a bit of bad news



Deanna Durbin must control that one bad tendency in her character or—



causes him to fight for justice regardless of the consequences

Due to Saturn and Uranus passing over his twelfth house, house of secret enemies and self-undoing, a lot of people may be out to get him just now, and his recklessness and lack of caution are partly responsible for his present trouble. For a time at least this man who has played the "protector of innocent womanhood" with such verve and dash will (if he remains on the screen) have to be cast in different roles or be laughed or hissed right out of the movies.

The position of the transiting Mars during January, 1943, indicates that he has a chance of getting through this trouble and his stars favor him again from September through December, bringing him the fulfillment of some wish or desire, possibly his desire to get into the service.

Greer Garson: I doubt if I have Greer's right birth year, but in 1943 she is far too important to pass up. According to the chart I have erected the stars indicate the end of a love affair or an abrupt separation from a loved one between Christmas and February. June should bring her love once more—the return of a former love or a new romance.

Her stars suggest that marriage can not bring lasting happiness to Greer and in order to find happiness, no matter how fleeting, she must snatch it while she can and make the most of it while it lasts.

As for her career, she is at the peak of her success and can maintain her present popularity and position if she uses caution in partnership and marriage. All contracts to which she is a party should be airtight. She should be positive that she can trust those who are handling her business and career.

Above all, Greer, keep everything in your own name

Phillip Terry and Joan Crawford: These two do not come under the same sign but both were born in the same month. Their charts harmonize beautifully and Phil's shows him to be a person of charm, kindness and talent.

Joan is right. If they make a picture together it will be a popular success and should be released around July 13 or 14, 1943.

Jupiter going through the fifth house, house of love, children and educational matters, of both Joan and Phil next July indicates a new child in their home. This could be their child or one they adopt.

Looks like a whopping big month for the Terrys.

Gary Cooper: His popular appeal can continue forever so far as his public goes, for Gary is as American as baseball, football or dunking. However, his stars indicate that he may give up his career to enlist or go in for some sort of war work which will take up all his time.

As for marriage, it doesn't look too promising in 1943. There may be a separation from his wife due to war conditions or there may be a divorce or separation due to personal matters.

All through June Gary must guard against secret enemies and gossip.

John Payne: July 3 marks a significant day for him. This day should bring John sudden and amazing good fortune. In short, so many things are indicated for John Payne on or around July 3 that I scarcely know what to high-light. The clouds of the last year and a half should have passed over leaving John with a new outlook on life and bringing him a change for the better.

Now let's see just what July 3 could bring him. An officer's commission in the armed forces; the beginning of a long journey which brings him pres-

tige and the fulfillment of a wish; recognition for an act of bravery; marriage or an engagement; the chance that some "wildcat" investment will shower him with money that he didn't expect. What a day, John Payne! Make the most of it. Go after whatever you want most and it should be yours.

Anne Shirley: As soon as I discovered these marvelous aspects in John's chart I rushed to consult the chart of his former (Continued on page 72)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

★ **Clark Gable:** Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Force page 33

★ **Fred Mac Murray:** Appearing in RKO's "Flight For Freedom" page 35

★ **Spencer Tracy:** Appearing in M-G-M's "Keeper Of The Flame" page 38

★ **Katharine Hepburn:** Appearing in M-G-M's "Keeper Of The Flame"; and, on the stage, in the Theater Guild's "Without Love" page 39

★ **Loretta Young:** Appearing in Columbia's "A Night To Remember" page 42

★ **Roy Rogers:** Appearing in Republic's "Ridin' Down The Canyon" page 44

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Blair
Hable

Portrait of a Right Guy



Lillian approves Fred: Fred approves casual jackets, sundaes—and Lillian

He wears glasses and is the tallest of screen stars. Name him? He's

Fred MacMurray, real-life style

JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HIS knees shake violently whenever he makes a personal appearance. "I look like the leaning tower of Pisa."

He loves sauerkraut.

He wishes he had never made "Cocoanut Grove" and "many other pictures." He never plays bridge.

He quit smoking pipes because they always gave him indigestion.

His full name is Frederick Martin MacMurray.

He wears size 12 shoes and is opposed to the rugged individualism philosophy of government. He is very fond of smorgasbord.

He was born in St. Rose Hospital on St. Rose Day in Kankakee, Illinois. His favorite meat is old-fashioned pot roast, and his parents and schoolmates always called him Bud. His eyes are green.

He likes tweeds, picnics and a quick cold shower.

He has had measles and mumps and thinks dyed hair okay on women "provided it makes them more attractive, which is not always the case." He was baptized in a Presbyterian church.

He has two more wisdom teeth to come out.

He is righthanded and last rode in a streetcar in New York in 1934. He is loath to criticize others and considers his work merely a means to an end.

He gets sick at high altitudes.

Fred MacMurray loves telling fairy tales to his two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Susan, but he is forever garbling them until they no longer resemble the originals. His father is of Scotch descent, his mother of German, and he has never worn buckled military shoes.

He is very nearsighted and has to wear glasses.

He is a good speller, likes following a golf match, and is fond of mashed potatoes which he likes to mash himself.

He doesn't like kippers or smoked herring.

He gets seasick and airsick and thinks money not too important to achieve happiness. He smokes about a pack of cigarettes a day.

He never goes to a Turkish or Swedish bath. He flunked in mathematics and never dreamed that he would one day be an actor.

He is never punctual.

He is a realist at heart and is proud of his cooking ability.

He sleeps in the raw.

He never wears jewelry, never drinks wine, and has a special sentimental nostalgia for his boyhood days around Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. He is six feet, three-and-a-half inches tall.

He has never gone in for winter sports, has read very little poetry,

and rides horseback only fairly. "... I can just about manage to stay on one."

He has an exceptionally large appetite and his favorite room is his den which is decorated with numerous bird prints and contains his rifles. He likes fixing his own breakfast but is constantly breaking the yolks of the eggs.

He is very fond of hunting and fishing. He has had his tonsils out and he and his wife never argue about politics.

He is of an even disposition, rarely suffers depression and is an easy, affable conversationalist. His worst traffic offense was speeding at seventy-five miles an hour.

FRED MACMURRAY is proud that he once successfully made a butterscotch pie.

His knuckles won't crack and he is always whistling or humming tunes of his own invention. He seldom eats candy.

He takes Vitamin A for his eyes.

He dislikes wearing tails and has a devil of a time remembering dates, anniversaries and names. He thinks only women with good figures should wear slacks.

His favorite cheese is American nippy, he has never been to Grant's Tomb in New York, where he lived for several years. He is not self-conscious. He (Continued on page 92)

Fred Mac Murray



Under "knees"
the choice
is B. Grable



"Assets"—Rita Hayworth... Rita Hayworth
... Rita Hayworth

My Hollywood Dictionary

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

WEBSTER wrote one, of course, and it comes in handy when you have forgotten how to spell indefatigable or are searching for a six-letter synonym for yak, but Noah's definitions weren't designed to fit life in the City of Edible Snowflakes and some of his simplest words possess far more colorful meanings when pronounced at Hollywood and Vine.

I am not running down Webster. After all, he never attended a double feature or a dish night and to him celluloid was just something kewpie dolls were made of; you can't expect a fellow to define "sweater" correctly if he never saw Lana Turner.

But I do think it's time someone whipped up a brief, sweatshirt-pocket version of Mr. W.'s opus, amended to apply to the land of sequins and sunshine. So here it is.

Angles: There are two varieties of these, both vital to the fame and

cinematic progress of Gwendolyn Glamour and Horace Handsome. First there are the angles you have to know, such as what producer to let blitz you at gin rummy and what columnists to give your marriage and divorce scoops to. The other definition of the same word has to do with learning to turn the other cheek toward the camera, if that cheek happens to photograph better than its mate. This is known as "knowing your best camera angles" and one of the best camera angles to learn is: Be nice to your cameraman—he can give your chin a little twin and make your wrinkles twinkle if you don't watch out.

Artist: An actor or actress who draws—a salary of \$1,500 a week or over, usually over.

Asset: Of the many I can call, few are frozen. Illustration: Marlene Dietrich's legs; Rita Hayworth's chassis; Veronica Lake's coiffure.

Back: Portion of the anatomy off which any he-man movie hero is always ready to give a friend his shirt.

Bat: Something you can't ever go out on if there's a clause concerning morals in your contract, dear.

Bargain: What you get if you make the cashier's window of your neighborhood movie house before the prices change. Also what some of the most charming stars ain't, when you really know them.

Billing: Advertising matter. Or, what the great lovers and their screen sweethearts start to battle over as soon as they stop billing and cooing in the picture's love scenes.

Calories: What Hollywood chickens have to count before they're hatched into stars.

Candle: What every glamour girl privately believes no other glamour girl can hold to her; also what you can't burn at both ends if you have to report to the studio early in the

Under the p's comes Jimmy Stewart, and if you think the word is "pretty" you're all wrong!

R stands for Ruby—and it's not a ring. It's a girl from Brooklyn named Stanwyck



The words are all in Webster's, but the meanings—well, meaning you'll just have to read 'em to believe 'em!

morning looking radiant.
Close-Up: Something no star ever thinks she's gotten quite enough of.
Colossal: The tactful word to use when you mean "mediocre."
Dynamite: The noun agents invariably utilize to describe what their clients are with respect to audiences.
Ecstasy: An old European movie, never hazed by Will Hays, which Hedy Lamarr wishes exhibitors would stop reviving.
Epic: A Grade B story with a Cecil B. De Mille-yun dollar touch.
Ermine: The only thing a movie queen's stand-in will admit the star has that she hasn't got, only nobody will give her a chance to prove it.
Ersatz: Phony—like the snowflakes, lightning, rainstorms, fog and emotions that seem so real when you see them on the screen.
Exaggerate: What movie press agents vow they're not doing the least bit when they (Continued on page 90)



"Heavy": George Sanders is a good illustration in any language.

Spencer Tracy



Faithful Hepburn



OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

on the Spot

A two-way treat: One showing us the gold-star side of Livvie's life; the other, the big black marks she bestows upon herself

THINGS WE LIKE ABOUT OLIVIA

HER name. Her eyes. Her clear-cut hairline. The vague, far-away stare that means the lady has gone into mental retirement and doesn't know you're there any more. These things fascinate us about Olivia de Havilland.

Like a character from an old-time Southworth novel with its tempest-and-sunshine flavor, her name, rich and full, suits her to a T. It suits her life role of the dark bewitching coquettish type with the shy blonde sister; the type that abounded in those stories. The sister with the devil in her eye. That's Livvie.

Even if it is discouraging to other females, we like the idea of anyone's daring to be so darkly beautiful. Looking like a cellophane Hedy Lamarr with candles lit inside. Glowing. Vibrant. Alive.

"All our lives," we said in a sudden outburst of uninhibited frankness, "we've wondered what goes on in the mind of a really beautiful woman. How do you feel about it inside? What reaction does it have on the good old inner woman?"

The stare came. The fogs arose between us. She was thinking. Weighing our honesty. "You're not so bad, yourself," she said finally. We made up our mind to vote for diplomat de Havilland if she ever ran for Congress.

We like the way she has everyone in town shaking his hoary head over the "new" Olivia. "My, how she's changed," they moan. "Used to be so shy and modest."

They mean "used to be so unsure of herself and so frightened we could run all over her." Only they don't put it into so many words.

Of course she's changed. Grown

BY SARA HAMILTON

up and away from those who want to keep her under their bossy old thumbs. She's an exploreress, an adventuress and taster of life. She takes her glowing beauty into every nook and cranny of emotional living. No petticoated layers of false modesty, no pantaletted notions of feminine hypocrisy clutter her life. She's honest. Hollywood made her that way. And Hollywood is now noisily clicking its tongue in disapproval. De Havilland doesn't give a darn.

That's what we like about her.

That resonant voice is another of our "vote for Olivia" slogans. It has a ring like a copper bell. But the laugh would rattle the dishes off tables four miles away. She lets it fly when the occasion calls. But she isn't given to too much laughter. Chuckling is her usual response.

We like her for her preference for homely men. It shows she isn't taken in by male prettiness. Jimmy Stewart, who is gangling and boyish but far from Bob Taylorish, is an example. Franchot Tone was less beautiful. Burgess Meredith, who is on the whimsey-pooh side, is as far from handsome in his quaint way as Lil Abner with his strawseed appeal. Yet these are the men Olivia has preferred up to now.

Now according to rumors Livvie has won a new friend in Lieut. John Huston, son of Walter Huston and a far-from-pretty guy according to Hollywood standards. Director Huston, now of Uncle Sam's forces, finds Olivia's alive and interesting mind a refreshing treat. The marital status

of Mr. Huston prevents any thoughts of romance, but the two have a delightful friendship.

They had met before on the Warner lot and nodded when they passed. John and his wife had not obtained the legal separation that had been pending many months.

And then the youthful director was given "In This Our Life" to direct, with Bette Davis, Olivia, George Brent and Dennis Morgan.

IT was Olivia's expert craftsmanship that first attracted his notice. Beauty even such as Livvie's comes second to ability with men like Huston. They chatted between scenes and found each other congenial company, in accord on many ideas. Then Livvie accepted a breach of contract with Warners and went off pay roll and Huston went from his next assignment, "Across The Pacific," to the Army.

It was when he was sent back from camp to make short subjects for the Army and after his separation was settled upon, he and Olivia discovered their friendship meant a great deal to each.

Now they see each other for lunch and dinner. They spend many spare moments together. Whether this deep attachment will lead to serious romance remains to be seen. We leave it up to Olivia's good judgment.

Which is another thing we like about her.

We like the honesty of her actions and enjoyed the story she told us about Lew Ayres. Her first screen crush as a fan before she was in pictures herself was Lew Ayres. Shortly after she came to Hollywood she met Lew. He (Continued on page 93)



THINGS I DON'T LIKE ABOUT MYSELF

BY OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

(As told to Sara Hamilton)

I'M ill-read. Admit it. And I'm always planning to do something about it. I gobble food. You'd think I had to catch the Clipper.

I'm stubborn. But I'm improving. I realize stubbornness is the strength of weak people and a poor substitute for a strong but flexible mind. So I'm losing my stubbornness fast.

A quick temper is one of the things I dislike to own up to, but I've got one. I've got one that when aroused leads me into saying hard, cruel things I regret, in being ruthless when ruthlessness is not really a part of my nature.

I'm learning to curb it, I think. At least, I find more and more that I enjoy good sound conversation that tolerates no emotionalism. The object

of all intelligent discussions, after all, is to discover the truth of a thing. Truth comes with quiet unemotional reasoning. And quiet reasoning can never be sister to a sharp temper.

I like to flirt since flirting comes in the category of "things young ladies should not do." I suppose I should put it down as a black mark.

But I still like to flirt and honestly believe most women do, if they'd admit it.

I'm gullible. A give-inny when it comes to solicitors or subscription gents. There's something about a subscription list of magazines thrust

under my nose that melts my firm intentions like jelly. Today I take more magazines I have no time to read than any ten people in Hollywood.

It happens to me all over the place, too. Out for a stroll one afternoon in Washington, D. C., I was approached by a young man who introduced himself as a student from Notre Dame, one of a group, he said, who were assigned to talk to various people about the country, gathering up opinions on current topics and so forth. I stood and looked at him. Something should be done right there, I reasoned, but no, I just stood and looked.

"We could really talk much better over a coke," (Continued on page 94)

Loretta Young



Forget those fears!

BY

Loretta Young

HAVE read that fifteen percent of our younger draftees—the men between twenty-one and thirty-five—have been rejected for military service, temporarily at least, because of emotional instability and nervousness. A few of those rejected were, of course, out and out mental cases. The great majority, however, simply suffered from fatigue.

Anyone who suffers from fatigue has my sympathy. I've never told about my experiences with fatigue and how it induced fears of illness and finally illness itself. Ordinarily such stories aren't too entertaining. Now, however, when so many of us are worrying lest we prove unequal to the strain and extra work which war brings I believe this experience bears telling.

At first I was only tired, perpetually. The quick energy I'd always taken for granted no longer existed . . . Then fears began. I worried that I was going to be ill. I rehearsed, over and over, experiences and sensations which indicated illness was inevitable.

Finally, unable to endure the fears any longer, I went to my doctor.

My doctor assured me I was in splendid condition except for a trifling difficulty. He recommended this be corrected whenever I had time to go into the hospital for a few days. In my relief at learning no grim illness threatened I agreed to go to the hospital as soon as I finished my picture.

However, after I had left the doctor's office my fears came alive again. Soon I was convinced my doctor had withheld the truth, that there was really something seriously wrong with me. Consequently, when I finished my picture I was afraid to go to the hospital and, so that I wouldn't have too much time to think, I started another picture immediately.

Several months later, unable to endure the uncertainty my fears had created, I returned to my doctor. This time my worry was apparent to him.

"The trifling difficulty I mentioned before should have attention," he said. "It doesn't concern me as much as your fears, however. For your fears are a symptom of fatigue. And fatigue can be serious.

"I want you to take a vacation as soon as possible. In the meantime I want you to rest."

It was reasonable enough that I should know fatigue. I had worked hard for a long time. Besides, in a constant race with the illness I feared, I had pressed to finish every job I undertook. I also had worried about my finances—should I be ill and my income cease.

Mother and I went to New York. There, however, I kept going. I was afraid to sit down, I think, for fear I couldn't get up again, so I indulged in the popular pastime of fooling myself and running away from myself. I crowded my days with luncheons,

"Because you're going to be in bed for some time. That trifling disability we talked about is trifling no more. You've worked up quite an infection, thanks to your worry. And you're so depleted, also thanks to your worry, that you're going to have a time fighting it!"

He didn't spare me. Before long, however, I wasn't sparing myself. I saw how I had allowed fears to dominate me. I realized I had been so busy concentrating on them and running away from them that I had not taken time to pursue the simple constructive steps that would have eliminated them.

Also, now that I had brought my worse fears to pass and I was in bed, I perceived that the consequences of my illness were not going to be so disastrous as I had imagined.

My illness itself was only a nuisance; it wasn't so grave as I had feared.

My studio was entirely willing to postpone production on "Ramona" and as a result of this postponement finally filmed it in Technicolor which proved its greatest charm.

In bed for seven weeks, with more time than I ever had had to consider my household, I found ways of running my domestic affairs more efficiently and more economically than I would have dreamed possible.

My sister Sally and Norman Foster were married as planned, only instead of a big church wedding they had a small wedding at home, which they both insisted they liked much better. My nurse opened my door so I could hear the ceremony and Sally and Norman came upstairs to drink their wedding wine sitting on my bed.

Best of all, however, that illness of mine taught me not to allow myself to be driven by fears; but to accept them as a symptom, probably of fatigue . . . to recognize fatigue as an enemy of health and happiness . . . and to combat its first sign by extra hours of rest and a simple diet.

All of which, I think, is especially valuable knowledge in this Year of Our Lord, 1943, when courage, confidence and vigor are so vital to the victory to which we are dedicated.

Do you lie awake thinking you're going to be ill?

Do you worry whether you will have strength to meet the demands of your job?

Do you rush from one activity to another trying to run away from yourself?

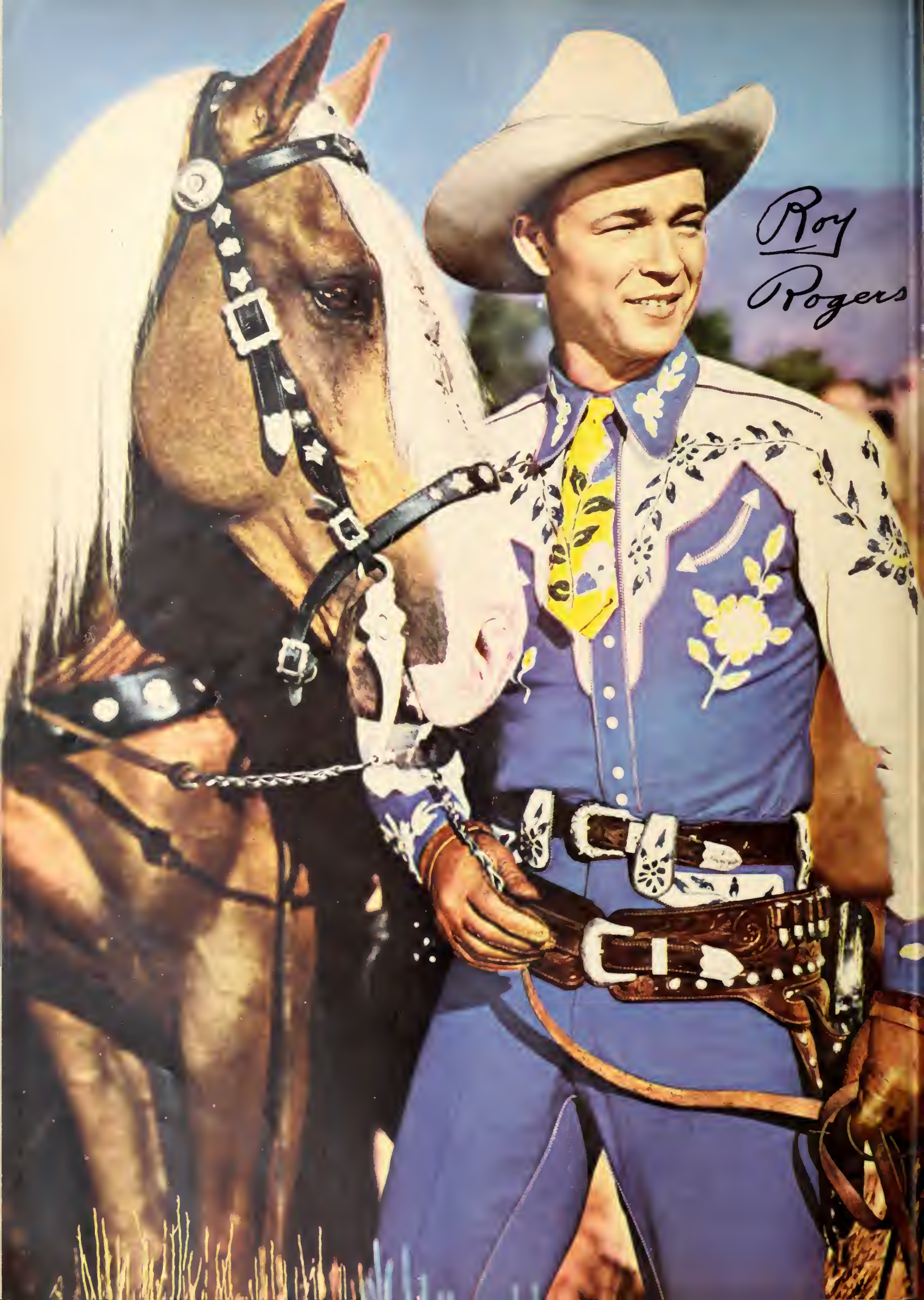
shopping expeditions, the theater.

Ten days after our arrival in New York I collapsed. The next morning Mother and I were on a fast train bound for California.

"I can't be ill," I told myself frantically. "I can't afford to be ill. . . .

"The studio won't hold up production on 'Ramona' any longer! And I need the prestige that picture will give me! The income too! This trip has cost a pretty penny. And I can't be ill and upset Sally's and Norman's wedding plans!"

When I reached home and my doctor came to see me he shook his head. "Get in bed and relax," he told me.



*Roy
Rogers*

No ceiling on laughter

Just for fun — this collection of laughs that is giving Hollywood a lift even though the joke's on them

BY DICK PINE

DOROTHY LAMOUR ordered to hospital for rest after her Bond-selling tour." "Bette Davis's picture postponed three weeks to allow her to recuperate from war canteen activities." "Linda Darnell ordered to bed for a rest before continuing with personal-appearance tour."

The headlines in the papers might lead you to believe that half our stars are casualties on the home front. Some of them are. But not for long. They are doing a noble (and strenuous) job and it's not to be wondered at if, occasionally, one of them falls out of the ranks to recuperate. But they come back pretty fast. Perhaps the secret, an important secret, is contained in Bob Hope's remark, "We'll get along all right as long as there's no ceiling on laughter. That does it!"

Maybe that's important for all of us to keep in mind. In World War I, I heard a famous general say, "Show me men who grumble when everything is going well but who know how to laugh when the going gets rough, and I'll show you some good fighting men!"

Gene Tierney had a lift from a laugh, even though it was at her own expense. Touring the camps with Chester Morris and his "one and o-o-only magic act," Gene was so exhausted that she fell asleep in the car which was taking them to Rockford, Illinois. Suddenly, someone poked her in the ribs and she realized that sirens were pounding all over the place. "A police escort!" somebody hissed at her. "Get up and smile. Smile!" Gene sighed and hoisted herself to the top of the back seat (open car, top down) where she sat smiling, bowing and waving in the approved-by-the-newsreels manner, to the plaudits of the multitude. Then she began to detect something in the plaudits which smacked more of laughter than of admiration. She put her hand to her head. Tragedy! Her hair was still in curlers from her early morning beauty precautions, tight "Topsy curlers" with white wisps of stuff sticking out of her pretty head in little tufts. Gene kept her head admirably. (Continued on page 102)

It happened to Hedy Lamarr before you could say "Box lunch!"



Gene Tierney: She was quite literally curled up in embarrassment

The trouble was it wasn't in the bag for Charles Laughton





My heart in my mouth - Rita Hayworth

To transport any guy in khaki to a transport with a happy smile on his face—a lip-reading message from Miss Rita Hayworth, past mistress of the art of the caloric kiss



Wish I could deliver this personally —

Paulette Goddard

There's a touch of the old Eve in Paulette Goddard's technique. It promises, but it doesn't always pay off. It's a nice little note on any big note to a camper in the U. S. A.



Here is something for you

Maria Montez

A kiss with an accent strictly Continental, interpreted by Maria Montez. American girls usually skip it; American men usually don't. It's the blitz variety, the kind that sends better messages than Signal Corps experts

Love and

XXX marks the spot where the girls—at the boys' request—are sealing their letters with lipstick. Test yours with this sextette!



My lady luck kiss you, too

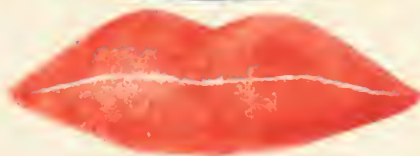
Betty Grable

This is the "Can't we just be friends?" kiss, perfected by Betty Grable. It's a good-sport, remember-me, I'm-your-pal caress. That is, that's what it starts out to be



Sincerely Yours,
Dorothy Lamour

And this is the sort of kiss that makes even the tough old top sergeant start dreaming of moonlight and roses to the tune of "I Surrender Dear." Lady behind the lips: Dorothy Lamour



Jeepfuls of Love from
Linda Darnell

The cuddle-up-a-little-closer, "sweet young thing" type of kiss, with a dash of spice thrown in, specialty of the Hollywood house of Darnell. Linda gives it; the boys get it; the soldier caps start flying in air

Kisses

Personal to the boys: These im-prints are life-size.

Personal to the girls: Here's your chance to match your lips against the stars'.

P.S. to all soldiers, sailors and marines: These sentimental greet-ings were sent by the Hollywood stars to you, Uncle Sam's boys, wherever and whenever one of you picks up this magazine.

TALK ABOUT ROMANCE!



BOB STERLING has gone to war. The big lad with the dark hair, quick smile and the image of Ann Sothorn in his eyes has done what so many other American boys have done; done it in the very midst of filming the greatest picture of his career.

Now, said the Hollywood gossips, surely they would talk, Bob and Ann. Surely this exasperating pair of human clams would have to break the long, self-imposed silence and put an end to hot surmises about their personal plans. Surely a man couldn't go off for combat training in the Air Force without something's being said about the girl he's leaving behind him!

For all the times Hollywood has missed its bet about these two in the

past, this time it was right. Ann and Bob have talked—in their own fashion.

"Well, what can we say?" Ann began. "We aren't engaged. How can we be when my divorce won't be final for some months? Wouldn't it be pretty much out of place to talk about plans, even if we had any, until I'm free?"

Bob said, "In the first place, Ann feels as I do. She—we both feel that there is a dignity about the business of marriage that doesn't let you blab a lot of stuff loosely about your plans until you *have* some plans—until you know definitely what you're saying. War and hysteria and emotion are not going to stampede either of us into doing or thinking about anything that we wouldn't have done otherwise.

"Everyone knows that we have been seeing one another as often as we can, what with both of us working in pictures. Everyone knows that neither of us goes out with anyone else—ever. I don't see what else we can tell anyone. Oh, well—I could add that Ann is the nicest person I've ever known—if that's news!"

So, having observed the proprieties, Bob and Ann were free to take deep breaths and talk a little bit about one another.

"Have you noticed," Ann trilled, "how Bob has developed, how he has matured in the last year? Can't you see it in his face, in his work, in his voice? His mental attitude, his approach to life and his job . . . well, it's just amazing!"

Ann Southern and Bob Sterling speaking

To Helen Louise Walker

She went on, gravely, "I flatter myself that I'm critical, skeptical, that I'm not easily impressed. I've been in this business too long to be haphazard in my judgments. But I think that Bob has it in him to be one of our biggest stars. I think he'll be a truly fine, possibly a great actor. He has that—that something in him. He looks surprised when I tell him that he would have been good at anything he'd undertaken. If he had decided to be a salesman or a baseball player or a bank executive or a politician, he'd have made a success of it. But he belongs in the acting business." She broke off.

"He's done such wonderful things for me, too. . . ."

BBETTER pause here for a moment and keep track of what Bob has to say about some of this.

"I have grown up, come of age somehow, in this past year and a half," he admits. "I don't know exactly what happened. I guess no one ever knows exactly what occurs when he—well—when he becomes a person. Maybe it's just that you sort of 'jell' mentally. I know that my approach to life, to complicated situations, to work, to the business of going to war has all suddenly become pretty simple.

"I've always been a worrier. I'll fret and fume and pace the floor. But now I guess I know what things are worth worrying about. I think Ann taught me a lot of that. She has such perspective. She knows this picture business and she knows a lot about life and she thinks about things intelligently. She's never advised me not to worry. She knows that if you aren't anxious to do your best, you won't be any good at all. But she has taught me not to worry about non-essentials. So I feel pretty well-balanced in my mind about going to war, about coming back and taking up my job again."

You all know how Ann and Bob met on the set before they went into "Ringside Maisie" together. Most of you probably know that they began to feel acquainted, to take an eager interest in one another, after they met again as Ann was coming home from Hedy Lamarr's (Continued on page 95)



Silent twosome about romantic plans were Bob and Ann—until Bob enlisted in the Air Force. Then Hollywood decided they'd talk—when a man's going into the service something has to be said about the girl he leaves behind. What's more, Ann and Bob decided they'd talk, too—here and now



Courtship: The glamour of a big Hollywood engagement party



Marriage: Hours spent together at home—Mr. and Mrs. David Rose



Pocketful O' Songs

That was all Judy Garland had to offer.

But it brought her a great career

and a romance unlike that of any other in Hollywood

BY JUNE PALMS and CAROLYN DAWSON

FROM Minnesota they came—Ethel and Frank Gumm with their three little daughters piled in the back seat of the old Dodge. They were headed for Hollywood and a try at fame; they had with them courage, faith and a pocketful of songs. In those three little girls were centered all the hopes of Frank and Ethel, vaudeville troupers of old; it was in their youngest, Frances, that they felt lay the greatest hope of all.

For those first hard years they worked endlessly, singing wherever they could get the chance, traveling the countryside as The Garland Sisters, with small Frances, now "Judy," as the hit of the show. Then came the day when M-G-M called and Judy, a small nervous figure in sweater and skirt, sang for Louis B. Mayer. The next day it happened. Judy Garland was given a contract with M-G-M and the Gums were on their way.

But progress was slow. Judy was called for few pictures and those made no great hit with the audiences of America. Then, in May, 1938, the lot started to buzz with preparations for a gigantic musical, "Babes In Arms," starring Mickey Rooney. Busby Berkeley, the director, asked for Judy Garland as Mickey's running mate. The studio hemmed and hawed; Berkeley was quietly insistent; Judy was given the role.

That was the start of a great co-starring team and it was also the start of Judy's fabulous career. For America took one look and enfolded those two youngsters in its eager arms.

In Hollywood on Wednesday nights a program called "California Melodies" was broadcast. Week after week Judy listened, enthralled by the harmonies of a young composer she

had never seen. Yet she felt she knew him; his music told her much in a language that at times almost frightened her.

One misty California night she slipped away to the studio where he broadcast. A slight unassuming young man stood on the platform. His eyes, passing over the faces in the audience, found a slender girl in a big green hat. His eyes found her and stopped.

Afterwards, when the last notes of the orchestra had died away, Judy made her way hesitantly toward the aisle. A slight breathless young man rushed up to her. "Miss Garland, I—I—please, will you wait. . . ."

Judy stood there and listened to the pounding of her heart. She had just met the man who would one day be her husband, David Rose.

"IT'S funny how trivial incidents can change our lives," Judy says to Dave today. "What if I hadn't gone to that broadcast?"

"What if you hadn't worn that big green hat," Dave teases. "I might never have noticed you!"

The whole world knows the outcome of that meeting in the broadcasting studio, but not all the world knows of the "puppy love" affair that had immediately preceded it.

It had begun on the set of "Strike Up The Band" which featured that favorite co-starring team of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. Now Judy had played in many pictures with Mickey before, but now for the first time she had suddenly been afflicted with "Rooney" fright.

For the script called for a minstrel show and as one of the end men she would be competing with Mickey. To make it worse the skit was to be done

in blackface. Always before, Judy had had the advantage of softly waving hair-dos, fluttering eyelashes and all the thousand feminine furbelows which usually succeed in taking the starch out of the most confident and preening male.

This time not only would she be in blackface, but Wardrobe had handed her a little costume number which could pass for a cross between Little Willie's first pair of grownup pants and Uncle Elmer's long flannel drawers.

All in all, the situation was extremely sad.

Over in the opposite corner of the ring Mr. Rooney himself was indulging in a mild nervous breakdown. Always before, when Judy had appeared with him, Mickey had been able to pull attention his way by making funny faces or by looking so dog-goned homely that the contrast would be marked. Now, by gosh, Judy was going to beat him at his own game. He went over to heckle her.

"I'm scared," Judy greeted him hollowly.

Mickey nearly fainted. "What's bothering you? Kidnappers?"

"This minstrel business," Judy said. "You'll show me up so terribly."

Mickey could not believe his own ears. "Have you gone crazy?"

Judy's eyes searched his face. "You mean you've been worrying about it too?"

"Oh no," Mickey denied vehemently. "Never gave it a second thought!"

Judy began to see the light. If Mickey felt uneasy, then this stage-fright business was not limited to beginners like herself. Even the greatest of them could suffer from its pangs. She relaxed. (Continued on page 107)

A welcome to Gene Kelly, newcomer from the Broadway stage, male magnet in M-G-M's "For Me And My Gal"





An encore for Laraine Day, laurel-winner of old, an actress triumphant in M-G-M's "Journey For Margaret"

FIRST THING I SEE—

In a Man

Says Ellen Drew:

His mouth. Many people think eyes are the most important thing. I don't. A man's eyes change with his thoughts. His mouth doesn't. It's the result of all the things he has been and thought all his life.

Says Mary Martin:

His speaking voice. When a man pays you a compliment it isn't always what he says that is most important—but his way of saying it, if he has a charming voice!

Says Dorothy Lamour:

His dignity. We all go through a phase when we like a man to give us a million laughs and don't care about anything else. But eventually we want a man to be dignified and to treat women as if they were women.

Says Joan Fontaine:

The expression of his eyes; whether he looks at you steadily or whether he gives you a side glance—things like that. I must say I always like frankness in a man's eye. A steady gaze is admirable. (See Brian Aherne's eyes.)

Some confessions about first impressions—with an eye to giving you the lowdown on what to look for in looks

In a Woman

Says Tyrone Power:

The general stance. Often when a girl turns around you think, "Oh, oh, not so pretty!" But she's still attractive if her figure's good. I remember a photograph of ten girls . . . only one stood well, and right away you looked at her.



Says Jackie Cooper:

The face. I don't like anything pasty but I don't like this pancake of make-up everybody's wearing. Across the room it may look all right but not when you get close. The main thing is I don't like the way it smells.



Says Bob Hope:

It depends on the woman . . . on how close you are to her! Men notice a woman's figure first, I think. Then they move in closer and get a little of the eyes . . . and move in closer . . .



Says Brian Aherne:

Her hands! You get a good impression of a person from hands. I think hands are more indicative of character and breeding than anything else. I like my wife's hands. (See Joan Fontaine's hands.)



TWO AGAINST LOVE

—Kay and Riley, both fighting against
their feeling for each other, both
knowing, always, what the end must be

BY HELEN DOWDEY

The Story Thus Far:

I T was a case any other nurse at Justin Sanatorium would have pleaded for, but to me, Kay Howells, it was something to be dreaded—this taking charge of Riley Sloane, top Hollywood star who'd been sent to the hospital for a cure from heavy drinking. While he had been at Justin's, things had gone well enough, for I had had at my side Chris—Dr. Christopher Ross, young specialist on the staff and my best friend. But when Riley left for home, I had been ordered to go with him, to watch him always—on the set, where he was starring in "Lost Melody," in his big house high in the hills.

I knew by then that Riley was a moody black Irishman, a man whose bitterness caused him to strike out at me in sarcasm, a man whose gentleness had sometimes given me the happiest moments I had ever known. For I would always remember that day at the hospital when he had leaned over and brushed my forehead with his lips, whispering, "If I'd only known someone like you, Kay."

Instead, he had known the usual Hollywood crowd—Corky Smith, the arrogant writer, Prudence Vickers, the gossip columnist, Carlotta Fane, the actress of long ago, and Honey Hollister.

It was Honey, blonde, insolent Honey, who'd given me the first intimation of the evil things Hollywood was saying of my presence in the home of Riley Sloane. It was Honey who'd turned so furiously on me every time I'd barred her from seeing Riley; who had taunted me, intimating that between her and Riley there was

something I could never understand.

"She's got some hold on him," Chris had said to me. "If we knew what it was, we'd know a lot more about Riley Sloane."

We were all to know soon enough—on that terrible Sunday when Honey burst in upon Chris and Riley and me, screaming, "You've fallen for her! Everybody knows it!" The three of us stood there, horrified. "I'll make you wish you'd never seen her," she shouted hysterically. "I'll—" She fumbled in her bag and suddenly the mouth of a blue-black gun was pointed at me.

Chris and Riley moved at the same instant. There was a blinding explosion and the bullet went harmlessly over our heads. Honey twisted in Chris's grasp and then froze. She made a strange gasping sound and pitched forward—dead.

"It's her heart," Chris said briefly. Riley nodded. "It's been bad. She took drugs."

"I'll have to report this," Chris said. "I'll have to telephone—"

"Just a minute." It was Riley's voice, toneless, dead. "There's something you ought to know. Honey Hollister is—my wife."

The Story Continued:

ONCE or twice before in my life, I have known a moment when time stood still. When between one tick of the clock and the next, all movement ceased and a shocked hush filled my world.

It was like that now. Only one thing was real. *Honey Hollister is my wife.* Riley's words rang in my ears.

When the room stopped whirling, I



looked at him. His face was stony. "Nobody knew it," he said. "They'll have to now. Make your report, Chris."

I longed to go to him, touch him, see the look that had been in his eyes last night and know that I was necessary to him. But he had shut himself behind his barrier. Neither of us moved till Chris came back.

"They're coming," he said. "We'll have to tell about the shot, I'm afraid. And about why she—" he glanced at the still figure lying on the couch—"she came here. It won't make a



pretty story, with its implications. Of course if you were married, that explains why she was jealous of Kay."

"I never guessed," I said brokenly. I'd been a fool. This explained everything. Chris had been right when he'd said, "When we know about Honey Hollister, we'll know the story of Riley Sloane."

In the next hour, we heard the story. Between questions and answers, the coroner's examination and Chris's report, between shunting off reporters and keeping out of sight of the curious crowd outside, with many

painful gaps and pauses, the story came out. Only Chris and I heard the whole of it. And only we saw the brittle control with which Riley told it, a control that threatened to snap at any minute.

They'd been married five years ago. In Las Vegas, secretly, because she'd insisted it be that way. "She was big news in Hollywood. I was nobody. She said the studio would raise a row if it were publicized. I could see her point. Besides, I—well, I was crazy enough about her to do it any way she asked."

I could read between the lines. I could see him agreeing to that simple little request—with that warm body in his arms and that lovely face half pleading, half promising. He'd already made himself hard when he came out here. Embittered early by seeing his father's defeat in life, he'd denied himself the simple things we live by—companionship and trust and love—and armored himself against them. He had told me once that Honey was the chink in his armor. His love for her had borne the burden of his starvation and denial and the ideal-



Nurse Kay Howells



Actor Riley Sloane



Dr. Christopher Ross

ism of passionate and reckless youth.

"Then she insisted it be kept secret," he went on. It was as though he were talking to himself, his voice flat, his eyes on the floor and dark with some remembered pain. "I was to go on living in my furnished room and she as the queen of Beverly Hills. Nobody could know she was mine. 'Only for a little while,' she told me when I balked, 'only till you get your break in pictures.' The break never seemed to come. Somebody else always got the roles I'd been halfway promised. And when she gave a party I'd have to leave with the other guests and then sneak back—later. I had to use back alleys to see her—my wife. She dangled me like a puppy on a leash and when I kicked, she—well, she persuaded me I was wrong."

I KNEW how. I'd seen her in action once. "But why did she marry you, if she didn't love you? Why?"

Riley shrugged expressively. "She was as fond of me as she could be of anybody but herself. And I was the perfect stooge for her ego. She was beginning to slip at the studio and she needed me around to tell her how wonderful she was."

"Then it looked as though I were going to have my chance. A role in a picture with her—'Pretty Lady,' the last one she ever made, as it happened. She promised she'd do all she could to throw it my way. Suddenly, something happened. Somebody else got it and I was dealt out. I was about ready to cut my throat when Leo Martin picked me up for a bit in one of his productions. You know the rest."

That was the role that had catapulted him to fame, while "Pretty Lady," ironically, had been one of the biggest flops in box-office history.

"It was then I found out the truth. She'd been knifing me all along, deliberately keeping me out of pictures. Part of it, I guess, was natural jealousy of what I might do and part of it was because she liked having me around as a combination lackey and gigolo," the toneless voice went on. "That was the showdown. She was on the skids and knew it. She'd been doping for some time, and drinking, and her heart

was on the bum. By the time our positions were reversed, she wanted to announce the marriage. But I was through. I told her she'd wanted it kept secret and she'd jolly well have it kept secret.

"Divorce?" He answered the unspoken question. "What was the use? She'd have contested and there'd be all that nice dirty linen aired. Besides, there was nobody else for me and never would be. I supported her, but I wouldn't live with her and it was that that finally burned her up. She was afraid of losing her meal ticket and her one chance for a comeback on my coat tails."

"I'VE stalled the reporters as long as I can, Riley," Chris was saying. "I'll tell them you'll see them now. Then I'll sneak Kay out the back door."

When he'd left the room I walked over to Riley. I put my hand on his arm and looked up into the bitter face. "Last night," I said softly, "you asked me never to leave you. This is today and maybe you feel differently. However you feel, I want you to know I'll always be around if—or when—you need me."

For an instant there was an answering flicker in his eyes, some wordless communication for me alone. Then Chris came back and the barrier dropped into place again. "Don't worry about me," he said gruffly, and went to meet the reporters.

Upstairs, a weeping Ellen helped me pack. "Poor Mr. Sloane," she mourned, "just when he was getting on so well."

It was what was in my mind, too. What would this shock do to that precarious balance, this jarring open of half-healed wounds? I longed to stay near him. But I couldn't. Not now.

Driving out to the sanatorium, Chris said, "You'll have to keep out of sight till this blows over." He looked strained and worried. "It doesn't look good for either of us, mixed up in something like this. I telephoned Dr. Justin and he doesn't like it a little bit."

Dr. Justin certainly didn't. Suavely but with unmistakable meaning, he

told me that—er—under the circumstances, with all the unfortunate publicity and the name of the hospital involved . . . I cut him short. I understood perfectly that my services were no longer wanted.

Feeling like an outcast, I packed the few possessions I'd left at the sanatorium. Where was I to go? Chris couldn't take me in. What was I to do? I had very little money. I had to stay near Riley but—the telephone brought me up short. It was Carlotta Fane.

"I've just heard," she said. "My dear, you must come here immediately. Nobody need know except your young doctor and Riley, of course."

I thanked her gratefully. And thought how strange it was that my only friend was this aging, garrulous old actress with her dyed red hair and her golden heart.

NEXT day, the full fury of the press hit. I cowered before the blast. Every newspaper in the country carried the story: Honey Hollister Dies in Hollywood Home of Riley Sloane. Star Reveals Secret Five-Year Marriage. In the tabloids there were pictures, even one of me—Nurse Who Was Present at Time of Tragedy. And one of Chris—Prominent Young Psychiatrist Who Was Witness of Sudden Death. Fortunately there was nothing about the shot that had been fired, but there didn't need to be for people with evil minds. It was all there, implied, for those who cared to read between the lines. I felt sick.

The phone rang all day. "Yes, I knew Miss Howells, a dear girl. No, I haven't the faintest idea where she is," Miss Fane would lie cheerfully.

Every time the bell tinkled, I jumped. Chris would have told Riley where I was. When would he come? When would he call? I was pacing the floor when Chris's call came.

"Riley Sloane has disappeared."

He said it just like that. Just as if every syllable weren't a separate blow. "He left during the night without a word to anyone. His car is gone. Mr. Martin," he spoke in a careful undertone, "is here at the house now. (Continued on page 79)

Fascination for 1943



Gay fascinator in Charles R. Rogers's "The Powers Girl" is Carole Landis; 1943 front-page style news is her pink-pearl crepe dinner dress with its slim skirt, slim peplum, striking design of tropical leaves in silver and crystal beads. Adrian, the designer, slit the skirt at the hemline, cut an off-center V at the neckline, produced a dress of simple elegance for a '43 sophisticate



A dreams-come-true picture of the kind of suit every woman dreams of having at least once in a lifetime—a fine grey herringbone wool with a white diagonal stripe that makes shoulders look fashionably broader, waistline look trimly smaller. It's an Adrian model worn by Carole Landis who spots it up with a big black velvet beret, smart black suede shoes and bag



A model dress for a model picture: Worn by Carole in "The Powers Girl," this day dress of burnished copper pebble crepe should brighten up every girl's wardrobe. It's simple; it's sophisticated; it's the "little dress" America is famous for. Adrian has accentuated the shoulders and nipped in the waistline by criss-cross bands of self-material. Just for fun, wear a dunce cap and long gloves of persimmon velveteen

You can look as smart as a star



Seeing double—and seeing's believing! Florence wears a dinner dress that's a look-alike for Carole Landis's Adrian model. Give a nice ladylike shout of approval for a peplum, sequins and an intriguingly slashed skirt. Peplums, as if by magic, produce a long, slim line . . . Sequins high-light your dinner-date dash . . . And a slashed skirt (As if you didn't know!) is as irresistibly glamorous as the sandal and ankle it so cleverly discloses.

In champagne or black rayon crepe with gold sequins. Sizes 12-20. \$29.95. Sterns.



Three cheers for two peas-in-the-pod pictures that prove you can have Hollywood style on a budget. Come spring zephyrs and daffodils, Carole's suit will be an ideal costume—and so will Florence's. Softly tailored, it's a perfect priority must for under winter coats now, too. Florence rated the diagonal stripes which the trim little jacket makes doubly effective. "They're not only unusual," she said, "they're slenderizing, too."

In gray, brown, soldier blue or natural, of spun rayon (which looks like wool) with white pin stripes and a white collar. Sizes 10-16. \$8.95. Saks-34th Street.



The clothes featured on these pages are on sale at the New York stores speci-

Reader Florence Buermann wanted striking clothes like Carole Landis's. She found them—at these pint-sized prices!

Two "spittin' image" dresses with but a single thought: To make a girl look prettier. Florence's rayon crepe is a morning-into-afternoon-into-evening dress for the days that allow no time to go home and dress between business and pleasure. Tiny tucks sunburst most flatteringly from the center line of both skirt and blouse. And look twice at the sparkling flattery of those rhinestone circles at the victorious neckline. Look at Florence's dress; look at Carole's. Who said the price of Hollywood glamour was too much for a gal's small purse?

In black or brown rayon crepe. Sizes 12-20. \$17.95. Or in gold, violet or pale blue wool (82% wool and 18% rabbit's hair). Sizes 12-20. \$17.95. Sterns.



fied. For instructions as to how you can purchase them easily, turn to page 110

THESE SERVE



NOEL COWARD (above), the Englishman named for Christmas and noted for all-around genius, gives us this year for Christmas the greatest picture of men at sea to come out of this war, "In Which We Serve." It is the powerful, poignant life story of a British destroyer, the *H.M.S. Torrin*, and her heroic finish in the waters of the Mediterranean, told in terms of the lives of the courageous British seamen who give her the last measure of their devotion. Coward, who plays her Captain, has written and produced the picture as part of his all-important work in British propaganda, his "Cavalcade" of Britain at sea.



This is good-by: A seaman takes leave of his wife, his England, and sails away to war

This is imminent death: The crew of the *Torrin* fighting the sea for their lives



This is the courage of noble men: The Captain and his men sing Christmas carols at sea

The truth about stars' breakdowns

Three-fourths of Hollywood's nervous cases are legitimate. The other fourth is faked — and they're exposed here

"By Fearless"



Such a beauty as Lana Turner was bound to suffer grilling after-effects



Completely genuine was Joan Fontaine's recent illness — and the cause justified it



No one in Hollywood dreamed of what ailed Ronald Colman

HOLLYWOOD has nerves that jingle, jangle, jingle. Tired nerves, frayed nerves and, alas, convenient nerves that break down at opportune moments. In no community its size are there so many so-called nervous breakdowns that range all the way from poutings and hysteria to actual physical exhaustion. They occur in the very young as well as sturdy adults and the increasing number of "cases" in Hollywood has raised a lusty "How come?" among the movie-goers.

The truth is that three-fourths of the breakdowns are legitimate. It's the one-fourth that makes the juicy reporting. Take that prominent actress, for instance, slightly on the wane, who faked an illness in order to avoid a scheduled Bond tour. Suspicion was allayed for the simple reason the actress had heretofore been fairly co-operative. The fact the star was no longer under specific contract to any studio prevented a studio medical examination, so the matter drifted. But a few suspicious souls began recounting the war activities of the star in the past and discovered her help had been limited entirely at her own convenience to soldiers who were merely in the vicinity. She had appeared at none of the coastal can- teens, nor had she joined any organi-

zations or classes. Still the reports of her illness drifted about until an actress making a Bond tour through Western cities spotted the star comfortably ensconced by the side of her boy friend who was encamped nearby. And there she had been all the time.

But very rare are such cases in the face of the overwhelming selflessness of some Hollywood personalities.

Greer Garson, for instance, ended up in an Eastern hospital suffering from exhaustion and the recurrence of an old illness after weeks of strenuous Bond-selling. Ronald Colman came nearer a complete collapse than anyone in Hollywood dreamed. An actor's most precious possession—his voice—was sacrificed by Charles Laughton to stimulate sales. For weeks after his return to Hollywood Laughton suffered extreme laryngitis.

But on the bad side of the ledger goes this little anecdote. A very prominent actress recently demanded more money. The studio agreed—if the star would make concessions they felt necessary to her position. The star refused. The studio, bored with the unpleasant publicity, suddenly closed up like a clam. The next move came from the actress. She was in a hospital with the usual "nervous breakdown." She'd be there some time, her



Oddest case in all film town is that of the youngest Lane, Priscilla

press agent announced, and columnists ate it up.

The studio quietly investigated and discovered the ruse. They didn't budge. Three days later the star was off visiting her boy friend at a nearby camp and the incident was closed. No one, believe us, can recover from break- (Continued on page 83)



Paulette's in Love!



The biggest excitement in Hollywood: This blazing romance between two of the town's most daring personalities—Paulette and Burgess Meredith

AT this very moment, Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard are as inseparable as the hydrogen and oxygen molecules that go to make up water. That is, as inseparable as a lieutenant in the Air Force and the busiest star in Hollywood (he's just finished some fast work on "Street Of Chance") can ever be in times like these.

"It must be the uniform," Meredith's civilian cronies say with part envy and part surprise, amidst a cloud of wild rumors that one fine day there will be Mendelssohn music and orange blossoms in the offing. The envy is only natural and the surprise is perfectly legitimate, considering the fact that the Goddard is, and has been for some time, the most sought-after belle in the movie colony.

The uniform reference is strictly a canard, although if anyone is prouder of Meredith in uniform than Paulette Goddard, it is Lieutenant Meredith himself. The romance, however, began long before the duration, just to set things right.

In a way, Boris Morros, that moon-faced, cherubic-looking producing gentleman, can be credited with sponsoring the great conflagration a couple of years back, during the shooting of his picture, "Second Chorus," in which the two figured.

Mr. Morros, a man of peace and good will (among other things), was

BY RICHARD ADDISON

transcribing an air from Tchaikovsky behind a very imposing green door marked Boris Morros—Private, when the telephone rang. Miss Goddard was on the wire, with a bee in her bonnet.

"There's a madman in the next bungalow," Miss Goddard said hotly. "And he's quoting Shakespeare at the top of his voice."

"What play?" Morros wanted to know.

"'Romeo And Juliet.'"

"From where I'm sitting, that's no madman," Morros reassured her. "It sounds like Mr. Burgess Meredith. We start shooting his scenes tomorrow and apparently he's rehearsing."

"Are you shooting 'Romeo And Juliet' or 'Second Chorus?'" Miss G. demanded.

"Buzz—I mean Mr. Meredith—is a strange man. He gets himself into the proper mood only by reciting Shakespeare."

"To himself?"

"Usually. Unless, of course, he's overheard."

"How very fascinating!" Miss Goddard said.

At which point Mr. Morros did the gallant thing, brought them together, performed the introductions and diplomatically retired.

"I understand you quote Shake-

speare by the mile?" Miss Goddard said, the minute Mr. Morros had disappeared.

"I'll hear any suggestions for improvement," Meredith said.

"Fine," said the Goddard. "Why don't you hire a prairie?" And she stomped off.

WITH such an auspicious start, a five-alarm blaze was inevitable. True, it took quite a little campaigning, much of it rewarded by an infuriating yawn from Paulette, but in the end, it happened: Burgess Meredith, who likes his ladies mettlesome (as well as beautiful), and Paulette Goddard, who likes her men imaginative (as well as gifted), became an item.

Repercussions of the amalgamation were first felt at "Pandemonium," the ex-lovenest of the Wayne Morrisces which had been taken over by Meredith and the then-bachelor, Franchot Tone.

"I don't know what's come over Mr. Meredith," Wood, the Meredith butler, confided to Tone one day. "Lately the master can't make up his mind which of his two suits to wear, the grey or the brown."

"Calm yourself, Wood," Tone came back. "Love has overtaken the master. I have it on unimpeachable authority: My best ties are starting to disappear. I wonder who it could be."

Jimmy Stewart, (Cont'd on page 74)

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS



You may find the answer to your own dilemma in this great feature wherein Bette Davis gives intimate advice to you, our readers

BETTE DAVIS, known throughout the country as the great advice star of Hollywood, now offers to answer your problems through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror. Each month, from the letters sent to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, Miss Davis chooses those with the problems that seem to her to be most universal and gives her fearless answers every month in this magazine. No names of towns are used and all names of persons are changed.

FROM Canada comes this letter:

Dear Miss Davis:

I am sixteen years of age and I am going to business college. I shall soon finish my course, but instead of going into an office as a clerk, I want to join the Woman's Army.

My parents object to this notion very much. They think that I am too young. They say that, considering my two brothers' being in the Royal Air Force, that is enough of the family to be fighting at present.

What do you think I should do?

Ever your friend,
M.

Dear Miss M.:

There can, of course, be no doubt in anyone's mind of the worthiness of the Women's Auxiliaries to any of the services, American, Canadian or British. However, whether you join or not must be, obviously, a completely personal decision. Since I know none of the circumstances that surround your life, I can't direct you, either toward service or toward the office work you mention.

Perhaps the objection of your parents to your joining is based, somewhat, on fear for your safety. Then, too, during wartime, parents are likely to cling to the child who can be kept at home.

Perhaps your greatest service to your country at this time lies in keeping your parents happy and keeping your home as much as possible like the home your fighting brothers remember.

Yours truly,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have been very much impressed by your answers to the serious problems in Photoplay-Movie Mirror, so now I am bringing you my troubles in the hope that you can help me. So far I've asked advice from no one and it is with great modesty that I now ask you.

I am a very attractive girl of twenty whose parents won't allow me to go out with boys. Almost every boy I meet asks me for a date, but I have to refuse all of them. Naturally, they don't believe me when I say my parents won't allow me to have dates.

Now I don't care to go out with everyone I meet, but I think now that

I've met the most important man in my life. I think I will love him forever. I have never had a date with him—just talked to him in the office and that is all. I am afraid to let him come to the house for fear my parents will make a fuss and disgrace me.

Sometimes I wish I were homely so no one would ever look at me and then I would be satisfied to stay home night after night, like I do now. But I'm not satisfied even if my being at home does make my parents happy.

I have tried to talk this over sensibly with my parents, but it's no use. They say no decent girl goes out with boys. Should I listen to my parents all my life, or should I go ahead and do what I think is best for my own future happiness?

Yours truly,
A.

Dear Miss A.:

Of course it is not true that "no decent girl goes out with boys." It is right and normal for any girl to want beaux.

Frankly, I think your parents were very wise to protect you until you were eighteen. I personally believe that all girls should have their early escorts checked by their families and that most social activities should be home parties.

I remember very well how infuriated I used to be because my mother brought me up in exactly this way. I wanted, like you, to go out with boys just as other girls did.

However, I do feel that after a girl is eighteen she should be allowed more freedom. No parent is going to be able to make decisions for his children forever; young people have to learn to cope with problems of adult life as they meet them.

At twenty, I think a girl should certainly be given some choice in the matter and should be able to choose beaux intelligently; or else it seems to me her parents' upbringing has been inadequate.

I feel, honestly, that for you to abide by so strict a rule as that laid down by your parents at present may endanger your future happiness.

Yours sincerely,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am a girl, fifteen, but I feel at least

ten years older. Here is my problem: My father and I both have very hot tempers. I don't get along with him at all.

He won't let me go anywhere without a big argument. Why, I can't even go to the corner drugstore without having him send my kid brother after me. If I had ever done anything to deserve all this suspicion, I wouldn't mind, but I have always been decent and I intend to stay that way.

One of the things that is wrong with him is that he gambles all the time—plays the ponies. He comes in the door arguing and he goes out of the door arguing. He is always mad about something. I get along swell with my mother who is a darling person. My parents are still young; my father is only thirty-six and my mother is only thirty-four.

My mother works hard to keep our house nice, but she never gets any thanks. I work after school, and all day Saturdays, so that I can buy all my own school clothes.

Please, Miss Davis, can you tell me any way to get a happy home life for my mother and me?

Yours truly,
L.

Dear Miss L.:

I'm very much afraid that your father's conduct is not your problem; it is your mother's responsibility.

There is very little that you can do about this situation, it seems to me, until you are of age. Then, if your home life is still too uncomfortable, you can get a job and live apart from your parents.

Here is one fact I think you might consider: The only way human beings can live together with any success is to adapt themselves to conditions. Differences of temperament are very usual things in most families. I don't think there is any doubt that your mother loves your father and I think you must love him, too, or you wouldn't be so worried about his behavior.

Don't make yourself miserable over his shortcomings. Remember his good qualities, and he must have many or your mother wouldn't have married him since she is such a "darling person."

Yours truly,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am only a little girl, but maybe you will answer my letter anyway.

When Daddy gives me my allowance I buy Defense Stamps with half of it and the rest I use for movies. I go to the show every day after school, except on Tuesdays when I have my piano and dancing lessons. Daddy doesn't get home from work until six o'clock. My mother died when I was born and then we lived with Grandma until she died.

Miss Davis, here is my problem. I went to a movie and saw "Blossoms In The Dust." Greer Garson was the mother in it and I love her. I saw it three times, then I saw "Mrs. Miniver" five times.

I am saving every penny I can get and then I am coming to Hollywood to see Miss Garson. I am not telling Daddy because I don't think he would let me go, but, Miss Davis, I simply have to see her. Don't you think it would be all right for me to go to see her?

Yours lovingly,
Janie.

Dear Janie:

I can well understand your admiration for Miss Garson, as she is one of the most beautiful and charming women I have ever met.

However, I believe I have a better plan for you than coming to Hollywood. Nearly every star is now doing a great deal of war work, going on Bond tours, or traveling from camp to camp entertaining soldiers. It is entirely possible that Miss Garson will appear in your town or one near by.

Why don't you watch the papers for news of her visit? Then you could have your father take you to see her and so spare you both the long trip to Hollywood.

You forgot to put your address in your letter, but if you will send it to me I will (just for you) ask Miss Garson for a photograph and mail it to you.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I always read Photoplay-Movie Mirror and I was very interested to learn that you are acting as consultant for its readers. I have a very serious problem.

My husband and I were married when I was twenty and he was twenty-five—we were both old enough to know our own minds and we were very much in love. Still, his mother didn't approve of me. She made the statement that my family were not her equals. She wouldn't even have me in her house and when my baby daughter was born she didn't send flowers,

or telephone to find out how I was, or even visit our flat to see how my husband was getting along while I was in the hospital.

My little girl was only three when we moved out of our home state because my husband, George, wanted to change his type of work. We had some pretty tough times, I can tell you. Lots of times we didn't know where the next meal was coming from, but somehow we managed without calling on George's mother who has plenty. I've always been a good manager and

Have you ever suffered from
social stage fright—the kind of
torment that comes from being
afraid to enter a room filled with
strange people? Then you're
right in the class of

Claudette Colbert

who tells how she learned to
overcome her social stage fright
in the March

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

George could always bring in an odd dollar when things got desperate. For five years we were strangers to George's people.

Then one day I met George's brother on the street. I was astonished and so was he. I invited him home to have dinner with us and he said he and my mother-in-law were living only a few blocks down the street. Well, I can't say I was happy about it, but what could I do? At Thanksgiving time I invited George's brother and mother over for dinner and we sort of patched things up. Still, she has never invited me to set foot in her house. That went on for three years.

This summer she begged me to let Joan, my daughter, stay with her while George and I took a little vacation. I wanted Joan to go along with us, but George thought it would be fun to have a second honeymoon and

to leave Joan with her grandmother, which we did.

"Well, when we came home, Joan told me that her grandmother had spent the entire time ridiculing me and telling stories about my family. My mother-in-law made fun of my clothes, of my house—well, of everything about me to my own daughter.

Now, Miss Davis, I think I would be justified in breaking off all relations with George's mother. I think I should never telephone her again, and never see her, also that I should keep Joan away from her.

George doesn't feel that way. He says we have to make allowances for older people and that it isn't fair to keep the only grandchild away from her grandmother.

How can I stand to go on sitting for hours in the same room with a woman who is mentally jeering at me? How can I risk her turning Joan against me? My family are all dead now, so there is no way that I can show Joan that I really came from nice, if plain people.

What shall I do, Miss Davis?

Unhappily yours,
J.

Dear Mrs. J.:

I sincerely agree with you when you say that you have a difficult problem. In the first place, your husband has a point when he says that we have to make allowances for older people. Your husband is also right when he says that a grandchild is important to its grandmother.

But you are right in resenting anything that comes between you and your daughter, as it is important for her to grow up to respect you. Anyone who attempts to undermine the affection and reverence of a child for its mother is, of course, in the wrong.

Personally, I feel that your husband should stand by you in preference to his mother in this matter, but undoubtedly he loves his mother and feels loyalty for her.

I feel that, already, you are definitely justified in breaking off all relations with your husband's mother, but if you love your husband—which you seem to—why not have one more try.

Go and discuss with your mother-in-law her attitude toward you and ask her quite frankly what does she hope to gain by turning your daughter against you? Very often the most difficult situations can be cleared up if the people themselves sit down and talk about it.

It seems to me this is your only hope. In doing this, you are being fair to every one involved, and no one can say you haven't done everything in your power to keep peace in the family.

Yours truly,

Bette Davis.

The End



SHE HANDLES HIGH EXPLOSIVES! Anne has been promoted step by step in the intricate processes of making shells—and has recently completed a special course to become a “job-instructor” in training other girls.

Anne Nissen, gallant bride-to-be of a soldier

Her engagement to Lawrence Van Orden, was announced by her parents shortly before “Larry” went into the Army

ANNE IS IN UNIFORM, TOO—the trig overalls-and-blouse girls in defense plants all over the country are wearing. “I couldn’t have Larry do all the fighting,” Anne says. “I wanted to do *my* share.”

She is in a big munitions plant—employing 1,000 women. She works on rotating shifts—7 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.—3:30 p.m. to midnight or midnight to 7 a.m.

Anne says, “In a war plant you work indoors and with intense concentration. This begins to show in your face if you’re not careful. Your skin gets a tense, drawn look. I’ve always used Pond’s Cold Cream. It helps keep my skin feeling so *soft* and *smooth*, and it’s a grand grime remover when I get home.”

Anne uses Pond’s *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. She smooths Pond’s over face and throat—pats gently to release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. “Rinses” with more Pond’s for *extra* cleansing and softening, tissues off again.

Do it *yourself*. You’ll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III, use Pond’s—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even *more* for your money. All sizes popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

She's Engaged!



ANNE'S LOVELY RING is simply set in a plain gold band. A small diamond is set on either side of the sparkling center stone.

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S



A DARLING COUPLE! Anne and Larry have been friends since high-school days—but on Anne's birthday last year they started devoting *all* their spare time to each other. Anne's lovely complexion is one of her chief charms. “All I ever use is Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says. “It suits my skin just beautifully.” Yes—it’s *no* accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond’s!



Hollywood—Beware in 1943!

(Continued from page 32) wife, Anne Shirley. Sure enough, there right where they should be were Jupiter and the Moon passing over Neptune in Anne's fourth house, the house that governs the home, which indicates a rehabilitation of her home. I am going to interpret this as remarriage to John Payne.

Mickey Rooney: Mickey has the planet Pluto in his midheaven. This is the signature of genius. Pluto in this position indicates a sudden rise to fame but an equally sudden drop into oblivion. Watch your step, Mickey.

Though the papers say that Mickey and his wife Ava have reconciled, the stars say that the reconciliation cannot last much longer than through May. From May 27 through June, 1943, Mars in Mickey's house of marriage and partnership in opposition to his Sun, Mercury and Venus (self, mind and love) indicates divorce and possibly a broken business partnership due to poor judgment and too much temperament.

Dorothy Lamour: Dottie has had a big year full of hard work and tedious traveling, but her unselfishness and sincere unaffected manner on her Bond-selling tour have sold her to the whole country. I saw Dottie selling Bonds in my home town of Brattleboro, Vermont, and she wow'd 'em. If you can wow a group of hardheaded, thrifty New Englanders you first have to prove to them that you're sincere and honest and simple at heart. She did.

Stay out of airplanes and avoid all travel until March, 1943, Dottie, and from September through December use caution in dealing with the public and in all personal relationships. During this period there is danger of unpleasant notoriety over a secret love affair or marriage. Be sure you can trust those in whom you confide.

George Sanders: Best career year George has ever had, for 1943 puts him on top and keeps him there.

From April to May 28 the fiery Mars in bad aspect to Neptune and his Sun will make him practically impossible to please. Even Elsie Dinsmore couldn't get along with George during this period. His stars indicate a break in his marriage.

He should guard against trouble with everyone all year, for he has wonderful

aspects for a truly great career and the movies need him. If he alienates everyone, however, his career will suffer. No one can go it entirely on his own, especially in Hollywood.

Rita Hayworth: Rita will find 1943 a wonderful year professionally. Her stars foretell many love affairs and a number of marriages during the course of her life, but Victor Mature is her true love. If that love is terminated by outside influence those who were instrumental in breaking it up will regret their interference. It may prove to be a boom-erang and come right back at them with explosive results.

Victor Mature: Victor is extremely sensitive and covers it up with a bluff and bluster which have antagonized many people who have not understood the cause. A strong opposition from Mars to Neptune and his Moon makes him erratic, bombastic and frequently hard to get along with, yet underneath he is sympathetic, gentle and can make great sacrifices for the person he loves.

Many loves and marriages show up in Vic's chart, too, and sorrow and trouble follow most of them; but Rita Hayworth is his true mate. Their charts show complete physical attraction and mental harmony. I predict that if they were not married in the fall of 1942, around February 14, 1943, will see them married unless too much pressure has been brought to bear on Rita.

Victor Mature has a brilliant chart indicative of fame. His stars say he will be in the armed services by November, 1942. In February, 1943, and again in November of the same year, he may distinguish himself, receive a promotion or both.

Ida Lupino: A year of great activity and public acclaim around August if she takes care of her health and nerves. There is danger, however, of her permitting her temperament and her nerves to run away with her. She must rest and relax when not working.

From March 15 to April 10, Ida, be conventional as a woman's club president, for your slightest word or action will be misconstrued, set tongues to wagging and get you in wrong with your public and studio.

Home conditions will be unsettled during July and can be extremely un-

pleasant in August. Uranus indicates that whatever happens in connection with your home will be explosive.

Deanna Durbin: Deanna also must be careful not to antagonize the public, her husband and business associates for the next two years. Due to Saturn and Uranus in her house of marriage, partnership and the public, in opposition to her first house of self, she could find herself standing suddenly alone with her determination and ideas.

January, 1943, marks a month of strife for her and she must control her tendency to "know best," guard her health and nerves and be careful of accidents.

Her stars indicate a separation from her husband, but this may be due to war conditions and not to a marital upset.

After July 1 Deanna's career will be favored if she has co-operated with her stars and with those in authority.

Spencer Tracy: The year ahead for Spencer Tracy is not all sunshine and roses unless he watches his step. At his birth the passionate, headstrong Mars and the restless Mercury were in close conjunction in Pisces in his twelfth house. This is the house of self-undoing and restrictions.

It looks as though a storm is brewing between Spence and his employers which could cause him to suffer loss and disappointment. If he is to come through this safely, he must yield to the restricting and restraining influence of those who are attempting to check him.

During all this year and next his imagination will be remarkably fertile and his work original. He may have some unusual ideas for stories and plays or plots for a motion picture which he may write, direct or act in, or all three.

In July, 1943, Jupiter moves into Leo (sign of the actor) on the cusp of his fifth house, which governs movies, theaters, children and love affairs. This combined with other transiting planets should bring about a great change in August or September of 1943; a definite severing of conditions of long standing and the beginning of a new life.

Katharine Hepburn: When La Hepburn hit Hollywood like a flaming comet with her plans for "Woman Of The Year" and got Spencer Tracy signed up for her leading man she did Hepburn and Tracy the greatest favor of all, for professionally their two charts blend and harmonize with smooth perfection.

Hepburn was born with her Sun in 15 degrees of Scorpio ruled by the fiery Mars, just as Tracy was born with his sun in 15 degrees of Aries also ruled by the fiery Mars. Fire plus fire.

Kate is a true native of Scorpio. She can control people by exerting her charm, but underneath she is as hard as nails. The one thing she respects in anyone is equal magnetic power. This she has found in Spencer Tracy. At last she has met her match and this exciting combination will make one of the greatest romantic teams of all time if Spencer will heed the warnings of his stars.

You've only heard the half of it! Next month Matilda Trotter will give you the changes and upheavals that 1943 will bring in the lives of Lana Turner, Alan Ladd, Cary Grant, Ann Sheridan and George Brent and a score of other stars. In March Photoplay-Movie Mirror

If you would like to have your own solar chart for 1943 write to Matilda Trotter, care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, for further information.



Three gals with sock appeal: Columbia starlets Leslie Brooks, Evelyn Keyes and Marguerite Chapman roll their own, contribute their silk stockings to the "silk for powder bags" drive in Hollywood

Here's our lovely RITA...

Here's
the **BEAUTY** Soap
she uses every day



RITA HAYWORTH

COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR

JUST LIKE **SMOOTHING BEAUTY IN** WHEN YOU TAKE THESE **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS!** FIRST, SMOOTH THE RICH LATHER WELL INTO YOUR SKIN



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NOW TOUCH YOUR SKIN. IT'S FLOWER-FRESH, EXQUISITELY SMOOTH. LUX SOAP'S A REAL **BEAUTY SOAP.** SOFT SMOOTH SKIN IS **IMPORTANT**



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Paulette's in Love!

(Continued from page 67) another Meredith manager and crony, was being fitted to a sport jacket by his favorite tailor when Meredith stalked in, asked for the manager and demanded to look at something special in an English pattern."

"You, Buzz!" Jimmy called out, incredulously, from the dressing room. "Planning to abdicate your title?"

The title he was referring to was Meredith's undisputed claim to the honor of being "the worst-dressed man in pictures."

Meredith was nonplussed.

"When you travel top-drawer, you've got to dress top-drawer," Meredith replied, light as a lark.

Meredith the bon-ton was only one of the many transformations.

From that day on, something new was constantly being added to the old Meredith.

Take athletics, at which Paulette is a wow, and at which Meredith has glared, lo! these last five years.

"I suppose you're quite a sportsman," Paulette happened to remark one day.

"Just you name the sport, honey," replied Meredith, nonchalant as you please.

"Fine! How about a game of golf?"

"Why not?"

He was snoozing that next Sunday morning when the telephone rang. It was Paulette.

"I'll be by in half an hour," she said blithely. "Be waiting at the curb with your clubs."

Well, they trotted out on the links and it was a shambles. Meredith chalked up a fast 85—for nine holes. Paulette turned in a card of 43.

"How about tennis?" Meredith suggested on the way home, remembering a season, three years back, when he had shellacked Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda and Myron McCormick—a game apiece.

"I'm not much at tennis," Paulette said, apologetically.

They met, Meredith in a basque sweater; Paulette, in a tennis getup of breathless design. Meredith was swiftly annihilated.

PING-PONG, pitching horseshoes, swimming—it was all the same.

A rhumba addict, Paulette took the melancholy Meredith in hand and transformed him into a veritable Latin. They were going to town at Ciro's one night when someone tapped Meredith on the shoulder. It was Cesar Romero.

"Nice going, amigo," smiled the town's top rhumba artist.

"Who, me?" Meredith sputtered, blinking.

When civilian Meredith was called to the colors, things looked dark indeed for a while. It wasn't being called to the colors that made things look so dark. The rub was in being sent to a camp clear out in the Middle West. Paulette saw him off, bade him a fond farewell.

He wasn't gone forty-eight hours before Paulette took up knitting on the set.

"A horse blanket?" Dona Drake remarked one day, observing the huge expanse of red wool.

"For your information," Paulette said tolerantly, "I am knitting a sweater."

"Not for Laird Cregar, by any chance?" quipped Dona.

Paulette, who never blushes, kept on knitting.

The lovers' gloom was of short duration. Hardly had a fortnight passed before Private Meredith was back, looking the veriest picture of a soldier, hale and martial.

"A.W.O.L.?" gasped Paulette.

"Nope. Transferred."

That, of course, was over a year ago, and considerable bombs have plummeted down on Tokyo since then. Also, there was the smile of fate this summer when Paulette went East and Burgess, happily within range, spent many blissful hours at her Nyack farm. In the interim, Private Meredith had been advanced to Lieutenant Meredith, attached to morale and given a roving post that takes him cross-country every other week practically. But it also takes him back to Los Angeles, Los Angeles and Paulette. Things could be lots worse for the lad whose early days were marked by an almost incredible aimlessness.

IN FACT, history records that just before Burgess got around to trying the stage, the veteran of a dozen careers, all of them nipped in the bud, hit upon an idea that would capitalize on his buffetings at the hands of Fate: Who, if not he, was an authority on the vexing problem of job-getting? Answering his own question, he sat down at a typewriter and, with the frenzy of an Old Testament prophet, struck off a brochure entitled "How To Land A Job," which he sent to a publisher he knew slightly. The manuscript came back promptly—by return mail, as a matter of fact.

"You most certainly have a book in you, young man," the publisher wrote, "but this isn't it. The book you ought to lose no time in writing—and reading—is not 'How To Land A Job' but 'How To Keep A Job.'"

With a resignation born of some twenty-odd years consumed in the trial-and-error system, Meredith folded the letter into a paper airplane and cata-

pulted it out of the window. Matters had been proceeding at this rate since the scion of Dr. William George Meredith, Cleveland physician and surgeon, had turned ten.

At that time he was notified that he had been named by the celebrated Paulist fathers as one of the eight best boy sopranos in the land, an honor accompanied by a scholarship to the Paulist Choristers School.

The scholarship offer was turned down. Mrs. Meredith, after thinking it over, decided that a Catholic school was no place for the grandson of a famous Methodist revivalist, even so illustrious an institution as the Choristers School. But the seed had been planted. The following fall Master Burgess was packed off to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine Choir School in New York as chorister and student.

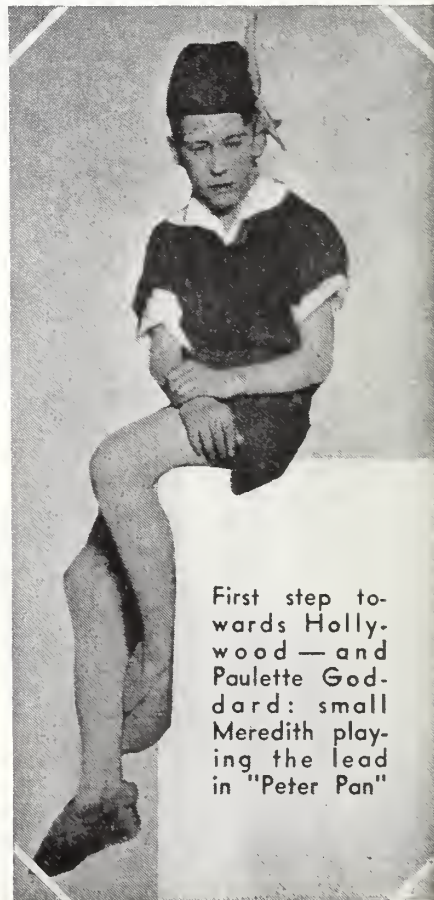
HIS four years at the Choir School were a sensational, if nonmusical, success. He spent the first year in a futile attempt to get his fellow choristers to put zip into the liturgies of the church, discovered that century-old traditions were not easily budged and gave up his futile labors.

The second year was more productive. Maintaining the minimum level of scholarship, he set about to bag for himself the lead in the annual school play, "Peter Pan," which role he executed with so much "zest and imagination," to quote his mentor, that he was publicly cited by the faculty. His last two years at the Choir School added further laurels on the cap and buskin side of the ledger and settled one point for sure: Burgess Meredith wasn't meant to become a singer.

His career in music washed up, Bur-



The holder of the title, "The worst dressed man in Hollywood," in his formative years—Burgess Meredith



First step towards Hollywood—and Paulette Goddard: small Meredith playing the lead in "Peter Pan"

gess Meredith, after a bout with the Hoosac Preparatory School, entered Amherst on a scholarship. He didn't graduate. He didn't even come close to graduating. His life at Amherst was a miserable failure. Harassed on the one hand by financial difficulties (to remedy which he washed dishes, tended furnace and minded babies) and throttled on the other by the snobbery and class-consciousness of the scions of the New England Brahmins who overran the school, it was inevitable that he should acquire that melancholy strain which he has never quite managed to shake off. He fought back by turning into Meredith the debonair, who could turn a jest or a tumbler of beer with equal ease.

BY THE end of the year his mind was made up. Hopelessly in debt and oppressed by what he was to call later his "continuous blundering sadness," he would quit Amherst.

He had not the vaguest idea what he planned to do two days before he terminated his life at Amherst. In fact, he didn't have the vaguest idea of his destination, for an obvious reason: His total assets amounted to eighty cents.

He was sitting there in his room, his trunk packed, and reading the college paper when his eye fell upon an intriguing item. On the following afternoon a declamation contest for freshmen was to be run off, an unattractive announcement indeed except for one little detail—the sum of \$50 was to go to the winner.

With only a few hours to prepare his material, he entered the contest, after staying up all night to memorize the memorable last scene of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The judges never left the room to compare notes. Even the contestants knew he had won.

It was a buoyant Burgess Meredith who departed Amherst in search of his destiny. The boys who hung out the signs hadn't let him down. He had turned around in his mind the merits of the different professions and decided he would give reporting a try. So he trekked to Stamford, Connecticut, convinced the editor of the *Advocate* that he had just missed being named Pulitzer Prize journalist by a mere hair when he worked on the *Los Angeles Times*, and was straightway hired.

For several weeks he managed to ward off his doom. But when he returned from an assignment involving a sensational suicide without having bothered to obtain the victim's name, he was fired right then and there.

Seized with the sudden inspiration that maybe he was destined to become a merchant prince, he hurried home to Cleveland, where the Meredith boys opened up a haberdashery store. It wasn't long before the marshal arrived with hammer, nails and official documents. On that occasion, one of Meredith's best friends—the kind who are supposed to tell you whether you need that wonderful mouth wash or not—got it off his chest.

"It beats me how Cleveland's sloppiest pair of dressers would dare go into the haberdashery business," he allowed. "I'll swear it does."

One month later the frustrated merchant prince was selling neckties at Macy's, a job which he handled in a vague sort of fashion, so vague that often he made change out of his own pocket and forgot to pay himself back. It was only a matter of weeks before he was bounced.

On the way home from his latest set-

Nothing's too good for you, my lad—

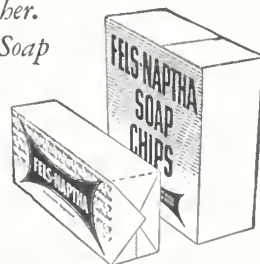


not even FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

You're definitely White House material, and you're going into training for it—right now!
Especially the 'white' part.

Everything you wear is going to be washed with Fels-Naptha Soap. You'll be so shining clean you'll think I've bought you a new dress every day. And don't try to laugh *that* one off, young fellow. You don't know how lucky you are to be starting life in a Fels-Naptha home.

*N. B.—You're in luck too, Mother.
You're using the finest Fels-Naptha Soap
ever made. Milder, quicker-sudsing.
Yet—Bar or Chips—priced
as low as ordinary soaps.*



Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPHTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

NASTY CHEST COLD?



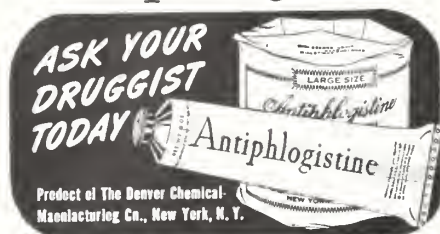
When your youngster gets a chest cold, apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE at once—comfortably hot.

The Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE goes to work on those disturbing cold symptoms—relieving that cough... easing those sore, aching muscles... loosening up that tightness in the chest.

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back, he stopped off at Saks Fifth Avenue and applied for a job in the fur department. He spoke so glibly that he was hired. A few weeks later, when the department manager discovered he had been duped, he suggested that maybe the complaint department needed a person of his eloquence and cunning. Meredith took the hint, got transferred. As a soother of riled-up women he followed an all-out appeasement policy which often conflicted with the store's best interests. Exit Meredith whistling.

Reading in the *Times* that the country was in the midst of a building boom, he turned roofing salesman. It was pretty grim all around. When he wasn't recommending the wrong materials he was falling off garage roofs.

IT WAS the era of the overnight fortunes from stock-market trading and even babes in arms lisped the magic name of Wall Street lovingly. To Burgess Meredith, momentarily at loose ends, it looked like a promising career. Willing to start at the bottom, he got a job as runner for a brokerage house, ferried millions of dollars in securities all over the financial district and got canned just about the time he had figured out a plan to make a colossal killing.

He brooded about life for a month, then shipped as ordinary seaman on a tramp bound for Venezuela. Arrived in port and handed his wages, he staged a celebration the like of which would have pleased Nero, went at it so fullheartedly that he overstayed his shore leave and was brought back to America in the brig.

That long voyage home in the ship's brig was the blessing in disguise. The third night out, when the long hours of confinement had made him restless and he was pacing his cramped quarters, he thought of a way to relieve the monotony. He would recite aloud everything he could remember. And recite he did—at the top of his voice. In the middle of the last scene of "Cyrano de Bergerac," that same touching scene he had done in the declamation contest at Amherst, he stopped dead. "I'm an actor," he yelled. "I'm an actor."

* * *

IT WAS the look of urgency in the eyes of the bearer of the note more than anything the note had to say about the bearer, "one Burgess Meredith," that impressed Eva Le Gallienne, the then-director of the celebrated Civic Repertory Theater, a note, by the way, written by a man she only vaguely remembered. On the spot she accepted the urgent young man as an apprentice in her Student Repertory Group—without pay.

As a fledgling actor he cavorted with something that Miss Le Gallienne describes as more than zeal and less, than lunacy. He seemed to thrive on acting. Come spring and Miss Le Gallienne recommended that he begin stringing out leads for a summer of stock.

His first tour of the straw-hat circuit was sensational. Chary of the praise of the critics and convinced that his talent was still raw, he put in another year of workshop training. And after that, another summer of stock.

That winter he invaded Broadway. And the following spring he did his magnificently poignant picture of Red Barry, a reform school alumnus, in Albert Bein's play, "Little Ol' Boy."

The late O. O. McIntyre hailed him as "the most thrilling young actor of his

day." "She Loves Me Not" demonstrated his range; "Flowers Of The Forest," displayed his versatility; "Winter set" put him in a class by himself. After that Hollywood was inevitable.

The soul of Meredith of the Movies is fashioned out of some pretty curious ingredients. With a strong base of St. George, a generous quantity of Lord Byron, a wee pinch of Puck, a snip of Hamlet and a dash of Don Juan, the concoction is not exactly out of the recipe books. In one breath he is beating his brains out trying to devise ways and means of improving the lot of his fellow man. He accepted the chairmanship of The Free Company, an organization dedicated to defeating the aim of hostile propaganda in this country via the medium of radio—without pay. He shared with Helen Hayes the co-chairmanship of the Screen and Stage Division of the Fight for Freedom, made talks on street corners, pled with his friends who were on the fence, harried the opposition. He prayed for Russia, worried over China, fretted about our down-trodden sharecroppers and lamented over America's slowness to wrath.

In the next breath this same Burgess Meredith is running neck and neck with the leading Hollywood Lotharios (known in less kindly circles as "wolves") and becomes knight protector to such assorted beauties as Simone Simon, Patricia Morison, Olivia de Havilland, etc. That is, he did until Uncle Sam took him over—and Paulette Goddard.

THAT Hollywood should have found Meredith somewhat on the baffling side is neither strange nor important, but it is something else again that his closest friends, Franchot Tone, James Stewart and Henry Fonda, have three different pictures of the same Meredith. "Sometimes I think he's right out of Mother Goose," Stewart has said, "and then again I think some surrealist painter like Dali made him up. I guess Buzz is a fellow with poetry and laughter and music in his soul. Hamlet on roller skates, Puck on a white charger. Does that help?"

In close-up Burgess Meredith is little, wiry and vague-looking. If it weren't for that vagueness he'd look like a tap dancer waiting to be asked to show his stuff. No disciple of Emily Post, he is just as apt to receive morning callers in a rumpled pair of pajamas, a bath towel wrapped around his head, turban fashion, and sporting socks minus shoes. It has been rumored, but remains unverified, that he sleeps in his socks.

The explanation of Burgess Meredith lies in his philosophy of life which again is a queer combination. It might be stated something like this: Gather your rosebuds while you may but leave some for the other fellow which accounts at one fell swoop for his hilarity and humanity.

He likes boogie-woogie music, is an authority on colored bands and admires music-makers who can blow a hot trumpet.

He has been married (and divorced) twice, first to the late Helen Berrien and then to Margaret Perry, formerly of the stage.

But the proudest moment of his life was when he took his oath as a private in the U. S. Army. Add to that, the moment when he first presented himself to Paulette as Lieutenant Burgess Meredith of the U. S. Army Air Force.

It did things to Miss Goddard, too—make no mistake!

The End

Joe, the bead-stringer

You don't know Hollywood unless you've heard the story of one of its most colorful personalities—jeweler Joseff



Joseff with two movie masterpieces: The headdress worn by Virginia Bruce in "The Great Ziegfeld" and the tiara worn by Vivien Leigh as Lady Hamilton

THE attainments of Joseff, jeweler to both off-screen and on-screen Hollywood, are proof positive that in this country a man may follow the profession of his choice regardless of handicaps if he has enough persistence and ability.

Born in Chicago, Joseff (known with local affection as Joe, the bead-stringer) says he got kicked out of every parochial school he ever attended, so his education sketched itself through a few years of high school before he became a commercial artist. He felt, however, that he was oil in the ink of art; his head was full of Cellini ideas. When he should have been drawing pictures of a pretty girl drinking a popular beverage or smoking a certain cigarette, he was sketching ideas for unique jewelry.

After his eight hours in the art foundry, Joseff took his designs down to various wholesale jewelers and asked why this or that couldn't be manufactured. They

told him that his notions were challenging, interesting, saleable—but totally unworkable. They just couldn't be worked out in metal and stones.

Undaunted, Joseff bought books on antique jewelling and studied until dawn, night after night. He made intricate tools. He experimented with unusual materials. When he saw a piece of costume jewelry that puzzled him, he bought it, took it apart and put it together again. All this on his own time after his art chores were done for the day.

Then the depression hit, Joseff came to Hollywood and nearly starved to death before he got his first studio break—turning out a collection of Tahitian necklaces for Twentieth Century-Fox. For a while he got only the studio work that was refused by the regular wholesale jewelers either because of the time element, or because of the difficulties of the work. Joseff always delivered, although

there were times when he had to call in all his Hollywood friends and put them to work stringing beads all night.

He is 36, well over six feet tall, and a bachelor. He still works such fantastic hours that he swears he has never had time to look for a wife.

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CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

This Month in Hollywood: People talked of gas rationing. Homes out in the Valley and in such exclusive suburban districts as Brentwood, the Palisades and the Beaches were closed while occupants scrambled madly for apartments in town, scarcer than the proverbial hen's teeth. More and more midget cars replaced limousines. Bicycles, motorcycles and scooter bikes were parked by the droves in parking lots. Executives who realized actors could not possibly make daily return trips to and from studios in outlying districts on the four-gallon limit desperately tried to make some readjustment in working plans. The Government that proclaimed movies a vital necessity as a morale builder and ordered continued production offered no suggestions. Already the curtailment of vital properties necessary to the making of pictures has cut deep inroads into the production output. Actors, necessary to the maintenance of movies proclaimed an absolute "must" by Washington, are being drafted right and left. Second-rate hangers-on are playing leading roles which adds to no one's morale. Women stars are turning their backs on movies to follow their husbands about the country. Penny Singleton refused to leave husband Producer Robert Sparks, stationed in Virginia, to make her scheduled "Blondie" picture and gained a postponement. Ellen Drew and Priscilla Lane said no more pictures for the duration in order to be as close to their mates as possible. Merle Oberon turned her back on Hollywood to join Alexander Korda in England.

Connie Bennett joined Gilbert Roland in Florida, Glenda Farrell her major husband in New York, and Annabella, we hear, will follow Tyrone wherever he's stationed whenever she can. Cobina Wright Jr. has been in Georgia with husband Palmer Beaudette, Gene Tierney spends every moment in San Pedro near her Oleg. Brenda Joyce left movies to be with Owen Ward Jr. and become a mother, and Veronica Lake spends every spare moment in Seattle with John Detlie.

Those wives and sweethearts who remain behind (like other wives and sweethearts everywhere) are so concerned they can't keep their minds on movie-making. Who wants to kiss an actor all through a picture when one's heart is so involved with a man of one's own out there somewhere, they say.

So it's a great little merry-go-round of troubles that threatens to burst into utter confusion when studio contracts, agent contracts and radio contracts play havoc with the \$25,000 ceiling due next year. It isn't that Hollywood objects to the curtailment so much as to the absolute confusion and legal entanglements that will ensue.

The town, first to poke fun in its own direction, referred to itself as "God's Frozen People" and Red Skelton said the freeze was so bad in the executive building of M-G-M they were thinking of turning it into an ice rink.

It's cheering to hear the old town laugh at its troubles. It's a pretty good sign that somehow Hollywood will find a solution to its problems and keep faith with the fans.

It always has, hasn't it?

The End

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Two against Love

(Continued from page 58) We've been hoping he'd come back. I thought you might have heard from him."

"No, I've been waiting . . . oh, Chris, what could have happened? Where could he be?"

"I'm afraid," he said, "our friend is out getting drunk."

"Oh, no! Not now! He couldn't—"

"Well, the bottle used to be his best friend. It looks as if all our work had been in vain. I'll stay here a while longer and then come by. You sit tight."

I couldn't sit tight. Not with Riley out roaming the streets somewhere, seeking release from bitterness in sodden oblivion. Miss Fane calmed me.

"I know the boy's old hangouts," she said. "We'll go look for him."

SO in a borrowed hat and a pair of dark glasses as a disguise, I drove her small car while we toured the bars of Hollywood. At each place, I waited outside while Miss Fane went in. She stayed long enough to see somebody she knew (which was every inhabitant of the city) and ask a few leading questions. Each time she came out shaking her head.

Finally we got a lead. "Corky Smith was in there," she said as we left a little place on the outskirts of town. "He says he saw Riley early this morning in a low dive on Ventura. He had three double Scotches and left, Corky said, after being very rude to everybody."

My heart sank. So after all, the bottle was his best friend. Better than me. Better than anything. "We'll find him yet, but I must say"—Carlotta straightened her hat over her red hair—"I'm getting awfully tired of beers."

But we didn't find him. The bartender at the low place on Ventura said Mr. Sloane had left there at eleven, under his own steam, and hadn't been seen since. Even the faithful Miss Fane was discouraged then.

"I could wring his Irish neck," she said, "running out at a time like this. The studio will never forgive his holding up 'Lost Melody,' the biggest thing they've ever done. It'll ruin him." Then she gave me a sharp glance. "But you're not worried so much about that part of it, are you, dear?"

"No, I'm worried about him. Where he is, what he's doing. I—"

She clucked with sympathy and laid her hand on my arm. "I was afraid you felt that way, I wish you didn't. Loving a man like him could mean only heart-break for a girl like you. Why don't you marry that nice Dr. Ross?"

"I can't. Not feeling as I do—" And then driving back in my borrowed disguise, looking for a man who didn't know I was on earth, I told her the whole thing. That time at the hospital, the duel that went on constantly between us at his house, and finally Saturday night when the guard had dropped and I'd known, once and for all, that I loved Riley Sloane.

Carlotta sighed. "I wish I could help you. But nobody can. Drat his hide!"

Chris was waiting for us. "No trace," he said. The studio was keeping the disappearance from the papers, giving out the story that Mr. Sloane was in seclusion and under the care of a physician. "That's me," Chris said wryly. "I had to double back on my tracks coming over here, to shake the reporters. But the funeral is set for tomorrow. He's got to come back for that."

We all agreed on that. Hardened cynic though he was, not even Riley Sloane could fail to make that final gesture to

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Dig out your snapshots!

They may save the lives of hundreds of American boys.

Listen: A few years ago we smiled tolerantly when the Japs and Nazis overran our country with their omnipresent cameras. They even set up photographic agencies which "sold" abroad pictures of significant American buildings, civic centers, waterfronts, bridges.

It isn't funny any more. We wish now that we had done the same thing in their countries. (Try and do it!)

The Japs and Germans were smart, all right. But we can still out-smart them!

Do this: Look through your photographs of foreign countries and see if you have any which show as backgrounds landscapes, harbors, beaches, docks, manufacturing plants, oil storage facilities, railroad stations, yards and tracks. Then write to the Office of Strategic Services, Station G, Box 46, New York City, outlining what you have. A questionnaire will then be mailed to you for filling in details. Do not send in your pictures until you hear from the O.S.S. specifically requesting them. Silhouette shots of islands, air views of cities and harbors or photographs taken from heights are particularly valuable. Pictures will be returned after use upon request.

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★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

the woman who had been his wife. When I went to bed that night, it was with the buoyant hope that tomorrow I'd see him.

THERE was only a handful of people in the chapel. Honey Hollister had had no immediate family. There were a former director of hers, a former secretary, an old man alone in a back pew who might have been a butler and a few others beside Carlotta and myself. Nothing could have proved more plainly that Honey was "through" in pictures and that she had had no real friends. Apparently no real husband, either, for though I waited anxiously all through the short service, Riley did not appear.

During the next few days Carlotta and I continued our fruitless search with mounting discouragement. Undercover, the studio was combing not only all of Southern California but parts of Mexico as well.

Interest in Honey's death had abated by now, but once the news was out about the disappearance, it would start all over again bigger than ever. And the secret

couldn't be kept very much longer.

On Friday night, Chris came. We went to a quiet little restaurant in the neighborhood for dinner. He looked harassed.

"I've decided to leave for the East on Sunday," he said.

"You can't leave till Riley's found, Chris! He was your patient and your friend. You can't leave him in the lurch like this—needing help more than ever in his life!"

"He doesn't deserve our help. He ran away, leaving us to face the music . . . all this horrible publicity, this covering up. Once I thought there was hope for him as a good guy. I don't any more. He's no good. I want you to put him out of your mind, Kay—and to come with me Sunday."

"You told me once," I said in a low voice, "that you thought he cared for me, that I was good for him. . . ."

"Running away proves he doesn't care for anybody but himself. Look, Kay. I saw how you felt about him and I thought I saw how he felt about you. I was willing to step out of the picture if it meant your happiness. That's no longer true. I want you. I've always wanted you. Marry me now and let's get out of this!"

"I can't, Chris. Maybe you're right about him, but I can't leave."

"Don't you see the longer you stay, the more people will talk?" he burst out angrily. "You'll have no name, no future! All this publicity—"

I LOOKED at him then and it was as if I'd never really seen him before. "The publicity is really what's driving you away, isn't it, Chris? It's what you've been scared of since this thing happened—what it might do to you in your new job. You don't care about Riley or about me. You're his doctor and yet you haven't lifted a finger to find him because of the publicity. You care only about your own career."

"That's not true! I'm thinking of you and the scandal—"

"You don't think enough of me to face down the scandal and stay here with me until we know Riley is safe. You've always played it cautiously. Your career always came first—before me, before anything."

Mirrored in his eyes, I knew I'd spoken the truth. He'd seemed strong because his ambition was ruthless; he'd seemed sure because he never took a chance. I got up.

"I promise you this, Chris: If he isn't back by Sunday, I'll know you're right. I'll put him out of my mind for good. And I'll come on East later and make a new life for myself as if he never existed."

On the sidewalk outside, we ran into Prudence Vickers. "Oh, my dears," she cooed. "Just the people I want to see. How is poor dear Riley?"

"As well as can be expected," I said shortly.

"Poor darling—such a shock. I take it you two are no longer on the case?"

"We plan to leave for the East soon," Chris said. "I'm going with my mother on Sunday and Miss Howells is coming on later to take a position in New York."

Somehow we got away from her prying questions and knowing eyes. Chris and I said goodnight and I went wearily into the apartment. I'd given myself a sort of mental deadline—Sunday. I couldn't stay on here longer with no job and no prospects of getting any. If Riley didn't return, there was no point in staying at all. . . .

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The next day, on one last flickering hope, I went to the address the woman at the hospital had given me that day. I'd found it in my bag: Mrs. Ben Chapman, on Ventura. "If he should ever need anything," she'd said.

The house was a cheap little stucco bungalow. The door was closed and no one answered my ringing. The flickering hope died out.

There was an item in Prudence Vickers's column that evening. "About the town . . . Kay Howells and Dr. Christopher Ross, witnesses at Honey Hollister's tragic death, having a quiet cup of coffee at Rossi's last night. Dr. Ross leaves for the East on Sunday and Miss Howells says she will follow soon to take a position there. Riley Sloane is still in strictest seclusion . . ." There it was again, all the insinuations to be read between the lines if you wanted. I didn't care. I'd gotten so used to seeing my name in print that way, it didn't matter any more.

One thing I could laugh over—a position in the East. It sounded so important, as if I had only to choose among the many flung at my feet. I'd be lucky to get anything at all.

I WAS telling Miss Fane about it Sunday morning as I fixed breakfast for us. The maid was gone for the day (it's so much cozier without her," she'd said) and while she set the table in the sunny dining nook I scrambled eggs in the kitchen. The aging actress had long since ceased to be a famous name to me; she was like a beloved aunt.

" . . . there just aren't many jobs for nurses now, poor things," I was saying over my shoulder.

"I loathe nurses," a voice said behind me.

I froze—with the egg fork in one hand and the butter plate in the other. Suddenly I was back in a room at Justin Sanatorium, looking at a wreck of a man, hearing his lazy voice say those same insistent words.

I turned slowly.

Riley Sloane was leaning against the door, looking at me. A blue turtle-neck sweater set off the breadth of the heavy shoulders; his dark hair was rumpled by the wind, and his face, though lines of pain bit deeply into the corners of his mouth, was calm and clear-eyed. He grinned.

"I hope you're having fatted calf for breakfast. The prodigal has come back."

"Where have you been?" I murmured stupidly.

"At the Chapmans'."

"But I went there! Yesterday. I—"

"I saw you, precious. I didn't answer the door because I hadn't finished working out something that had to be worked out. I was afraid you might make it harder. Then last night—presto, all the pieces fell into place and here I am."

"Well, I hope you're satisfied. You've given everybody fits for a week," I said tartly. I couldn't let him know how I'd worried. "We thought you were hiding out with a bottle somewhere."

He looked more serious than I'd ever seen him. "I tried that, but it didn't work. I found out it won't ever work any more. You and the doc fixed that for me."

I heard steps tiptoeing through the dining room, then a door close stealthily, and a radio turned on. Miss Fane was making a perfect exit.

"But the funeral, Riley. If you weren't drunk—"

"I was at the funeral."

Suddenly, like a flashback at a movie,

I saw the old butler alone in a back pew. He saw what I was thinking. "That was me. I'm not an actor for nothing, my dear. For a while, I was afraid you and Carlotta would recognize me. It was the only way I could go and—well, I had to go. After all, she was my wife."

"I'm glad," I said simply. "But now—what smoked you out finally? Did you get bored?"

I was acting hard to cover up the pounding of my heart and the choked feeling in my throat.

"This smoked me out." He held out a crumpled clipping. I recognized it as the item about Chris and me in Prudence Vickers's column. "This decided me about a lot of things."

"I suppose it decided you to try to throw me into Chris's arms again, as you've tried to do all along," I said bitterly. "I suppose you're going to insist I leave with him tonight. . . ."

Then and then only did he move. In one long stride he was beside me, his hands on my shoulders, forcing me to look at him. "No. I told you I'd figured out a lot of things this week. The main one is I know I'm good enough for you and I'm good enough to fight any guy for you, and I will! I came here to tell you you're going to marry me and nobody else and there'll be no more talk about going East with the doc!"

That time my heart did stop beating. I know it did. I stared up at him dumbly and then pulled myself together. "And haven't I got anything to say about it?"

"No. Look, Kay—I've been fighting against you a long time. Since that day in the hospital, to be exact. I thought I was no good for any woman, least of all you, and at the same time I wanted you as I've never wanted anybody. I started to tell you the night we went to my house. I even knocked at your door. And then—I couldn't. There was Honey. For one thing, and that was a mess. And there was what I'd done to myself. You'd made me believe in something again and it scared me. I didn't know how long I could hold that belief. When you answered that knock, my courage failed me. I ran like a scared kid and climbed into bed and when you came I sent you away when what I wanted was to kiss you. And the time at the studio, when you wanted to quit. I couldn't let you quit, Kay. So I taunted you into staying. And I kept on taunting you, making life hell for you, because—oh, my darling, because I love you so!"



Canteen scene: Eddie Cantor broadcasts with bright Dinah Shore, the Hollywood Canteen's "favorite canary"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

DID any girl ever have a less romantic declaration of love, I thought happily, did any girl ever have her lover say he made her life a hell because he loved her so?

I didn't care. This was Riley Sloane—not the Riley that millions knew. The one only I knew.

He helped Carlotta and me get breakfast, all of us laughing hysterically. Every time our hands brushed or our eyes met, I felt like singing.

We sat down at the table finally, with the sun streaming in and the New York Symphony from the radio filling the room with sounds that echoed in our hearts, and tore into the scrambled eggs like hungry animals.

"... and I'm going to finish up 'Lost Melody,'" Riley was saying, "and while I'm doing it, I'm going to court my girl. A real courting with flowers and candy and holding hands at the movies. I'm not going to give these wolves around here a chance to say we got married the minute I was—free."

"I'll have a trousseau and a real wedding with Carlotta as maid of honor and—"

The music stopped abruptly. A man's voice cut into mine. We sat like statues as it went on—that tense, devastating, unbelievable voice.

"Pearl Harbor has been bombed by enemy action. Stand by for further bulletins."

How can I describe what happened then?

It happened, one way or another, in every home in America. How we stared at one another with disbelief, then with horror and shock and rage. How we stayed glued to the radio the rest of that day and far into that night, listening to the words and acts that etched deep into history on that tragic December 7, 1941.

Of all the events of that day burned in my memory, perhaps the clearest is seeing Riley pace the floor and saying—not with drama, but quietly and simply—"I'm joining up. As soon as I finish the picture, I'm joining up, any way they'll have me."

Was I to love him only to lose him so soon?

He took my hands. "I made a mess of the past, darling. I've got to earn the future. I know now you don't deserve happiness unless you work for it. I'm going to deserve our happiness together."

"I'm joining up, too, Riley," I said. "There'll be work for nurses."

WE are both in the East now, with our units. Riley is in the Marine Corps, just another Marine corporal at a Southern post. He will probably be embarking soon for overseas duty. And so, probably, will I. My unit thinks of the girls like ourselves who lived through Bataan and our own courage is greater because we remember them.

I have seen Chris once. He, too, has changed. He had told me once if our country went to war, he wanted to be of service in his profession. His work is selfless now and his only ambition is that it be good. I know I never really loved him and never could, but I respect him deeply.

We see each other on leave, Riley and I. And when we do, our love is a shining sword that gives us strength to be apart, and joy—never sorrow. Before the date of embarkation comes for either of us, we will be married. We will have earned our future. I don't know what that future will be. But I do know, whatever it is, our love will never die.

The End.



DEARER TO KISS a girlish Satin-Smooth Face



BEDTIME CARE FOR DRY SKIN

Cleanse your face and neck exquisitely with Jergens Face Cream. Remove the cream. Now apply a light film of fresh Jergens Face Cream; leave on overnight. In the morning, smile at a fresh, smooth skin.

New "One-Cream" Beauty Treatment helps smooth away aging Dry-Skin Lines

Now your skin easily has the all-'round care it needs every day for a young, fresh look, an inviting smoothness.

One new cream—Jergens Face Cream—takes care of your skin completely. It

- (1) cleanses expertly;
- (2) helps soften your skin;
- (3) gives a well-groomed base for powder;
- (4) acts as a Night Cream that helps to smooth away those aging dry-skin lines.

Skin scientists make Jergens Face Cream—the same who make Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to \$1.25. Use Jergens Face Cream daily. You won't need any other cream.

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM... FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

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FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION



★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Girls who live by the clock can't SUFFER by the CALENDAR!



IF the days you used to give grudgingly to menstruation's functional pain and depression are now too precious to waste, try Midol. Unless you have some organic disorder calling for special care, these tablets should quickly prove your former sacrifices needless!

But don't regard Midol as just another means of relief for "dreaded days headache." Its comfort goes farther. For while it is free from opiates, Midol helps lift your "blues"—and an exclusive ingredient speedily eases spasmodic muscular pain of the period. To have Midol when you need it, get it now at your nearest drugstore.

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Why Hollywood Told Greer Garson: "Don't Marry!"

(Continued from page 29) during the time of Richard's Hollywood leave when Greer Garson, herself, was trying to decide. The light in her room burned till dawn several mornings, while the actress thought and weighed values and listened to the silent echo of a charming voice saying, "When are you going to marry me, dearest? When?"

Through it all Greer's mother, who lives with her, remained in the background. "I know Greer will do what she thinks best," was all she said.

The day the pair took out their license, Hollywood was positive the boy had won. But the three-day marriage law prevented them from using their marriage license until the day Richard was due for active duty in San Francisco. Hollywood, as a whole, heaved a sigh of relief, for Hollywood is a snobbish town that revels in the caste system of "earned stardom." And Greer has earned her stardom.

LET us sketch for you briefly the background and romance chart of these two.

To begin at the top and work back, Greer Garson is today considered the Number One Star of Hollywood. Only her *Mrs. Miniver* surpassed her *Mrs. Chips*. The role of *Edna Gladney* in "Blossoms In The Dust" brought her an Academy Award nomination. There were many who thought she should have had the Oscar. "Random Harvest," yet to be released, cinches any doubt as to Miss Garson's place in the sun.

Richard Ney had only begun in pictures. His role as Miss Garson's son in "Mrs. Miniver" was followed by a less juicy plum in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley." Fortunately, both films were gems.

For years Greer Garson toured the provinces of England in little stock companies, fighting her way to the London stage through bitter disappointments and frustrations before her Hollywood debut. And even before Hollywood's acclaim, Miss Garson experienced months upon months of bitter loneliness and neglect by those who had brought her to this country from England. She was ill and ignored by the M-G-M biggies. Her mature wisdom and understanding permitted her to emerge the calm, gra-

cious woman she is with no resultant bitterness or unhappiness.

Richard Ney has had no such mellowing experience behind him. He had had only scant stage experience prior to coming to Hollywood. Before that and after his graduation from Columbia, young Ney took part in a television company at the World's Fair. His disappointments and heartaches are ahead. Hers are behind her.

Greer was born and educated abroad. Young Ney was born and raised in the small town of Lakewood, Connecticut, where his father is an insurance broker. For a while young Ney conducted a column in the Lakeville newspaper and later graduated from Columbia with a major in English.

While on tour with the road company of "Life With Father," Richard enlisted in the Naval Reserve and, after his two M-G-M pictures, was called into service.

Both Greer and Richard have been married before and both marriages ended in divorce. While producer Benny Thau was phoning Miss Garson, young Ney, then unknown, was paying ardent court to Michele Morgan, a fact little known in Hollywood.

Thus the town felt these two people with such varied backgrounds and experiences would never find happiness together. That was why Hollywood was so relieved when, finally, the announcement was made that Greer Garson and Richard Ney would not be married until after the war was over.

Yet with a license ready and waiting, the pair may wed during his next leave. Or perhaps Greer may stick to that final decision and wait until the end of the war. But, in the end, it's up to her to decide. And, perhaps, if she decides yes, the bright gaiety of Ney's may be the one thing the actress needs to complete her circle of happiness. Perhaps it may work out splendidly after the war permits them to take up marriage in reality.

At any rate, hearts are beating high at this moment, hearts filled with the same problem, or one so similar, hearts of women who are waiting tensely and hopefully for the eventual decision of a woman they love and respect—Mrs. Greer Garson Miniver.

The End



Stars-and-stripes pose of Greer Garson and Ensign Richard Ney doing the Mocambo with man-about-town Harry Crocker. Ney was on leave and in love; Hollywood was wondering whether Greer would say "yes"

The Truth about Stars' Breakdowns

(Continued from page 65) downs more quickly than a temperamental actress. And no one can suffer and endure in silence more selflessly than a sincere actor or actress.

Love plays its part in the game of Hollywood breakdowns. During the rather hectic courtship of Judy Garland and Dave Rose, little Garland slowly went down the grade from robust health to actual frailty. Marriage and approval by all concerned has begun to lift her spirits a bit and bring back her health. But she still has days on the set when it's almost sheer will power that pulls her through.

THE war, with its ensuing unhappiness, plays its part in the "breakdown" problem that constantly confronts Hollywood. Those who are genuinely patriotic and unselfish seldom give way; those who want to be near their men, or fail to procure vacations in the midst of productions for their personal reasons, are the "down in bed with nerves" group. Or maybe it's the old wisdom-tooth gag that is used as an excuse for anything from a genuinely sore tooth to a genuinely sore blonde.

Let me tell you of one of the bravest of stars—the ones who carry on and won't give in to failing health or screaming nerves. Her name is Brenda Marshall, one of Warner Brothers' most beautiful brunettes. Brenda and Bill Holden, desperately in love, had been married only a short year when Bill went to war. Brenda accepted it as thousands of other wives, but through a series of nerve-racking incidents she twice missed Bill when he passed through town, leaving her desolate and heartbroken. Then came Bill's transfer to Hollywood to make Government shorts. Brenda brightened up and seemed her gay self. Then out of the blue Bill was sent away.

Brenda, alone in the house with her small child and no servants, began losing weight. She didn't give in or break down, but slowly before the studio's eyes she grew thinner and thinner. When she hit the ninety-eight-pound mark the studio grew fearfully alarmed. The still gallery politely dismissed Brenda with some kindly excuse; the truth was she no longer photographed. Her beauty had momentarily faded. Had she given in to a nervous collapse perhaps she'd have been in better health today. Or perhaps the studio would have offered sympathy. It's hard to tell.

Studios, with release dates and schedules to meet and their anxiety to cash in on a good thing, contribute to more nervous breakdowns than all other causes. Healthy, normal youngsters as vital as Mickey Rooney suffer the whiplash of overwork.

We remember a day several years ago when we entered an M-G-M sound stage to interview Mickey. We anticipated the fun and laughter that usually accompanied a Rooney interview. We found, instead, a boy actually working with an imminent breakdown. "I can't stand it," he said, "I've got to have a rest." Mickey had gone from one picture to another with lightning-like speed. His eyes had lost their impish sparkle. They stared at us dully and heavily. There was ever so slight a suggestion of a quiver of the lower lip—and this in Mickey Rooney, remember.

Alarmed, we spoke to several studio people about it. "He'll get over it," they

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**WE MAKE UP THE STARS IN HOLLYWOOD...
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IRENE MANNING,
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"YANKEE DOODLE
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50¢ at drug stores
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WESTMORE FOUNDATION CREAM

Try our Westmore Foundation Cream—wonder-working powder base in six skin-tinted shades. With blending Westmore Face Powder, it creates a smooth, even, lovely tone...helps conceal little complexion irregularities, lasts all day!



WHEN A MAN'S NOT FREE...

"I'm going to tell you
something a girl has no
right to tell a man..."

For days I had waited for this opportunity and a certain amount of courage to say this to Kermit Hunter. For weeks I'd struggled against the attraction he held for me—an older man, and married. Yes, married, to a sick woman, an empty shell who held her husband chained to his vow. . . . In "You Can't Measure Love" you'll live with Lois the situation she faced and sympathize with her code that bound her from accepting a man who wasn't free. This thrilling story in the February True Experiences is one every girl, and every wife, no matter what her status, will enjoy to the limit.

WHAT EVERY WIFE REMEMBERS

A Complete Book Length True Novel.

Family objections were bad enough when Jim married Laura but when bills began to mount, pennies were pinched, love almost went out of the window till Laura remembered something that brought victory in the end. A splendid complete book length novel of people just like the folks next door!

MANY EXCITING HOURS

Between the covers of February True Experiences are stirring stories and features that will bring you many exciting hours. Stories you'll enjoy and want to pass on to someone else to read. Buy your copy today.



**True
Experiences**
On Sale At All News Stands

said and, of course, he did. But it struck us then that if men suffer such devastating fatigue at the grueling hours of picture-making, think how the oldsters and especially the women must suffer.

Marital troubles contribute toward many breakdowns. The weight of worry carried about by Rita Hayworth during her divorce session with Eddie Judson reduced the actress to such a state she was unable to bear the strenuous requirements of a Bond tour and collapsed. Walter Abel, trouper for years and the picture of health, was forced to take to bed to recover from his tour. Gene Tierney, heartsick at the prospect of separation from her Oleg, left on a tour while still rundown and was forced to go to a hospital for a rest. Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner both took to their beds after a tour that netted plenty for Uncle Sam.

Studio disagreements have put Olivia de Havilland to bed with a half-stubborn and half-genuine case of nerves. When Olivia objects to a role she has learned the quickest, easiest way out is to disappear with a "breakdown," as the studio announces. We doubt if Olivia gives it any such sanction. She simply doesn't like the role, won't have it and, rather than be forced to play it, accepts a suspension and disappears. Maybe she does take the time out to rest. But this, we tell you: Her breakdowns are usually a strong determination not to do a picture she believes wrong for her.

THE oddest case of all is that of Priscilla Lane. Priscilla has one convenient breakdown after another because she wants none of movies. She's allergic to Hollywood, to its demands and its rewards. Pooh, pooh to fame and glory if Priscilla can have her little ranch home, her husband and her own life.

Friends coming back from a visit to the desert town told of glimpsing Priscilla, clad in denim overalls, helping to direct traffic on a busy corner and said that never had they seen her looking lovelier or happier. And at that very moment Hollywood was flooded with stories of Priscilla's "breakdown."

Often physicians step in and demand rest for their stars as did Susan Peters's and Mary Martin's recently. "She goes to the desert for a two months' complete rest or you and not I will be responsible for the consequences," Mary's physician said to the studio. Mary's fatigue had reached alarming symptoms. She went to the desert.

Joan Fontaine, always frail, graduated from her Nurse's Aide course in time to tackle a Bond tour. The result was a genuine breakdown for Joan.

But not for the little actress who wanted to jolt the waning interest of her boy friend who was casting eyes in another direction. The actress feigned a breakdown and had her mother telephone the studio and, incidentally, all the leading columnists. The studio, ready to begin a picture, sent out its examining physician who went into a quick double-take at the high temperature reading. There seemed to be no symptoms of illness, so again the temperature was taken. But this time the actress failed to hide the tiny hot water bottle in time! Bright and early the next morning she reported for work.

So thus go the "breakdowns" in Hollywood. Dieting, fatigue, overwork, grief and the determination to go beyond one's strength for Uncle Sam are the main causes.

The phony ones Hollywood takes in its stride.

The End.

An answer to Dorothy Kilgallen

MY dear Miss Kilgallen:

The moment I read your list of the ten most attractive men in Hollywood (see your November Photoplay-Movie Mirror) a hoarse shriek tore at my thorax and I collapsed in a faint. In a word, panic reigned, if not pandemonium! For your enlightenment, Miss Kilgallen, that thing called "sheer masculine grace and glamour" is not reserved exclusively for the big box-office ten, nor is it apparent only over cocktails at the Mocambo. So, pardon me, while I make with a list of my own—the ten most fascinating men I have ever met across the footlights.

One, Richard Whorf—young, handsome, and terrific. Mostly terrific. He has a dramatic intensity, a vital sort of magnetism—combined with piercing good looks—that make him unforgettable. If I seem starry-eyed, just remember this time the dream's on me.

Two, Edmond O'Brien. I remember him in "The Hunchback Of Notre Dame." Edmond is the original sock and buskin lad whose poetic charm has something to do with speaking platitudes in a voice that should be reciting Shakespeare. Forsooth, I swoon!

Three, John Justin. Every dream I ever dreamed came true when I saw Prince Ahmad in "The Thief Of Bagdad"—and what could be more thrilling than to have a dream come true in Technicolor! Lady, make with the smelling salts, 'cause here we go again!

Four, Alexander Knox. Totally inexplicable is the fascination of Alexander Knox, who made Humphrey Van Weyden in "The Sea Wolf" such a living, vital person. His charm is intellectual. There is the feeling that behind his enigmatic glance, he has the answer to all of life. I came, I saw—he conquered.

Five, Laurence Olivier. As Maxim de Winter in "Rebecca" he epitomized the fascinating mystery of man. The male version of the Mona Lisa, the masculine of femme fatale. Egad, all this and handsome too!

Six, Richard Ney. Oh, the delightful arrogance of his youthful Vin Miniver! No wonder Greer Garson's feeling was not too maternal. Puck with a social consciousness. His charming assurance makes every woman young in heart. Ah me, love in bloom.

Seven, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. No one's list of attractive men is complete without a swashbuckler, and my nomination goes to aforesaid Doug Fairbanks, despite the fact that he does his swashbuckling in a polished, cultured sort of way. Or mebbe because of that fact.

Eight, nine, ten, Noel Coward. When that gleesome threesome, Hecht-MacArthur, Coward, produced "The Scoundrel," they brought to the screen its first glimpse of real theater. Glib, overarticulate, replete with witty phrases, his chief



By way of illustration of a Nebraska reader's point, this picture of Richard Whorf

attraction for me lies in the suspicion that underneath his veneer of sophistication he is a profound thinker. His thin paleness; his nervous, choppy gestures; funny, hunched walk; crisp, brittle voice; and delicious ego are all part of a charm unequaled in any theater.

Sincerely yours,
Charlotte Bierbower,
Hastings, Neb.

**"SHOW TIME"
IS
PEPSI-COLA TIME**

★ GEORGE JESSEL, JACK HALEY and ELLA LOGAN, stars of "SHOW TIME" now at the Broadhurst Theater in New York.



HERE are three top-notch laugh-getters having a swell time with a swell drink. Pepsi-Cola's top-notch, too—in taste and size it tops 'em all. So put it up top on your program every day!



★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

Glamorous Hair helps Sue get her Man



ALL BRIDES ARE LOVELY but Sue was especially radiant. As the soft candlelight danced in the sparkling highlights of her hair, I thought...



COULD THIS BE THE SAME GIRL I discovered weeping one day because her hair was so dull and drab-looking? Right then I told her about Colorinse and how my beautician recommended "Colorinse after every shampoo". That very night...



SUE GAVE COLORINSE A TRY and what a difference in her hair! It had a warmer, richer color—it was softer, silkier—so much easier to manage. And her whole face seemed more radiant for the lustrous highlights that Colorinse gave her hair reflected lovely soft tones in her complexion. Today...



A HAPPY BRIDE says "thanks" to Colorinse for teaching her the age-old beauty secret—"Romance begins with glamorous hair".

P. S. And here's something else that Sue discovered. "For a lovelier hair-do, use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing."

Buy WAR SAVINGS STAMPS at your

5 and 10c store



Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 6)

\$1.00 PRIZE

"Give Me One Dozen Virtues":

JEAN ARTHUR'S Comebacks,
Dottie Lamour's Height,
Bette Davis's Wisdom,
Bob Hope's Appetite!

Claudette Colbert's Charm,
Madeleine Carroll's Smile,
Jeanette MacDonald's Voice
Betty Grable's Style!

Carmen Miranda's Swing,
Myrna Loy's Gait,
Joan Fontaine's Sweetness,
Deanna Durbin's Fate!

And Send Them to the One I Love!
ROSE BETTY DEBS,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

"To Forget And Laugh"

THE Major And The Minor," is fantastic! It couldn't happen any place but in the movies, but thank goodness for the movies and Ginger Rogers!

"The Major And The Minor" is an escapist comedy that rested my mind from war worries. For with a brother in the Army, sweetheart in the Navy and friends in every branch of the Service, you may be sure that when I go to the movies I don't want to see war pictures. I want to forget and laugh.

Why can't we have more pictures of this type? A hearty laugh helps us all to bear the tears that are bound to come in wartime!

Joyce O'Hara,
Detroit, Mich.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A "Let's Stop" Mood

LET'S stop:

Panning the histrionics of glamour twins Veronica Lake and Gene Tierney. Everyone knows that neither of them is a potential Bergman, but who cares?

Comparing the de Havilland sisters, always to the detriment of Olivia. She has twice the charm of her sweet but slightly monotonous sister Joan.

Introducing an endless line of teenage coloratura sopranos. After a while they all begin to sound alike. Let's leave the arias to Hollywood's loveliest voice, Deanna Durbin's.

Reading bilge like the following, a reference to Lana Turner: "The lonely, almost friendless beauty, so young, so talented, who walks the path of a strange fate." Lana, who by the way, isn't that talented, can with even less reason be called lonely. That little lady is about as lonely as Hitler is kindhearted!

Ruth E. Winston,
N. Cambridge, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Corporal to the Defense

YOUR inside story of the status of male movie stars not drafted by the Army as yet should answer once and for all the "beefing" (?) by the public about male movie-star draft dodgers!

Just because a famous movie male is single and not in the Army at present is no reason why there should be a wave of vicious talk by the public and fans that said person is a draft dodger!

Suppose the film star were just an average civilian. Then no stigma would be attached to him because he is a nonentity—an average civilian. There are thousands of civilians (unknown) who should be in the Army and are not...but no word of reproach is attached to them because they are not famous.

Let's not ever condemn any man, movie star or John Doe, about being a draft dodger without first weighing all facts. Besides, whose business is it but the Selective Service Draft Boards (or Washington)!

Cpl. Sam Greenberg,
Camp Lee, Va.

HONORABLE MENTION

IF THERE is anything comparable to a criminal offense against an actor, it is the hackneyed publicity to the effect that he is The Screen's Gift to Women! What an insult, both to the actor in question as well as to our intelligence! Right now, Paul Henreid is "credited" with being screenom's current gift to womanhood. Why insult a really fine actor? Mr. Henreid is much too gifted to be cheapened where his publicity is concerned.

Pauline Saltzman,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

FOR curiosity's sake, I glanced through Fold Photoplays. I discovered that a lot of water has run under that well-known bridge—that five years has been a lifetime in Hollywood! Ginger Rogers and Joan Bennett were blondes. Headline stories were: "How Tyrone Power Won the Lonely Heart of Janet Gaynor" (Ty married Annabella and Janet, Adrian) and "Why Sonja Henie Won't Marry." (She hadn't met Dan Topping). Hollywood mergers, now divided, were Alice Faye-Tony Martin, Lili Damita-Errol Flynn, Bette Davis-Harmon Nelson, Dorothy Lamour-Herbie Kay and Betty Grable-Jackie Coogan. It was a relief to find that these lovely people were then, and still are, happily wed—the Joel McCreas, Dick Powells, Gary Coopers, Bing Crosby and Don Ameches.

Wonder what the next five years will bring?

Sylvia Grill,
Bronx, New York

Next Month!

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

This distinguished reporter, who for thirty years has known the heart of the film capital better than any other living person, gives her vivid experiences in the new wartime Hollywood.

What I Think about the Errol Flynn Case

(Continued from page 27) the signs of nervousness or of calm, the way the eyes of the accused look at a jury.

You will have the accurate account of proven reporters when the case goes to trial. But to this account you will need to add as full a knowledge of the scene behind the scenes as you can possibly acquire if you are honestly to prepare yourselves to serve as members of the jury of public opinion.

Aside from denying all charges, Mr. Flynn has made only one statement to you. He has asked that you withhold judgment until all the evidence on both sides is in. He has a right to ask that. It is the spirit and the letter of American law that a man is innocent until he is proven guilty. The burden of proof rests upon the prosecution. They must present evidence to prove their charge and in reviewing that evidence you have a right and a duty to judge the credibility of the State's witnesses, when and why they first told their stories accusing the defendant, their general character and reputation for honesty and integrity.

BUT for that jury of public opinion of which the readers of *PHOToplay* make up so large and vitally interested a part, there are other things which may, in fairness, be taken into account. Whether that jury in the courtroom finds the testimony of the two girls true or false, it makes up only one part of those things concerning Errol Flynn by which you will judge him.

Lest you think that I, as an old-time resident of Hollywood, am in any way a special pleader in this, I would like to say that I have met Mr. Flynn only three or four times in my life, two of these on a movie set, and that I never formed any opinion of him either way. I knew and liked his ex-wife, Lili Damita, but Lili was a small and very ornamental package of dynamite and Hollywood always figured insofar as the Flynn-Damita love story and marriage, with its brawls and jealousies and passionate reconciliations was concerned, it was strictly fifty-fifty.

My only personal interest is a young son who has been an Errol Flynn fan for years, which is why I have seen all the Flynn pictures. So far his comments have been about as follows: He does not believe a word of it because no guy like Errol Flynn who could take out Betty Grable would be caught dead with those girls who got their pictures in the papers. He says none of the older fellows at his school would have bought those girls a coke, so why should Errol Flynn have taken them out? He adds, impersonally and offhand, that so far the Errol Flynn case just confirms his opinion that some girls are dopes and that they do not think anything of getting other people in trouble and that I ought to know by this time in my business that girls will do anything to get in the movies. That is a loyalty to the man who played Custer that I would not like to see destroyed.

He also mutters darkly that it looks

1-Minute Mask!

To "pretty" your complexion
quickly



Face rough and "muddy"

You know that helpless feeling—when you *can't* make your face look right! Tiny roughnesses coarsen your skin . . . Unbudging specks of grime give it a dull, half-clean look. "One of my homely days!" you say to yourself.



The 1-Minute Mask

That's the perfect moment for the 1-Minute Mask—dramatic *new* way of using Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just spread a white mask of this luscious cream over throat, cheeks, forehead—all but your eyes. Leave on one minute—then tissue off!



Mrs. Nicholas Ridgely du Pont

—prominent society beauty. She says: "I just love this new 1-Minute Mask way of using Pond's Vanishing Cream—it leaves my skin so smooth and fresh feeling!"



New face! Softer... Brighter

You've turned your "homely day" into a prettier one! In one minute, the "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream dissolves mean little roughnesses . . . loosens stubborn grime. Your face looks clearer, fresher—has the silkier feel that predicts heavenly smooth make-up!

It's a Double Beauty Ration

Watch for February 3!
That's when the March
issue of
Photoplay-Movie Mirror
will be on sale
at your newsstand

1-MINUTE MASK

Collect thrilling *new* rations of beauty aid 3 or 4 times a week—by using Pond's Vanishing Cream for the exciting 1-Minute Mask described above. You'll love it!



POWDER BASE

Just as always, use a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for your regular powder foundation. Not "oozy." Not drying. Holds make-up *beautifully*!



Don't be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging silhouette. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you, too, can do the same . . . safely, easily and positively.

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pretty silly for a girl who had her picture taken walking up Hollywood Boulevard with her stomach showing to start wearing pigtails and who does she think she is fooling?

SO it is no use saying that Mr. Flynn's private life belongs to him. It does not. Nor does the life of any other man or woman who accepts the rewards and fame of public popularity. He owes us all a great deal and he must pay for it by conducting himself so that no disillusionment can result. In other words, he needn't be an angel, but he must be a right guy.

There are points to be reckoned with upon both sides of this case.

For instance, there seems little question that Mr. Flynn has been guilty of lack of taste and discretion in his associations. In not protecting himself from either temptation or possible frame-ups, as the case might be, Mr. Flynn took chances with our confidence and his employers' money apparently for his own amusement. That's silly. And of that he must already stand convicted, I think.

However, that's slightly different from the crime of which he is accused and for which he can be sent to jail or even, if he escapes a prison sentence, be ruined in the public's eye for all time.

As Tallyrand once remarked, sometimes a blunder is worse than a crime. There are a few facts about Mr. Flynn and his life in Hollywood which I think it is only fair that you should know. They are pretty generally known in the movie capital and have had a great deal to do with the fact that as a whole Hollywood would like to see Mr. Flynn get a break—at least a fifty-fifty one—on this present trouble.

HOLLYWOOD hasn't said much and for a reason that does it credit, though it may be hard on Errol Flynn. Right now, the motion-picture industry has plenty of troubles of its own and Mr. Flynn is merely a personal headache, as they see it. Hollywood is honestly and deeply wrapped up in the war effort. They are more aware than ever before of the job they can do for their country—both as entertainers and as propagandists, in the best sense of the word. The casting problem with young male stars going into the service is one so serious that unless something sane is done about it, it won't be long until those of us at home and our boys in the service won't have any more motion pictures. The \$25,000 salary ceiling is a desperate one for people who have assumed large obligations, support half a dozen families, keep up farms and homes and are faced with no time in which to adjust to smaller incomes.

Above all, right now, the movies want to serve in the war—want to get credit for the job they have done toward unity and war spirit with "Mrs. Miniver" and "Wake Island" and pictures like that.

They dare not go all out, even though they may understand and sympathize greatly with Mr. Flynn for many reasons, for fear their defense will be misunderstood and put down as condonement and folks somewhere will say, "Oh sure—you'd expect Hollywood to defend a guy like that—look at 'em—they haven't any morals themselves." And right now Hollywood—to do its job—dare not risk any part of a scandal, any part of a defense of a man accused as Errol Flynn is accused. It isn't selfishness, it's a true desire to keep their name clean so that they may better serve. So much I know.

So, to a large extent, Mr. Flynn is going this part of the road alone.

Yet only Hollywood could understand how often a man in Flynn's position is in a spot, how dangerous his every step, how much safer he probably was out on that little boat with the sharks than as a matinee idol among a lot of movie-mad, career-hungry, publicity-crazy girls.

I have watched it for a good many years—in the days of Wallace Reid, of the incomparable Valentino, of Jack Gilbert and many others. And sometimes I have had good reason to be ashamed of my sex. I have seen things you would hardly believe—diamond necklaces handed to a star's valet, very clever badger games, girls of good family hiding under beds after climbing in windows; every possible effort to rope in a movie star made by women of much higher education and much more knowledge of right and wrong than the girls in the Flynn case can possibly have.

A man in Flynn's position if he is unmarried and foot-loose is always headed for trouble—with forms of female persecution, with every known form of blackmail and frame-up. Every detective who ever worked in Hollywood and every reporter who ever covered it will bear me out in that. It sounds fantastic, but it is necessarily true.

BEHIND this case of Errol Flynn lies the peculiar dangers of Hollywood fame and fortune.

And above all, in this particular instance, the special dangers to Errol Flynn.

In the first place, Mr. Flynn has never been a real favorite with people. When he first came to us and made an overnight success, he was a pretty cocky young man. He was very handsome, and gave the impression of thinking well of himself. He had lived a totally undisciplined and adventurous life, and he had an unfortunate superiority of manner and accent for which possibly he was not to blame.

Anyhow, he never made a great many friends on his own lot and he did make a number of enemies. His methods with people who played in his pictures were highhanded to say the least. Of course, he was young and spoiled and he had done amazing things.

Somehow, he never won the hearts of his equals, the way Gable and Cooper, for instance, have always done. However, be it said in his favor, he has the loyalty and affection of a good many great friends whom he has chosen because of his own liking rather than for anything they could do for him.

Now if you know anything at all about the Irish you know what happens in that case. And it happened in the case of Errol Flynn. Hurt inside, he started putting his worst foot forward with a sort of brittle defiance. It wasn't in him any more than it has ever been in any other Irishman to attempt conciliation, or to try to make himself better liked. Under the general opinion that he was an arrogant pup, he proceeded to get worse and because of his success people had to like it.

But in the last year or year and a half everybody in Hollywood tells me that Flynn began trying to change. His marriage broke wide open and there is no question that he loved Lili at one time. Perhaps he had begun to get the unexpected accumulation of his own carelessness. But above all, came the war—and Errol Flynn, the great fighter, the man who played Custer, the adventurer, couldn't get into service.

As nearly as I can find out, he wanted to get into the fight two years ago. His courage has never been questioned and he was born a British subject. Every-

thing about him led to the sure conviction that he wanted to be in the thing, even if you rule out the fact that a man of his age and reputation would feel he had to go. He *wanted* to go.

Totally unprepared, never having had to learn what it means to fail, Errol Flynn got a real body blow. He wasn't physically fit. Like a good many athletes, he had overdone his endurance stuff. Anyway, it is a definite matter of record that he couldn't pass his physicals.

His pride was slashed to ribbons, his whole philosophy of life failed him at the greatest and most crucial test. He'd gone all over the world looking for trouble. He'd fought his way through every picture he'd ever made. He'd been Hollywood's best rider, fisherman, sailor, tennis champ. But now, when the real thing came, he was—burned out.

I guess, at that, it must have been pretty tough to take on top of the fact that his wife had left him. He hadn't created that warmth, that affection which would now have brought him consoling sympathy and friendships. Perhaps there were even people glad to see the swash-buckling Mr. Flynn getting it right in the eye.

The fact must be faced that Flynn was always a ladies' man. He liked—and what man if he is honest doesn't—female admiration. I think with the bitterness that came upon him he got careless, he got utterly restless, he got a sort of a what-the-devil-does-it-matter attitude.

He tried. He started thinking about other people on the lot. He went to the powers that be, for instance, and fought to have Miss de Havilland's part in "They Died With Their Boots On" built up—an unheard-of thing for Flynn. He fought to give Ronald Reagan equal billing on "Desperate Journey." He did a lot of nice things for people before all this happened. I heard all that last time I was in Hollywood. Folks said, Flynn acts as if he's trying to convince people he's a right guy.

WE HAVE, upon the statute books of our various states, a great many laws. Some are good, some not so good. Some have had to be repealed. There are laws intended for one purpose which have been so drawn that they can be used for personal ends having nothing to do with their original intent. The Mann Act was drawn entirely to prevent the commercial horror of white slavery, yet it began to be used on sheer technicalities against men who obviously had no such intentions but had bought a middle-aged lady a meal while crossing a state line. Breach of promise and heart balm laws, once used to protect innocent girls against seducers, became instruments of blackmail.

The law of statutory rape is one that has caused considerable controversy among intelligent people. I do not know myself whether it is a good law, but I know its basic purpose was good. But it is possible that it can be used technically for ends that are not so good. It deals, as you know, entirely with the age of consent. A girl may not only give her consent, she may do everything humanly possible to attract and vamp a man, she may look twenty, she may have had several years of worldly experience, she may lie to a man about her age, and yet the law may be invoked against him. The matter must be in the hands of the judge and the prosecutors and the jury to decide whether the intent of the law has been violated, and though ignorance of the law is no excuse in the eyes of the law, it some-



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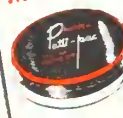
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times is in the eyes of human beings. In other words, there is a great difference between the action of a man who meets a singer from a night club, who runs around in revealing costumes and who says she is past eighteen and who not only shows knowledge of men but uses her charms to entice him, and the actions of a man who by physical violence attacks a young girl who is obviously under age.

The whole thing boils down to a fairly simple matter.

We must wait until the courts have decided the guilt or innocence of Mr. Flynn insofar as the crime with which he is charged is concerned.

That is a legal, technical matter.

We can by no means on earth escape the fact that he has been foolish in the extreme, whether criminally foolish or not we don't yet know, but certainly foolish.

He has not realized his obligation to protect his own good name and to live up to the admiration of his fans, as long as he spends the money they make for him and takes advantage of the fame they have given him.

But our verdict rests upon this: Are we prepared to give Errol Flynn another chance?

Granting he's been foolish, do we feel that he has given us enough on the screen and maybe will in the future so that we can overlook these mistakes and let him come back?

If he's been let in for a rotten time by nothing more than careless lack of good

taste, that's one thing. If he has used his name and glamour to entice little girls with offers of movie success, that's another. If he's been "joe" for someone's shrewd little ambition, that's still another.

That the girls were injured in any real sense of the word does not seem to be the case. Even in their accusations against Mr. Flynn, both say they gave consent so that the whole case is based upon the law that they could not legally have given that consent.

If we acquit him, I think we must wipe the whole thing out of our minds. Its great danger lies in nasty rumor. That's just foul for everybody. If we convict him, we must do it with care and with a real purpose, the purpose of reminding all those who occupy high places that the price of fame and the love of the public is a very high one always.

Nobody can have the cake of stardom and eat the bread of freedom to do wrong at the same time.

Out in California, there will be a verdict by twelve men and women of Guilty or Not Guilty of the crime as charged.

Throughout the country there will be a verdict of a Second Chance or No Second Chance for a man who has been a great favorite and contributed some fine chapters to our history.

Like every member of every jury, it's up to you. Remember how much is at stake.

The End

My Hollywood Dictionary

(Continued from page 37) tell you their studio's next is "better than 'Mrs. Miniver.'"

Famous: What you are when they want your footprints in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese, when people you don't even know slightly call you by your first name and when envelopes with a photograph of you instead of your name and address are delivered to you promptly.

Fan: Not to be confused with Lady Windermere's or Sally Rand's. Without these citizens, Hollywood would be just a little West Coast village. Fans are the folks who make stars and influence pay rolls.

Fickle: What studio heads remind stars the public is when the stars want to make only one picture a year.

Fog: The way to identify a John Ford picture.

Genius: A producer whose last picture is going to gross \$6,000,000. Illustration: S. P. Eagle.

Ham: An unrationable item on Film-don's bill of fame.

Handkerchiefs: Squares of material used to tie around a female's head to keep her hair from blowing; also used prominently by Bette Davis and her audiences.

Heavy: The guy who never gets the girl or the mash notes but doesn't mind as long as he gets the moolah every payday. Illustration: George Sanders.

Heel: Same as above.

Irresistible: What the leading man acts like the leading lady is while the cameras grind. (Privately, he wishes she were Paulette Goddard.)

"It": Oomph in the old days.

Jail: Indispensable screen setting for Warner Brothers pictures.

Jitterbug: Movie-goer who only sits through the picture because there's a stage show featuring a swing band im-

mediately afterwards.

Knees: Joints which Betty Grable didn't invent, but did perfect and popularize.

Layman: Anyone who goes to a movie to enjoy it, not to pick it to pieces.

Mature: Past adolescence. (Unless preceded by "Victor"—whereupon it becomes past, Martha Kemp; present, Rita Hayworth.)

Mediocre: Word used to describe the other studio's colossal production.

Mugging: Acting, in the opinion of Mickey Rooney and Wallace Beery.

Natural: The type of starlet who just masccas her eyelashes instead of wearing false ones and bleaches her hair honey-blond instead of platinum.

Newlyweds: A Hollywood couple whose divorce decree hasn't come through yet.

Novel: A book purchased for a staggering sum by a movie studio, which winds up using no part of it except the title—and then explains the film's failure by saying the title wasn't commercial.

Oscar: What Joan Fontaine got for being good in "Suspicion" and Bette Davis got for being bad in "Jezebel."

Palace: The Broadway theater where Gene Kelly and Judy Garland dreamed of playing in "For Me And My Gal"—but which wasn't good enough to house the actual film during its first N. Y. showing. (They hadda go and lease it to the Astor!)

Paramount: Uppermost, highest—unless you personally prefer Twentieth Century-Fox or Metro.

Patriotism: Jimmy Stewart.

Press Agent: The gent who dreams up all those enchanting things about the stars that even the stars believe when they read.

Quaint: Adjective used to describe a film where the ladies wear lace mittens, the gentlemen wear side whiskers and

he audience wears a bored look.

Quickie: Picture made with actors signed on an hour-to-hour contract, with twenty-minute options.

Ration: The innovation which proved so Hollywood that even if you have all the sugar in the world you can't always get all the sugar you want.

Release: What a picture gets if it's okay; and what a star gets if he's not.

Republic: The studio that has more horses than Bing Crosby.

Reviewers: A strange, hostile group of newspaper writers who cannot grasp that a new movie costing \$2,000,000 should not be panned simply because it is a stinkaroo.

Ruby: A girl from Brooklyn, last name Stevens, who became a big star under the nom de plume of Barbara Stanwyck.

Sarong: A close-fitting garment worn in the tropics, which keeps Dorothy Lamour from working in the five-and-ten-cent store.

Shorts: Cinematic smorgasbord.

Sphinx: A g.g. named G.G. who breaks her silence only before the studio mikes for G, I don't know how many G's a week.

Sweater: A girl's best friend. Article of clothing worn by the screen's finest emotional actresses.

Tact: What fans don't use when they tell a movie queen, "I've seen all your pictures since I was a little bit of a thing."

Tahiti: Island in the South Pacific whose principal exports are coconuts, palm leaves and Gene Tierney.

Twenty-five Thousand: An annual income on which it is impossible to live.

Uncle: A former WPA worker now associated with a film studio as an executive. (Synonyms: "brother-in-law," "cousin," "nephew.")

University: A place where votes are cast determining which actress young men would like to be cast on a desert island with and which beauty is strictly a drip.

Venus: A gal who would have had to lose about forty pounds before she could face the cameras—and even then!

Veteran: Somebody who has been around for years. (Shirley Temple was one on her tenth birthday.)

Weight: Something sirens have to keep down if they want to keep up the good work.

Wistful: Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven." Or any movie star watching an obscure gal at the next table tearing into a slice of lemon meringue pie.

Wolf: A lad who likes perfume, peaches and polygamy.

X: The character Ruth Chatterton jerked a record number of tears with.

Xmas: The time of year when everybody in the studio gives everybody in the top brackets more service than they need, want, or can use.

Yank: Robert Taylor at Oxford and Mickey Rooney at Eton.

Yuma: The Gretna Green of the Golden West.

Zanuck: The fellow who does the things in real life that Errol Flynn does in the movies.

Zephyr: What the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce calls minor earthquakes.

And now, if Mr. Webster will please stop turning in his grave. I will conclude by recommending that you have this little list bound suitably in red Moroccan leather and keep it with you at all times. It contains every word you will ever need in Hollywood, except possibly "terrific!"

The End.

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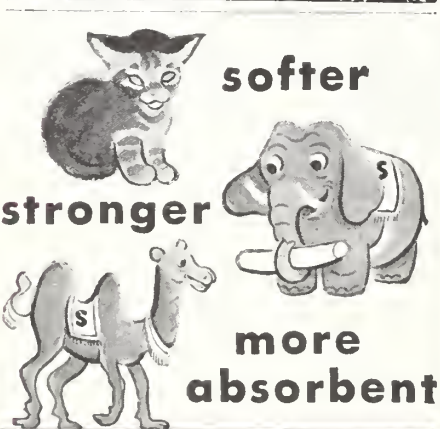
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Portrait of a Right Guy

(Continued from page 34) is not easy to borrow money from.

His first remunerative job was shoveling snow from his grandmother's lawn for which she paid him ten cents. He is the tallest of all screen stars.

He is shy, sincere and a dry wit.

His father was a fairly well-known concert violinist and he lives in an Early American house which he built. He and his wife call each other by their proper names.

He likes tan shoes, Lily Pons and relaxing with his feet up on the desk. His chin is dimpled.

He jokingly claims he got by at college because of his athletic prowess. He is addicted to striped neckties.

He likes the smell of wood fires, carries no fountain pen, and never has hunches. He always remembers where he put things and plays gin rummy or backgammon with his wife.

He likes casual jackets, modern classical music, and sitting at soda fountains devouring chocolate nut sundaes with whipped cream. He eats at a drive-in only under duress.

FRED MACMURRAY hasn't written a letter practically since he's been married, leaving all correspondence to the Mrs.

He is a Class A skeet-shooter.

He is a bad after-dinner speaker.

His grandfather was a Presbyterian minister and he is a member of a golf club and a duck-shooting club. He owns an 860-acre diversified farm near Healdsburg, California. He has no definite plans for the future, taking life in stride.

He is not a good card player.

He is very lazy.

His favorite hobby is a workshop where he tinkers with wood and leather. He doesn't like political commentators on the air, hot springs resorts or cigarette holders.

He is an air-raid warden.

He was discovered for the screen while he was a member of a band known as "The Collegians," in which he played a saxophone and sang a high baritone. He was appearing in the stage production of "Roberta" at the time. He was born on August 30, 1908.

He considers his best picture "The Gilded Lily," in which he co-starred with Claudette Colbert, who again appears with him in his new Paramount picture, "No Time For Love." He has never attempted to compose any music.

He was discovered and tested for Hollywood by Oscar Serlin, film talent scout and later producer of "Life With Father." His only superstition is walking under ladders.

He has an English setter, a cat and six guns of varying calibres. His wife, Lily, owns a Pomeranian and his boyhood idol was Rudy Weidof, famous saxophonist.

Fred MacMurray is a devoted follower of the adventures of Flash Gordon and Dick Tracy.

He was ten-letter man in scholastic athletics, prefers quiet evenings at home, and is the only member of his family (aside from his father) to be connected with the show business. He doesn't like night clubs and weighs 200 pounds.

He abhors the thought of eating snails.

He would rather live on Vancouver Island than anywhere else because hunting and fishing are abundant there. He was best in English and history at school, and flies "only to get places."

His youth was marked by an ambition to become a painter and for a time he

studied with an art students' league in Chicago. He enjoys most watching football, hockey and tennis, and thinks compulsory physical examination before marriage should be a national law.

He cannot tango or rhumba.

He is very fond of raw oysters and wears an old brown felt hat. He shoots golf about 90.

HE has no collecting hobbies, likes hamburgers with a thick slice of onion and plays a fair game of tennis. His literary taste is expressed in a fine collection of hunting and fishing books.

He likes driving with the radio on, and has no aversion to eating alone.

He once worked between school terms in a canning factory, buying himself a horn and a saxophone from his earnings.

He met his wife during the stage production of "Roberta" in which she was dancing. He is not given to temperamental outbursts, cannot drink stout ale, and is not a believer in fortunetellers.

He spent one year at Carroll College at Waukesha, Wisconsin. "Alfred Lunt went there, too." He speaks a smattering of Spanish and as a boy was not too popular with girls.

He has never been to Europe.

He avoids argumentation, drinks lots of milk in preference to coffee, and wears belts with slacks and suspenders with suits. He sleeps exceedingly soundly.

He never reads publicity about himself.

He never gets headaches and regrets not having continued his singing lessons. He shaves with a safety razor and likes talking with friends on the telephone. He was sixteen when he was graduated from high school, the youngest member of his class. He once tried house-to-house selling of electrical appliances and clerking in a department store.

His passion for shooting once resulted in what he terms "MacMurray's Folly," which was an underground shooting gallery in the back of his garden and which ended its purpose when the first heavy rains flooded it. He knows virtually nothing about plants.

He swims a crawl and carries a wallet jammed with cards, a list of air-raid wardens and a picture of his baby girl. He is completely relaxed in a barber chair.



Repeat performance: Fred MacMurray, who once earned a boyhood living washing dishes, does some more of the same at the Hollywood Canteen

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

He doesn't like walking, makes excellent pencil sketches and once called himself Rex Beach when he was playing in a band. He usually retires about midnight.

He once tied an alarm clock in an awkward place under his bed in order to compel himself to get out of bed and stop it. Even this device, however, failed to budge him and as a consequence he was fired from a dishwashing job he was holding in his early band-playing days. He has a landscape in his living room which was copied from a master by his uncle who is a sign painter by profession. He doesn't like tea and hasn't been on ice skates since he was at school.

He has a saxophone, a clarinet and a piano, all three of which he plays well. He leans toward blues and grays in suits.

Fred MacMurray is constantly amazed by his own success.

His first appearance in a motion picture was as an extra at which time he had to wear a sweater under his dress shirt to keep from freezing to death on an open-air set.

He once sandpapered old paint off old cars for \$20 a week, which he failed to collect when his employer ran off with the funds.

The End.

Things We Like about Olivia

(Continued from page 40) asked for a date. Her heart beat like a trip hammer while she waited for him. She could hardly bear the suspense. Finally he came and they fought constantly all evening and didn't meet again until several years later when Livvie went to Cape Cod to get a much-needed rest.

Lew, who was in the East, telephoned her out of a blue sky one day and suggested they visit the historic spots together. The two of them motored to history-book places each day. No one recognized Olivia. Everyone and his children knew Lew. "Hey, Doc, can I have your autograph?" they'd clamor. Or "Hello, Dr. Kildare, mind posing for a picture?"

Relief at not being recognized gave way to puzzlement and then to hurt. Finally one day the pair stepped into a Boston restaurant for lunch and in no time at all several cameramen had gathered.

"Do you mind if we finish our lunch first?" Lew asked and the camera lads agreed.

"Now you're in for it," Lew told her. "They've got you at last."

They attempted to sneak off after lunch, but the photographers stopped them. Together the two posed, smiling prettily.

"Thanks a lot," the cameramen said after snapping like fury. "But Mr. Ayres, there's just one thing more. Would you mind giving us the name of the young lady?"

"Wait till I get back to Hollywood," Olivia stormed. "I'll get into those *Kildare* pictures and get known if I have to push Laraine Day in the river." And then she and Lew both roared.

We enjoy, in dull moments, the mental picture of Olivia, Franchot Tone (before his marriage), Geraldine Fitzgerald and her husband doing solo interpretative dances with their shoes off, to the music of a hotel orchestra, after everyone else had gone home. Can't you see Livvie skipping about to Mendelssohn's "Spring Song?"

We like the dignified way she has responded to the unwanted and certainly

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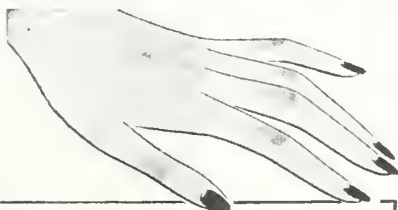
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March Photoplay-Movie Mirror on sale Wednesday, Feb. 3.

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the March and subsequent issues of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will appear upon the newsstands at a slightly later date than heretofore. PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR for March will go on sale Wednesday, February 3. On that date step up to your newsstands and say "A copy of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, please" and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.

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unpleasant publicity brought on by her father.

We like the description a friend gives of her—a Mid-Victorian on a scooter.

The informality and lived-in feeling of her home is comforting. Records can litter the floor if they choose, but the tea is hot, the sandwich crisp and unusual. In fact, the de Havilland menage was noted for its excellent food in the good old pre-war days.

THE little-girl way she has of biting her ice-tea spoon is entrancing. The charm and graciousness with which she handles wolves with ideas is terrific. "And not too long ago I wouldn't have known how to handle such situations," she laughs. Her gifts are indicative of her heart. No matter to whom they are going—they are the kind of gift she, herself, would love to receive.

The way she sits in her dressing room with her shoes off waiting to be called for a scene is comforting to behold. And that anyone so beautiful can bark so doglike kills us. No Scotch terrier ever had eyes like that.

That she made her living doing animal and bird imitations over the air and as part of radio shows before movies simply

stands us on end. It was an honest living, yes, but what canary looks like Livvie?

The way she takes the feud stories that circulate about her sister, Joan Fontaine, is A-one for our money. Livvie admits to scraps and differences but tolerates no suggestions that there's anything but good healthy disagreements between them. The fact she moved into an apartment handy to Joan proves this.

We like her for the way she makes friends—slowly. She had an idea Bette Davis was against her somehow and disliked her thoroughly all through "Elizabeth And Essex." And then several years went by and Livvie grew up and Bette grew less tense and the two found themselves together in "In This Our Life." Right off they became the best of friends, clowning together on the set, enjoying each other's company.

Jack Carson is her friend and so is Henry Fonda; her two boy friends in "The Male Animal." There's a sort of tie-that-binds among these three even today.

She isn't easy to know or maybe to understand right off, which pleases us mightily. But that we are privileged to know her pleases us no end.

THE END

Things I Don't Like about Myself

(Continued from page 41) he said.

"No, thank you, but. . ."

I ordered coke with cherry. The amazing individual had led me firmly by the arm to the counter.

"Now, what sort of opinions. . ." I began.

The young man walked over to the juke box and dropped in a nickel.

"Will you tell me what I'm doing here?" I asked myself. "What is all this?"

"Now, young man. . ." I began.

"Let's dance," the boy said and, to my horror, I almost found myself whirling about the floor with an utter stranger in a strange city, while the juke box yelled at the top of its voice:

"I want a zoot suit,
With a reat pleat."

Anyway, it ended up with my subscribing to "Boys' Life" and "Trailer Life," the only two magazines on his list I was sure I wasn't getting.

IN HOLLYWOOD about six-thirty one evening recently the doorbell rang. I had no maid and at that minute I was in the shower. Visioning an important telegram or message I grabbed a towel, wound my bathrobe over the towel and went to the door, in damp layers.

"I'm Alvin," the object on my doorstep informed me. "I'm State Champion of the violin. Hello."

"Hello."

"I can go to the Conservatory on a scholarship if I get the most magazine subscriptions."

"Now, see here, Olivia," I began to caution myself. It was no use. The old magazine subscription inertia had me again.

"Well, now let's see," I said. "I take so many, many magazines."

"Just one," Alvin pleaded.

"Here's one I don't think I take," I said. "Let me look."

I went over the bundle of unwrapped magazines on the table.

"No, it isn't here. I'll take it."

Alvin hesitated. "Well, you see, lady," he said, "that really is in the lower bracket price. I really need a higher priced one. How about 'Fortune'?"

I took "Fortune" and liked it.

I have everything now but "Field And Stream." I'm saving that for the next agent.

ANSWERING letters or rather not answering letters is another fault. I always mean to and want to, but somehow they always manage to find themselves unanswered and relegated to various files. The first one is the "Great Scott, what's this? I must do something about it" file.

The second file is the "Well, well, this is something that should be put away" file. The next file is the "Good Heavens, it's no use now" file.

And of course, the last file is the finish. I never see the letter again and one more weight goes hanging onto my conscience.

I'm afraid I'm prone to judge men by their behavior with waiters. I like men who overtip. They're nice men in my opinion.

I like simple clothes and wear them, but somehow I feel I'm letting my profession down. Actresses, in my opinion, should dress dramatically. People expect it. The profession almost demands it.

I'm usually late for appointments. I don't mean to be. I don't make appointments unless I mean to keep them. I love shopping for birthday presents. I can't wait for my friends to have birthdays so I can buy them a present. Then I put the present in my car. Wrapping paper, fancy ribbon and a blank card go with it. I have every intention of wrapping the present at the studio and delivering it myself on the way home. I insist that I must deliver it myself, when the store wants to send it. Six months later, to my amazement, I find the birthday present on the back seat of my car. Which reminds me—Geraldine Fitzgerald is having a birthday. I must rush right down and buy her a present! Don't you just love birthdays?

The End

Talk about Romance!

(Continued from page 49) house. Hedy is Ann's best friend and Hedy saw Ann through some difficult times before Ann met Bob.

Ann asked us, "Do you know anything about astrology? Well, Hedy and Bob are both 'Scorpio' people and they're both perfect examples. You've no idea how much alike they are in temperament! Dynamic, vital, intense, quick to make judgments . . ." She broke off. "One thing I've done for Bob, I hope, is to help him control his temper. He has the most awful temper!"

This surprised us. We'd known Bob a long time and had never seen him in anything but a cheerful, easy mood. "Oooo-oh!" Ann warned. "You've no idea. He can get so mad and he can fly off the handle so dreadfully. I think I do hold him back. I persuade him to wait and think and get his bearings before he acts. He's turning into quite an accomplished diplomat. That's absolutely imperative in the picture business."

She went on. "He has helped me, too. Helped me to get over that dreadful moodiness. Of course, I was depressed and unhappy and bewildered when we met. I had black moods when I thought that nothing mattered, that nothing could ever come right or matter again. Bob simply won't have that. He talks to me as if I were about five years old. He says, 'Now, we're not going to be like this, are we? We're not going to take it this way!' He says it somehow in the way that grownups try to persuade a child that 'we' are going to take the 'nice' castor oil! It always makes me laugh and it always jogs me out of that mood. He's gentle about it and understanding but the important thing is that he makes me laugh and then everything comes clear."

"I think the important thing with us always, from the beginning, has been Bob's power to make me laugh. Sometimes at him, sometimes at myself. But the laughter has been important."

ANOTHER important thing between them was the ease with which Bob fitted into Ann's frame of life, into her circle in Hollywood. She was established here, had made her friends, had found her niche. The Ray Millands, the Jack Bennys, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, the Fred MacMurrays . . . these people formed the nucleus of the comfortable circle in which Ann felt at home when she first met Bob. Seasoned troupers, all of them. Bob was young, new to pictures, to the show business, new to the give-and-take of real Hollywood people. Would they like him? Would he like them? Hollywood groups are clan-ish and critical.

Bob fitted in easily. He had tact and breeding, so that he didn't assert himself too soon. He didn't venture an opinion until someone asked him for it, but then he turned in an interesting opinion. He made no pretense of being anything more than he was—a promising young actor. But he made it clear that he took that position seriously, that he respected his job, that we wanted to learn and—something very important—that he wanted to like people and to be liked by them.

Ann knew that everything was all right when Fred MacMurray invited Bob to go fishing with him and when the Millands invited him to dinner on cook's-night-out. Bob belonged. "It was frightening at first," she says now. "It seemed so dreadfully important that they should like him and that he should like them."

"HAS GOD FAILED?"

I don't think so. I don't believe the American people know too much about God. Certainly they know little of the actual existing Power of the Great Spirit—God. If they did, they would most certainly be able to use the superlative invisible Power against such world-disturbing human parasites as Hitler and Tojo and the Italian dictator—would they not?

We have all heard a lot about what terrible sinners we are. And we probably are. We have been told that we all were born in sin and shapen in iniquity. We have heard much about the terrible punishments which lie ahead of all who do not believe "this" or "that" about God. These stories probably are all true. But there is one thing we have heard nothing about. We have heard nothing about the invisible superhuman, living Power of God.

We have not been told that the American people can, individually, and collectively, establish a definite and permanent contact with the Spirit of God, not "after" we die but BEFORE WE DIE. For it is now we need the Power of God.

We have not been told that every human being, regardless of race, creed, or religious affiliation, can, here and now, draw upon an invisible Power so dynamic in its operations that its use by the individual can bring into every life, every right thing

that can be desired. Not only that, the invisible, heretofore undiscovered Power of God, can be used to throw out of the life everything in it which should not be there. And we mean materially, as well as spiritually.

No, God has not failed the American people—they just simply have never been told of the staggering, scintillating Power there is in the realm of God. They have not been told that this superhuman Power can be found and used by all—here and now. If the American people will allow us to—we can show them how to find and use the actual literal Power of God—not "above the sky" but right here on earth. And let us tell you that this war can be stopped, and will be stopped, when the American people discover, for the first time in their lives, the actual and literal Power of God.

We shall be glad to help all loyal Americans find this Power. Full and free information will be sent you if you write to "Psychiana," Inc., Dept. 162, Moscow, Idaho.

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It seemed so splendid to me when they all did."

Everyone who knows him and nearly everyone who has followed him on the screen must have sensed the new poise and solidity which Bob has gained in the past year. Certainly his studio has noticed it and has rewarded it with increasingly important and responsible roles. It seems a long time since that day when Garbo first saw him on the set of "Two-Faced Woman" and drawled, "Who is that young man? The one who looks so innocent and rosy?" Bob has lost some of that boyish quality, but he has taken on new ones that are more interesting.

"I'm not until you have had some experience of your own," he observes, sagely, "that you realize how tough the competition is when you're up against people who really know their stuff. I've been in some pictures with some of the best actors in the business. I don't mind telling you that I was scared stiff."

"Y'know, there's one thing about Ann and me. We can discuss things. We don't talk shop very much. We don't just talk picture-picture-picture. But when we do discuss them it counts. She knows so much about the business, knows it all the way through. So when she tells me something, I listen. I'd be a fool if I didn't. But—she listens to me, too, when I have an opinion. Sometimes I have very strong opinions. We differ with one another sometimes, but we never get into arguments. We've always been able to talk things over and reach an understanding about them."

"That's why the war and my enlistment hasn't complicated things for us. That's why I say I know that we shan't be stampeded or rushed into any decisions or steps. That's why neither of us will be afraid. . . ."

"HE has one other trait which is downright frightening!" Ann chimed in. "He noticed everything and has opinions about it. He sees every detail of your dress and shoes and hair and make-up. He doesn't like too much color anywhere—in your clothes or on your face—and he simply won't have colored nail polish. 'We won't have that, will we?' he reproaches. It's nice to have a man notice what you have on—but gracious, any girl can get a little shine on her nose now and then by accident!"

We have an idea that Bob thinks Ann's nose is all right, whether it's shiny or not. But maybe he doesn't want her to know that.

About his going into the Service, Ann says, "All of us women who are left at home are going to find more in common than we ever dreamed of. Even now, I see so many girls around the sets, wearing little pins with stars on them. I want to talk to them and they want to talk to each other. We're all going to be drawn together, to learn to know each other. The other day my hairdresser's boy friend arrived in San Francisco from the Solomon Islands. All of a sudden she didn't care whether or not I was in the middle of a picture—or whether or not I had a hair on my head. She had to go to San Francisco. I didn't blame her. I wanted her to go. I didn't care about my hair, either, when her boy was up there! That's the sort of thing I mean. We're

all feeling it and it will grow. It's good. It's very good for all of us.

"The Service will be good for Bob, I know. He is far enough advanced in his career so that it won't set him back. It will give him more experience and more depth and he will come back with even more to offer his job than he has now. But he won't be any different in any fundamental way. I know that, too!"

BOB'S last few weeks before he left for the Service were pretty hectic. While he was preparing for his role in "Gentle Annie" with Susan Peters and Bob Taylor, he combined riding lessons and singing lessons with a course in aerodynamics in preparation for his basic training. After the picture started, they worked two and a half weeks before Director W. S. Van Dyke became ill and shooting was halted. The studio was frantic to finish the thing before Bob should have to leave, so a new director, Tay Garnett, was called in to finish the job. They rehearsed a few days, found they would have to replace still another actor in the original cast and it became apparent that they'd never get the thing in the can before Bob had to leave for camp. So they called the whole thing off and not a day too soon, either. Bob received his call almost immediately and went off to the war, leaving his last motion picture reposing half-finished on a shelf.

That gave him a few days to—guess what! Do his Christmas shopping. Bob loves to give and to receive presents. (Ann says he is "a package shaker—he always shakes the packages he receives and tries earnestly to guess what's inside before he opens it.") Ann went with him and helped him to select presents for all of Bob's relatives and friends and then the pair worked furiously getting the things all wrapped and marked for December 25 delivery.

Bob was to leave on Tuesday, November 10, and Ann remembered that his birthday was on Friday, November 13, three days later. So Ann and Bob's father and mother and two sisters and his best friend, Henry Willson, gave him his birthday a week early. A proper birthday, with presents and a cake and everything. The presents were appropriately useful for a prospective aviator whose gear must necessarily be pretty light. Ann gave him a pretty wonderful wrist watch, of military design.

The last evenings were a hodgepodge of greetings to old friends, get-togethers with Bob's family, with Bob interrupting everything every few minutes to "make a note" of some last-minute instruction. Every now and then he took a few moments off to pack. Even a prospective aviator has to remember things like razor blades and shoe polish! His relatives are still deciphering and obeying instructions in those last-minute notes.

Ann told him good-by late Monday. She had to report at the studio on Tuesday morning. So only Bob's immediate family were at the station for breakfast and that last wave from the platform.

Ann will be talking proudly and wistfully now with those other girls on the set . . . the girls who wear the pins with the star. And there are those who do say that come the holidays and a guy can get a few hours off, Ann may become Mrs. Pvt. Robert Sterling.

The End.

The Girl on the Cover for March—GENE TIERNEY
This is a portrait you'll want to keep!

Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 4)

✓ Once Upon a Honeymoon (RKO-Radio)

It's About: An interrupted honeymoon in interrupted Europe.

COMEDY in the 1943 manner, heavy of hand and heart, with most of the gushingly bright spontaneity of former years gone with the wind, is this super special de luxe film that combines love, comedy and tragedy in one dish, garnished for splendor with the acting of Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers and embellished with the directorial touches of Leo McCarey.

Three-fourths of this picture, which we predict will break house records everywhere, is terrific and the dragging, lagging one-fourth will probably be eliminated anyway, so let's forget it.

Ginger is a Brooklyn strip-teaser masquerading as a Philadelphia socialite in Austria during Hitler's invasion. In fact, Ginger marries Walter Slezak, an Austrian secret agent of Hitler's, and finds herself in the midst of one collapsing country after another. Finally convinced by Cary Grant, an American radio commentator, that her husband is a traitor, she begins with him a hazardous trek through one country after another until they eventually head homeward.

Albert Dekker, Albert Basserman and Natasha Lytess add immeasurably to the story.

Your Reviewer Soys: A Class A-1 special.

✓ Reunion (M-G-M)

It's About: The head of a Paris Underground.

THE best things about this Nazi-laden story are the surprise twists, the suspense, Philip Dorn, Joan Crawford and the terrific work of the supporting cast. For the first time that we can recollect, life among the Nazis in Paris, their everyday activities and social life have been clearly set forth—and the picture isn't pretty, bringing home forcefully the repugnance of the deplorable situation.

Philip Dorn, too long doomed to obscurity, is terrific as the loyal Frenchman presumably pro-Nazi. When his fiancée, Joan Crawford, spoiled, beautiful rich Parisian, discovers his tendencies she leaves him, although her love can't be killed. Befriending American John Wayne, an RAF flier in Paris, she sues Dorn to obtain papers that will permit their escape. And that's when the surprises pop over our heads like so many toy balloons.

Reginald Owen, Albert Basserman, John Carradine, J. Edward Bromberg and Moroni Olsen lend magnificent support.

Your Reviewer Soys: Suspense with a big S.

✓ Lucky Jordan (Paramount)

It's About: A racketeer who goes A.W.O.L.

IN a picture much less dramatic and important than his former ones, Alan Ladd stands out like a searchlight in a dimout. In his role of *Lucky Jordan*, Alan is again the steely-hearted tough but appealing guy who tries to "fix" his draft board. After his induction our bad boy goes A.W.O.L., accidentally bumps



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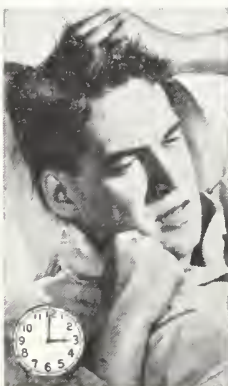
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into a master Fifth Column spy ring, aids in their capture and returns to Army life a chastened lad—peering through guard-house windows.

Helen Walker, a newcomer, plays the Canteen waitress. Marie MacDonald, Mabel Paige, Sheldon Leonard and Floyd Corrigan keep the action moving.

What says, movie-goers, we all get together and demand bigger and better pictures for Ladd, the boy who can really put it across.

Your Reviewer Soys: Lucky us, with lucky Ladd.

✓✓ **Happy Go Lucky (Paramount)**

It's About: A phony heiress on a tropical isle.

IN the West Indies, or wherever Calypso singers abound, they have a love potion that when merely sprayed in the breeze renders the oddest people amorous to an alarming degree. Betty Hutton worked it on Eddie Bracken and got him right up to the altar. Mary Martin, a phony heiress out to marry money, found it worked so well on millionaire Rudy Vallee she almost became his wife; that is, after Dick Powell, an Island roustabout and Rudy's friend, had tried every plan to bring Mary and Rudy together.

But, of course, you know who Mary really loved and got, don't you? Yep. Powell himself.

Mary sings cutely and Betty Hutton sings loudly. Both are good. Sir Lancelot, the Calypso singer, is new and different and his impromptu lyrics and melodies most fascinating.

All in all it's a swell little movie and one everyone should enjoy.

Your Reviewer Soys: Lighthearted as a firefly

✓✓ **Gentleman Jim (Warners)**

It's About: The supposed life story of a Gay Nineties ring champion.

FOR those who enjoy plenty of screened prize fighting (and this reviewer doesn't) the story of egotistical Jim Corbett, the bare-fisted fighter who knocked out the famous John L. Sullivan, has plenty of entertainment in store.

Errol Flynn makes a believable Corbett. His performances in the ring are most credible, but we can't help but feel the dramatic license taken with the true life story of the fighter has been overdone. Corbett must be twirling in his grave at several of the dreamed-up sequences.

Alexis Smith is very good as the daughter of the rich San Franciscan who deplores the boorish, obnoxious manners of the "wrong side of the track" Corbett, whose only claim to "gentlemanliness" was his clothes. Ward Bond, as the defeated Sullivan who finally teaches Corbett humility, is outstanding. Very good, too, is Jack Carson as the champion's pal. Alan Hale, John Loder and William Frawley contribute mightily to the story.

Your Reviewer Soys: A man's treat.

✓ **Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant (M-G-M)**

It's About: Mystery of an amnesia victim.

WELL, well, well, they've put new life in the old series and the result is

like a discouraged woman who buys a new hat. You'd never know the old girl, or old boy it is this time, for Dr. Gillespie, played as usual by Lionel Barrymore, acquires three new assistants, namely Keye Luke, Richard Quine and Van Johnson. These lads are gathered together by the Doctor to help solve the mystery of an amnesia victim, Susan Peters, a bride who runs out on her marriage to Horace McNally. Of course, it turns out little Susan is faking, but my, oh my, the lots of interesting people it takes to discover the fact. And what surprisingly good entertainment it all turns out to be.

Your Reviewer Soys: What wonderful bedside manners!

Strictly in the Groove (Universal)

It's About: A college jive band out West.

ACCORDING to Universal Studios, all college students are either interested in putting on a show or in organizing a band. Study? What's that? And who cares, according to movies? So, my friends, we come to another group of boys and girls jive crazier than a tree frog. When the dad of one lad nixes the college nonsense, the entire group moves out West to a dude ranch and lands a radio show. Are we crazy, or are you? Or is it the studio?

Anyway, the music is hot, the kids hep, the songs lovely, the dancing good, so what the heck.

Among those present are Mary Healy, Richard Davies, Leon Errol, Grace McDonald, Ozzie Nelson, Shemp Howard and others.

Your Reviewer Soys: Hey, Hey!

The Best Pictures of the Month

Random Harvest

Life Begins At Eight-thirty

Once Upon A Honeymoon

Best Performances

Greer Garson in "Random Harvest"

Ronald Colman in "Random Harvest"

Cary Grant in "Once Upon A Honeymoon"

Ginger Rogers in "Once Upon A Honeymoon"

Monty Woolley in "Life Begins At Eight-thirty"

Ida Lupino in "Life Begins At Eight-thirty"

Paul Henreid in "Casablanca"

Ingrid Bergman in "Casablanca"

Humphrey Bogart in "Casablanca"

Claude Rains in "Casablanca"

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✓ Nightmare (Universal)

It's About: Murder and espionage in England.

PUT Brian Donlevy in a uniform, give him a man's job to do, and he's terrific. Cast him as a lover and he comes out a pidgeon-toed, slightly portly male. What's more, place inexperienced Diana Barrymore by his side and you've got something, only we aren't sure what. Yet spots in this story of an American abroad who renders a service to an Englishwoman (he merely carries out a corpse from her home, that's all) and ends up in a country house fracas with Nazi spies and what not, is so good we feel it's worth a check and a look-see by the fans.

Gavin Muir is a smooth newcomer and one we liked. Outside of Henry Daniell, the corpse, the rest of the cast were strangers to us.

Your Reviewer Says: Old-timey recipe for melodrama.

Seven Miles from Alcatraz (RKO-Radio)

It's About: How escaped convicts justify their act.

JAMES CRAIG and Frank Jenks, bitter at the vulnerability of Alcatraz under an air raid, escape from Alcatraz and take refuge in a lighthouse. Slowly it dawns upon the pair that the keeper of the lighthouse is relaying messages to the Nazis. At the sacrifice of their own freedom, they manage to trap the heads of the spy ring. The trapping, incidentally, is a bit of all right excitement.

Bonita Granville, as the keeper's daughter, seemed out of place to us. Cliff Edwards and George Cleveland do good jobs.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair little opus.

Army Surgeon (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The work of Army surgeons in war zones.

JIMMY ELLISON is a young surgeon in service during World War I whose courage and devotion to duty is stressed to show the splendid work done by our doctors and surgeons in war time. Of course, there's the usual tangle between Ellison and Kent Taylor, an aviator, for the love of Jane Wyatt, a doctor-nurse. Duty wins over love.

Your Reviewer Says: Too depressing to be entertaining.

The Great Gildersleeve (RKO-Radio)

It's About: An old maid's pursuit of a bachelor.

RADIO'S comic, Hal Peary, or the Great Gildersleeve, finds himself forced to choose between a pursuing female, Mary Field, or the loss of his two wards, Freddie Mercer and Nancy Gates. Fortunately things work out well with lots of gags, laughs and comic situations sandwiched between his troubles. Jane Darwell as Peary's aunt is very good. Thurston Hall is outstanding as the governor.

Your Reviewer Says: Keep it up, Gildy.

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PAYS UP TO \$22 TO \$22

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Dr. Renault's Secret (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A man who apes an ape.

NOW see here! This business of men turning into animals and animals into men has got to stop. Especially when it happens to our good friend J. Carrol Naish under the hands of scientist George Zucco. A body's got so they hate to go out nights with all these animalistic goings on. John Shepperd and Lynne Roberts have the romantic leads.

Your Reviewer Says: Renault can keep his secret.

Northwest Rangers (M-G-M)

It's About: Orphaned lads who grew up to take opposite paths.

JACK HOLT takes over the care of two orphaned boys whose parents were massacred by Indians. One grows up to be Bill Lundigan who follows in Holt's footsteps as a North West Mountie. The other grows up to be James Craig, a gambler and a baddie. When Pat Dane, a singer in Craig's gambling hall wins the love of both men, hell pops in all directions. Guess who gets her?

John Carradine is good as a rival gambler.

Your Reviewer Says: The Mounties always get their girl.

Street of Chance (Paramount)

It's About: An amnesia victim who awakens to a murder charge.

BURGESS MEREDITH gets hit on the head and wakes up to discover he's been an amnesia victim for over a year and a man wanted for murder. He, himself, undertakes to unravel the murder mystery with many surprising results; one being that we were still sitting in our seat when he had finished. Claire Trevor plays a maid and Adeline deWalt Reynolds a paralytic.

Your Reviewer Says: Moral—Don't get hit on the head.

Wrecking Crew (Paramount)

It's About: Men who tear down buildings.

BOY, there's a job, tearing down a building, or wrecking the joint, as it is known in refined language. Anyway, two friends, Richard Arlen and Chester Morris, about whom lingers the belief of a jinx, take on a job together and end up on a wall ready to tumble to the ground six stories below and no way to get down. How do actors get themselves in these messes anyway? Jean Parker is the girl.

Your Reviewer Says: A pair of Humpty Dumptys, no less.

✓ Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (Paramount)

It's About: A breadwinner and her brood of five.

HERE she comes again, and for the third time on the screen, that lovable

character, Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch Wiggsses, and her brood of geographically named children.

Never has there been a finer Mrs. Wiggs than Fay Bainter and never a more talented brood than Carolyn Lee, Betty Brewer, Mary Thomas, Carl Switzer and Billy Lee.

Vera Vague as Miss Hazy, a daisy pining for love, and Hugh Herbert, head of a matrimonial bureau, are priceless. All the homey, laughable and tragic events of the Wiggs family have been retained which makes it a must-see.

Your Reviewer Says: Cozy.

✓ Whistling in Dixie (M-G-M)

It's About: A radio detective involved in a Dixie mix-up.

RED SKELTON has one of those radio crime detective programs with girl friend Ann Rutherford as his assistant. To Ann comes a message for help from little Diana Lewis, a girl friend down in Dixie. Ann and Red take off for Georgia to find themselves involved in a phony murder mystery centered around an old fort, with one silly, ridiculous incident following another, leaving the audience wild with glee.

"Rags" Ragland plays twins to add to the confusion. George Bancroft, Guy Kibbee, Peter Whitney and Lucien Littlefield swarm over the place.

Your Reviewer Says: Tut, tut, such mon-keyshines!

Lady from Chungking (P. R. C.)

It's About: A Chinese heroine who aids two American flyers.

ANNA MAY WONG is a Chinese woman of aristocratic birth who pretends affection for a loathsome Jap general in order to obtain secret information. This information is relayed to two American Flying Tigers, hidden by Miss Wong. The boys use the information to bring back other friends to annihilate the invading forces. It's pretty well done and Harold Huber's playing of a Jap scoundrel is outstanding. Rick Vallin and Paul Bryer are the Americans.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middling.

Cat People (RKO-Radio)

It's About: People who turn into cats.

WE'VE known catty people by the dozens, but never any such as this, thank heavens. Imagine, if you can, Simone Simon's succumbing to the inherited ability to turn into an evil cat destroying those whom she hates. Kent Smith, her groom, Tom Conway, a psychiatrist who pays dearly for his help, Jane Randolph, who sympathizes with Kent, all suffer at the hands of Simone. It will give you icy jitters, but it's kinda fun at that.

Your Reviewer Says: Meow!

✓ Silver Queen (Sherman-U.A.)

It's About: A gambling debt and gambling love.

HARRY SHERMAN, the producer who makes those swell Westerns, has turned out a little goodie (if one remembers it's strictly a Western) all about a

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Do you sometimes have Headaches, Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgia or Functional Monthly Pains. Take **DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS** for quick relief. Read directions and take only as directed. Regular package 25c. Large Economy package \$1.00.

gal (Priscilla Lane) engaged to a heel (Bruce Cabot) who travels West to become a gambler in order to pay off the debts of her gambler father, Eugene Pallette. She wins, but sends the money to Cabot to pay off. Instead, he crosses her up, even to keeping quiet the fact that George Brent, who won her father's mine had already deeded it back to her. Anyway, it all ends up in a rowdy-dowdy mess and Brent gets the girl.

Your Reviewer Soys: A good little "out-thar" story.

✓ Who Done It? (Universal)

It's About: Soda jerks involved in a radio murder mystery.

IT'S Bud Abbott and Lou Costello again, all mixed up in a murder mystery. And wouldn't you know it—those Nazi agents horn in to mess things up, as if Bud and Lou aren't experts at that job. The corn grows thicker than ever in this epic—but who cares? It's Bud and Lou and that seems to be enough for audiences.

The boys leave off soda-jerking to go to a radio station to try for a job, only to run headlong into a first class "bump-off" job. Their amateur sleuthing almost leads to their own arrest.

Patric Knowles and Louise Allbritton are a splendid romantic-minded pair. William Gargan and William Bendix are on the side of the law.

Your Reviewer Says: We dare you not to laugh.

✓✓ Moscow Strikes Back (Republic—Central Studios U. S. S. R.)

It's About: How Russia hurled back the Nazis in December, 1941.

DON'T be afraid to see this slice of history in the raw because you think you'll be shocked and horrified. You will be, but it's the sort of shock that carries with it tremendous vitalization. You cannot help but absorb driving power from the titanic effort of these superb people. We begin to understand what our boys mean when they write home from camp and say, "We run—run—run." That's what the Russians do in this picture, pushing forward unceasingly through high snow, forests, villages, as they pound the German rear guard past the monument that marks the end of Napoleon's invasion of Russia; not even stopping to celebrate their gains other than to lean down and accept the blessing of a withered old woman who stands by the side of the road and crosses herself as she kisses each strange face.

You'll see the home of Tolstoi with scarcely a piece of furniture remaining because the Nazis used it for firewood. "And this," says the effective voice of Edward G. Robinson, narrator, "in a house surrounded by forests!" You'll see the home of Tschaikevsky reduced to a shambles, his priceless musical scores pitched out into the snow. Culture they call it.

And you'll see the frozen mutilated bodies of little girls raped by the Nazis.

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Your Reviewer Soys: See it and fight!

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No Ceiling on Laughter

(Continued from page 45) She simply slid to the floor of the car, removed the curlers, did a quick fluffing job, as only a woman can, and climbed right back to bow and smile and throw kisses in her most elegant manner, while the bands played on.

Gene says, "I don't know exactly how, but that silly occurrence did me a world of good. I'd been wondering how I could possibly get through the appearances I'd have to make that day, I was so tired. But the mental picture I had of myself, being so grand, so gracious, before all those people, with my hair in those silly curliwigs, simply took all the tiredness out of me."

VERONICA LAKE was all tuckered out one night in Orlando, Florida, when she was waiting to do her personal appearance at the camp show. Through the ache of her weariness, she began to realize that all was not well. People were looking at her, whispering, casting worried glances. Then it came out. A red-faced sergeant confided that the boys had a "Veronica Lake act" of their own and they were wondering whether she'd be offended. Relieved, Veronica told them to go ahead.

"But," she relates, "when I saw that six-foot-four hunk of fighting man in an evening gown slashed to the waist and the wisp of floor mop hanging over one eye, when I really got a load of the Veronica Lake manner and gestures, I was so convulsed that I could hardly go on to do my own turn when it was time to do it! Maybe it really wasn't quite so funny as it seemed to me then. Maybe my own weariness did something about my own enjoyment of the stunt. But, I declare, I forgot all about my weariness and all I could think of was to give the boys as much fun as they had given me. I've never had such a lift from anything."

Herbert Marshall says a laugh's like jam on your bread and tells of a soldier in his regiment in the last war who had a most amazing passion for jam. One day this fellow, in full view of the enemy trenches, ambled along the parapet and jumped into the trench close to Marshall. "Have you chaps got any jam?" he enquired, calmly. "Any kind of jam but plum and apple?" Somebody dug up a tin of damson jam and he departed the way he came grinning happily.

"I've always thought he should have been decorated," says Marshall, with an amused smile, "either for bravery in the face of the enemy, or for handing us a laugh when we needed one the worst possible way."

THE indefatigable Bob Hope tells this one. He was visiting a hospital in New Orleans, trying to bring smiles to the fellows who lay there; some of them bandaged from head to foot after a bit of trouble in the merchant marine. One of these asked him, "You make a lot of money, don't you, Bob?" Bob thought, "Here comes a touch," but he quipped something gay about money's not being everything. ("What an odd place for a touch!" he told himself.) "But you do make a pot of money, don't you?" persisted the bandaged one. Bob thought, "Wonder how much he needs," and went on telling his gay stories. But the man was not to be put off and, finally, Bob broke down and confessed. "Well," he said, "I can't grumble. I'm doing all right." "Well," said the sailor, "I was just wondering. If you make so much money, why the devil don't you buy yourself a haircut?"

Ann Rutherford thinks she probably wouldn't have survived her last Bond-selling tour if Charles Laughton had ever learned to pack a suitcase. "Shopping for Charlie kept me from going nuts," she admits. "You see, the only thing he knows about packing is to grab a few things, stuff them in the suitcase and sit on it. And when Charlie sits on a thing, it stays sat on!"

"He never has the least idea of what he has put in it. The consequence of this is that when we reach the next stop Charlie has a flat suitcase but probably no clean socks or shirts, or even a toothbrush. Those things are reposing in the hotel room where he sat on the suitcase. So it's up to me to set forth and buy socks and shirts and toothbrushes—and sometimes bedroom slippers—for the helpless Laughton. This gives me (1) exercise, (2) a nice acquaintance with the local tradespeople, (3) an informal view of the town, (4) the laugh of my life when I return with my purchases and watch Charlie 'trying them on for size.' He says I seem to collect the oddest sizes. But it all helps. Sometimes I suspect that Charlie gives me these assignments just to keep me

from getting stodgy in my mind."

Charles Ruggles shakes a solemn head and remarks that civilian defense harbors hazards that he never dreamed of. Charles is an air-raid warden in the San Fernando Valley where houses are pretty far apart and the question of what to use for a blackout signal raised quite a problem. Finally, somebody came up with a large metal bucket and a hammer to pound it with a resounding din which should certainly be heard for miles.

What the earnest wardens didn't know was that they were producing a sound which was very pleasing to bees and which caused them to swarm happily and with appalling speed right to the spot where the bucket was being pounded! They very soon found out!

"Maybe," says Charles, "it wasn't exactly the sort of incident which helps a brave man through a long spell of hard work, but somehow the memory of those solemn guys diving for cover as the bees came over is going to stay with me for a long time."

HEDY LAMARR doesn't consider, either, that she was actually suffering very seriously for her war effort. But she was awfully hungry. There had been a slight miscalculation in time on her Bond-selling tour and she found herself at a large factory, surrounded by hundreds of war workers, all eager to buy Bonds and to speak with her. And Hedy had had no breakfast. Time passed and the Bonds were whizzing. Finally Hedy's head was whizzing too. The sight of the workers all around her munching their lunches didn't improve matters, either.

She whispered to someone that she hadn't had breakfast and that she was famished. Before you could say, "Box lunch!" sandwiches, hot dogs, pickles, cole slaw, ice-cream cones and cartons of milk were being pressed upon her by eager hands of factory workers who wanted to share their lunches with her as well as buy her Bonds.

"It was sweet of them," Hedy recalls, "but it began to be funny, too. All that food! Pretty soon all the factory people were screaming with laughter. I ate a hot dog and drank some milk and then people came and divided up the food again and everybody bought lots more Bonds and I autographed paper napkins and milk cartons. It was one of our most successful days."

Jackie Cooper is another who has learned to take his laughs where he finds them. He was making a personal appearance (with his drums) at a Southern camp. As he was packing up his gear, a blackout occurred and he had to finish packing in total darkness. When he reached the next camp, he discovered that the long round parcel which he had thought contained his music roll really contained a loaf of French bread! Nothing daunted, he showed his soldier-audience the loaf, told his story, put the loaf ostentatiously on his music rack, glared at it solemnly and proceeded to improvise to one of the most enthusiastic and amused audiences he's ever had. He's been wondering since whether a prop loaf of bread won't produce more genuine entertainment than a roll of real music.

There's no ceiling on laughter. Be free with it. A good laugh at the right time may speed things up and be almost as important as a well-driven rivet!

THE END



A "very glad to meet you" (and they meant it!) picture of Lana Turner greeting Senior Lieutenant Liudmila Pavlichenko at the M-G-M commissary. Officially credited with having killed 309 Nazis, Lieutenant Pavlichenko was guest of honor at a big M-G-M banquet during her stay in California

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 21)

Annapolis, where he gets the smart-aleckness taken out of him. (Dec.)

HENRY ALDRICH, EDITOR—Paramount: The irrepressible Henry is accused of arson when he hints of sabotage in his high-school paper and building after building is set afire. But of course he traps the real culprit. Jimmy Lydon as Henry, Charles Smith as Dizzy, and Rita Quigley as the girl friend are right in there pitching. (Jan.)

✓ **HERE WE GO AGAIN**—RKO-Radio: A giggle fest, with Fibber McGee and Molly celebrating twenty years of marriage at a hotel where Edgar Bergen, with Charley McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, is searching for a peculiar moth to aid the production of silk. You can imagine the goings-on, with the great Gildersleeve adding to the laughs and with Ginny Simms singing to Ray Noble's music. (Nov.)

HIDDEN HAND, THE—Warners: Practically everybody gets killed in this potpourri of gore when an elderly woman fakes death and burial to test her dreadful relatives, and in the testing no less than five corpses litter up the story. Craig Stevens, Elizabeth Fraser and Ruth Ford are unfortunate enough to be cast in this one. (Jan.)

HIGHWAYS BY NIGHT—RKO-Radio: Richard Carlson as the millionaire playboy who gets taken by gangsters and ends up in the trucking business does very well with loosely knit material. Jane Randolph is fair as the girl, but Jane Darwell, Barton MacLane and Ray Collins are good. Average. (Dec.)

HILLBILLY BLITZKRIEG—Monogram: The famous cartoon characters, *Snuffy Smith*, played by Bud Duncan, and *Barney Google*, played by Cliff Nazarro, cut all sorts of capers that have the pair embroiled in a rocket invention. Edgar Kennedy as an Army sergeant and Lucien Littlefield as an inventor add to the rather silly maneuvers. (Nov.)

✓ **ICELAND**—20th Century-Fox: Some of the best skating of her career is presented by Sonja Henie; but the story's only fair. It has Sonja, an Iceland maid, grabbing off John Payne, a Marine on the island, before he knows where he is. Osa Massen is Sonja's sister, Jack Oakie clowns on skates very funnily and Sammy Kaye and his orchestra provide some swell music. (Nov.)

✓ **I MARRIED A WITCH**—The Cinema Guild-U.A.: Veronica Lake is the determined witch who

returns with her father, Cecil Kellaway, to be-devil Fredric March, who's about to marry Susan Hayward and run for Governor. But Veronica falls in love with March, to the dismay of Kellaway, and the result's fantastic but fun. Robert Benchley is March's droll pal. (Jan.)

ISLE OF MISSING MEN—Monogram: A rather suspenseful little melodrama with John Howard as the governor of a penal colony. He befriends Helen Gilbert who has come to the island to help her husband Gilbert Roland escape and much exciting action transpires before she is successful. (Nov.)

JACKASS MAIL—M-G-M: Wally Beery and Marjorie Main in their familiar story of a renegade who became regenerated through the orphaned son of the man Beery kills. It takes Darryl Hickman, the boy, and Marjorie Main, fearless owner of the transport mail line, to civilize Wally. (Nov.)

✓✓ **JOURNEY FOR MARGARET**—M-G-M: Robert Young is brilliant as the American correspondent in London who meets orphaned William Severn and Margaret O'Brien at the rescue home of Fay Bainter and takes them home to America. Both the children are wonderful, and the experiences of English children orphaned and homeless will touch your heart. (Jan.)

JUNGLE SIREN—P.R.C.: A silly, stupid little number, this one, concerning Nazi agents at work amongst jungle tribes in Africa. Buster Crabbe and Ann Corio, the former strip-teaser, are the leads, but neither has a chance to be very good. (Jan.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox: When juror Michael Shayne, played as usual by Lloyd Nolan, sees the evidence piling up against the innocent defendant, he sets out on his own to uncover the guilty party. Girl reporter Marjorie Weaver, press cameraman Phil Silvers, attorney Richard Derr and singer Joan Valerie are all in on the excitement. (Dec.)

LITTLE TOKIO, U. S. A.—20th Century-Fox: The West Coast's Japanese colony comes into the spotlight with this lively little epic of a police officer, Preston Foster, who suspects shenanigans in the Jap settlement. Comes Pearl Harbor, and he scoops up spies like fury. Brenda Joyce is his girl friend, and June Duprez, Harold Huber and George E. Stone are spies. (Nov.)

✓ **LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Depth and beauty characterize this tale of the great poet's life—his adoption as a

child, his first boyhood love affair with Virginia Gilmore, his marriage to Linda Darnell and his slow disintegration due to alcoholism. John Shepperd seems an ideal Poe; Miss Gilmore and Miss Darnell give polished performances. (Dec.)

MAN IN THE TRUNK, THE—20th Century-Fox: When pretty Lynne Roberts, dancer, buys a trunk, she finds the remains of a body inside, and Attorney George Holmes tries to exonerate his convicted client by proving his innocence through the skeleton in the trunk, who obligingly comes back as a ghost to aid in the exposure of the real culprit. (Jan.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S ELEPHANT—RKO-Radio: Leon Errol again plays the dual role of *Lord Epping* and *Uncle Matt*, with Lupe Velez all over the place trying to help out *Uncle Matt* when smuggled jewels are hidden in an onyx elephant and the elephant must be returned pronto. Walter Reed is Lupe's husband, and Lyle Talbot and Marion Martin are the smugglers. (Nov.)

MOONLIGHT IN HAVANA—Universal: Allan Jones is a discharged ball player who can sing only when he has a cold, and when a manager of a traveling group of entertainers bears him warbling he signs him up. From there on it's everybody's show, with pretty Jane Frazee and Marjorie Lord in a tussle for Jones's affections. (Jan.)

MUMMY'S TOMB, THE—Universal: Lon Chaney's the mummy who's been kept alive through the ages and transported to America to kill archaeologists Dick Foran and Wally Ford who disturbed the mummy's tomb years before. John Hubbard and Elyse Knox are the romantic leads, and it's a scarey little number. (Jan.)

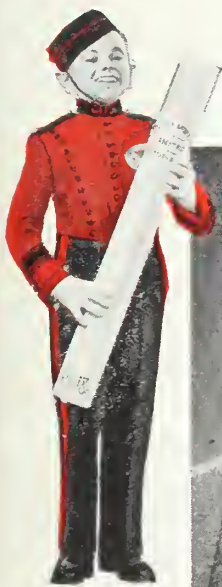
✓✓ **MY SISTER EILEEN**—Columbia: A howl from start to finish is this adaptation of the successful play about two sisters who come to New York to seek a career. Rosalind Russell is the older sister, Janet Blair her pretty sister *Eileen*; and George Tobias is their landlord. Brian Aherne, the editor, and reporter Allyn Joslyn join the throng who wander in and out of their basement apartment. (Dec.)

✓✓ **NAVY COMES THROUGH, THE**—R.K.O. Radio: A swell service picture, this one, with George Murphy as the disgraced officer who enlists as a plain seaman under the command of Petty Officer Pat O'Brien. Max Baer and Jackie Cooper stand out as sailors, Desi Arnaz and Frank Jenks add pep to the maneuvers, and Jane Wyatt is very good

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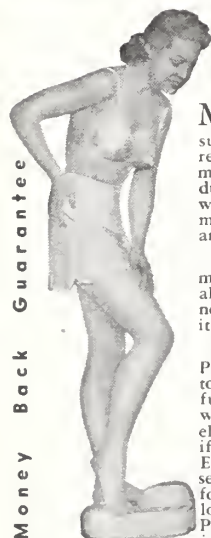
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as the nurse. Carl Esmond is a hit as the sailor-musician. (Jan.)

NIGHT MONSTER—Universal: Practically everyone gets killed when mystic, cosmic, yogi monkey business creeps over the estate of Ralph Morgan where scarey Bela Lugosi is the butler. House keeper Doris Lloyd, chauffeur Leif Erikson, Yogi Nils Asther and several doctors are all suspects. Irene Hervey is the pretty psychiatrist, and Fay Helm the sister who thinks she's crazy. (Jan.)

✓ **NOW, VOYAGER**—Warners: Another Bette Davis masterpiece is this story of a frustrated woman who finds release through the aid of psychiatrist Claude Rains. Paul Henreid, the man who brings her love that can never be realized in marriage, will create a stir among feminine fans. Gladys Cooper, Ilka Chase and Bonita Granville are on to the very high standard of the story. (Dec.)

✓ **ONE OF FOUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING**—United Artists: An honest, straightforward chronicle of six R.A.F. flyers who are forced to bail out over occupied Holland and are helped by the Dutch Underground to make their way back to England. The English players, unfamiliar on this side of the ocean, give performances which are as simple, convincing, and moving as the story itself. (Jan.)

✓ **ORCHESTRA WIVES**—20th Century Fox: All about the love lives of members of a band, with Glenn Miller's band providing all the music. George Montgomery is a trumpet player, Ann Rutherford his wife. Mary Beth Hughes, Carole Landis and Virginia Gilmore, other orchestra wives, start all the trouble between them. Cesar Romero is the pianist and Lyn Bari the singer. (Nov.)

✓ **OX-BOW INCIDENT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: A slice of life served raw is this story of what happens when man takes justice into his own hands. In a small Western town, a posse rides out to avenge murder and cattle stealing and hang Dana Andrews. Anthony Quinn and Chris-Kin Martin, only to discover the lynching was an irredeemable error. Henry Fonda is the rancher who swerves to the side of justice. (Jan.)

PALM BEACH STORY, THE—Paramount: This so-called comedy misses a mile, despite the cleverness of Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea who play the separated husband and wife. Claudette, out to garner new laurels, finds them in millionaire Rudy Vallee. Mary Astor is good, but the antics are as antiquated as an antimacassar. (Nov.)

✓ **PARDON MY SARONG**—Universal: By far the funniest of the Abbott and Costello riots, this is madcap fun from its beginning where the pair take their crosstown Chicago bus to Los Angeles to its hilarious finish on a South Sea Isle. Robert Paige is the romantic lead, Virginia Bruce lovely as the girl, Lionel Atwill a villain, and Abbott and Costello are at their best. (Nov.)

✓ **ROAD TO MOROCCO**—Paramount: Another Bing Crosby and Boh Hope laugh riot, with the two boys stranded in Morocco where Bing sells Boh to a sheik, and then manages to locate him in Dorothy Lamour's boudoir. But Dorothy's sheik lover, Anthony Quinn, finds out about the boys, and from then on it's a series of calamities that will have you howling with laughter. (Jan.)

SCATTERGOOD SURVIVES A MURDER—RKO-Radio: John Archer, newspaper man, is accused of murdering two old lady recluses, and when more relatives are bumped off the ensuing commotion involves Margaret Hayes, reporter, Wally Ford, rival newsmen, and *Scattergood*, played as usual by Guy Kibbee. It's not up to the usual standard of this series. (Jan.)

✓ **SECRETS OF A CO-ED**—P.R.C.: This tells the story of the secret racketeering operations of a respected attorney, Otto Kruger, that he reveals to a jury when his daughter, Tina Thayer, is on trial for killing her sweetheart, a gunman hired by Kruger. Rich Vallin, a newcomer, is a find; and the performances of Miss Thayer and Otto Kruger are outstanding. (Dec.)

✓ **SEVEN DAYS LEAVE**—RKO-Radio: Army private Vic Mature has seven days leave in which to meet and marry a certain girl, so he can collect his inheritance. Lucille Ball is the girl who spurns Vic's gall and then falls for it. Freddy Martin furnishes the swell music, Peter Hayes and Ginny Simms will wow you, and the whole picture is a lot of fun. (Jan.)

✓ **SEVEN SWEETHEARTS**—M-G-M: Whimsical and gay, charming and quaint, with Kathryn Grayson the youngest of seven sisters, whose father, S. Z. Sakall, runs a hotel in a Little Holland village in Michigan. Reporter Van Heflin comes there to cover the tulip festival and Marsha Hunt, the oldest sister, snares him. The sisters are charming and Miss Grayson sings delightfully. (Nov.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR—Universal: Basil Rathbone, the indestructible Holmes, with his pal Doctor Watson, Nigel Bruce, uncover a Nazi radio nest and prevent

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all sorts of German invasions. Evelyn Ankers is the pretty Limehouse girl who also help *Holmes*. It's pretty average fare. (Dec.)

SIN TOWN—Universal: Bunco artists Constance Bennett and Brod Crawford arrive in a Western oil town looking for easy money, which they find when Crawford declares himself partner in Ward Bond's saloon. Anne Gwynne and Petric Knowles provide the love interest and Andy Devine and Leo Carrillo romp around. The brawl between the two villains is really a lulu. (Dec.)

✓ **SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES**—20th Century-Fox: Betty Grable is in love with Broadway actor John Payne, but when he misbehaves she pretends to love her new dancing partner Cesar Romero. From a New York stage play the group carry on their misunderstandings at Lake Louise. Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood and Edward Everett Horton aid in the mix-up in this Technicolor musical. (Dec.)

THAT OTHER WOMAN—20th Century-Fox: Pretty secretary Virginia Gilmore pursues her architect boss, James Ellison, who intrigues her with his disinterest. When Grandina Alma Kruger advises Virginia how to trap Ellison, the scheme works but not in the way expected. Janis Carter is cute as the persistent huntress. (Jan.)

TIMBER—Universal: Sabotage in our timber regions, with Leo Carrillo and Andy Devine worrying about it until along comes Dan Dailey Jr., special undercover agent. He fires the saboteur and hires instead Edmund MacDonald who brings along his pretty sister, Marjorie Lord. (Nov.)

✓ **THUNDER BIRDS**—20th Century-Fox: Informative, entertaining and colorful is this story about the training of English, Chinese and Americans at a desert flying school. Preston Foster, the instructor, and English student John Sutton are both rivals for the affections of lovely Gene Tierney, but all the players take second place to the interesting flying sequences. (Jan.)

✓ **WAKE ISLAND**—Paramount: Every American should see this authentic picture of the gallant stand of the Marines on Wake Island and their magnificent fight. Brian Donlevy plays the Major who commands the Island's defenses. Albert Dekker is a civilian engineer. MacDonald Carey plays a young flyer and Robert Preston and William Bendix play two Marine buddies. (Nov.)

✓ **WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY, THE**—M-G-M: A bone of a picture, with Fay Bainter as the selfish, ingrown woman who refuses to alter her life or accept wartime alternation in the lives of others. Van Johnson, the redheaded, freckle-faced hero, is the best thing in the show, even surpassing Richard Ney, who plays the regenerated young man. Edward Arnold and Jean Rogers are good, too. (Nov.)

✓ **WHITE CARGO**—M-G-M: The trouble with this picture of white men and a tropical seductress is that the story has become repetitious through imitation, but the performance of Walter Pidgeon, veteran of the tropical isle, gives great stability to the play. Richard Carlson and Frank Morgan are very good and Hedy Lamarr is certainly the most gorgeous *Tondelayo*. (Dec.)

WILDCAT—Paramount: Never a dull moment in this story, with Richard Arlen playing a wildcat oil man who goes into partnership with Elisha Cook, Jr., gets buffaloed by Arline Judge, Elisha's fake sister, and fights it out with his enemy oil driller Buster Crabbe. (Dec.)

✓ **WINGS AND THE WOMAN**—RKO Radio: A fitting tribute to a gallant woman, Amy Johnson, is this story of her life, with Anna Neagle playing the first great woman aviatrix. Robert Newton as Jim Mollison, the flyer, who married Amy and lost her, is outstanding. Edward Chapman as her father, Joan Kemp-Welch as her mother, give beautiful performances, and Miss Neagle is superb. (Nov.)

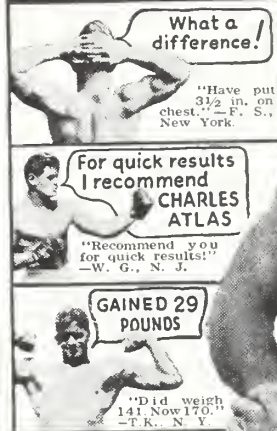
✓ **YANK AT ETON, A**—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney gives life, color and laughter to a story that depends too much on its star and too little on its content. He's a typical American high-school football star who finds himself at Eton when his mother marries an Englishman and his trials and tribulations at the famous old English school form the bulk of the yarn. (Nov.)

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER—Warners: A remake of the Paul Muni picture, "Hi, Nellie," with George Brent, now playing the newspaper managing editor who uncovers a gang of racketeers operating behind a night-club front and a Lonely Hearts Club. Brenda Marshall is the girl reporter, Roscoe Karns the photographer, and Gene Lockhart and Edward Ciannelli the villains. (Dec.)

YOUTH ON PARADE—Republic: That college show is here again, with Tom Brown and Martha O'Driscoll leading the talent parade. Broadway actress Ruth Terry joins the campus scampers after they've played a trick on Professor John Hubbard, who plays his part to perfection. It's young and snappy. (Dec.)

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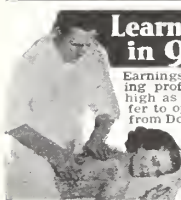
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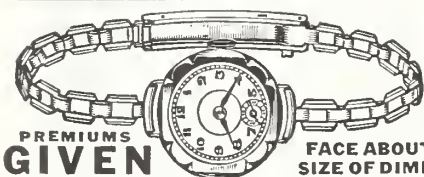
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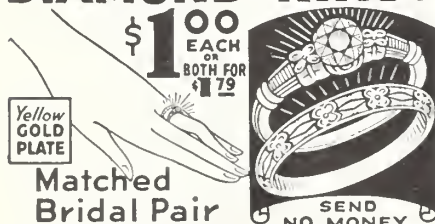
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Call to the Colors



This may make you see red!
Look the verses up and down and you'll find a few deep-dyed hints on what tricks colors can turn

Gracie's yearning for a dance
Really she won't have a chance.
Eye her dress—it's pale, pale yellow
Entirely wrong to bait a fellow.
Nothing doing, says the stag line
(Gracie'd better note this high sign):

Green has a definite power to attract the opposite sex.

Oliver was a timid soul
Reticent and never bold
Any time she saw new faces
Never did she turn vivacious
Gloomed around and sat apart.
Effective was this color chart:

Orange is a magnetic color, will draw people to the wearer.

Rita wore white to look effective
Endeavored as president to be elected
Despaired she lost by dissenting vote
(She forgot to remember this color note):

Red means originality, positiveness, leadership and brings power and assurance to the wearer.

Bulah oft was heard to sigh,
Luck will always pass me by!
Up went her Gin score one red-letter day;
Easy to see she'd heard experts say:

Blue is a happy color and makes its wearer lucky and fortunate.

Now It's Fun To

REDUCE

This Common Sense Way

There is no magic about *The Common Sense Way* to an alluring figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book *No More Alibis* you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

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In this amazing book Sylvia tells you how to lose up to fifteen pounds next month—and lose them safely. You won't have a drawn, flabby face. You won't feel half starved and you won't feel weak. In ten days you'll have new life and vitality. You will see the texture and tone of your skin improve. You will have an alert mind and your eyes will be clear and sparkling. And best of all you will see daily improvement in your figure.

If You're Fat In Spots

In *No More Alibis* you'll learn how to make fat disappear from any part of your body. So, if you have any bumps and bulges, let Sylvia of Hollywood explain how to make those stubborn fat spots vanish in double quick time. Just picture how beautiful you would look if your hips were not so broad . . . if your legs were not so heavy . . . if your ankles were not so thick . . . if your weight were 20 to 30 pounds less! It's easy to see how beautiful you would be if you could change your figure. Well, *No More Alibis* tells you exactly how you can correct your figure faults . . . how you can mold your body into beautiful, alluring proportions. And best of all, this can be done in the privacy of your own boudoir—without the aid of any appliance or apparatus whatsoever.



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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Pocketful o' Songs

(Continued from page 51) The friendship grew under the glare of Klieg lights, became a sincere affection between two young people.

The longer they teamed in pictures, the closer Mickey and Judy grew. One day on the set Mickey turned to Judy.

"Judy," he said, "I think you're wonderful: Will you be my girl?"

"You mean *really* be your girl and not go out with anybody else?"

"Of course I mean *really*," This is serious. This is different."

"This is love," Judy said and they gazed mistily into each other's eyes.

Judy's mother, Ethel, came to see them on the set one rainy afternoon.

"May I offer my wishes for your happiness? You're engaged, I hear."

Mickey and Judy looked a little startled.

"That's wonderful," Ethel said. She glanced casually at Judy. "I suppose you won't be going tonight to hear that young orchestra leader, David Rose."

But Judy did go to hear Dave Rose—and to talk to him after the broadcast, the first step in a romance that would lead to a happy marriage. For Judy and Dave both knew, from that first moment, that they were for each other.

"You are too young to think of marriage," wise heads counseled. "Your public wants you to remain a child. They will forsake you if you marry. Just think, Judy, you'll be a *matron*."

Well-meaning friends collared Dave. "You have no right to interfere in her career. It would be selfish. She belongs to the world. You're older, Dave. You know show business. Convince Judy that she mustn't think of getting married for years."

"But we love each other," Judy and Dave protested. They were rewarded by a fine careless laugh.

"Oh *that*," people said. "Well, don't take it too hard. You'll get over it."

But Judy and Dave didn't get over it. And one night they faced and tackled the situation.

"Nothing is worth having unless it's worth fighting for," Dave quoted. "Let's give ourselves a chance."

"I'm not afraid," Judy said. "If the public won't like me as a married woman, they just won't like me, that's all."

"We'll soon find out," Dave said. "We can be in Las Vegas in an hour. . . ."

Thus it happened that Ethel and her husband stepped aboard a plane with about ten minutes' notice and stood by proudly while Judy and Dave said "I do" to each other's hearts.

SINCE her marriage there has been a depth, a quiet sincerity in Judy that is a delight to see.

"Know what we're going to do when the public doesn't want us any more?" she asks gaily. "Buy a farm in New England, raise pigeons and write poetry."

"Heaven help the publishers," David murmurs. But later he confesses shyly that Judy's verse is "darned good."

"You are to blame for it," Judy accuses him. Then, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, she explains, "You see, I never really had a proper courtship. Dave would call me for a date and I'd spend hours getting dressed in my best bib and tucker to go stepping out around the town. Dave would no sooner ring the doorbell than he'd pull a roll of manuscript from his pocket and say, 'I just want to look over this score, Judy. It won't take a minute."

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JUNE LANG

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Why does God permit war? Why does He permit cruelty, injustice, pain, starvation, sickness and death?

Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman named Edwin J. Dingle found the answers to these questions. A great mystic opened his eyes. A great change came over him. He realized the strange Power that Knowledge gives.

That Power, he says, can transform the life of anyone. Questions, whatever they are, can be answered. The problems of health, death, poverty and wrong, can be solved.

In his own case, he was brought back to splendid health. He acquired wealth, too, as well as world-wide professional recognition. Thirty years ago, he was sick as a man could be and live. Once his coffin was bought. Years of almost continuous tropical fevers, broken bones, near blindness, privation and danger had made a human wreck of him, physically and mentally.

He was about to be sent back to England to die, when a strange message came—"They are waiting for you in Tibet." He wants to tell the whole world what he learned there, under the guidance of the greatest mystic he ever encountered during his twenty-one years in the Far East. He wants everyone to experience the greater

health and the Power, which there came to him.

Within ten years, he was able to retire to this country with a fortune. He had been honored by fellowships in the World's leading Geographical Societies, for his work as a geographer. And today, 30 years later, he is still so athletic, capable of so much work, so young in appearance, it is hard to believe he has lived so long.

As a first step in their progress toward the Power that Knowledge gives, Mr. Dingle wants to send the readers of this notice a 9,000-word treatise. It is free. For your free copy, send your name and address to the Institute of Mental-physic, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. B227, Los Angeles, Calif. Write promptly.



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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 733MP, Jefferson, Iowa

You don't mind, do you?" And there we'd sit. The whole evening long. I had to do something. So I wrote poetry to amuse myself."

"That's outright sabotage," Dave declares. "I took you out several times. Remember that drive-in on the Strip..."

These two "rib" each other unmercifully. Judy calls her husband a "train tinkerer" in reference to his hobby of miniature trains—not toy trains but the real McCoy. Pint-sized locomotives huff and puff over miles of track on their new estate high on the top of a Bel-Air hill.

"That's why we couldn't live in my house," Judy explains ruefully. "The back yard was too steep to lay the track. Dave might have gone in for cable cars."

Dave's favorite way of ribbing Judy is to drag strange four-syllable words into a simple conversation. After spending two hours vainly searching through a dictionary, Judy got hep to this little pastime. She even went him one better.

HER prize performance took place one night at one of Hollywood's quieter parties. Two respected writers mentioned a prominent plagiarism suit which just that day had been reported in the morning paper.

Judy astounded them by virtually delivering an oration. "Nothing is sillier than this charge of plagiarism," she stated positively. "The poet should dare to help himself whenever he finds material suited to his work. Goethe understood this very well. So did Shakespeare."

Dave was amazed. "I had no idea you studied such things," he said when they reached home.

Judy gave him a solemn stare. "I was reading something about that before we went to the party."

She thumbed through the pages of a book of quotations and pointed to a paragraph for her impressed spouse to read.

Almost word for word was Judy's little speech and it had been written many years ago by a man named Heinrich Heine.

Judy would rather be accused of robbery than to be charged with sentimentalizing. But she is sentimental deep down in her heart. Locked away in a safe hiding place are such price-

less things as a paper napkin from a certain drive-in on the Strip, with the notation: "David likes onions too." There is a pink and beaming Kewpie doll from the Fun House on the Venice Pier; and records of the first songs she and David danced to when they found each other. These are the things that mean everything to her now that Dave has gone to join the Army Air Corps.

These nights it's in the music room that you'll usually find Judy. Curled up on pillows with only the firelight flickering against the soft-toned walls she spends hours wrapped in the enchantment of the melodies she and Dave loved.

THERE is one man who has meant much in the molding of Judy's life—Roger Edens, the pianist who had accompanied her in her first M-G-M tryout, her close friend and adviser and perhaps the person who has come closest to taking her father's place.

It comes as a shock to most people that Judy does not read a note of music. In learning a new song Roger Edens plays the song through while Judy listens carefully. Chances are she will sing it unerringly on the second try. The songs Judy sings in pictures are written or arranged with her in mind. Old songs seem to fit her best of all.

"Judy is an old song," Roger Edens says. "She is like a melody we have grown accustomed to and love."

Then, in the very next moment Judy, who has been singing an old, old song in such a haunting way, whips suddenly into the hottest swing tune heard outside of Harlem.

At the finish she drops breathlessly into a chair. "Corny, wasn't I?" she asks and grins.

As a matter of fact she was terrific. A singer either can swing or can't. Judy cannot tell you why she can tear a melody apart without changing a single note. It is something which wells up from within. Judy makes the listener feel a song, not admire it. And for that reason alone, she is a great artist.

Today, with Dave gone from her, she is still carrying on in one of the greatest of all careers—doing her share to give happiness to the millions who have loved this girl with her pocketful o' songs.

The End.



Playing at The Players: Judy Garland and husband Dave Rose. This was the last picture taken of the two before Dave left to join the Army

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



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"ANYBODY'S HEAVEN"—can a girl be the mainstay of her family, and the mainspring of her husband's heart—both at the same time? You'll find an absorbing answer in February True Story.

These are but three of the 28 stirring true stories and features including a complete book length true novel and two novelettes that you'll enjoy in the February issue of True Story magazine. Your greatest bargain in reading—now only 10¢. Step up to your newsstand today and say "A copy of True Story, please."



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Casts of Current Pictures

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CASABLANCA—Warners: *Rick, Humphrey Bogart; Ilsa Lund, Ingrid Bergman; Victor Laszlo, Paul Henreid; Capt. Louis Renault, Claude Rains; Major Strasser, Conrad Veidt; Ugarte, Peter Lorre; Senor Martinez, Sydney Greenstreet; Carl, a Waiter, S. Z. Sakall; Yvonne, Madeleine LeBeau; Sam, Douglas Wilson; Berger, John Qualen; Sascha, Leonid Kinsley; Annina Brandel, Joy Page; Jan, Helmut Dantine; Dark European, Curt Bois; Croupier, Marcel Dalio; Andre, Singer, Corinna Mura; Mr. Leuchtag, Ludwig Stossel; Mrs. Leuchtag, Ilka Gruning; Senor Ferrarri, Charles La Torre.*

CAT PEOPLE—RKO Radio: *Irene Dubrovna, Simone Simon; Oliver Reed, Charles Moore; The Psychiatrist, Tom Conway; Alice Moore, Jane Randolph; Commodore, Jack Holt; Carter, Alan Napier; Miss Plunkett, Elizabeth Dunne; The Cat Woman, Elizabeth Russell.*

DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW ASSISTANT—M-G-M: *Dr. Leonard Gillespie, Lionel Barrymore; Dr. Randall Adams, Van Johnson; Mrs. Howard Allwein Young, Susan Peters; Dr. Dennis Landsay, Richard Quine; Dr. Lee Wong Hove, Keye Luke; Molly Byrd, Alma Kruger; Joe Weyman, Nat Pendleton; Howard Alkewinn Young, Horace McNally; Mike Ryan, Frank Orth; Dr. Walter Carew, Walter Kingsford; Nurse Parker, Nell Craig; Sally, Marie Blake; Conover, George H. Reed; Iris Headley, Ann Richards; Mrs. Black, Rose Hobart; Clifford Genei, Eddie Acuff.*

DR. RENAULT'S SECRET—20th Century-Fox: *Mr. Noel, J. Carroll Naish; Dr. Larry Forbes, John Shepperd; Madeline Renault, Lynn Roberts; Dr. Renault, George Zucco; Proprietor, Bert Roach; Coroner, Eugene Borden; Austin, Jack Norton.*

GENTLEMAN JIM—Warners: *"Gentleman Jim," Corbett, Errol Flynn; Victoria Ware, Alexis Smith; Walter Lowrie, Jack Carson; Pat Corbett, Alan Hale; Clinton DeWitt, John Loder; Delaney, William Frawley; Buck Ware, Minor Watson; John L. Sullivan, Ward Bond; Anna Held, Madeleine LeBeau; Harry Watson, Rhys Williams; Father Burke, Arthur Shields; Ma Corbett, Dorothy Vaughan; George Corbett, James Flavin; Harry Corbett, Pat Flaherty; Judge Geary, Wallis Clark; Mary Corbett, Marilyn Phillips; Jack Burke, Art Foster; President McInnes, Edwin Stanley; Colis*

Huntington, Henry O'Hara; Charles Crocker, Harry Crocker; Governor Stanford, Frank Mayo; Smith, Carl Harbough; Sutor, Fred Kelsey; Joe Choyinski, Sammy Stein.

GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, THE—RKO Radio: *Gildersleeve, Harold Peary; Aunt Emma, Jane Darwell; Margie, Nancy Gates; Judge Hooker, Charles Amstutz; LeRoy, Freddie Mercer; Governor Stanford, Thorton Hall; Birdie, Lillian Randolph; Anchia Hooker, Mary Field; Mr. Powers, George Carleton.*

HAPPY GO LUCKY—Paramount: *Marjory Stuart, Mary Martin; Pete Hamilton, Dick Powell; Wally Case, Eddie Bracken; Bubbles Hennessy, Betty Hutton; Alfred Monroe, Rudy Vallee; Mrs. Smith, Mabel Paige; Mr. Smith, Clem Bevans; Dancers, Sylvia Opert, Gene Gale; Elderly Woman, Frances Raymond; 1st Reporter, Irving Bacon; 2nd Reporter, Arthur Loft; Assistant Manager, Paul McVey; Photographer, Donald Kerr.*

LADY FROM CHUNGKING—P.R.C.: *Kwan Mei, Anna May Wong; General Kaimura, Harold Huber; Lavara, Mae Clarke; Rodney Carr, Rick Vallin; Pat O'Rourke, Paul Bryar; Lieutenant Shimoto, Ted Hecht; Hans Gruber, Louis Donath; Chen, James Leong; Mochote, Archie Got; Lu-Chi, Walter Soo Hoo.*

LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-THIRTY—20th Century-Fox: *Madden Thomas, Monty Woolley; Kathi Thomas, Ida Lupino; Robert, Cornell Wilde; Mrs. Lothian, Sara Allgood; Barty, Melville Cooper; Gordon, J. Edward Bromberg; Officer, William Demarest; Producer, Hal K. Dawson; Sergeant McNamara, William Halligan; Announcer, Milton Parsons; Mrs. Spano, Inez Palange; Mr. Spano, Charles La Torre; Policeman, James Flavin; Ruthie, Fay Helm; Floorwalker, Wheaton Chambers; Cab Driver, Bud Geary; Dresser, Colin Campbell; Maid, Netta Packard; Bartender, Lee Phelps.*

LUCKY JORDAN—Paramount: *Lucky Jordan, Alan Ladd; Jill Evans, Helen Walker; Pearl, Marie McDonald; Annie, Mabel Paige; Slip Moran, Sheldon Leonard; Ernest Higgins, Lloyd Corrigan; Eddie, Russell Hoyt; Kesselman, John Winegraf; Angelo Palacio, Dave Willock.*

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount: *Mrs. Elvira Wiggs, Fay Bainter; Europa Wiggs, Carolyn Lee; Marcus Throckmorton, Hugh Herbert; Miss Tabitha Hazy, Vera Vague; Lucy Olcott, Barbara Britton; Asia Wiggs, Betty Brewer; Australia Wiggs, Mary Thomas; Jimmy Wiggs, Billy Lee; Billy Wiggs, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer; Dr. Robert Redmond, John Archer; Mr. Wiggs, Harry Shannon.*

NIGHTMARE—Universal: *Leslie Stafford, Diana Barrymore; Daniel Shane, Brian Donlevy; Abbotton, Gavin Muir; Capt. Stafford, Henry Daniell; Hans, Hans Conreid; Sergeant, Arthur Shields; Inspector Robbins, Stanley Logan; Angus, Eustace Wyatt; Jock, David Clyde; Karl, John Abbott; James, Ian Wolfe; Mrs. McDonald, Anita Bolster.*

NORTHWEST RANGERS—M-G-M: *Frank "Blackie" Marshall, James Craig; James Kevin Gardiner, William Lundigan; Jean Avery, Patricia Dane; Martin Caswell, John Carradine; Duncan Fraizer, Jack Holt; "Ship" O'Mara, Keenan Wynn; Fowler, Grant Withers; "Blackie," As a Boy, Darryl Hickman; Jim, As a Boy, Drew Roddy.*

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON—RKO Radio: *Katie, Ginger Rogers; Pat, Cary Grant; Baron Von Luber, Walter Slezak; LeBlanc, Albert Dekker; Borelski, Albert Bassermann; Elsa, Ferike Boros; Cumberland, Harry Shannon; Anna Natasha Lytess.*

RANDOM HARVEST—M-G-M: *Charles Raimier, Ronald Colman; Paula, Greer Garson; Dr. Jonathan Benet, Philip Dorn; Kitty, Susan Peters; Dr. Sims, Henry Travers; "Biffer," Reginald Owen; Harrison, Bramwell Fletcher; Sam, Rhys Williams; Tobacconist, Una O'Connor; Mr. Lloyd, Charles Waldron; Mrs. Lloyd, Elisabeth Risdon; George, Melville Cooper; Mrs. Deventer, Margaret Wycherly; Sheldon, Aubrey Mather; Cheteynd, Arthur Margetson; Julian, Alan Napier; Lydia, Jill Esmond; Jill, Marta Linden; Bridget, Ann Richards; Julia, Norma Varden; Henry Chilcote, David Cavendish; The Vicar, Ivan Simpson; Vicar's Wife, Marie De Becker.*

REUNION—M-G-M: *Michèle De La Becque, Joan Crawford; Pat Talbot, John Wayne; Robert Cortot, Philip Dorn; Schultz, Reginald Owen; General Hugo Schroeder, Albert Bassermann; Ulrich Windler, John Carradine; Juliette, Ann Ayars; Durand, J. Edward Bromberg; Paul Grebean, Moroni Olsen; Emile Fleuron, Henry Daniell; Anton Stregel, Howard Da Silva; Honore, Charles Arnt; Martin, Morris Ankrum; Genevieve, Edith Evanson; Captain, Ernest Dorian; Clothilde, Margaret Laurence; Mme. Montanot, Odette Myrtil; Soldier, Peter Whitney.*

SEVEN MILES FROM ALCATRAZ—RKO Radio: *Champ Larkin, James Craig; Anne Parter, Bonita Granville; Captain Porter, George Cleveland Jimbo, Frank Jenks; Stormy, Cliff Edwards; Paul Brenner, Erford Gage; Fritz Weinerman, John Banner; Baroness, Tala Birell.*

SILVER QUEEN—Sherman-U.A.: *James Kincaid, George Brent; Coralie Adams, Priscilla Lane; Gerald Forsythe, Bruce Cabot; Hector Bailey, Lynne Overman; Steve Adams, Eugene Palette; Mrs. Forsythe, Janet Beecher; Blackie, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams.*

STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount: *Frank Thompson, Burgess Meredith; Ruth Dillon, Claire Trevor; Joe Marucci, Sheldon Leonard; Bill Dietrich, Jerome Cowan; Alma Dietrich, Frieda Inescort; Grandma Dietrich, Adeline De Walt Reynolds; Virginia Thompson, Louise Platt; Sheriff Lew Stebbins, Arthur Loft; District Attorney Stillwell, Edwin Maxwell; Barber, Milton Kibbee; Proprietor of Pawn Shop, George Watts; Woman, Gloria Williams; Intern, Keith Richards.*

STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE—Universal: *Sally Mouroc, Mary Healy; Durham, Leon Errol; Dixie, Grace McDonald; Martha, Martha Tilton; Bob Saunders, Richard Davies; Pops, Shemp Howard; Catheart, Franklin Pangborn; Ozzie, Ozzie Nelson (and his orchestra).*

WHISTLING IN DIXIE—M-G-M: *Wally Benton, Red Skelton, Carol Lambert, Ann Rutherford; Sheriff Claude Stagg, George Bancroft; Judge George Lee, Guy Gihbee; Ellamae Dotson, Diana Lewis; Frank F., Baile, Peter Whitney; Chester Tontway, "Rags," Ragland; Hatie Lee, Cecilia Travers; Corporal Lucken, Lucien Littlefield; Lem, Louise Mason; Martin Gordon, Mark Daniels; Doctor, Pierre Watkin; Radio Producer, Emmett Vogan; Panky, Hobart Cavanaugh.*

"WHO DONE IT?"—Universal: *Chick Larkin, Bud Abbott; Mervyn Milgram, Lou Costello; Jimmy Turner, Patric Knowles; Moran, William Gargan; Jane Little, Louise Allbritton; Marco Heller, Jerome Cowan; Brannigan, William Bendix; Juliet Collins, Mary Wickes; Fraser, Don Porter; Colonel Andretes, Thomas Gomez; Dr. Marek, Ludwig Stossel.*

WRECKING CREW—Paramount: *Matt Carney, Richard Arlen; Duke Mason, Chester Morris; Peggy Starr, Jean Parker; Fred Bunce, Joseph Sawyer; Mike O'Glendy, Esther Dale; Joe Paska, Alexander Granach; Martha Poska, Evelyn Brent.*

For your convenience in ordering fashions shown on pages 62-63

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Wears colorful fiesta frock boasting smart, novel costume pin.
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NEW SPRING STYLE No. 340



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NEW SPRING STYLE No. 359





"Beauty lies within your Eyes!"
when you use
Maybelline
mascara
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15¢

MARCH



LANA TURNER
BY PAUL HESSE

FEATURING IN THIS ISSUE 8 MOVIE STARS IN FULL COLOR

LANA TURNER'S BABY—*Exclusive Story!*

She picked him right out of the Air— thanks to the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**



Follow the Beauty Treatment of Charming Brides!



Mildness counts! Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose and chin. Feel—*how mild it is!* Gentle on sensitive skin! Rinse warm—and if your skin is oily, splash cold for 30 seconds.



Day-by-day shows results! Be brisk with your morning Camay cleansing—and see your skin glow! Follow this routine twice daily. Day-by-day gives you the full benefits of Camay's greater mildness.

*Tonight—go on the Camay
Mild-Soap Diet!*

WHY NOT WIN thrilling new beauty for yourself? You can, so easily—on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists say that you now—even without knowing it—may be cleansing your skin improperly. Or you may be using a soap not mild enough for your skin.

These same specialists advise—*regular cleansing with a fine mild soap.* And Camay is milder than dozens of other beauty soaps. That's why we say, "Start the Camay Mild-Soap Diet tonight." Do this and soon your mirror will likely tell you—a thrilling story of new loveliness.

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

**A radiant smile
is a key to hearts!**



Your smile can hold the key to happiness. Help keep it sparkling and lovely—with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE A BOW, plain girl, it's your world, too. You don't need beauty to fill your date book, to win your share of fun and attention. *No, not if your smile is right.*

For a sparkling smile can light up even the plainest face—can take a man's eye and hold his heart.

So smile—but remember, sparkling

teeth and your smile of beauty depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

For bright, sparkling teeth, remember: *Gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage. For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of your gums.

Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



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Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



Who steals the limelight—who but the girl with a lovely smile? Help keep yours bright with Ipana and Massage!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

When "Cabin In The Sky" was playing Broadway a couple of years ago, we went to the Martin Beck three or four times to hear the cello-voiced Ethel Waters singing "Taking a Chance on Love" and all the other melodies by Vernon Duke.

Here was a musical play with a real plot, a touch of poetry, too. What a film it will make, we said to ourselves, lion to lion.

And now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is getting set to release "Cabin", happy in the knowledge that preview reports have branded it "a honey", "a dream" and just plain "excellent."

M-G-M rules the raves.



The trio of star entertainers heading the cast are Ethel Waters, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and Lena Horne.

Lena is a find. She is destined to become another Florence Mills.

Nor must we fail to tell about Louis Armstrong, Rex Ingram, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, The Hall Johnson choir. They're all there in "Cabin In The Sky".

It's another excellent musical production by Arthur Freed. The screenplay is by Joseph Schrank. It is the first film that has been directed by the talented artist Vincente Minnelli and he is to be congratulated.

A few additional numbers appear in the film by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg. One in particular is entitled "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe."

No more paragraphs on "Cabin" for the moment. Turning to other films, we recommend emphatically the current Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn "Keeper of the Flame".

If you liked "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest", you will recognize the same M-G-M touch in this adaptation of the novel by I. A. R. Wylie.

How are the New Year's resolutions coming?

Well, they were too tough at that.

—Lea



PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE
MIRROR

MARCH, 1943

VOL. 22, NO. 4

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COVER: Lana Turner, Natural Color Photograph by Poul Hesse

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

SUCH MUSIC!

M-G-M'S HAPPY HIT FROM
THE SENSATIONAL
BROADWAY MUSICAL!

Look what's on the entertainment horizon! Broadway's big fun-
jammed musical show is on the screen at last! Crowded with stars
—and songs—and spectacle—in the famed M-G-M manner!

WHAT A SHOW!

CABIN IN THE SKY



Ethel

WATERS • **ANDERSON** • **HORNE**
famed singer of torch songs!

starring
EDDIE (ROCHESTER)
at his funniest yet

Lena

HORNE
screen's new gorgeous song bird!

with **LOUIS ARMSTRONG** • **REX INGRAM**
DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

Screen Play by Joseph Schronk • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
Associate Producer ALBERT LEWIS • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M Picture



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AND HIS FAMOUS ORCHESTRA
MAKE THE SCREEN
SHAKE WITH RHYTHM!

HEAVENLY MUSIC
TO LIFT YOU TO THE SKIES!

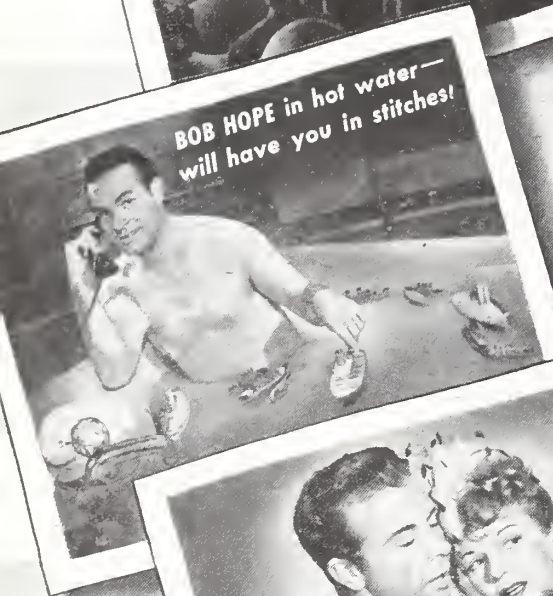
"Cabin in the Sky", "Taking a Chance on
Love", "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe",
"Life's Full O' Consequence", "Li'l Black
Sheep", "Honey in the Honeycomb",
and more honeys



What a thrill as BING sings "Old Glory"



FRED, LYNNE, RAY and FRANCHOT—The Glamor Boys!



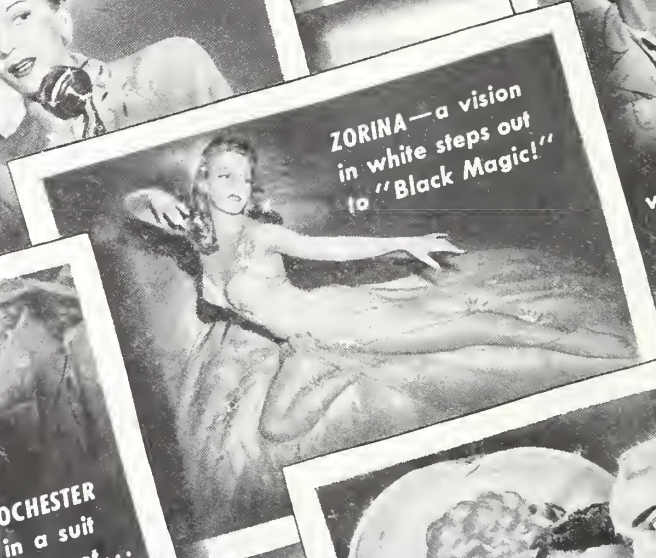
BOB HOPE in hot water—will have you in stitches!



PAULETTE—a sweater
DOTTY—a sarong
VERONICA—a peek-a-boo
B-A-N-G!



DICK and MARY "Hit The Road To Dreamland!"



ZORINA—a vision in white steps out to "Black Magic!"



ALAN LADD—when he shoots to kill—he'll slay you!



ROCHESTER in a suit that's zoot... with a beaut to boot!



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Betty Rhodes ★ Dona Drake ★ Lynne Overman ★ Gary Crosby ★ Johnnie Johnston ★ Golden Gate
Quartette ★ and Cecil B. DeMille ★ Preston Sturges ★ Ralph Murphy and many others of your favorites!



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Topped!*

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COMEDY OF THE YEAR!

*Star
Spangled
Rhythm*

Starring

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BOB HOPE

FRED MacMURRAY

FRANCHOT TONE

RAY MILLAND

VICTOR MOORE

DOROTHY LAMOUR

PAULETTE GODDARD

VERA ZORINA

MARY MARTIN

DICK POWELL

BETTY HUTTON

EDDIE BRACKEN

VERONICA LAKE

ALAN LADD

ROCHESTER

Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL**
Original Screen Play by **Harry Tugend**

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and Excessive FALLING HAIR**



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and informative booklet. I enclose 25c.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



Warning! Don't laugh too hard at Ann Sothern and Melvyn Douglas getting all mixed up about marriage in M-G-M's "Three Cheers For Julia"



ARMY SURGEON—RKO Radio: Jimmy Ellison is a young surgeon in service during World War I, whose courage and devotion to duty is stressed to show the splendid work done by our doctors in war time. There's the usual tangle between Ellison and aviator Kent Taylor for the love of doctor-nurse Jane Wyatt. Depressing for real entertainment. (Feb.)

ATLANTIC CONVOY—Columbia: This story of a Marine base off the Island coast is a timely little number. A mysterious weather man, John Bell, is suspected of being the tip-off agent to Nazi submarines interfering with our convoys. Virginia Field plays a rescued nurse and Bruce Bennett is the Marine commanding officer. (Dec.)

✓✓ **BLACK SWAN, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power scores mightily as the reformed pirate who casts his lot with Laird Cregar and with the aid of Thomas Mitchell sets out to clear the sea of pirates, including George Sanders. Enamored of beautiful Maureen O'Hara who spurns him, Tyrone kidnaps her on his way to the sea. It's colorful, rowdy and romantic. (Jan.)

CAREFUL, SOFT SHOULDERS—20th Century-Fox: Everything happens to everybody and little of it makes sense. Lovely Virginia Bruce, a Washington socialite scatterbrain, gets involved with Nazi agents under the impression that they're our own Secret Service men. Jimmy Ellison is the strong-armed boy friend and Sheila Ryan and Aubrey Mather stand out clearly. (Dec.)

✓✓ **CASABLANCA**—Warner Brothers: Excitement plus when Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, who have had a romance in Paris, meet again in Casablanca. Ingrid's married to Paul Henreid, influential enemy of the Nazis, and Bogart turns out to be the only man who can save Henreid from Nazi captain Conrad Veidt. All performances are superb, and it's a must see. (Feb.)

CAT PEOPLE—RKO Radio: Simone Simon succumbs to an inherited ability to turn into an evil cat destroying those around her. Kent Smith, her groom, Tom Conway, a psychiatrist who pays dearly for his help, and Jane Randolph who sympathizes with Kent, all suffer at the hands of Simone. (Feb.)

CITY OF SILENT MEN—P.R.C.: When a small-town mayor turns over a local cannery to a group of ex-convicts as a rehabilitation experiment, the town folk grumble and eventually flare into rebellion when a murder is committed. Frank Albertson, June Lang, Jan Wiley and Emmett Lynn head the cast, but the picture's strictly small-time. (Dec.)

✓ **DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW ASSISTANT**—M-G-M: Surprisingly good entertainment when Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie acquires three new assistants, Keye Luke, Richard Quine and Van Johnson, to help solve the mystery of an amnesia victim, Susan Peters, a bride who runs out on her marriage to Horace McNally. (Feb.)

DR. RENAULT'S SECRET—20th Century-Fox: Strange things occur in this little opus, what with men turning into animals, which is just what happens to J. Carrol Naish under the hands of scientist George Zucco who has a secret formula. John Shepperd and Lynne Roberts have the romantic leads. (Feb.)

DRUMS OF THE CONGO—Universal: It seems we need a certain meteoric mineral for our defense industries, so Don Terry of the Army Intelligence is dispatched to the African jungle to get it, but he finds that foreign agents are also after it. Ona Munson is the brave woman doctor, Peggy Moran a girl spy, but Stuart Erwin as the jungle guide steals the show. (Dec.)

EYES IN THE NIGHT—M-G-M: Ann Harding comes back to the screen as a stepmother who must break up the romance of her daughter, Donna Reed.

SHADOW STAGE

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with John Emery. There's also a plot to steal millionaire Reginald Denny's invention. It's blind man Edward Arnold who, with the aid of his dog, discovers the plot and brings our enemies to justice. (Dec.)

FALCON'S BROTHER, THE—RKO-Radio: George Sanders bows out of this series and his real-life brother, Tom Conway, takes over, but this latest of the series is only fair. The plot, involving spies and intrigue, has to do with a tip-off advertisement to the Pearl Harbor disaster in a national magazine. Jane Randolph, Don Barclay and Keye Luke roam around. (Jan.)

FLYING FORTRESS—Warners: You'll see Richard Greene in this English-made film, in which he plays an American playboy who joins the Ferry Command, falls in love with an American newspaperwoman and joins the R.A.F. The air-raid scenes in the American-made bomber are thrilling, but the English interpretations of Americans are most unconvincing. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FLYING TIGERS**—Republic: A thrilling, heart-stirring film based on the adventures of the volunteer American flyers who fought and died for China's cause. John Wayne, the squadron leader; John Carroll, the braggadocio; Edmund MacDonald, Paul Kelly and Gordon Jones give us a page of American history that should make every American proud of his race. (Dec.)

FOREIGN AGENT—Monogram: Another spying story, but this time the baddies wend their way after the usual secret invention in and out of studios and Los Angeles environs. John Shelton and Gale Storm are the romantic leads and Ivan Lebedeff and George Travell stir things up a bit. There's plenty of action. (Dec.)

✓ **FOREST RANGERS**—Paramount: Fred MacMurray is the handsome ranger who meets and marries Paulette Goddard, to the jealous chagrin of Susan Hayward, who tried to get him away. More important than the fine cast, which also includes Albert Dekker, Eugene Pallette and Lynne Overman, is the succession of tremendous fire scenes, magnificently photographed in Technicolor. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FOR ME AND MY GAL**—M-G-M: A musical knockout, with George Murphy losing his vaudeville partner, Judy Garland, to Gene Kelly. Judy falls in love with Gene, almost breaks her heart when he's attracted to Marta Eggerth, then suddenly Gene discovers he loves Judy. But then comes World War I and Gene pays dearly for his unpatriotism. You're bound to love this picture. (Dec.)

GALLANT LADY—P.R.C.: Rose Hobart, a woman doctor, is sent to prison on charges of a mercy killing and is forced to participate in a jail break. When she joins a country doctor, Sidney Blackmer, and then decides to marry him, her past is disclosed and much unhappiness ensues. (Jan.)

✓ **GENTLEMAN JIM**—Warners: For those who enjoy screened prize-fighting, this story of egotistical Jim Corbett who knocked out John L. Sullivan has plenty of entertainment. Alexis Smith is very good as the daughter of a rich San Franciscan. Errol Flynn makes a believable Corbett, and Ward Bond as Sullivan is outstanding. With Jack Carson, Alan Hale and John Loder. (Feb.)

✓✓ **GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE**—Warners: Even Washington himself would have laughed at the trials and tribulations of Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan when they find themselves in a dilapidated country house long on tradition and short on bathrooms. Complications pile on when Jack becomes jealous of neighbor Harvey Stephens and rascally young Douglas Croft descends upon them. It's a howl. (Dec.)

✓ **GIVE OUT SISTERS**—Universal: It's corny, it's funny, it's lively and abloom with music and singing. Grace McDonald plays a young heiress gone jitterbug mad, and Dan Dailey Jr., is her handleader beau. The Andrews Sisters introduce four new songs and the Jivin' Jacks 'n' Jills dance new steps. (Dec.)

✓✓ **GLASS KEY, THE**—Paramount: Alan Ladd scores again as the pal of political boss Brian Donlevy, who finds himself suspected of murder. Veronica Lake strolls through with a monotonous performance, but William Bendix, Bonita Granville and Joseph Calleia give swell performances. (Dec.)

GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, THE—RKO-Radio: Radio's comic, Hal Peary, the *Great Gildersleeve*, finds himself forced to choose between a pursuing female, Mary Field, or the loss of his two wards, Freddie Mercer and Nancy Gates. There's a lot of gags and laughs and comic situations in between his troubles until they all work out well. (Feb.)

HALFWAY TO SHANGHAI—Universal: Passengers aboard a train bound for Rangoon become involved in a murder mystery when a man escaping with plans of defense in China is killed. American engineer Kent Taylor, Irene Hervey, Nazi sympathizer Charlotte Wynters and George Zucco are among the passengers. (Dec.)

✓✓ **HAPPY GO LUCKY**—Paramount: Light-hearted and gay is this swell little movie with Mary Martin as a phony heiress in the West Indies using a love potion on millionaire Rudy Vallee which works so well she almost marries him. Dick Powell

(Continued on page 110)

...and now from
WARNER BROS.
comes as exciting
and timely a
motion picture as
ever you've seen!

You can
tell by the cast
it's Important!
Gripping! Big!

HUMPHREY BOGART INGRID BERGMAN PAUL HENREID

THEY HAD A DATE WITH FATE
IN

CASABLANCA

with CLAUDE RAINS. Veidt
SYDNEY GREENSTREET. LORNE PETER

A HAL B. WALLIS PROD'N

It's playing NOW...

—or will be soon...Why
not call your theatre?

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

SCREEN PLAY BY JULIUS J. & PHILIP G.
EPSTEIN AND HOWARD KOCH • FROM A
PLAY BY MURRAY BURNETT AND JOAN ALISON • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

CHATTERBOX Roundup: Ava Gardner Rooney planed east to spend Christmas with her family in South Carolina leaving her husband, Mickey, alone over the holidays. Trouble? Don't ask us—but if you did, we've said yes. We said it once before.

Insomnia is now blamed for Judy Garland's ill health. Strange for one so young to be so afflicted. Lucky, though, that Judy's husband is stationed at Culver City and can be at home every evening.

Friends are saying good-bye to eighteen-year-old Freddie Bartholomew who enlisted in the Air Forces. Incidentally, Freddie is the youngest Hollywood actor to enlist.

Madeleine Carroll has up and sued our own United States Government on back income tax, claiming her fifty-one French orphans should permit her to detract fifty-one times \$400 from her yearly tax returns.

On the other hand, Gloria Vanderbilt and Pat Di Cicco left a Kansas camp town owing \$8,000, it is reported, and had to have their goods attached in payment—and Gloria's soooo rich!

Lou Costello spoke up so loudly for partner Bud Abbott in court he almost got in the hoosegow himself. Lou's new baby boy (they have two girls) was christened Lou Jr.

(Continued on page 10)



Can you tie it! Bette Davis bundles up Spencer Tracy at the Hollywood Canteen, uses a bit of waist effort, enlists the Tracy talents as service men's chief cook and dishwasher

The gag corner at the Mocambo, featuring George Montgomery making himself into a mustachioed villain for Dinah Shore, the little singer whose voice is bringing big returns



WET FEET?
TIRED?
EXPOSED TO GERMS?
LOOK OUT FOR A COLD

AND SORE THROAT!

GARGLE WITH Listerine-Quick!

Anything that lowers your body resistance such as wet or cold feet, extreme fatigue, drafts, sudden temperature changes, may make you easy prey to the germs associated with colds and sore throat due to colds.

Doctors often call such germs the "secondary invaders." Despite their ugly names, they may live harmlessly in the throat until resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and help to set up or aggravate infection.

Combat Those Germs

At such times what a wonderful first-aid Listerine Antiseptic is . . . gives Nature a helping hand in fighting off a "mass invasion" of threatening bacteria.

In tests, reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were noted ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after gargling.

Fewer Colds In Tests

It is this marked ability to kill germs which accounts, we believe, for Listerine's impressive record made in tests over a period of 11 years. These tests showed that regular twice-a-day Listerine users had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers.

This does not mean to hint that Listerine is a specific for colds and sore throats. We know of no such thing. We do believe, however, that Listerine's test record in combating colds makes it a distinctly worthwhile precaution and first-aid treatment.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

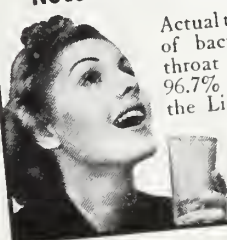


TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Reduced Germs



Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

Irresistible

AS HE DREAMED OF
FINDING YOU!



THAT Irresistible
SOMETHING IS
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

It's like the magic of moonlight, only it's more lasting! It's a pulse-stirring, heart-catching, unforgettable fragrance because it was blended with youth in mind. Wear Irresistible Perfume tonight! You owe it to him if he's in love with you... and to yourself if you want him to be! Enchanting valentine package.

10c at 5 and 10c stores everywhere



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r... 10c

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Handiwork at the Charity Fashion Show, demonstrating the male and female stamp of approval. Dorothy Lamour gives a pretty high sign; Herbert Marshall, his fingertip okay

Corner confidential at the Mocambo has Ann Sothern talking hard and fast to best-friend escort Cesar Romero, a pinch-hitter for absent Bob Sterling



(Continued from page 8)

Trend of Times: Hollywood no sooner learned the A B C's of gas rationing than it turned to the problem of food and how to get it. Long since the famous and busy people of the screen had learned to get along without cooks, but how to get along without food to be cooked was a toughie. And as usual Hollywood took it all in its stride without mumblings or grumblings even when meat counters all over Hollywood became barer than old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Hostesses telephoning in orders were met with "Lady, we ain't seen a lamb chop since old home week." So dinner parties all over town took on the good old aroma of fish fries, if one could get the fish.

In one market we ran into Basil Rathbone searching feverishly among the cans and boxes for a box of tea that just might have got itself mislaid. He didn't find it.

We discovered our own butcher, who had been definitely on the coolish side since the day we innocently asked for a bit of bacon, ready to dissolve in tears as he stood over his empty counter. "She came in herself," he moaned. "That's what I can't get over." We finally extracted, bit by bit, the information that Jeanette MacDonald, his favorite star, had walked in not five minutes before and humbly asked for a lamb chop.

"Mister, I'd cut off my right arm for that girl," he groaned, "and all she asked for was one chop and I couldn't—"

It was too much. Flinging his apron over his head he dove into the icebox. Come to think of it, we haven't seen him since.

The day after Reggie Gardiner married the lovely Nadia Petrova, the doorbell of their modest five-room bungalow rang. Reggie accepted the beautifully wrapped gift with thanks. Carefully untying the ribbons, Reggie and his bride gazed with awe at the magnificent contents and then tore like two maniacs to the toaster.

The gift was a half-pound of butter.

Oleomargarine is getting first billings on the menus of some of our swankiest hostesses. And last Sunday Fred MacMurray excitedly telephoned Ann Sothern and Cesar Romero to come over at once and see what they had.

"Is it a baby?" Ann demanded as she plunged into the room. "No," said Fred. "but it's almost as wonderful." On the coffee table stood a can of tuna.

Several Beverly Hills drugstore lunch counters have faded from view and those California drive-ins, famous the world over, are quietly folding one by one. The larger ones are so packed with hungry, eager customers the hamburgers become nonexistent before one can order.

Servantless stars do their own shopping these days and the famed Farmer's Market looks like a Who's Who in Film-land. One morning recently Hedy Lamarr was prowling among the sky-high vegetables when a man from a near-by stall

beckoned mysteriously. Pushing her market basket ahead of her Miss Lamarr raised inquisitive eyebrows at the poultry man. "Hist, open your bag quickly, Miss Lamarr," he whispered melodramatically, and Hedy, fascinated out of her wits, obeyed.

Carefully he slipped something into it. Consumed with curiosity Hedy waited until she was safely in her car before peeking. And then she let out a squeal of joy.

Inside her bag was a lovely pearl-white EGG.

We Bid Four Hearts: Up until almost the very day of Macoco's (wealthy South American) arrival in Hollywood, Kay Williams was seen everywhere and constantly with George Montgomery. After the break-up with Hedy Lamarr, Kay and George were inseparable. Then came whispers and rumors that grew into facts that Hedy was back with George as a once-in-a-while, but Kay was still ace high in his affections.

That's where Senor Macoco comes in. And not only does he make an entrance, but ups and marries Kay, making her the wife of a fabulously wealthy man. Then Hollywood waited for Hedy and George to be reunited in earnest. But no, George discovers Dinah Shore, who is supposed to be Lt. Jimmy Stewart's girl friend and suddenly there is Montgomery pacing the sidewalk in front of NBC waiting for Dinah to finish her chores. But wait. When it came time for Macoco to return to New York, his bride didn't leave with him and rumor has it she won't be leaving at all.

Now you take it up from there. Who loves Mr. Montgomery, whom does Mr. Montgomery love, and who pays and who wins?

It's all just too much for Cal.

Close Ups and Long Shots: No one can say quite when it happened. No one can point to a particular instance or happening or a specific case and say—there, that was the turning point—the incident that brought on the bloodless revolution in Hollywood. But the fact that power and dictatorship have changed hands in filmdom cannot be denied. The day the powers-that-be dictated policies to the stars that involve their private and public lives is over. The day demands of clamorous fans were reverently adhered

Lynn Bari celebrates a divorce from Walter Kane by dinner at the Play-ers with constant suitor Sid Luft



**"Just to be polite—
you'd think they'd
ask me to lunch!"**



Edna: "There goes the office lunch club again—but when I suggest lunch they have dates! What makes those girls so stuck-up, Miss Brown... or what's wrong with me?"

Miss Brown: "Our girls aren't really snooty—you'd like them if you knew them! I've been in business a long time, Edna, so perhaps you won't mind if I give you a tip?"



Edna: "But how can I offend with underarm odor? I start each day with a bath!"

Miss Brown: "That morning rush can wait a bath. So most of our girls *also* use Mum!"



"I'm making Mum my business partner now. After this, every day it's a bath for *past* perspiration and Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor in the hours *to come!*"



WE'RE TRYING A NEW PLACE FOR LUNCH TODAY, EDNA... YOU MUST COME TOO!

(TO HERSELF)
I DON'T FEEL LIKE A STRANGER NOW, SINCE MUM MADE ME ONE OF THE GANG!

So many popular girls praise Mum for its—

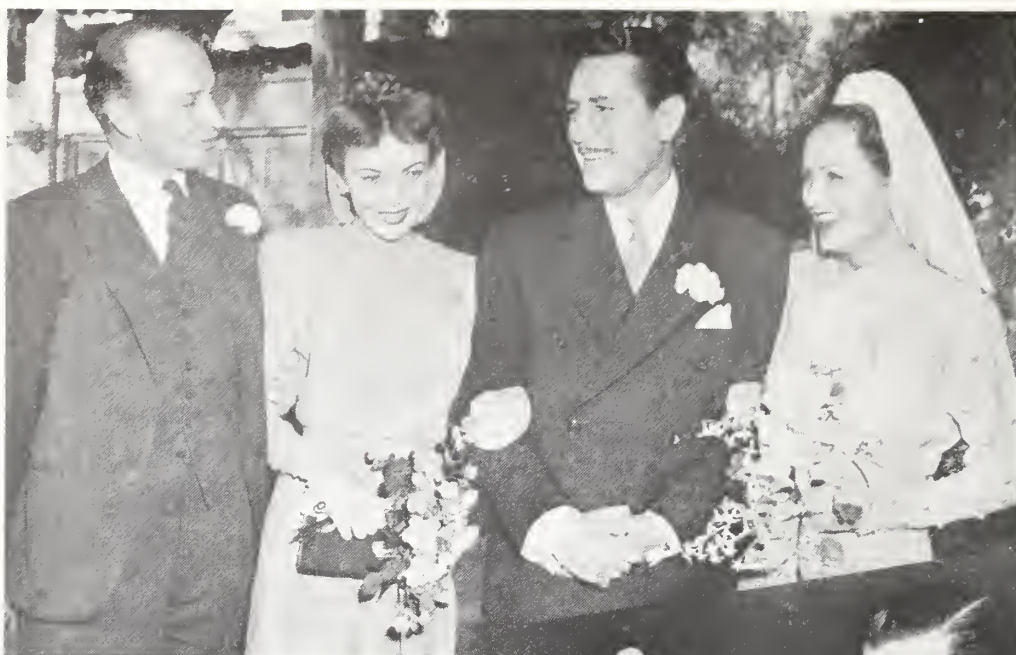
Speed—Only half a minute to apply!

Safety—No worries with gentle Mum! It won't irritate sensitive skin. Mum won't harm fine fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Certainty—Mum prevents risk of underarm odor without stopping perspiration—charm is safe all day or evening with Mum!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable! Thousands of women use Mum this way, too.





CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

From the list of eligibles in the glamour girls' date books disappeared the name of Reginald Gardiner when he marched up the aisle with Nadia Petrova. Left: At the church—best man Director Robert Stevenson, matron of honor Ida Lupino, Reggie and the new Mrs. Gardiner

Right: The reception had Greer Garson and Anna Lee on the receiving end of Walter Pidgeon's compliments

Old marrieds and new marrieds come to drink a toast: Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Martin Arrouge, new wife Norma Shearer, Basil Rathbone



to is past and gone. Startling as it may seem, the actor is boss today and salary ceilings have only cinched the fact financially. Actually it has been in motion some time. Regardless of what you or I or the executives think, actors and actresses marry whom and when they please, they divorce when they please, they have babies at the height of their popularity, they love whom they please and they do as they please and to heck with the consequences.

Robert Taylor at the height of his career was warned of the drop in popularity that would come with his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck.

But he defied all warnings, ignored

the howls of protesting fans and did as he pleased and today Bob Taylor is a happy man.

Deanna Durbin broke a million hearts and sent her bosses into temporary confinement when she brushed aside all obstacles to marry Vaughn Paul. Judy Garland stepped out of little-girl roles to marry a man in his thirties regardless of the fact M-G-M had several years of juvenile roles ahead for her. Kathryn Grayson let nothing stand in the way of her marriage to John Shelton even before the studio (after a year of patient training) had been able to launch her properly in pictures.

Who remembers when marriages were

kept secret or at least played down by studio bosses in Hollywood? Who remembers when no star in her heyday would dream of having a baby? Who remembers when divorces were hush-hushed and romances kept a dark secret?

Today the star tells the bosses and the public where to get off. Rita Hayworth follows Victor Mature to New York and Columbia can yelp its head off if it wants to. So what happens? Columbia says all right, all right, and pays her expenses East.

Lana Turner, the biggest glamour bet on the screen, marries twice and announces she will have a baby, all in the space of three short years and in the midst of a popularity never equaled since Clara Bow.

M-G-M can only sit and hope against hope.

Fans, through thousands of letters, begged Tyrone Power to stay single. He married a French girl older than himself and let the fans adjust their dreams to his wife as best they could, if they could.

No longer do stars consult or even listen to those with whom they have contractual obligations, when they feel a duty coming on.

Clark Gable says good-by fellows and hikes off to the Army. Tyrone Power and Henry Fonda consult no one when they enlist and all the persuasive powers of Twentieth Century-Fox were unable to deter Jean Gabin when he left his next picture "Tampico" sky high and set off

THERE'S A FIGHTING MAN IN YOUR THOUGHTS TODAY!

Here is what's in his heart!

The heroic epic of those valiants
who smashed Rommel in Africa!
. . . And even more, the stirring
story of the human emotions and
passions that flamed in their
blood as they fought on to Victory!

HENRY
FONDA
MAUREEN
O'HARA

in JOHN BROPHY'S immortal war romance

IMMORTAL SERGEANT

with

THOMAS MITCHELL

ALLYN JOSLYN • REGINALD GARDINER • MELVILLE COOPER
BRAMWELL FLETCHER • MORTON LOWRY

Directed by JOHN STAHL

Produced and Written for the Screen by Lamar Trotti

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

They're All
BIG PICTURES



THE BEST OF THE AUTRYS ARE COMING BACK

Gene's doing his stuff as a sergeant in Uncle Sam's Air Corps these days — but his best musical Westerns are being re-issued — one a month, every month. Watch for them!

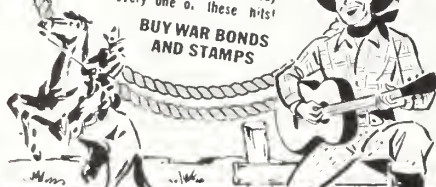
HERE
THEY
ARE...

Gene Autry

- ★ BOOTS AND SADDLES
- ★ THE OLD BARN DANCE
- ★ TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS
- ★ MEXICALI ROSE
- ★ IN OLD MONTEREY
- ★ SOUTH OF THE BORDER
- ★ GAUCHO SERENADE
- ★ RIDE, TENDERFOOT, RIDE
- ★ SMILEY BURNETTE

Brings you hilarious comedy in every one of these hits!

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS



They're All
REPUBLIC PICTURES



CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

Oh boy! Lou Costello turns a fond-father glance on the first boy in his family, while partner Bud Abbott kibitzes. Mrs. Costello holds newcomer Lou Costello Jr.

to join the Free French.

It's not that they shouldn't take such steps, remember, but it's the fact they do so on their own initiative, regardless of who likes it, that's significant.

Even the good old romance edicts that emanated from "front offices" and read "Thou Shalt Be Seen Only With Mamie Big Name" are finally getting the raspberry.

Richard Travis, handsome young discovery of Bette Davis, steadfastly refused all studio-dictated romances and married nonprofessional Ann Berkey, Beverly Hills socialite, the girl he loved. "I'll leave motion pictures first," a beauty recently told her bosses when it was suggested she date a young man the studio was anxious to build.

"Sorry, I'll be with my husband over the holidays," stars inform confused bosses with other ideas. On the other hand, long hard hours are given to their jobs when they are at work; many times stars risk their future health to keep schedules going. There is no more conscientious group of workers anywhere than motion-picture performers, but no longer are they dictated to when those hours are over.

And so what? We'll tell you what. There have never been finer, braver, more honest people in the world than these present-day stars who dare to live their own lives as they see fit, who exercise the God-given privilege of making their own mistakes and rectifying those errors when it becomes necessary.

And Hollywood bosses can yell themselves hoarse and movie fans can weep out their eyes if they're so inclined. Hollywood stars will go right on being themselves if it kills them; and sometimes it almost does. So let's get used to it and say no more.

The revolution has come and is over and brother, we know who won.

Puppy Love: It's love, it's young and it's important to Donald O'Connor, Universal's seventeen-year-old starlet. In fact, Donald has been smitten with fifteen-year-old Gloria Jean since the day he walked onto the set of "Get Hep To

Love," the picture they made together.

When that shooting was over Donald and Gloria spent every free moment from school and studio chores having sodas in the commissary. Everything was rosy in the 'teen world.

And then the green-eyed monster came creeping in. Gloria was cast with Alan Curtis for the third sequence of Boyer's "Flesh And Fantasy" and Donald's happiness faded as Gloria raved over the handsome Mr. Curtis.

No difference that Alan was twice Gloria's age, that he was desolate over the separation from his wife, Ilona Massey, and looked upon Gloria as a child actress, Donald was still jealous.

Finally, on some pretense, he stole into the office of a friend on the studio lot and obliquely began his questioning. Was Mr. Curtis going back to his wife? Did Mr. Curtis think brunettes were prettier than blondes? Were there any real hot love scenes in the picture?

Hiding his amusement, the friend listened and at length answered, "Donald, would you like to read the script?"

Clutching it like mad, the young actor went off by himself and read.

An hour later he was back, all smiles and sunshine.

"Not even a kiss in the picture," he beamed. "Gee, that Curtis is a swell fellow!"

All is well again between Donald and Alan.

Strictly Stag: Ian Hunter is off to England to give aid to his country. Ian will see active service in the British Royal Navy.

Privates Brod Crawford and Big Boy Williams have been shipped off to Atlantic City.

Alan Ladd, who was rejected by the draft and classified 4-F, may get a new rating any day.

After all the excitement of Melvyn Douglas's exodus to Washington, D. C., last year, he came back home to enlist as an Army private and is now in Arkansas.

Private Lew Ayres, of the Army Medical Corps, is said to be the best teacher of first aid at Dodd Field, Texas. Makes

his lessons interesting and knows how to talk. Besides, the boys think Lew's tops.

Hollywood's Meanest: Straight from the counting rooms of the Hollywood's Women's Press Club comes the results of this year's voting on the most co-operative and unco-operative performers in the business.

Here's how they rate with women of the Hollywood press, fans, and if ever a group should know, it's this one that comes into daily contact with the stars.

Most unco-operative actress—Jean Arthur with Ginger Rogers and Marlene Dietrich as runners-up.

Miss Rogers was last year's winner as the most unco-operative star.

Most unco-operative actor—George Sanders, with Bing Crosby and Franchot Tone as runners-up.

Most co-operative actress—Rosalind Russell, with Barbara Stanwyck and Gene Tierney in second and third place.

Most co-operative actor—Cary Grant, with Bob Hope and Victor Mature trailing.

The award to the woman star winner is a golden apple lapel pin and the most co-operative actor gets a script holder with a golden apple on top of it.

Farewell To a Veteran: They brought Buck Jones back to Hollywood and buried him in the town that brought him fame and fortune; a man who left behind hundreds of friends and thousands of fans.

Twenty-five years ago Buck came to Hollywood as an extra and rose to be one of the greatest cowboy stars of his day. He was one Western star who never made a display of himself or strutted about in elaborate cowboy outfits. Handsome, clean-cut, broad of shoulder, Buck Jones wore grey or blue business suits off screen and approached his work as any successful businessman. A member of the Shriners and a loyal citizen, Buck Jones was a man among men, respected and admired.

When the stories of the burning of the Cocoanut Grove in Boston came pouring in, it was learned Buck Jones could have lived if he hadn't returned to the burning building three times to help others.

Hollywood will miss this quiet gentleman of the films and never forget him.

Long Live the King: Dethroned—King Mickey Rooney. Crowned—The Court's Jesters, Abbott and Costello.

Yep, when the Motion Picture Box

Interlude: Tony Martin takes a Hollywood moment off at Mike Romanoff's with Virginia Hawks, with a Navy job behind him, an Army one in the near future



Don't waste PEPSODENT

It takes only a little to make your smile brighter

● Nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make goes to men in uniform... they want it... they deserve it.

● At the same time, we are trying to supply the biggest number of civilian customers in Pepsodent history.

● But, wartime restrictions limit the amount of Pepsodent we can make.

● So... we urge you: Don't waste Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you will help save enough for others... there will be enough for you.



Lucky for all...

dental science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those which make up Pepsodent's patented formula. That's why Pepsodent is so good, so effective, so safe that only a little is needed to make teeth brighter, make smiles more sparkling.



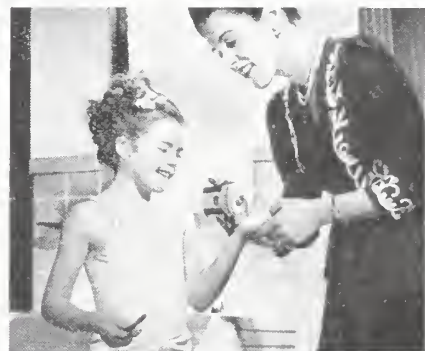
1. MOISTEN your brush before applying paste. If you apply Pepsodent before wetting brush, it may wash down the drain. Finish brushing before rinsing brush.



2. MEASURE out only as much paste as you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Always squeeze and roll tube evenly from the bottom. Replace cap.



3. POUR Pepsodent Powder into the cupped palm of your hand—enough powder to cover a 5¢ piece is plenty. Do not sprinkle it on the brush—this is wasteful.



4. SHOW children how to dab—not rub—moist brush in powder to pick it up. Measure out the right amount for small children and teach them the proper way to brush teeth.



5. HANG your tooth brush up to dry after you use it. Brides will stay firmer and last longer this way. Soggy, worn, wilted tooth brushes are inefficient, wasteful.



6. YOUR DRUGGIST is trying his best to serve everyone. Don't blame him if his Pepsodent stock is low and he has to disappoint you. Try again in a few days.

IT'S THE SCREEN'S GREATEST
MUSI-GAL
ICE-TRAVAGANZA

THRILL TO KENNY'S
LOVE SONGS TO PAT

"Silver Skates"

KENNY BAKER • PATRICIA MORISON
AND BELITA

FRICK & FRACK
IRENE DARE • DANNY SHAW
EUGENE TURNER
TED FIO RITO

Produced by Lindsley Parsons
Supervised by Wm. D. Shapiro
Directed by Leslie Goodwins
Musical Numbers Directed by Dave Gould
Original Screenplay by Jerry Cady

IT'S A MONOGRAM PICTURE

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Mr. Robert Hope, exhibiting how to have an eye for the ball and an eye for a pretty gal at the Golf Tournament. Pretty gal is Paulette Goddard; grinning guy, H. Bogart

Sidelines scene: Linda Darnell, Randy Scott, Marjorie Reynolds, Marguerite Chapman



Office poll was taken for 1942, it was discovered Mickey Rooney no longer held first place, a spot he'd held since the year Shirley Temple faded into the eclipse.

And now Rooney, in a hectic year of marriage—separation and reunion—is no longer Number One Box Office Attraction of the Country. That honor goes to the Clown Boys of Universal, proving that above all people want to laugh. And these boys know how to provide them with giggles.

Cal's "Song of Bernadette": The search is over, the actress found and the chapter on "Find A Bernadette" closed. Jennifer Jones, a young woman under contract to David Selznick, who has had comparatively little professional experience, has been chosen and more hearts are left to ache in silence than ached over the Scarlet O'Hara role.

For weeks Anne Baxter, a fine little actress, hoped, despaired and prayed for the coveted role.

Linda Darnell who has had a noticeable brush off from her studio lately, finally found courage to plead with the executives for just one chance.

Instead of Linda, however, Jennifer

Jones of Tulsa, Oklahoma, was tested and signed pronto. Miss Jones was educated at the Monte Cassino Junior College, played with the Richard Mansfield Dickenson players in tent shows, won a radio contest sponsored by the University of Oklahoma, joined the Ted North players, attended for one year the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York and later studied drama at Northwestern University in Illinois. David Selznick signed her when he walked into his New York office one day and heard Jennifer explaining to his New York partner, Katherine Bush, that she and she alone should play "Claudia."

Mr. Selznick, who admired her vitality and spirit, signed her but never used her on the screen. She appeared in several Santa Barbara plays without attracting special notice.

They tell us her tests are terrific and Miss Jones is Bernadette. There is only one thing, or maybe two or three things, that puzzles Hollywood. Miss Jones is not youthful, being in her twenties; she is not beautiful, but her olive skin, dark eyes, light-brown hair and rather large mouth lend her attractiveness. She is the wife of actor Bob Wallace and the mother of two children, which hitherto seemed



Stack up for inspection at the Mocambo: Bob, a Navy ensign, leave-dates with Anne Shirley

seemed to eliminate so many of the candidates.

However, since marriage and motherhood have never been considered exactly blights or even handicaps, we keep our minds open to the results.

And somehow we feel they will be good.

From the Navy to the Army: He wore an old grey sweater, a borrowed leatherette jacket, dark glasses and no hat. No one seemed to recognize him as he boarded the high bus at Oakland that in the dim-out began its long slow crawl of seventeen hours down the coast.

At Los Angeles he transferred to a Beverly Hills bus and walked straight to his draft board.

Tony Martin had come back to Hollywood, back where he started from and with less than he had in the beginning. Gone were his expensive limousine, his tailored clothes, his radio show, his fame, his glory. Almost all Tony had to show for those months in between was a discharge as Chief Specialist in the Navy for being "unfit" for that service; dismissed after eleven months and after a court trial involving a Navy officer that resulted in the dismissal of that officer.

Behind him were success and memories of his former wife Alice Faye, and his sweetheart Lana Turner; of a million fans and fawning friends. Back to Hollywood alone came Tony and *by bus*.

We remember the first time we ever saw Tony Martin. It was after the preview of "Sing, Baby, Sing" at Grauman's Chinese Theater six years ago. A dark-eyed young man had stepped out on the screen to sing his first song and the audience listened eagerly.

After the preview we heard Adolphe Menjou call to the newcomer, "Nice work, Tony." The boy beamed his thanks.

Then began his slow climb upward, his marriage to Alice Faye, his terrific success as a night-club singer who demanded and got a four-figured salary surpassing even that of the screen star who had divorced him. Beauties and debutantes swarmed around him. Tony was the man of the hour.

There are some who claim Martin had it coming to him. That his conceit was inexcusable. There are others who claim Tony was always a sweet person underneath and success was bound to affect him.

At any rate he's in our Army now or about to be and deserves the same high tribute and high regard with which we hold all our soldier boys. So let's forget the past and look to the future with Tony.



"MRS. MINIVER ROSE"...

beautiful, of course. Probably the loveliest nail enamel and lipstick color ever

created by Revlon... or by anyone else.

But, beauty alone is not enough these days.

It's quality that counts, now, in everything you buy. And, it's the superb lasting quality behind beautiful colors that makes



Only Revlon is previewed, your assurance of quality
Nail Enamel, 60c
Lipstick, 60c
also \$1.00 size



Revlon

the world's most famous name in nail enamel... and lipstick, too!

EXCITING NEW
"MAKE-UP" BRINGS
Color-Bright Beauty
to Any Shade of Hair!



Don't waste time envying the woman whose hair is lovely and glamorous. With just a little time—right at home—you can bring your own hair "to life"...make it sparkle with radiant light and youthful color!

It's all so *easy*, too, with Marchand's exciting new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse! After your shampoo, dissolve the delicately tinted Rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Then...prepare for a surprise! All trace of soap-film has disappeared. Your hair is thrillingly alive—color-bright again!

So safe!... Can't harm your hair!

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse is not a *bleach*! Not a *permanent dye*! It goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up. Made with Government-approved colors, Marchand's Rinse is as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much *more* for your hair.

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse comes in 12 different tints for every color hair. Many stunning effects can be had by employing a "warmer" or "cooler" tint than the shade which *matches* your hair...Try it today!

Marchand's
"Make-Up" HAIR RINSE

6 Rinses—25c
2 Rinses—10c

At all Drug Counters



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF GOLDEN HAIR WASH
Copyright 1944 by Crane, Marchand Co.

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OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO

Just to get acquainted, we will make you **FREE** a beautiful **PROFESSIONAL** enlargement of any snapshot, photo, kodak picture, print or negative to 5 x 7 inch. Please include color of eyes, hair, and clothing for prompt information on a natural, life-like color enlargement in a **FREE** FRAME to set on the table or dresser. Your original returned with **FREE** enlargement. Please send 10c for return mailing. **Act Quick!** Offer limited to U.S.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 660, Hollywood, Calif.



Stars and stripes and everything nice at The Players. Left: Rosemary Lane, Navy wife, and her sailor husband, Buddy Westmore...

... and Lieutenant and Jack Reynolds of the U. S. Army with his star wife, Marjorie



CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

Babies, Babies Everywhere. It's mother's day in Hollywood with famous stars scheduled to croon future lullabies.

Rumor has beauteous Madeleine Carroll about to become a mama, and papato-be Stirling Hayden never happier. Michele Morgan, who married the tall, blond and handsome Bill Marshall, now in the Army, is another rumored mother-to-be.

Kathryn Grayson coyly denies rumors of her forthcoming motherhood but adds she wishes it were true.

Rosalind Russell, of course, has retired from the screen until baby Brisson arrives and Lana Turner is scheduled to make one more picture before she retires to become mama Crane.

Joan Crawford, who recently experienced a heartache over the loss of her adopted little boy who was returned to his parents, will adopt another baby boy shortly. Actor Cornel Wilde is walking in his sleep over their expected child and the two daughters of beauteous Joan Bennett are eagerly awaiting the arrival of their baby brother. The most desolate of all women is Maureen O'Hara, wife of Will Pine, who unfortunately lost the child she expected. The baby that is rating the greatest fan interest, however, is the one due at Alan Ladd's home. In fact, the consensus of names suggested by thousands of fans has him Alan Jr. if a boy and Sue Alan if a girl.

Hope that's okay with Alan's wife, Sue Carol.

Yes, they're calling it Storkville these days—and no wonder! But with the male

stars in the Army and the glamour girls out for motherhood, who's going to make movies, we wonder.

Hearts Abloom: George Brent is furious over his printed confession of adoration for Ilona Massey. With Ilona now divorced from Alan Curtis and George from Ann Sheridan, why shouldn't he openly and even in print admire the beauteous Ilona, now in New York for the Ziegfeld show?

Carole Landis, who went to Europe to entertain our American boys, returns betrothed to Capt. Thomas S. Wallace, U. S. Army Air Corps, whose home is in near-by Pasadena. This will be Carole's third marriage. Hollywood, who has great admiration for Carole, wishes them well.

Ann Rutherford strolled through the May Company department store bent on a bit of shopping. In the midst of her buying Ann decided to stop by the executive's office and visit her friend David May, son and heir of the huge shop.

Five minutes later they were on a streetcar bound for the marriage-license bureau. Ann, who is as amazed as anyone, isn't sure when the wedding will take place. Maybe Annie is even now a bride.

Remember Dan Dailey Jr. of the films and now a lieutenant in the Signal Corps? Well, Dan Cupid has spiked Dan Dailey with his bow and in no time at all socialite Elizabeth Hofert will be his happy bride.

Last-Minute Flashes: From the day Carole Lombard died, over a year ago, Clark Gable never entered the M-G-M commissary to take his accustomed seat

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

at the director's table. But on his recent jaunt to Hollywood on Government business, when Lt. Gable entered the commissary with producer Eddie Mannix for lunch, everyone in the commissary rose to his feet in a single united urge to pay tribute to the man they love and respect.

And Lieutenant Gable sidled quietly to his chair.

Hearts will break all over the country when Alan Ladd, who was hitherto rejected, goes into the Army. Hear it may be very soon. Mickey Rooney has also passed his physical. Bruce Cabot is stationed in Florida. John Payne reported to the Air Corps in Phoenix in January. Jackie Cooper enlisted in the Naval Reserve and goes to school for two years to study navigation. And so the Hollywood list grows day by day.

Joan Bennett becomes a mother next June. Joan, now the wife of Producer Walter Wanger, has two daughters by former husbands.

'Tis said Bette Davis's continued laryngitis may be due to her efforts to get a word in edgewise on her newest picture "Old Acquaintances." Miriam Hopkins, who began her acting stint with Bette in the film so very meek and subdued, is now up to her old tricks, we hear, trying to run the show. Wouldn't you think she'd learn someday?

Eyes are glued on the "So Proudly We Hail" set with the three feminine stars, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard and Claudette Colbert not so congenial as one might hope.

In fact, a controversy has already begun over who wears a flimsy black nightgown in one scene. We'll keep you posted on the latest developments.

Paramount has an aching heart these days over Bing Crosby's complete indifference to shooting schedules on "Dixie." Bing does what he pleases, when he pleases and the studio can jolly well hold the bag as far as Mr. Crosby goes. P.S.: The Studio is allergic to bag-holding.



Jane Darwell turns on the smile—and the coffee tap—for the khaki line-up at the Hollywood Canteen counter

"For Beauty in a Blackout try my*W.B.N.C."

JANET BLAIR, STARRING IN "SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT"—A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Says Janet Blair:

"You'll never sigh for popularity if you follow Hollywood in our bedtime beauty care. It helps make skin look simply dazzling. We call it W.B.N.C. That's our name for--

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."

Cleanse with silky Woodbury Cold Cream--wipe away. Pat on more--wipe again, leaving a trace for all-night magic. Its 4 special ingredients go to work, helping turn rough skin dewy soft, helping smooth tiny dry-skin lines. And an exclusive ingredient constantly acts to purify the cream right in the jar, helping guard against germs from dust and soiled fingers. Use Woodbury Cold Cream tonight--for a softer, smoother, lovelier look tomorrow.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars



Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, \$1.25, 75c. Also generous sizes at 50c, 25c and 10c.



They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring . . . they last and last.

Strong Grip

Won't Slip Out



Mebbe your curly-top isn't pure Hollywood . . . but it's sure 'nuff leading lady in one fighting man's heart. He'll remember the dream-baby perfection of your ringlets. Keep 'em in order with DeLongs.

DeLong

BOB PINS

Speak FOR YOURSELF

\$10.00 PRIZE
Wired for Victory

THE other day I was reading the article in your magazine called "Inside Stuff" by Cal York and I read of the very patriotic deed that Jack Oakie did when he took ten lonesome service men to his apartment and let each one call his home long-distance. Well, this gave me an idea, although I couldn't (on the salary I make) very well get ten boys, I could make a resolution to let at least one boy call his home and put it on my bill each month.

Well, today I had the first boy call his home. I live on the Coast and there are quite a number of sailors and Coast Guard here. The boy who called his home today was an eighteen-year-old Coast Guard and when I saw the expression on that boy's face when he said, "Hello Mom, is that you?" well—no words can express what I felt.

I'm very glad you published the great thing Jack Oakie (who, by the way, is a great favorite of mine) did, because if you hadn't I probably never would have thought of doing that myself.

Although I am a girl and cannot do any actual fighting, it makes me feel that I am doing my bit for my country.

Betty Holden,
Port Arthur, Tex.

\$5.00 PRIZE
The Widow's Mite

FOR Me And My Gal!" May the miracles that come out of Hollywood never cease. I watched this perfectly cast, appealing story unfold, marvelling at its excellent direction and photography, and thrilled to the masterly presentation of the war scenes. I listened to the melodies we sang so gaily just before that other war and thought "Why, it was only yesterday." Then nostalgia overwhelmed me and I wept openly and unashamed. It was not the longing of defeatists who yearn with frustration and impotence, resigned to permanent loss of beloved things, for I felt an upsurge of determination to personally bleed and die, if need be, to bring back those days of security, peace and happiness—this time to stay forever—so that the winsome Judy Garlands may continue to blossom and grow, scale the heights and joyously gladden the rest of the world.

My bit is somewhat analogous to the Widow's Mite, but such pictures spur me on to build that "mite" into a larger portion. Figuratively, I bestow an accolade and feel we should, as in one voice, acclaim: "Bless you Hollywood, you do more than your share!"

Mrs. C. Calongne,
Tulsa, Okla.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Regal Rating

THERE are many, many stories of movie-struck teenagers, but here is one of a movie-struck adult. Yes, an adult



Reporter Cal York told Photo-play-Movie Mirror readers what Jack Oakie did, now a Texas girl tells how she acted on it

completely, hopelessly entangled by the miraculous charms of Paul Henreid.

In Hollywood there are hundreds of male stars, but none has ever made the impression that Mr. Henreid did in "Now Voyageur." None that can hold a candle next to him.

He is handsome—there is no doubt about that. A better ideal man for any girl could not be found. He is so real, natural and lifelike that I believe he is closer to the hearts of his public than any other star.

Of course he is just beginning, but he has succeeded from the start to hold us spellbound and speechless by his acting. Altogether, he's one grand actor. Warner Brothers could have made no better choice in selecting a mate for Miss Davis.

A toast to Miss Davis—Queen of the Movies; and to Mr. Henreid—the next King of Hollywood.

Venette Schooles,
New York, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Yes, We Do Think!

I'M not only speaking for myself but for the rest of the people in my home town who saw "My Sister Eileen." Who cared about Eileen?

It was Rosalind Russell who was discussed and "rediscussed" when the gang congregated in the local drugstore after the show. Yes, and they were still laughing at that dry humor she used throughout the picture—and those facial expressions.

What a gal! What a faee! What an actress!

When a girl can wear the sober clothes she wore, play second fiddle to a "classy chassy" like Janet Blair (*Eileen*) and still go over with a wallop, she deserves a pat on the back. I'm darn sorry I can't do it personally.

The picture itself was positively super from beginning to end. Here's hoping for more like it with Roz Russell and her wit included. After so many war pictures a picture like "My Sister Eileen" is really appreciated.

After all, we've gotta laugh once in a while, don't you think?

Martha Brunson,
Elwood, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE

She Registers; You Vote

I'D like to register a protest . . . and it's against such pictures as "A Yank At Eton," a Mickey Rooney good-will deflater!

I can just hear our British friends say, with uplifted eyebrows, "These Americans!"

Such snobbishness as Mickey and his "sister" portrayed in Director Norman Taurog's extravaganza certainly will do little to cement British-American relationship at this time when friendship is so desperately needed.

It was a story with tremendous possibilities . . . chiefly because Mickey is a grand actor and Taurog a fine producer; but even their genius couldn't save it.

If only they had given it a breath of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips!"

Remember, Hollywood, the compliment Mr. Willkie paid you about your contribution to the international goodwill? Don't spoil that contribution by any more pictures like "A Yank At Eton!"

Mrs. Adele F. Loar,
Spokane, Wash.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Dumb and Dapper?

ACCORDING to the movies, I am an awful thing. That is, being a hotel clerk, by movie standards I am a foppish, simpering creature who practically "smirks" his way through life.

I do wish you'd rescue my prototype and place the real hotel clerk in the category to which he belongs: A hard-working, self-respecting, "regular" guy. Can we help it if it is our business to take the attitude that "the customer is always right?"

But we aren't (movie version) dumb, dapper dudes, timid and self-effacing, who fawn and fuss and really think the guest is always right.

Incidentally, I used to be a book-keeper—until the movies made that vocation look silly.

Johnny Rogers,
Night Clerk,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Continued on page 92)

"Other Wives...hear my story"



HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME
THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT ROBS SO MANY
MARRIAGES OF ROMANCE

1. *Slowly*, my husband's love and tenderness had changed to . . . a frozen strangeness. Then neglect. I spent long evenings alone. One grim night, driven to despair, I left my unhappy home . . .



2. My ticket back to Mother's was in my hand when I ran into an old school chum, a widow a little older than I. I couldn't bluff her. I had to tell. And bless her, she opened my eyes by saying, "So often, my dear, a loving husband can't overlook one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."



3. "Many modern wives," she told me, "use a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene—Lysol disinfectant." She explained how Lysol is so gentle it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes, leaves you feeling dainty."



4. Well, I tore up that ticket. And just as she said—I find Lysol disinfectant easy to use, so economical. Wives, don't let "one neglect" dim your happiness!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE



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For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-343. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

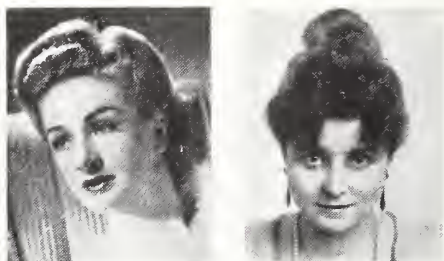
Top-Notch Topknots

A hair-raising history of the crowning glory—with some hints to you on how to make your hair look strictly 1943

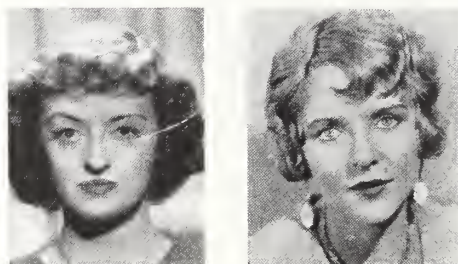
BY GLORIA MACK



Starting Off With a Bang: Colleen Moore started all the bang business twenty years ago; Anne Gwynne, her 1943 prototype, models a modern adaptation. The hair is set in a smooth sleek pompadour, then the roll is broken up into a cluster of curls to fall over the forehead. Try it on your own hairline, especially if you have a high forehead. Basic hair-beauty note: Always section your hair to comb it; never try to comb through it en masse or you'll have that frowsy-lady look.



Going Up: Beverly Bayne started the pompadour to startle her 1900 admirers with big-wig beauty; Bonita Granville is the smooth and sleek example of today's classic hair-do. The pompadour is now a sophisticated hair fashion, especially for a round-faced gal, especially, too, for the tiny Dresden-type miss who adds inches to her height and yards to her dignity when she brushes her hair up. A "must remember" note: Use a hair brush and use it again; keep your brushes and combs clean as the proverbial whistle; shampoo your hair as often as it needs it—and be sure to use enough shampoo to break down the oil and dirt accumulation.



A Bad Case Of Shingles was Blanche Sweet way back when; chic, smart and easy to wear is the 1943 adaptation of the shingle, the feather cut, as worn by Bette Davis. The hair's cut to a three-inch length all over; kept in order by careful nightly brushing. Postscript: Never wear too heavy a cap at night; it keeps the air away from the scalp and healthy hair is hair that breathes. Keep your hair thinned out and shaped about every six weeks; bushy hair will never look well-groomed and is one of the reasons why a set won't last.

Patent-leather Finish: The shiny glory of yesterday's Gloria Swanson with a spit-curl finish goes back into the book of bad memories where it belongs when it stacks up against Alexis Smith's modern version. The hair is swept up, given an extra-heavy coating of wave set to make it sleek and shiny. Result: A coiffure for a sophisticated woman. Beauty incidental: Always oil your hair before a shampoo, always have a few treatments before your permanent because if your hair is not in shape, a permanent, no matter how expensive, will never turn out well.



Roll Your Own: Mary Pickford did back in 1914; Brenda Marshall does today—but with a difference. Stiff curls are out; soft rolls are in; wavy rolls above a slightly bulging forehead are more flattering. Brenda's rolls are brushed up from the temples and brow; the back roll drops low over the neck. Good for a tall girl, a long-necked girl, a girl with a too-narrow face. Your hair is what you make it; pay attention to it and it will draw attention to you.





*"Her lovely, shining hair
It did my heart ensnare!"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



HER GLEAMING LOCKS (shampooed with Special Drene) rival the glitter of her sequin gloves and dress! The smart simplicity of her lovely hairdo is accentuated by the tricky ornaments—satin bows with tassels of silken balls cut from ball fringe.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

Nothing makes a girl so alluring to men as shining, lustrous hair! So, if you want this thrilling beauty advantage, don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far more glamorous . . . silkier, smoother and easier to arrange, right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't

tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Unusual: Brian Donlevy, Robert Taylor in "Stand By For Action"



Gay: Eddie Bracken and Betty Hutton in "Star Spangled Rhythm"



Powerful: Paul Muni, Anna Lee in "Commandos Strike At Dawn"

✓✓ Stand By For Action (M-G-M)

It's About: The experiences of an American destroyer.

THIS is good war stuff, off the beaten path, ably directed and more than capably acted.

The story tells how four men take over a destroyer used in World War I. At sea they pick up an odd cargo of babies afloat in a lifeboat (an incident that furnishes some comical moments) and eventually meet with a Jap battleship, a meeting that ends in thrilling and exciting combat.

The men are Charles Laughton, who plays the Admiral with a clever blending of lightness and sternness, Robert Taylor, a cocky Harvard grad now a naval lieutenant, Brian Donlevy, the Commander, and Walter Brennan, the veteran yeoman.

With a cast such as that and a pip of a story you can't afford to miss it

Your Reviewer Says: A goodie.

✓✓ Star Spangled Rhythm (Paramount)

It's About: A girl, a sailor and a gorgeous revue.

BETTY HUTTON loves a sailor (Eddie Bracken). How she loves him! Betty is a telephone operator at the Paramount Studios. Her sailor's pop (Victor Moore) is a policeman at the studio gate.

When Betty's sailor and his shipmates come to Hollywood Betty gets Pop to pretend he has become a big-shot producer. There are shenanigans. The sailors disrupt pictures in the making and catch a projection-room showing of Dick Powell and Mary Martin in a moonlit musical number. Carried away by his role of big shot, Pop promises the Paramount stars will put on a special show for the boys. It's Betty, by hook and crook and her own madhouse comedy, who gets Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Sterling Holloway, Veronica Lake, Walter Catlett, Paulette Goddard, Arthur Treacher, Bing Crosby—need we go on?—to play hookey from the studios and make good Pop's promise.

Their revue for the boys is something plus. Paulette and Dorothy and Veronica burlesque themselves with a song "A Sweater And A Sarong And A Peek-A-Boo Bob." Bing Crosby singing "Old Glory" as a finale makes that old lump-in-the-throat work overtime. And talking about musical numbers it's worth the price of admission to hear Betty Hutton—bouncing around in a jeep full of sailors—sing, "I'm Doin' It For Defense."

Your Reviewer Says: None of it makes sense but all of it makes laughs.

✓✓ Commandos Strike At Dawn (Columbia)

It's About: Revolt among Nazi-controlled Norwegians.

OF ALL the powerful war documents yet to reach the screen this easily takes its place among the very best.

A Commando raid, the type of warfare that has so intrigued the public, highlights a gripping story that is so realistically told the audience completely forgets the fact that this is but a screen record and lives every moment with the actors.

Paul Muni, subdued in performance and stripped of his screen mannerisms, gives a socko performance, his best since "Zola."

As the Norwegian fisherman who first submits to, then finally actively revolts against the cruelties of the invading Germans, Muni comes back to the screen in triumph.

With him in the struggle (we still can't think of it as a picture) are Anna Lee, the British girl he loves; Lillian Gish, his neighbor; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a British admiral; Robert Coote, borrowed from active duty with British forces in Canada; Ray Collins, a sufferer at Nazi hands, Louis Jean Heydt, a Quisling; and Rosemary DeCamp, the wife who betrays him. Each and every one deserves praise. Even little Ann Carter, who plays Muni's motherless daughter, lends an air of reality to the story which owes much of its strength and authenticity, too, to the fact that it was directed by Johnny Farrow, who has had firsthand knowledge of British naval affairs, and that the film was made in British Columbia with several British officers playing themselves.

Your Reviewer Says: Excellent.

(Continued on page 93)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 94

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 114

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 6

"You bet I know my groceries!"

...if any customer complains about not getting her favorite flavor of Karo Syrup, you know what I tell her?

I say, first: "Don't you know that the Army and Navy are buying tons of Karo Syrup?"

Then I say: "Every housewife in the land is buying more Karo than ever before—'cuz Karo is the kind of food that gives energy to hard-working Americans."

Last, but not least, I tell her this: "The makers of Karo won't let down on quality just to step up quantity. No Ma'am—not with millions of us babies, our mothers and our doctors too, depending on Karo for our feeding formulas."

As a clincher—I suggest: "If you can't get one flavor of Karo (the shortage is only temporary)—just try another flavor. They're all delicious—all nutritious—all rich in Dextrose...food-energy sugar."

See what I mean?

Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.



IMPORTANT—Karo's packed in tin and in glass. Regardless of type of package, when you see the name **KARO** on the label, it is your guarantee of purity and quality.



FOR VICTORY
Buy U. S. War
Bonds and Stamps

BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY, THERE NEVER CAN BE A "SUBSTITUTE" FOR KARO

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



You must be busy — who isn't, with all the extra war-work there is to do? Well, when you're feeling all worn out, try this: sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. Observe Dura-Gloss' steady, even flow. Look at its lovely radiance and sparkle. Your nails will look more beautiful than ever before. Chances are, you'll feel refreshed, ready for anything. Get DURA-GLOSS now. At cosmetic counters everywhere.



10¢ PLUS TAX

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Duro-Coat



The Stories Behind This Month's Stories

BEHIND the lovely Lana Turner cover gracing this issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror is a story. . . .

Some of the most observant of you may have seen in the preceding issue a notice promising Gene Tierney as your cover girl for this month. Until a week before going to press, the editors had every intention of holding to this promise. The cover of Gene by Paul Hess was ready for the presses, when we had confirmation that Lana Turner—barring any misfortune—was really to have a baby, followed by the shocking announcement that she was filing suit for the annulment of her marriage.

With this news came editorial inspiration: Have Sara Hamilton tell readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror the dramatic story behind this news and feature as our cover the color portrait of Lana which we knew already had been taken in the Hesse studios and which would reach these editorial offices any hour by air express.

Step one: Determining the cost of delaying the presses while new engraving plates were made. Step two: Obtaining final approval of the treasurer who eventually must pay the bill. Step three: Persuading the engraver to hire a special crew of skilled artisans to work the entire week end at double pay. Step four: Checking the actual color portrait on its arrival to make certain it was free of all flaws. Step five: Receiving from Mrs. Hamilton the exciting story you will read when you turn this page.

P.S. Here is a promise that will be kept . . . the next issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror features on its cover the color portrait of charming Gene Tierney

BEHIND the vivid color portrait of Vic Mature in his Coast Guard uniform featured on page 46 of this issue is a story. . . .

It was Saturday night. The telephone rang determinedly as though it well knew how futile it would be to deny anything to the person making the call. "This is Victor Mature," a healthy voice boomed. "I'm in town on a forty-eight-hour furlough. I'd like to see you."

He did, while all the editorial wheels shuddered to a halt, for Mature in the role of host plays his part with as much physical onslaught as he tackles everything else in life.

Second editorial inspiration: Would Coxswain Mature

pose if Photoplay-Movie Mirror's photographer came to the hotel suite? A telephone call and presently the hotel room was assuming the look of a photographer's studio. In thirty minutes the raw negative of a kodachrome color portrait of the sailor had been exposed and was in the mails being rushed to Eastman for development.

Wednesday the film was back, developed and as exciting to the editors to see as it is now, ready for your inspection a few pages farther back, coupled with the revealing story about two star-crossed lovers, this same Mature and a certain exquisite lady, Rita Hayworth.

BEHIND the witty and refreshingly frank exposé of Humphrey and Mayo Bogart, three pages distant, is a story. . . .

"Get Thornton Delehanty to write for Photoplay," a well-wisher advised, and arranged a meeting from which came the seeds of a new friendship, nurtured in tall tales of fabulous friends whose exploits were worthy of reporting. And as the hour grew later, there came the realization that the tallest tales about the most fabulous friend seemed strangely to center on a guy named Bogie.

Third editorial inspiration: Why not tell, for the benefit of Photoplay-Movie Mirror's readers, the best of these gay stories about a gay and happy couple? So, the editors present: "The Battling Bogarts," on pages 30 and 31 of this issue.

BEHIND the inspiring report by "Fearless" on page 67 is a story. . . .

It has happened all too often recently that the editors of Photoplay have encountered a hostile sentiment expressed toward Hollywood. "What are the stars doing about the war except complain because they can earn only \$67,500 a year?" is the challenge hurled with the jab of a forefinger.

For the benefit of those who would like ammunition in the form of concrete facts to fire back, "Fearless" tells the truth about some Hollywood personalities, truth that makes pleasant listening.

Behind every page in this and every issue of Photoplay is a story—of editors, of photographers, of writers, of printers doing their sincere best to bring you a magazine that will inform, amuse, surprise and please you.

Fred Sammis

Lana Turner's



Lana surprised Hollywood by eloping with Stephen Crane; who could have foreseen the amazing aftermath?

Exclusive! Photoplay-Movie Mirror brings you the poignant story of a broken dream and a girl faced with tragedy

PERHAPS the most poignantly spectacular heartbreak that has happened to a Hollywood star in years of headline tragedies has come to Lana Turner Crane, she of the electric beauty, of laughter, of gaiety. At the greatest moment of her life, when she has been preparing for the coming of her baby, shocking news has blasted the months of happy marriage behind her, the glowing anticipation of the future.

She learned that she was not the legal wife of the man she married; that she could not say "husband" to the father of her child-to-be—not as matters stood that January afternoon

BY SARA HAMILTON

when America's front pages carried the first scattered facts of the story.

And she has had to do the only thing that could be done: Go into the courts and ask for an annulment of the marriage that had never been a marriage. . . .

It was a bright July morning, the California air heavy with the perfume of flowering orange blossoms, when Lana and Stephen Crane started out on their flight to the desert town of Las Vegas to say "I do" to each other. It was a somber win-

ter's day when Lana's attorneys went into a Los Angeles court to announce: "We are filing suit for the annulment of the marriage of Julie Jean Crane to Stephen Crane."

Yet great as was this blow to her hopes of building the happy married life Hollywood had said she could never have, Lana's greatest heartbreak was for the child she wanted so much. Hollywood has looked upon Lana as the darling of the night clubs, the hey-hey kid with the unquenchable zest for life. It hasn't bothered to know the real woman who was born Julie Jean Turner, later called Lana. It never really believed the

Baby



things she said she wanted from life. Yet they were so simple. Let's look back to a day seven years ago. . . .

It was the end of a four hours' wait in the Selznick studio casting office. The kid with the auburn hair, slender legs and mobile face turned to the determinedly cheerful young man beside her. "Gee, this is funny, isn't it?" she sighed. "I mean my waiting here like this, when all I really want out of life is a home and children."

The young Hollywood agent gazed thoughtfully at his client. Could it be that he was wrong when he sensed in her a potential screen personality? She was young—fifteen to be exact. But beyond the freshness of her that contrived to make even the simple sweater and skirt she wore exciting, there was something that promised of a rich maturity that would be box-office dynamite. But here she was saying, "What I really want is a home and children."

They got the job—a day's work in "A Star Is Born."

And it was true; a star was born. As astral matters go there wasn't much time lost between the moment when Mervyn LeRoy signed up Judy Turner, as she was then called, at Warner Brothers as a contract player until she became the glamorous Lana Turner, co-star of Clark Gable.

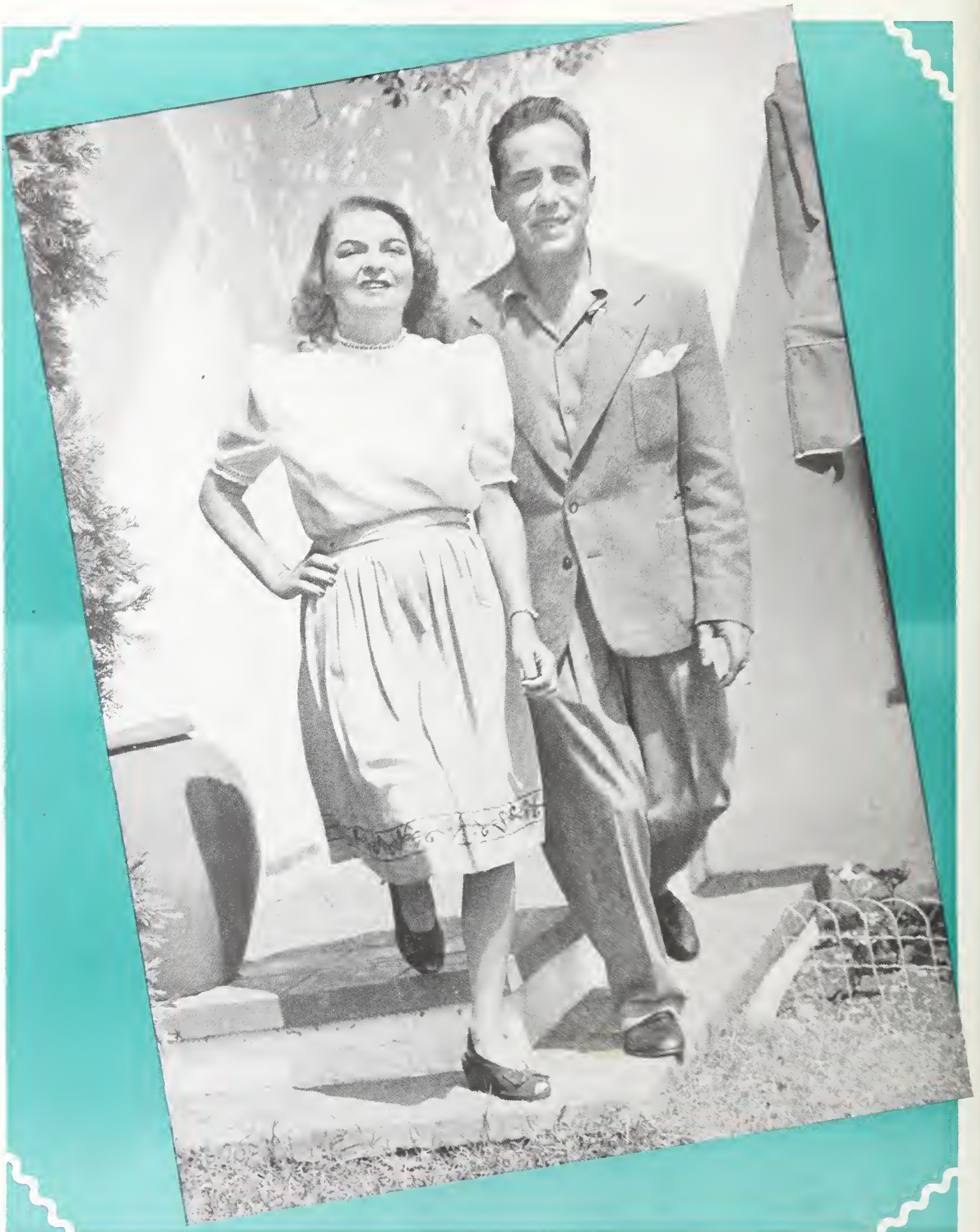
But what of the kid who said, "What I really want is a home and children?"

First, you saw her crash the news with a simple statement of her impending maternity: "Lana Turner to become a mother." Then came the later alarming word of her serious physical condition that might mean the loss of her baby at any time. And a few short weeks afterwards came the third fateful announcement: Lana and Steve had never legally been man and wife, for, on the day of their marriage, the (Continued on page 105)



After announcing the coming of her baby, Lana was at her happiest. Then, just a few weeks later, came that other fateful announcement

The Battling Bogarts



A bang-up story of Mayo and Bogie in which you hear vases crashing and voices yelling, and see one of the happiest black-and-blue wedding pictures in Hollywood

THERE'S something unique about the Humphrey Bogarts. It's their philosophy of marriage contained in the words of no less an authority than the master of the household himself. "We fight to stay married," grins Bogie.

The one deducible rule about the conflicts for which they are generally noted is that the fights seldom take place when no one is around. The Bogarts are at their best in the presence of an audience, though this statement should not infer that the engagements are faked in any way. It's just that spectators spur the contestants to greater effort, producing results which are cumulative in vehemence and sincerity.

Occasionally a battle will begin in public and end in the privacy of the Bogart home. One celebrated engagement had its inception at Madison Square Garden in New York, was carried on spasmodically at the "21" Club and then went into a series of dog fights about town before it wound up in the Algonquin Hotel where the Bogarts were staying.

This battle originated with no ap-

BY THORNTON DELEHANTY

parent stimulus, as so many others have done, and even to this day the combatants have but the sketchiest notion as to why it started. From the fragmentary reports of eyewitnesses it appears an argument started backstage at the Strand Theater where Bogie and Mayo Methot (Mrs. Bogart) had been making a personal appearance. Bogie wanted to go to a prize fight at the Garden, Mayo wanted to go to the theater with friends. They called an armistice and each went his separate way, agreeing to meet later at a night club. Bogie went to the fight alone to root for one of the pugs who was an acquaintance of his. Afterwards he visited the pug's dressing room. The pug had been pretty badly beaten up and while Bogie sat watching him have his face patched up he got an idea. He remembered that Mayo would be waiting for him at the swank "21" Club with her friends, who were of the snooty type. It occurred to him it might be rather quaint to bring his friend along. The

more he looked at the pug's bashed-in face and cauliflower ears the more quaint his idea became.

So into "21" marched Bogie and pal. Spotting Mayo and friends Bogie took the pug by the arm and marched him blithely to the table. Perhaps a trifle too blithely. Mayo sensed that this was something repulsively close to a rib. She tried to turn her back on the intruders, but Bogie put on his most elegant manner and chirped pleasantly to Mayo's guests, explaining elaborately that his companion, who up to that time had confined his conversation to "pleester meetcha" and a few other samples of Brooklynesse, was an old friend from Oxford now attached to the British Embassy in Washington. At that point Mayo rose in her dignity and, gathering up her friends, swept off to another table. No sooner had they got seated than Bogie and pal joined them, just as if nothing had happened. This performance was repeated several times, to the confusion of the headwaiter and the bafflement of the other guests. Finally Mayo swung at Bogie and (Continued on page 82)



Just for the record—Mayo and Bogie like music . . .

. . . like dogs, really love each other, despite their off-the-record workouts



Is it Roz Russell, famous for exotic getups, the girl whose clothes rate surprised looks?



Or is it Claudette Colbert, of the striking-simplicity school, wearer of fitted-type outfits?



... and what about Veronica Lake, who doesn't follow any style rules except her own?

Who is Hollywood's

A score of Hollywood stars covet the title; dynamite will explode when they

WHO is Hollywood's best dressed woman?

There's dynamite in that question. It holds a title to which every girl in Hollywood aspires and which ninety-nine percent, at least, are convinced they deserve.

How could Photoplay-Movie Mirror dare to walk in where angels feared to tread? Obviously we were not equipped to arrive at a just and fair decision on our own. But what could be more conclusive than the vote of a jury of experts in the fashion field?

So we talked to seven pre-eminent dressmakers and designers in Hollywood and in New York and tabulated their nominations with mathematical care. Every time one of our judges named a star she was given five credits. If she was a first choice she rated five additional credits, second

choice three additional credits, third choice two additional credits.

Now there may be those who feel this is not the time to get excited about anything as superficial as clothes. We disagree. In these days which try men's souls—girls' too—it's sabotage in a way to be deliberately dreary. Certainly there never was a woman who didn't have more courage when she knew she looked pretty or smart. And there never was a man whose spirits didn't rise and whose eyes didn't brighten at the sight of a smart or pretty woman. All of which adds up to morale, that good quality of which victories are made and wars are won.

So let us get on with the exciting business of discovering those in Hollywood who compete for this title and the one who actually wins it.

Irene, designer at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, who until recently had a salon in the fashionable Beverly Wilshire where her fashion shows were Hollywood red-letter days, thought immediately of Loretta Young.

"Loretta's so slim," she said. "So beautifully slim. And she walks so well!"

This brought Irene to her idea of what makes a woman smart.

"It's largely a matter of posture," she said. "Good posture under clothes that are simple and proper for the time and the place. In other words it's possible to every woman."

Thoughtfully she continued, "A good clothes figure helps too. Not a physical-culture figure but the 'shoulders up, derrière under' type. For actually a good clothes figure does not



There's Ann Sothern, who the fashion judges admit knows clothes. But is that enough?



Loretta Young's the tall-girl type. In the experts' eyes, does that make a best dressed woman?



Ginger Rogers can wear most any type dress and look well—and that might be a winning point!

Best Dressed Woman?

discover whom the seven style-expert judges have chosen to wear the laurels

demand perfect proportions. Bosoms can be faked, shoulders can be added to, waistlines can be minimized and derrières can be hidden. Only large diaphragms, legs and arms are difficult to disguise. The bodies which are most beautiful in the nude often are rather bad in clothes and vice versa.

"Which brings us right back to the importance of a good carriage, since a good carriage will minimize most physical defects very nicely!"

Claudette Colbert came next to mind as Irene considered those who have what she terms "a really great manner of wearing clothes."

"Because Claudette has exquisite taste, never overdresses and has wonderful hips!"

Rosalind Russell rated third "because she has such a definite assurance that she can carry anything—

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

even unto a flowerpot on her head—and make it important."

Marlene Dietrich "because she's always so courageously the glamorous Dietrich."

Constance Bennett "because she too carries herself wonderfully and, besides, has an innate knowledge of clothes."

Joan Crawford "because she has an exceptional ability to make what she wears right for Crawford."

Dolores Del Rio "because she is that rare combination—a great beauty and well-groomed."

Irene paused. "It isn't possible," she said slowly, "to think about the screen's smart women and not remember Carole Lombard. Not that

any of us ever have forgotten her. To all who knew her, personally or on the screen, she's still vivid. Carole was outstandingly chic because she knew so well the beauty of stark simplicity."

EDITH HEAD, designer at Paramount and an important contributor to the glory of stars like Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard, among others, spoke first of the one hundred percent way in which the stars are rallying to war restrictions in clothes as well as other things.

"You couldn't get the girls I know to wear any mode that isn't strictly in accord with the War Production Board's requirements," she said. "And I must say that not one of them, by adjusting and co-operating with the Government, has sacrificed any part

Below: Travis Banton, N. Y. Hollywood



Above: Lily Dache, creator of hats

Below: Irene, designer for M-G-M stars



Above: Howard Greer, debs' favorite

Below: Mrs. Leslie Morris of RKO



Above: Edith Head, Paramount stylist

Below: Valentina, N. Y. style expert



Presenting the Judges in Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Fashion Race

of her attractive grooming."

Edith Head is convinced any girl can be outstandingly smart—if she'll take the trouble. "For what is chic, after all," she asked, "but a matter of making sure a gown or a suit or a coat is right for your chassis and the occasion—then putting it on and forgetting it?"

"Women who're conscious of their clothes or of their bodies in their clothes subtract from their smartness immeasurably," she insisted. "A woman isn't well groomed when any sense of the flesh gets through."

Claudette came first on her list.

"Claudette," she said, "is one of the most beautifully groomed women I've ever seen. She plans her clothes meticulously. She requires them to fit perfectly. So, always confident her clothes are everything they should be, she comes—quite naturally—into that calm assurance with which a woman dramatizes whatever she wears."

BARBARA STANWYCK won second place. "Once Barbara didn't spend nearly enough time or thought upon her appearance," Edith Head said. "Unlike most women she became clothes-conscious *after marriage*. Her recent strides in grooming prove, of course, that this is something which can be acquired."

Veronica Lake was her next choice. She believes Veronica will be outstanding for her grooming before very long. "She knows what to wear and how to wear it," she says. "She doesn't try to be six other people, but chooses clothes to suit her."

Margaret Hayes also went on her list. "Margaret was chosen by Vogue and Harper's—properly enough in my opinion—" she said, "as the girl with the best clothes figure and the greatest clothes flair to represent Los Angeles. She knows how to handle clothes, too."

Then Frances Farmer joined her line-up. "Frances has good clothes sense, wears clothes with authority and has good posture, too," she explained.

Howard Greer, the third expert we

talked to, very well might take himself seriously. He's designed clothes for the biggest studios. Screen and radio stars and social bright lights flock to his Beverly Hills salon. The New York press cover his showings with elaborate feature stories. However, preferring to be amusing, Howard Greer refers to himself and his kind as "sempstresses." Under any name his opinions are important and—in this case—refreshing.

He tackled our problem like this:

"1. There's Katie Hepburn. Because with her tiny waist and broad shoulders she's any dressmaker's dream girl. And because she carries—particularly in this militant age—her clothes with assurance.

"2. There's Gracie Allen (oh, yes, there is!) who should be a boon to all the little gals. Over the air she may be "cute," but in clothes she's smart. She isn't easy to dress. But once dressed she's a pleasure.

"3. There's Dorothy Lamour, because she gives clothes zest and sex and excitement. A dress, I always say, is only so good as the gal who wears it and I like the way Lamour wears clothes.

"4. There's Rita Hayworth because she's young, exquisitely beautiful and natural. She's still developing a clothes sense but she's well on the road to grabbing laurels.

"5. There's Lana Turner. Because she's young and quite definitely the very essence of these times in which we live. We must, after all, remember that clothes chic changes with clothes styles. What Gloria Swanson looked so well in fifteen years ago is a little dowdy today. Lana Turner represents the breeziness of youth, the agitation of a jitterbug. She's as modern as anything could be. She has a beautiful figure and she knows what to do with it. In terms of "right now" I'd call her outstandingly smart."

WE next sought Valentina who, in New York, is the last word in the world of fashion. To the creme de la creme of the stage, the screen and the social world her word is law.

She designed the costumes Lily Pons wears in "Lucia," at the Metropolitan this season. Garbo and Lynn Fontanne and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt are among the famous who visit her dove-grey salon in the East Seventies. It was Valentina whom Paramount brought to Hollywood to design the clothes Ginger Rogers wears as the best dressed (*Continued on page 84*)

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

Veronica Lake: Appearing in Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm" page 35

Greer Garson: Appearing in M-G-M's "Random Harvest" page 38

Alice Faye: Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Hella, Frisco, Hella" page 39

June Wymon: Appearing in Warners' "Princess O'Rourke" page 42

Ronald Reagan: Captain in the U. S. Army page 42

Betty Grable: Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Caney Island" page 43

George Raft: Appearing in Warners' "Background To Danger" page 43

Vicor Mature: Coxswain in the U. S. Coast Guard page 46

Veronica Lake



Dear Reader:

Adela Rogers St. Johns, famous

DEAR READER:

When I left New York for Hollywood last fall the inextinguishable reporter in me had an urge to see what effect almost a year of wartime had had upon the movie colony. I hadn't been home—it's funny that I still call California home, though these days I spend most of my time in Washington and New York—since December 7. Surely in that year A.P.H. (After Pearl Harbor), I told myself, there must be a vast, seething story of pictures and picture people waiting to be written.

I've tried very hard to write such a story—and somehow I can't quite do it. Maybe it's too big. Maybe it's too—different. But the start of a new year has always seemed to me a good time to write letters, to catch up with each other, to say a few of the things in our hearts that often we are too shy or too hurried or just too careless to say at any other season. And so I thought I'd like to write a letter about Hollywood in wartime to all the people who love motion pictures and are grateful for the happiness and surcease they bring in times of trouble.

For to tell you the truth, I am

It was from Betty Grable's close friend George Raft that the story about her came

Lana Turner has her picture taken dancing with a service man at the Hollywood Canteen; the world nods approval. But what of the service men's real feelings? They confided them to Adela St. Johns



Hollywood has changed!

reporter, writes you personally of the exciting new town that is being born out West

pretty proud of my home town and of the folks—movie stars and movie people—who make up its population. You see, at first I wasn't.

Coming from New York, with its blackout and its gas rationing and its war-consciousness, from Washington where are gathered all the men and women who are actively directing this great and terrible and magnificent war, I was pretty upset about Hollywood—just at first. I had been away a year, the Japs had dived on Pearl Harbor, our sons and husbands and sweethearts were in uniform, American boys had been shot down from the skies and Wake Island was a glorious page now in our history but not so glorious as it must one day be when we have paid off those hordes of little brown beasts for their treachery and inhumanity.

Yet Hollywood didn't seem to have changed at all. Long glittering cars still flashed swiftly along the boulevards, the lights of Hollywood still shone brightly, the palm trees waved in the sunshine and just at first it didn't seem to me that anybody thought much about the war. It took me weeks to get it through my head

that Hollywood's bravery was to be as glittering and as glamorous as always, to provide escape and memory of times when all was well, to inspire others by their example.

I THINK the first time it hit me really hard was when I began to miss Clark Gable. A visit with the Big Moose was always part of my home-coming. A long gabfest to catch up with what had been going on in our lives and our minds.

I had talked with Clark on the phone in Washington just before he finally enlisted. I knew he was in uniform. I knew what a battle he'd had to put up to get into that uniform. I can tell you here and now that no man ever got into the Army over greater obstacles. It came over me then what a good hater Gable could be; hating the Japs and the Germans because but for them Carole would not have had to go out to sell War Bonds and die on that mountaintop—one of our first war victims.

So it seemed that his absence was more poignant in Hollywood than his presence had ever been and as you all know that presence was doggone

poignant. He was—and is—the best loved man in Hollywood. When they talk about him now, there's that love, but there's a certain grimness, too. I found a good deal of grimness under Hollywood's gallantly gay surface.

There isn't any use of going into the miles and miles that Hollywood stars have covered to go and entertain our soldiers and sailors and Marines. I think added up they circle the globe a good many times. I promise you that there is no hour of the day or night when these men and women and boys and girls cannot be told to grab the next train, even if it's a day coach, and head for some strange destination to do what they can to make our boys feel how they stand with us.

One night I happened to go up to a bridge club run by Mr. Langdon, the bridge expert. There again everything seemed about as usual—and I felt as though I'd had a cold shower. The Marx Brothers and their pretty wives in their long fur coats, a lot of the same faces and the same jokes and the same games. Then George Raft drifted in. He had a bad cold and he looked a little (*Continued on page 86*)

The presence of Gable, with Carole, in Hollywood, was poignant; his absence has even a greater effect



The town has changed; its people have changed too. Take that incident on Greer Garson's tour . . .



Greer Garson



Alice Faye



Wives



Ida Lupino makes the statement to Dorothy Haas; husband Hayward approves; the Mrs. Grundys start shaking their heads—until they catch on to this new wartime idea

WIVES whose husbands are away in service should have war dates," said Ida Lupino emphatically.

"You mean actual dates with other men? What about the Mrs. Grundys?" we asked, nearly upsetting our cup of good English tea which we were enjoying in the friendly playroom of the Lupino-Hayward home high on a Brentwood hill.

The room was bright with chintzes, cheered by a crackling log fire in the grate. Louis Hayward's pipes were still in racks, his favorite books scattered about, although he had been a lieutenant in the Marine Corps and away at "undisclosed destinations" for several months.

"Certainly I mean actual dates. Quite harmless ones, and the Mrs. Grundys have nothing to do with it," Ida answered. "It is a question 'to be decided entirely between husband and wife. Of course, if the husband objects, the wife should not do it. If he approves, she should ignore gossip, but I don't think there would be any."

"Don't misinterpret," Ida hastened to add. "I have a very definite plan for these war dates and there are certain rules to be considered. Nor do I suggest that a war wife should go flitting about on dates all the time her husband is away. But every now and then I believe she *should* have one!"

Ida, so full of restless energy that she puts a caged tiger to shame,

should have been tired. She had been entertaining service men the night before, had just finished two consecutive pictures—"Life Begins At Eight-thirty" at Twentieth Century and "The Hard Way" at Warners—and was about to leave on a Bond-selling tour. But there is no relaxing for Ida. She rose from her deep chair and paced the room as she talked.

"My championing war dates for wives is not entirely for the benefit of those wives, although directly it is. Indirectly, it's for their husbands," she said. "Bear with me through a little roundabout reasoning.

"I think we all agree that women need the company of men, their conversation and viewpoint, unless they

should have war dates

Ida Lupino's 6 Favorite War Dates

1. Monty Woolley, actor
2. Harry Mines, drama critic
3. Robert Coote, flying officer
4. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps
5. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps
6. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps



Preferred stock on Mrs. Hayward's wartime date list is Monty Woolley. He takes her to dinner at the Mocambo, pulls a typical Woolley trick

want to grow stuffy. Of course they should do all kinds of war work to fill spare time, but now and then a respectable social evening in the company of a man is advisable.

"The USO and other agencies are doing a magnificent job of entertaining men who are away from home, to keep up their morale. But what about their wives—or fiancées—back home? If they sit at home night after night, they worry! Nine times out of ten the worries for their men are groundless, but nevertheless they worry. And when the men get back on leave, they find their wives nervous, fidgety, irritable.

"That is no help to the men's morale. If those wives had a few harmless dates they would be less nervous, more interesting, have more things to talk about.

"There is another aspect of these dates helping morale of our fighting men. It is almost inevitable that the men the wife had her dates with are other service men or men about to

enter the armed forces. If she helps entertain them for a few hours, she is aiding directly in the morale-building we know is so vital. Surely she wants to think that her husband is enjoying the same sort of harmless fun wherever he may be. Then why shouldn't she help?

"I believe a wife should follow three very simple rules. Let's call our war wife Mrs. Smith. And by the way, let's vote out that horrible term 'war widow' for the duration.

"First, I think Mrs. Smith should have her husband's consent to go out with another man *before* she goes. She should have discussed it with him before he left, checking off a list of their mutual bachelor friends and asking if he approves of any of them. Or, if she has not done that, Mrs. Smith might write him something like this:

"I know you don't want me to stay home every night you are away, although I want to most of the time. You know you can trust me to go out

now and then. Here are the names of men, all of whom you know, who have invited me out or who might be suggested as dinner partners. If you say no, of course I won't accept. But if you approve I don't think there would be any harm in my going to a movie or to dinner."

"It is most important that the list should be men Mr. Smith *does* know; that gives him a chance to approve or disapprove. And they should not be men with reputations as 'wolves,' because even if their behavior is above reproach with our Mrs. Smith, the gossip Mrs. Grundys might doubt it and there goes Mrs. Smith's reputation!

"If Mrs. Smith must write to her husband at some distant camp or overseas, she should wait for his answer before accepting a date. If the date can't be postponed until she has her husband's approval, then she shouldn't have the date!

"My second rule," Ida continued, "is whenever (*Continued on page 90*)





Romance in Color by Hymie Fink : Duet Portraits of Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, Betty Grable and George Raft

Who's News?

Four headliners who are making their own news
—and here are the private answers to the personal questions you are asking about them

BY SARA HAMILTON

SUSAN PETERS: If you're down Santa Monica way looking for a moderate-priced, inauspicious apartment, the attractive, brown-haired, grey-eyed young lady who shows you around the building could very well be Susan Peters, M-G-M's newest rave in "Random Harvest." Susan's mother is manager of the apartment house and Susan does the odd chores when her mother is busy.

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," is the sincere slogan of Hollywood's newest starlet. She'll have none of the lads who look upon the beverage when it's red or any other old color. In fact, there's an Elsie Dinsmore quality about Susan, whose real name, incidentally, is Suzanne Carnahan. She'll have no nonsense going on around her and let that be a lesson to everyone.

She was born in Spokane, Washington, under Hollywood's favorite sign of Leo, but was brought by her mother to Hollywood when a mere babe. Flintridge, Sacred Heart and La Rue School for Girls preceded her Hollywood High School graduation. A Warner scout prowling about saw her, had her tested and signed. For two years she did nothing but make tests and art. Miss Peters had already decided she'd give this movie business three years and if she hadn't clicked into stardom, she'd get out. She clicked with several months to spare. It happened after Warners fired her at the end of two years. She had gone to M-G-M for a small role in "Tish" when Mervyn LeRoy (Lana's discoverer) approached her. He'd seen her "Tish" test. "You're Kitty in 'Random Harvest,'" he told her.

"Look, Mother," she cried, racing home like a mad thing. "I'm to play Kitty with Greer Garson and Ronald Colman." Her mother still thinks this "Is that good, dear?" her mother still thinks this on balancing books. Her mother still thinks this movie thing is merely an interlude in Susan's business career and one she'll get over. She got over Phil Terry, too, and has no serious heart interest.





VAN JOHNSON: His eyes, freckles and ears are all the same color—a lovely, delicate beige. His mop of red-blond hair tops his six-foot-two-inch height like a sunset over Mount Whitney. His feet are huge, his voice caressingly tense and his name—Van Johnson. He is an American-born Swede—Newport, Rhode Island, the place; the time, twenty-six years ago. He learned to dance and sing in high school and after graduation a brief period in his father's real-estate office, he took those talents to Broadway and sold them in the show "New Faces." Then, from night-club floor shows, Van stepped into the Broadway successes "Too Many Girls" and "Pal Joey."

A Hollywood contract at Warners rendered him miserable. He made no pictures. One awful film, "Murder In The Big House," washed him out. Nobody wanted him. Nobody, until Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz pointed him out to M-G-M's casting director Billy Grady, and he was in.

When he was young he wanted with all his heart to be a trapeze artist. In high school he yearned to be a wolf. Now he wants to get married, but has no one in mind. He eats constantly and is crazy over Garbo. He's news because of his work in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," the "Dr. Gillespie" series and "The Human Comedy."



MARY ASTOR: "Why, your hair's red," people always cry upon beholding Mary Astor in person. "I thought you were a brown-eyed brunette." Her newest picture, "Private Miss Jones," in Technicolor, will provide a glimpse for the first time of the red tresses of la Astor, who has the most alluring profile in Hollywood, the easiest, most natural manner. She's gay, she's fun, she's intelligence deep enough to read everything written. She's gay, she's fun, she's people. She has two children, a daughter by ex-husband Dr. Franklin Thorpe, and a son by ex-husband Manuel Del Campo whom she is now divorcing.

Hogs she's wise to, owning a seventy-seven-acre ranch near Indio stocked with sows, cows and plows. It pays off, too. Her smart clipped hair-do is the envy of every woman. That job of piano playing in "The Great Lie" was partly her own. Warners merely polished it off in spots.

Mary Astor, the former Lucille Vasconcel Langhanks of Quincy, Illinois, has been in pictures twenty-two years and is still news. She's news because she's come through storms that would have laid low any other woman. She's news because she's signed an M-G-M contract after six years of free lancing. She's tant to our Government. Incidentally, she's no relative to Mrs. Astor or her horse and she's prettier than both put together.



WILLIAM BENDIX: Because the nose belonging to one William Bendix makes a Commando raid over the greater portion of his face, he's a Who's News personality of the month. He wins by a nose. A distinctive feature, bashed in by a ball bat in his youth; a blow that later rendered him sufficiently pugnacious in appearance to play Aloysius Randall, the unforgettable Marine of "Wake Island."

Before movies, in Orange, New Jersey, William was in the grocery business; a business that fell flat on its face value, sending our hero to the job of master of ceremony and playing in amateur shows. Finally he landed in the New Jersey Federal Theater Group at \$22 a week. Between Guild shows he tried Broadway in six plays that flopped exactly six times. Summer stock and odd jobs preceded his big hit in Saroyan's "Time Of Your Life." Later, M-G-M brought him to Hollywood to play the tavern-keeper in "Woman Of The Year." Roach studios grabbed him for a few shorts and Paramount clutched at him for "The Glass Key," "Wake Island" and "China."

His wife and twelve-year-old daughter share a modest Hollywood bungalow. Unused to security, he revels in the simple things they can now afford. Born on New York's East Side, he was bat boy for the Giants. He's Hollywood's bat boy now, hitting the home run of his life.

Victor Matvey





In the midst of
their hello and
good-by week end:
Rita and Vic at
the Stork Club

When Rita Hayworth said good-by to Vic Mature

The story of forty-eight hours, a week-end farewell for
two people who parted with an uncertain present but
a bright and shining stake in the future

BY RICHARD ADDISON

AS a handicapper of love, Hollywood certainly can look silly at times. This time it's on account of a sailor and a lady.

How come? Well, you see the lady loves the sailor something terrible and the sailor loves the lady something awful. To prove it the pretty sweeting tripped 3,000 miles to see the sailor and the sailor jogged 300 miles to see the pretty sweeting, 300 miles being just about tops considering that the leave was only good for forty-eight hours and the sailor had better be back on time—or else.

This is the story of those forty-eight hours, how they were spent and how much they were enjoyed. It is also a story about the two star-crossed lovers who, according to Hollywood, weren't meant for each other, mostly on account of the nautical one who was, again quoting Hollywood, a wolf, a meanie who used beautiful girls solely for publicity purposes and, to top everything off, a "fresh-water" sailor who had managed to get himself stationed at San Pedro (forty-five minutes from the Brown Derby), where he spent his time double-talking admirals, sleeping in

the brig and wangling week-end passes for trips to Hollywood.

To get back to that forty-eight-hour leave in New York, it came as a total surprise to the sailor who is actually a member of the United States Coast Guard and entered on the pay roll (\$70 a month) as Coxswain Victor John Mature. Transferred at his own request and ordered to Boston (4,500 minutes from the Brown Derby), he was just getting the hang of things when he was handed a message reading, "Call Operator 8 at Los Angeles." He didn't dare to hope. He just picked up the phone, followed directions and waited for someone to answer. Someone did. It was Rita Hayworth.

"I'm coming to New York, Vic," Rita shrieked joyously.

"What?" the coxswain shouted.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," she sang, ignoring his consternation, "and arriving Saturday morning."

"What does the studio say about the trip?" he asked, his cigarette dropping out of his hand. (He was

referring to the oft-expressed advice that the quicker Rita Hayworth dropped Victor Mature, the better it would be for her career.)

"I didn't ask for any opinions. I just said I was going."

Silence for five seconds.

"What time do you arrive in New York?"

"Ten o'clock."

"I'll be there."

"Good night."

"Good night."

IT IS one of the ironies in this pastorate that when Coxswain Victor John Mature appeared before his commanding officer the next day to request a forty-eight-hour leave, it was the first leave he had requested in seven months. It was all put down in writing on the official document granting Coxswain Mature the leave in question along with the information that Coxswain Mature's record was without blemish, despite the countless times he was reported to have been tossed into the brig. Opposite the words "Purpose of visit" on this same official document the commanding (Continued on page 99)

Kiss me for luck

She was young and new to the ways of Hollywood.
So, when he asked his question, how could she know
that a kiss for luck can be a detour to danger, too?

Beginning this vivid new novel

By Henry and Sylvia Lieferant

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

PHIL JORDAN stood alone at the employees' entrance of the El Torador night club and watched his two brothers vanish down the Hollywood side street. Sleep held Hollywood in soft enchantment. Glamour had retired, exploitation was resting. All the vanity that human beings brought to the street by day had vanished and even the hills were mercifully smudged by the finger of night.

Suddenly the unfamiliar taste of loneliness was in Phil's mouth. Half the kick of having good news was sharing it with someone. Roy and Chet had rushed off to tell their girls, while he—

"Goodnight, Mr. Jordan Brothers," a pert little voice spoke out of the shadows.

"Oh, hello," Phil addressed the small figure moving away from the door. She was the kid who sang a couple of numbers in the floor show. Then, suddenly, "Hey, Miss Bell, doing anything tonight?"

"Certainly am," smiled the girl. "I'm going home."

"Well—could you hold up your program long enough to take on some java and a hamburger?" There was a curious diffidence in the tone of Phil

Jordan, number one slapstick comedian of the three Jordans.

"Do you mind if I make mine crackers and milk?"

"That's swell," breathed Phil in pleased surprise and took her arm to steer her toward a lunch bar glimmering down the street. Everything was suddenly rosy. "You know," he burst out, "when a guy gets good news—especially in our business—he's got to have someone to tell it to."

The girl looked up at the tall muscular frame, the clever face with the straight eyes. "I'm an awfully good listening post," she said softly.

Presently Phil was telling Betsy Bell that he was as certain of it as that—that being a snap of the fingers. The Jordan Brothers would wow Philo Haney, the big Hollywood producer. He was coming down to catch their act tomorrow night. It was their big chance. They couldn't fail.

"Is it ever as simple as that?" she asked, snapping her fingers with an impudent mimicry which made him smile.

"Haney never sees an act except he's sure of signing it up!"

"How can he be sure until he sees you?"

"They say he smells his discoveries long-distance."

That was one of the Haney legends that sounded wacky to Betsy. But then the whole Hollywood business was wacky and she as looney as the rest for sticking around all this time. "Only you never hear about the ones he sees that he doesn't sign up. They don't talk. Look Phil, I'm not trying to discourage you—"

"We can't fail!" he repeated, gripping the diminutive elbow in his hand. "Roy and Chet have the looks. Roy has the voice, too, and when he gets to work on his accordion—you heard him now for three weeks. That accordion talks—it's like a fourth Jordan brother. And there's Chet's feet, too. He sings with 'em—words and rhythm. Ma used to say he had all his wit in his feet."

"And you, Phil? What have you got?" Her voice had a clear, singing quality, the eager joy of childhood which still hunts and expects surprises.

"I'm just the two-by-four upright the house leans on, though I'm telling you they don't need anybody to hold 'em up."

"That's not what the papers said about what you did when you were in



and murder

He could have kissed her then, she looked so much like a small lost kid. Instead, "Smoke?" he asked coldly, his voice strained



Phil tilted Betsy's face upward. She didn't want him to kiss her; it was bad business getting too friendly with him

Springtime Is Swingtime.'"

"What do you know about that?"

"I read English," Betsy laughed. "I even went through High. Try me on any two-syllable word."

"Well, the papers were wrong," he said gruffly. "Anybody who says I'm better than the boys is talking hooey. It's all the Jordans together or none. The three Jordans—one for all and all for fun."

Betsy made no answer. There was nothing to say. She had watched Phil these three weeks and liked him, but she always had an uneasy feeling when she saw the three brothers together, presenting a united front to the world. They understood each other without speech, communicated by a lift of the eyebrow or a twist of the hand.

Privately she thought, too, that Phil was the best of the team. They were all crazy as fleas, but *he was the show*. He started all the ad libbing which was their special talent. He did the feeding, the mimicry, the pantomime.

He was the big-time stuff, and this time tomorrow night—maybe—

Abruptly she took a few skipping steps.

"Walking too fast, Betsy?"

"No, that's the way I do. I can't help it."

He thought her little skip had first attracted her to him; as if she were running to catch up with something and couldn't wait to get there. All at once, he didn't want to walk too fast, or reach the end of the evening too soon.

IN the all-night lunch bar, Phil and Betsy were the only customers. She was so small that her feet swung a foot clear of the stool and Phil thought she always looked like a twelve-year-old dressed for Sunday school. Skin pink and freshly bathed, blue eyes bright, curls fat and sleek as though they'd just come out of curl papers.

It struck him now that she was a performer, too, and here he'd been puffing on about his brothers with never a word for her work. She did a single, song and dance at El Toreador, but girls with less had gone further than Betsy Bell. And now that Phil and his brothers were on the way up, he hated the idea of a kid like Betsy being stuck in cheap night clubs.

"How'd you get to El Toreador?" he asked when the first round of food was gone.

"It's my speed," she laughed. "I'm only a lightweight. I'm glad to have thirty-five a week."

He'd never heard such talk. Even if you hadn't seen better days, your agent wouldn't let you say so. But her honesty matched the rest of her. "Maybe you need a partner. Ever worked duo?"

"Once with a man, then a girl. No go."

He thought that over. "That's funny. You ought to get along with people."

"Working together isn't just—getting along with people."

"How come?"

"It's like marriage—only harder. Sometimes, anyway."

"I never been married," Phil said.

"Me either," she answered, and they both smiled in unexplained embarrassment.

Out on the street, they walked again in brief silence. Then he said, "You're a wise kid, Betsy. I bet," he kidded, "you could work with me. No?"

"Yes," she corrected bluntly, "but you—you're set for life."

"For life," he agreed. "If one of us lights out—it's insurance or a hamburger stand for the others. Three Jordans—Roy and Chet and Phil—or nothing. . . ."

Her hotel was a small brick building in a side street. A bare bulb over the desk and two floor lamps were lit in the lobby.

"That you, Betsy?" drawled the clerk, peering into the gloom. "You're late. Where you been? Oh, excuse me, mister—"

"Do they check up on you?" Phil demanded. "Is it a girls' club?"

She put her hand on his sleeve, fearful of an argument. "Only a family hotel. The boss's wife is a sweet old thing and likes to know that everybody is safe. Sometimes—well, it makes you feel good to know that somebody cares whether you're in or out."

He put one finger under her chin and tilted her face upward. She was astonished that he wanted to kiss her. The Jordans didn't have a reputation for making passes at every girl and she didn't want him to kiss her. It was bad business getting too friendly with fellow performers in every place you worked. And anyway, now that he was going up—

Well, maybe before he climbed so high that she'd never see him again, she *did* want him to kiss her. Hello and good-by. All for one and all for fun. It would be nice working with somebody, somebody with a loose-limbed agile body, a square bony face, a sensitive (Continued on page 77)

I was self-conscious

For all shy maidens:

A trick for conversation that
will make them a sensation

BY

Claudette Colbert

WHEN I was in the theater there never was an opening night when I wasn't nervous. Since I have been in pictures there have been directors with reputations for temperament for whom I've worked with trepidation, previews of pictures at which I've quaked and scenes I've approached with icy hands. But never in my life have I known worse stage fright than I knew several years ago over a large party at the Trocadero.

Social stage fright used to be natural to me. I used to force myself to give parties and to attend parties exactly as I still force myself to make semi-annual visits to the dentist. In an effort to make parties less of an ordeal I used to plan in advance how I would act and what I would say. This never worked, of course. I invariably left parties with a mixture of relief and disappointment; relief that the party was over and disappointment that once again I had neither contributed to the evening nor had a good time.

Because I was in pictures I undoubtedly was more self-conscious than I would have been otherwise. When you're in pictures you're looked over from tip to toe. You also have to make an effort. For if you sit back quietly you're certain to be branded high-hat or dumb, or both. Usually both!

A famous social leader, a young wife firmly entrenched in film colony society, was to be a guest at that Trocadero party. I dreaded meeting her. Why I thought a young woman famed for social grace would act stupidly superior or glacial I now cannot imagine. But in the general distortion my social stage fright caused, that's exactly what I did think. I didn't stop there either. I tortured myself with the boredom this social leader would feel for what I had to say. Not that I blamed her! I bored myself



Author "C.C." of "No Time For Love," self-named social problem child

at parties. Since I was unable to relax long enough to think or talk naturally I resorted to "polite conversation." Is anything more deadly?

Arriving at that Trocadero party I went at once to the powder room. Anyone who suffers social stage fright will realize I sought this room as a sanctuary. The longer you linger in a powder room the longer you avoid the scene of which you're afraid.

A young woman in a simple black gown came in and sat down at the next dressing table.

From the instant she came through the swinging door I knew she didn't seek that room as any retreat. There

was nothing tense or hesitant about her.

She turned to me with a wide, warm smile. "You're Claudette Colbert," she said. "And I'm. . ."

I lost her name in the chatter of several women who came in just then.

"I understand," she said, "you're going to be married—very soon!"

She wasn't prying. She was interested in me, excited for me.

We began discussing desirable and available houses. We went on to salad gardens.

"When you put in your salad garden," she said, "you must let me tell you where to (Continued on page 91)

Portrait of

Looking candidly at Cary, now an American,



HE has an amazing memory for telephone numbers. He doesn't like champagne and has never aspired to climb a mountain.

He laments his inclination to "talk too much."

He always carries a thirty-eight-cent lighter which he bought in Mexico. He has no English accent and has contributed \$225,000 in salary to the U. S. O., American Red Cross and British War Relief.

He was born Archibald Alexander Leach.

He plays golf righthanded, tennis lefthanded, and confesses he has a "weak stomach" when it comes to reading publicity about himself. He is six feet, one inch tall.

He is a great admirer of hamburgers with onions but without pickles. He has never been attracted to fishing as a sport and does not believe sincerity to be a common virtue among people.

He was married on July 8, 1942, to Barbara von Haugwitz-Reventlow in a quiet ceremony at the Lake Arrowhead home of a friend. He doesn't like chicken, his parents were English, and he is constantly suffering stage fright.

He hates process cheese.

He never wears garters.

He sings a lusty baritone and awaits his adopted country's wishes in regard to his services which he proffered after Pearl Harbor, making himself available for either military, propaganda or anything Washington chooses. His hair is blue-black.

Cary hates cats, likes dogs, has two, Archibald and Cholmondeley; one, half Sealyham, half poodle, the other, all Sealyham



"U.S." Grant

guy right up the alley of his new Uncle Sam

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

His name is now legally Cary Grant.

He speaks no other languages.

He shaves with an ordinary drugstore-variety safety razor and devotes much time to the Hollywood Victory Committee, British War Relief Association (Hollywood Division) and the Screen Actors Guild, holding office with all three.

He is very fond of French sourdough bread. He is terrified at big functions and was born on January 18, 1904.

He becomes tongue-tied when asked for an impromptu speech, yet is personally a glib conversationalist. He became an American citizen on June 26, 1942, having applied for his final papers when the United States entered the war.

He is extremely tidy to a point of distraction. He doesn't like oatmeal.

He doesn't like fruit of any kind and invariably acts on impulse.

He has not tasted tea in ten years.

He rides horseback badly and recalls as his most vivid impression his first sight of the painting on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome. He has no hobbies.

He was born in Bristol, England, dislikes tinkering with machinery and was formerly married to Virginia Cherrill, now the Countess of Jersey. His eyes are brown.

He is very fond of candy, "too much for my own good." He doesn't like Hawaiian music and believes snobbery is an acquired characteristic rather (Continued on page 88)



Addenda on the Grant facts in music. He likes to play Jerome Kern tunes on his piano, listen to classical music on his radio.



Cary and his wife, Barbara Hutton, at the races. He enjoys horse races, likes to bet—but never more than two dollars

I Wish

If you had your choice of being someone else, whom would you like to be? Careful! Psychiatrists say that choice reveals what kind of person you really are.

But these five Hollywood stars confess their secret longings to Helen Louise Walker, thereby giving themselves away!

Anne Shirley says: *I wish I were Marsha Hunt*



"Marsha has traits that I envy. The chief one, I guess, is her complete thoroughness. I think she gets twice the real experience out of a week of living that most of us do. She can get something vital and amusing and worth telling if she makes a trip to the grocery. But . . . I wouldn't have *noticed* it if I *had* been there!

"Marsha has such confidence in herself. Maybe a better name for it is 'courage.' If they were to ask her, at the studio, to play a trapeze artist and really go to work on the trapeze, she'd just say, quite calmly, 'All right. I'll try it.' And she'd probably be a trapeze artist before she was through. I can't bring myself to try anything unless I'm *sure*, beforehand, that I can do it.

"She has a talent for being happy. I think I'm a pretty happy person, too. But I have to work at it. Marsha seems to achieve it without effort.

"What I really want is Marsha's capacity to plan intelligently and then to carry out her plans carefully and enjoy the whole process.

"Marsha and I want the same things. I want to be able to achieve them as easily as she does!"



Ruth Hussey says: *I wish I were Emily Post*



"It must be a wonderful feeling to know that you are always *right* under whatever circumstances you find yourself. It isn't just a matter of knowing which fork to use or whether or not to wear long gloves. It's being *sure* that you know the appropriate, the gracious thing to say and do on any occasion. It's . . . it's making an art of living.

"Mrs. Post, as I understand her, isn't an unbending stickler for the formalities. She knows when it's appropriate to be completely informal. But she knows, too, how an easy knowledge of the formalities can save awkward situations.

"What's more, Mrs. Post knows how to tell other people these things in simple, everyday words that anyone can understand. When I think of the thousands of unhappy people—especially young ones—that she must have helped to poise and assurance, I envy her a lot.

"I'd like to have her sense of fitness, her inner assurance, for my own. I'd never be afraid of any situation. But . . . much more than that . . . I'd like to have the feeling that I had helped so many other people to have it, too!"



I Were —

Ann Sheridan says: *I wish I were Eleanor Roosevelt*



"I envy her ability to meet all kinds of people—every possible kind of person—in a warm and friendly manner. In pictures we meet people constantly . . . on the set, on tour, everywhere. There never seems to be time to make friends, to find out about people . . . and I like people. Mrs. Roosevelt seems to have a knack of putting them at their ease, of establishing friendly contact, of getting to know them in the shortest possible time. I wish I could master her shortcut to friendship.

"I want to be like Amelia Earhart, too. I'm *going* to learn to fly . . . but that won't do it. What I really want and can probably never have is Amelia Earhart's courage, her zest for adventure, the philosophy which made her so self-sufficient, so unafraid.

"I've always loved dancing and when I watch Fred Astaire, I think nothing could be more wonderful than to have what he has—his precision, his sense of timing; above all, the complete and absolute joy you know he puts into and gets from the dances he creates. But—then I realize that even if I could dance like a feminine version of Fred Astaire, I should still yearn to sing like a feminine version of Bing Crosby!"



Kathryn Grayson says: *I wish I were Walt Disney*



"Just *imagine* spending all your time with characters like Donald Duck and Jumbo and Bambi! Think what fun it would be. Think of having Mickey Mouse come in with your morning paper and Minnie follow him with the toast. But, more than the fun, think of the deep satisfaction Disney must feel when he looks at those wonderful little people and thinks that he created them, that they are his family and that somewhere every minute of every day people must be laughing at them.

"When I look at Disney pictures, I know that the things I dreamed vaguely as a child are real. He has given them life for me. When I saw 'Snow White' on the screen, I said, with a sense of very real satisfaction, 'I *knew* she looked exactly like that!' She hadn't changed a bit!

"Walt Disney is tremendously important to the world just now . . . not only for the escape he furnishes, the laughter he creates, but for the important things he is doing for the Government. So . . . I don't envy him merely the fun he has with his little people, although that is literally 'out of this world.' I envy him, deeply, the sense of real achievement he must have. There is no one else like him. . . ."



Virginia O'Brien says: *I wish I were Clare Boothe Luce*



"I've always been afraid of strangers. I'm still shy. But Clare Boothe Luce simply *expands* when she meets strangers. She sparkles. People stimulate her and inspire her and I'm sure she does better than her best when she has an audience.

"She's a true cosmopolitan, too. She's been everywhere, met everyone and seen everything. I've scarcely been outside of my home state, California. She's known for a long time all about things that I'm just beginning to discover.

"Besides, she's a lovely, fragile blonde. I've always wanted to be a blonde. I would like to be a blonde, a cosmopolite and a Congresswoman! It must be wonderful!"



Perfect swain: George Montgomery
of Fox's "China Girl," admired by
—and admirer of—the ladies



Perfect sweetheart: Anne Baxter
of "Crash Dive," ingenious new
success on the Hollywood scene



HOLLYWOOD- BEWARE IN 1943!



★ ★
Ty Power: His life will be completely changed

★ ★
Paulette Goddard: Those predicted headlines won't be pleasant ones



★ ★
Jane Withers: A love affair that

★ ★
NINETEEN FORTY-THREE! Hollywood—and the world—beware! For you and I and our next-door neighbors will have cyclonic conditions in our lives during 1943. So don't blame the movie stars for the upsets that the next year will bring to their lives. Blame the stars in the heavens.

Now, continuing our predictions in February Photoplay-Movie Mirror, let's take a look at what the charts of the rest of Hollywood's major stars indicate:

Bette Davis: To Bette April 5 brings a sudden change. Her Sun, Moon and Mercury are on her natal Sun and Neptune will be friendly to Uranus. This brings her an opportunity to achieve something as spectacular and original as Orson Welles might pull.

I don't know anything about her contract with Warner Brothers, but it does look as though she may be considering a change of some sort in April. During 1943 Bette is favored professionally and legally, so this time, Bette, it will be your turn to win the battle if there is one. That is, any



Ann Sheridan: George Brent will probably be interested in this romantic news

Alan Ladd: He can remain popular, providing...



A child for Bette Davis . . . Separation for Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton . . . A new love for Ty Power . . . Will these happen in 1943? Matilda Trotter, renowned astrologist, predicts them—along with many other cyclonic events

time except from May 28 through July 28. This won't be a good time to force issues.

Here is a surprise for the rest of the world, though it may not be for you by the time this is published. The stars indicate the pitter-patter of tiny feet. Could be a child of your own or could be a child to whom you give a home. The time? Some time after July.

Ann Sheridan-George Brent: Well, I said last year that anywhere but in Hollywood this romance would last and I still say so.

Ann is under adverse vibrations which affect her emotionally and make her unhappy, depressed and super-sensitive.

The recent breakup in their marriage can be attributed to the insidious influence of Neptune in both their charts since last May.

Jupiter going through the fifth house of each may have brought romance to one or both causing the separation.

In June, however, George will be under electrifying vibrations which

may bring about a reconciliation, for the disturbed emotional state of each will be over then and once more attuned to romantic harmony, or so their charts indicate.

Alan Ladd: Definitely the man of the year. His popularity is not a fleeting thing. July and August are good months for Alan, but when Mars comes up over his midheaven in September, 1943, it brings him to the very peak of his career, where he can remain for years if he takes care of his health.

He is high-strung, intense and inclined to drive himself beyond his endurance and must guard his health, particularly from March through April 1943.

During 1943 he is under splendid aspects for all creative work, particularly writing and acting.

Lana Turner: Another dynamic year for Lana is 1943. She will have to learn self-discipline this year or find her house of cards scattered to the four winds.

Her transiting Jupiter in her seventh house, house of marriage and

business partnership, in opposition to the Sun and Moon in Aquarius, her first house, can bring her a final separation from her husband, studio or both. During the latter part of 1943 she must guard against accidents, fire and theft in her home, blackmail and extortion. Her chart indicates a precarious health condition during all of 1943. Look out, Lana!

Cary Grant: This is a good career year for Cary and his popularity with the public is assured. However, the progressed Mars and the transiting Mars in his fourth house all year unfriendly to his Sun and Mercury indicates upset home conditions and change. A separation is indicated in both Cary's and Barbara's charts. It may, however, have to do with the war.

Barbara is under great nervous tension and should take particular care of her nerves and health from May on.

Veronica Lake: On April 14 she is under disturbing vibrations. Her stars indicate she will be on the warpath and should look out for disputes and



Hedy Lamarr: Her career, good; personal life, bad



Brian Donlevy: How cautious can an Irishman be?

quarrels with directors, producers, fellow workers, husband and relatives which will endanger her career and turn her home upside down.

The eclipse of the Sun unfriendly to Uranus in Veronica's house of home, particularly warns her of sudden danger to her home or those in it around New Year's Eve, 1943.

Jupiter going over her midheaven benefits her financially for the next year and a half and helps keep her before the public, but she must beware of arrogance, self-confidence and temperament or she will do a humpty-dumpty and fall right off the wall of stardom.

Tyrone Power: This will be a year filled with dynamic aspects for him. On May 5, his birthday, the new moon unfriendly to Uranus, planet ruling sudden and unexpected events, and to Jupiter in his midheaven, brings a marked change into his life.

Between now and the latter part of July a journey is indicated and Mars, unfriendly to his Sun, and Uranus warn him of danger through airplanes, explosions, electricity, fire, and firearms; especially the latter part of July and early August.

And one thing more, Tyrone, be discreet during the early months of 1943. Your planets suggest a sudden hectic love affair.

Heed the warning of your stars for any indiscretion on your part (if it doesn't come out before) is liable to explode between May and late August.

Paulette Goddard: Another gal whose birth date may be wrong, but from the chart I erected it looks like such an active year that I feel it should be recorded.

In the first place, during 1943 she is under unfavorable aspects all year. June 18 looks like headlines and unpleasant notoriety. This could mean scandal, a law suit or trouble over a contract.

August 24 marks the day when the fiery, temperamental Mars moves into Paulette's own sign Gemini to remain for a long time. This stirs her up emotionally, makes her hotheaded, temperamental and lacking in good judgment. It also warns her to guard against accidents to arms, hands and chest and not to neglect colds.

During all of October, Paulette, stay out of airplanes, even if you are one of the lucky ones who can get a reservation. Any secret matters may pop right out into the open this month, so take drastic steps to prevent it unless you want the whole world to know about your private life.

Henry Fonda: His stars indicate that he will see foreign service between July 8 and August 24. This will be a dangerous period for Henry. But so will it be for thousands of our American boys and men who had the courage to enlist. Good luck, Henry, and as Hedda Hopper says—my hat's off to you.

Judy Garland: Judy would do well this year in a play concerning the occult or a play of mysticism such as "Outward Bound" or "Berkeley Square."

The coming year can bring her great fame if she guards her health, gets plenty of rest, fresh air and nourishing food. Beware, Judy, of all drastic diets and weight-reducing medication.

Hedy Lamarr: Her career and all motion-picture activities are favored. In her personal life, however, Saturn in her seventh house in direct opposition to her Sun indicates that Hedy may have a disappointment, sudden sorrow or separation from a loved one this year. Her chart suggests a secret love affair or marriage entered into in 1942, which may be made public and stir up trouble in February.

September 17 and 18 her stars warn Hedy of another emotional upset. If she heeds her stars she will

save herself much unhappiness.

Brian Donlevy: There is a man who went unappreciated for years. In 1940 he began to come into his own and now in 1943 he will receive the recognition he so richly deserves.

This year Brian has to guard against partnership affairs both in business and marriage. These matters are afflicted by the opposition of the progressed Mars to his Sun. All law suits, contracts and legal matters should be postponed until September when the benevolent Jupiter comes to his aid. Also, Brian should take care that his friends do not impose upon him by asking him to go security, make loans and buy stocks and bonds which may prove worthless at a later date.

One more warning, Brian, don't let your insurance lapse, buy all the protection you can against fire, flood, gases and explosive liquids and the latter part of February be as cautious as it is possible for any good Irishman to be, or you may receive a leg injury.

Jane Withers: For Republic's new star, Jane, in 1943—romance, money and favor with the public.

The latter part of 1942 and all of 1943 are the best years of Jane's career. During this period she will be established as a top-ranking star.

Jupiter and Venus going through Jane's seventh house indicate a love affair which has developed during the fall and should end in marriage within the next few years.

George Montgomery: Success in his career and his and Jane Withers's chart show that they should be cast in a picture together showing the new Jane Withers, a glamorous girl with brains, character and emotional depth. They should be cast in a picture with emotional appeal. It will bring distinction, possibly an award to each.

Robert Taylor: From December 1942 to January 1943 a drastic change takes place (Continued on page 109)

MARCH IN STYLE

March fashion girl: Marsha Hunt of M-G-M's "The Human Comedy," creating a big style stir in her Irene sport suit. Chalk white wool makes the jacket; black wool, the skirt; grey and white striped jersey, the sweater front and trick beret. The notched neckline is a new spring note; the whole striking outfit sets a trend for a sport suit that will be a smart hold-over for all summertime fun





To set those in the fashion know turning joyous cartwheels is Marsha's Irene suit. It's soft beige wool with a high collarless neckline cut with a scalloped V and pointed up by a gold chain looped through set-in detail. The front fullness that falls into unpressed pleats on the jacket is an interest-getter. Marsha's pill-box is all-over stitched wool in beige to match the suit



A dinner dress to make any lady look lovelier is Irene's filmy white lace that goes over a pale nude crepe slip. Sheer white mousseline de soie cascades down the cut-away skirt to form a full underskirt; it ruffles softly at the wrists in quaint contrast to the sleek princess lines of the dress. Marsha will next be seen in "The Human Comedy"

You can look as smart as a star

A Hollywood flair, a pennywise price tag on these clothes discovered by Mary Martin for reader Betty Sutton—and you

From Garden City, N. Y., came bride-to-be Betty Sutton; from Hollywood came Mary Martin. They met, went shopping together, bought these new-type clothes. New, because they're part aralac, the fabric made from milk. It looks and feels like wool, offers seventy percent the warmth of wool, costs only half of what wool costs. The dress Betty wears at the left is in powder blue with grosgrain trim, wide belt, front pockets.

Blue, gold, aqua, rose, shrimp, maize. Sizes 9 to 15. 20% aralac and 80% spun rayon. Approximately \$7.95.

Here's a two-toner outfit that knows its fashion way around. The dress is of brown herringbone with brown silk celanese jersey for sleeves and blouse back; it fastens with tiny rosy amber studs. The smartly casual jacket has big patch pockets and rose amber buttons. This is a dress that's going to be busy, come spring, leading the Easter parade

In brown, green, navy and periwinkle. Sizes 10-20. 20% aralac and 80% rayon. Dress approximately \$19.75; jacket, approximately \$15.



3



Clothes buy: This maize dress with front fullness that's a wonder-worker for the figure and trimmed with brown braid on revers, collar and slash pockets. It goes anywhere any time

Blue, wine or aqua with wine braid, maize and gold with brown braid, shrimp with black braid. Sizes 9 to 15. 20% aralac and 80% spun rayon. Approximately \$7.95

Taking up the slack: Below is the slack suit that caught the attention of Miss Martin because of its perfect tailoring. For active outdoor sport, a blouse is added; for indoor lounging, the jacket tucks snugly into the trousers. Wear the jacket over your wool sports dress, too, and you'll have a spring suit that's a standout

Brown or blue background. Sizes 10 to 18. 20% aralac and 80% spun rayon. Approximately \$10.95



If a girl would like to make her saucy presence felt in the best social circles, just let her try wearing this little shepherd check dress. Mary Martin took one look at it, said, "It's smart to be simple," smiled approval when Betty said, "I'll take it." They both loved the big slashed pockets, the trim little white collar, the leather belt with its fabric inserts

In brown, navy or black. Sizes 10 to 20. 20% aralac and 80% spun rayon. Approximately \$14.95

For instructions on how you can purchase these clothes easily, see page 102

5

A black and white studio portrait of actress Lynn Bari. She is seated, leaning forward with her arms crossed on the back of a chair. She is wearing a dark, strapless dress with a scalloped edge. Her hair is styled in a voluminous, swept-back fashion typical of the 1940s. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

Impressions of Lynn Bari: The little minister's daughter, Marjorie Bitzer, who used to raise riot on the Boston blocks and grew up to be the statuesque beauty who raised riot in Hollywood . . . the former film showgirl who used to be the wallflower decoration for the tinselled musicals until someone discovered that brown hair, hazel eyes and an ability for hard work was just what the box-office doctor ordered . . . the girl whose face movie-goers have seen in more pictures, more times with most interest . . . the tall, quick-moving Hollywood figure that's a familiar sight on bridle trails, on tennis courts, in pools . . . a girl who helps Gene Tierney make "China Girl" worth while

Hollywood's Home Front Heroes

What's been made public in the papers
about Hollywood war work doesn't count;
it's undercover activities that matter

By "Fearless"

IT'S not always the scandal or the human failings or the physical or emotional shortcomings of the stars about which Hollywood neglects to tell you the truth. Sometimes it's the actions of heroes. And "Fearless," who consistently gives you the truth as he sees it, has an exciting new story to tell.

For instance, in these days of far-flung effort, our heroes are by no means restricted to the burning front lines of Africa and the South Pacific, or the frozen waters of the Arctic. More of them than you dream are keeping their watches in the silent hills of home, along the placid shore of an American bay, in remote little civilian flying fields.

Particularly is it true of our West Coast, where people stare out across the Pacific and remember how close the Japanese foe came to possessing vital spearheads on our own shores.

There's John Howard. You know him as a star, as the faithful friend of glamorous Hedy Lamarr. You know him, too, as a likable, quiet chap who, because of his fine scholarship at Western Reserve University, became a Phi Beta Kappa and planned his life as a professor of English. But do you know that for many months he has been preparing himself to become the commander of a sub-chaser, a corvette or a mosquito boat?

John, who previously taught night classes on navigation at Hollywood High and a trade school, is now taking an advanced course in navigation and Diesel engine operation in the Navy specialty school of Cornell University.

It seems odd that a lad brought up in the Middle West to be a scholar should be so determined to become a sailor. It was, however, as a boy in his native Cleveland that John developed a passion for the sea. At various times he owned and sailed

three boats on Lake Erie. Always he dreamed that he would command a ship one day. But he didn't stop at dreaming. His slogan is: "Results come only to him who puts action into his wishes!"

When John has successfully completed his studies at Cornell he will qualify to command small naval craft. In fact, if all goes well, in a few weeks he may be at a Florida base in active naval duty. A far cry indeed from being a movie hero!

IT WAS five years ago that Ray Milland and his attractive wife "Mal" started flying. Just for the heck of it. Today Mal prefers the ground. She was soloing one day when the controls froze and she had to make a forced landing at a small airport near Santa Monica. But Ray is determinedly piling up his flying hours even though it means a round trip of almost 200 miles on his motorcycle in the midst of his busy studio schedule to reach the nearest field outside of the military area where civilians are permitted to fly.

Though there is no immediate prospect of Milland's being drafted (he supports a wife and child, his own family in Wales and his wife's family in this country), he says, "If I am called I want to do something useful. Planes are the most important weapon in this war. I'm over twenty-eight so I can't be a fighter pilot. But because I know flying, perhaps I could qualify as an instructor for other fighter pilots if I build up my hours in the air."

Brian Aherne, tall stalwart Britisher and husband of Joan Fontaine, has answered the call of his country for all able-bodied men abroad by qualifying as a flying instructor, since he is over age for combat service. Joan laughingly (Continued on page 101)



John Howard: It all started during his boyhood in Cleveland



Ray Milland: His wife couldn't go through with it, but he can



Brian Aherne: There's a grim purpose behind his seeming calmness



Bud Abbott: You couldn't find a better story than his as proof

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

"I'm seventeen and never had a date" . . . "I'm afraid to go to college as I can't make friends" . . . "I'm beginning to despair that I'll never meet anyone I'll love."

These are some readers' problems for which
Bette Davis finds inspired solutions

DEAR Miss Davis:

I need advice badly. I am a high-school girl of seventeen, very independent, and rather sure of my abilities. I have a wonderful home, lovely clothes and devoted parents yet I am missing some fun that every girl takes for granted.

I have been brought up to respect my parents' judgment, obey their wishes and act according to the rules of well-bred young ladies. My problem, Miss Davis, is shyness. I am very self-conscious and unsure of myself in public.

As I have said, I am sure of my school studies. I will graduate with highest honors in 1943, yet when I meet people I become uneasy, fussed and miserable. I have never been able to make friends easily.

I am five feet, four inches tall. I have an off-shade of blonde hair, hazel eyes, a good complexion and a desire to be sophisticated and grown-up. I have one flaw in my appearance, that is overweight. I weigh twenty pounds more than I should so my clothes don't look well on me.

Next fall my parents want to send me to college. I'm afraid to go, as I can't make friends. I am scared to death of becoming homesick and thoroughly disliking school.

In closing I want to add that being heavy makes me feel out of place and unnecessary with girls my own age.

Miss Davis, can you help? If you find time to answer my letter I promise faithfully to follow your instructions and I'll let you know the results.

Thank you again,

Thelma T.

Dear Miss T:

The first thing for you to remember is that girls of seventeen are often plump. This is called "baby fat" and it

doesn't mean that overweight is going to be a permanent thing.

It is very hard for me to tell from your letter whether you are a hearty eater, whether you don't exercise, or whether you have ever done anything to try to lose weight. If your excess pounds are making you unhappy, as they seem to be, why don't you consult your family doctor? Overweight can be the result of many different things, but sometimes it is glandular and can be quite easily remedied.

Whatever you do, don't select a diet from some magazine and follow it without consulting your doctor. And don't be afraid that diets consist only of lettuce and carrots. Nowadays many delicious things are included in all diets.

I do know that overweight does make one self-conscious. When you have corrected this problem, I think everything else will smooth out and you will really look forward to college. Do let me know how you get along.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Bette Davis:

This is the first time I have ever written a letter to a person I don't know, but I'm so discouraged that I'm ready to try anything once. I saw the article in Photoplay and decided to write.

I'm seventeen years of age and never had a date. All my girl friends have had dates, but not me. It isn't that I mind so much because I go to school and after school I work.

I go roller-skating every Sunday and not one boy skates with me. I feel so cheap sometimes that I feel like crying. I guess I'm about the only girl sitting down when it's skating time for couples only.

I'm not very pretty, just about average. All my friends tell me it is because I'm so short. That's true. I'm

only four feet eight and a half inches high. Maybe that's why, but there are a lot of small boys, too.

I want to know why the boys won't skate with me. I'm sure that I haven't got B. O. because I'm a very neat person and think of all these possibilities. Won't you please advise me on what to do?

Yours,

Maybelle M.

Dear Miss M:

After reading your letter, I have the feeling that you, personally, suspect why you are not popular. Being popular at seventeen is not everything in the world; still it does mean a great deal, I know.

I wish you would write me a more detailed letter, telling me more about yourself and your life in general. The brevity of your letter makes it difficult for me to know what to suggest.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have just finished reading your very interesting article in Photoplay-Movie Mirror. I have the bright idea that you may be able to help me also, along with the millions of other discontented women and girls in America.

I am engaged to a boy in the U. S. Army whom I have known for three years. My problem is just a simple one to many people, but to me it seems a tragedy: I chew my fingernails!

I have done this ever since I can remember. I have tried everything. I have even tried medicine which I have applied freely, but all to no avail, for I just keep on biting my nails.

Miss Davis, my fiance is coming home in March and he hates my nails as they are. Can you, and will you try to help me? I will deeply appreciate any suggestion you can make.

Rosemary W.



Dear Miss W:

Nail-biting is a tragedy and extremely difficult to cure oneself of. I know because I chewed my nails once to the distraction of my entire family and circle of friends. My mother used all the medicines recommended and tried every other known remedy without any result.

I found out that curing myself of this habit was like everything else; it's not a question of medicine or fancy tricks, it is simply a matter of your own determination and some incentive helps. You see, my first beau was so disgusted with the appearance of my hands—and said so—that I, because I wanted to be perfect to him—just stopped!

Think how happy your fiance will be if he knows you love him enough to be able to stop biting your nails. He will know what a battle it was and love you all the more for it, and think how proud you'll be of yourself, and of your strength of will power. I am sure you can do it!

People have lost fiances for smaller reasons than this. Had you ever thought of it that way?

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

(Continued on page 107)

Riverbottom

After the appearance of my first column I received a great many letters asking if "my column had been started"—I should like to know each person who writes to me—your letters are read by me— I select those for answer which I feel are representative of the problem I am dealing with in the next issue. I don't have time to completely edit my material or publications. Please play a trick on me. Hedda Dudley has given me Hedda Dudley to help me.

Bette Davis

OUT OF GAS



Hiker's hitch, the wartime Hollywood pastime, as demonstrated by young hopeful Ann Miller



Joan Crawford turns side issue for husband Phil Terry, takes the dog for an airing and does the daily marketing all via motor bicycle

In which Hollywood gets on its feet and wheels around with some hilarious results

"YOU'D look sweet, upon the seat, Of a bicycle built for two."

The green light turned red and the old jalopy groaned to a stop, hiccupping violently. The noise attracted the attention of a well-dressed young man astride a motorcycle on his way to the Mocambo. He glanced at the car, casually surveyed the passengers and glanced away. Suddenly he froze like a bird dog pointing a bevy of quail. Slowly his head turned and he looked again.

"Oh yes, it's me," a weary voice assured him.

Cesar Romero and his motorcycle sat rooted to the spot, staring after Claudette Colbert, in mink, and the negro red cap who drove the battered car that had shuddered to a halt beside him.

What Cesar didn't know was that Claudette had arrived in town that afternoon from visiting her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, stationed in Phoenix, Arizona. After no dinner on the train the night before (meals were served service men first, which was right, and passengers came next—only the food hadn't gone that far) and with no coffee the next morning, and no coffee still at lunch time, Miss

BY JANET BENTLEY

Colbert and her throbbing head had arrived at the railroad station in downtown and faraway Los Angeles to discover no taxis were available.

She studied the three heavy bags at her feet. The problem of getting them to the nearest streetcar and then on and off a streetcar and transferring them to a bus, to say nothing of the five-mile walk from the bus to her home, was one that presented no solution.

So she sat on a depot bench while the kindly red cap tore back and forth trying to find some means of direct transportation.

"I'll tell you what," the porter finally said, "after I'm through work here tonight I have to drive out to Brentwood to pick up my wife who is a cook out there. If you'd care to go with me. . . ."

The smile, the warm thanks were all the answer he needed.

So Claudette sat and waited for the kindly red cap to finish his work.

Yep, gas rationing has hit Hollywood and Hollywood is hitting right

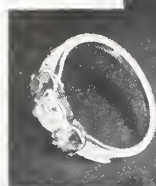
back with every conceivable kind of vehicle from pogo sticks to elephants to meet the situation.

Perhaps no other spot in the country has quite the same problems to face due to the far-flung boundaries of a city (without subways) that looks as if it had been run over by a monstrous steam roller and left lying there, spattered hither and yon over the landscape of Southern California. Hilltop homes (and there are thousands of them that no decent bus would be caught dead trying to get to) look down upon the tiny specks of houses that dot the ocean's edge twenty miles way and all within the boundaries of the same community. You should see how these citizens, far from bus and streetcar service, are beating the gas problem.

Car pooling is the order of the day, with directors, actors, actresses and set workers taking turns in giving lifts. Odd bits of casting in various productions result from this share-your-car plan with movie customers the decided winner. For instance, director Eddie Buzzell of M-G-M Studios had tried for weeks to inveigle Greer Garson into playing a mere (Continued on page 72)

SUSAN TUCKER HUNTINGTON
of New Canaan and New York

Her engagement to Aviation Cadet Warren Albert Stevens was announced September 9th. *Her Ring* (at right) is set with an emerald, Susan's birthstone, shining either side of the exquisite diamond.



Warren has gone South to train as an Army flyer, and Susan is hard at work at the Delehanty Institute taking the course in "Assembly and Inspection" so she'll be ready to step right into a vital job on an airplane production line.

"Drills, bolts, screws and nuts have a way of leaving grimy smudges on my face," says Susan, "so I'm being *extra* fussy about getting my skin *extra* clean. Pond's Cold Cream suits me just fine. It helps slick off every tiny little speck of machine dirt and grease—and afterwards my face feels soft as a glamour girl's."

Use Pond's yourself—and see *why* Susan says it's "grand." You'll see, too, why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan praise it—why it is used by more women and girls than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.



LEARNING TO DO A JOB THE U. S. NEEDS—At her bench at the Delehanty Institute, Susan drills precisely accurate holes in metal castings—a process she'll use often when she starts her war job. "Warren would be surprised if he could see how mechanically exact I'm getting to be," she says.

**Susan Huntington,
Air Cadet Stevens
Married in Alabama**

Just as this page about Susan's and Warren's engagement was going to press—they were married! Like so many girls engaged to army men these days, Susan's wedding plans were changed almost overnight.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses POND'S!

"SHALL I SEND HIM YOUR LOVE, TOO?"

Susan asks Jupiter—sympathetic wire-haired terrier. After a grimy day in the school shop, it's wonderful to feel frilly and feminine again. Susan, in her sweet pink negligee, is bewitching with her big dark eyes, and flower-lovely Pond's complexion.



COPY SUSAN'S SOFT-SMOOTH COMPLEXION CARE—

Use Pond's Cold Cream as she does—*every night* and for daytime clean-ups.

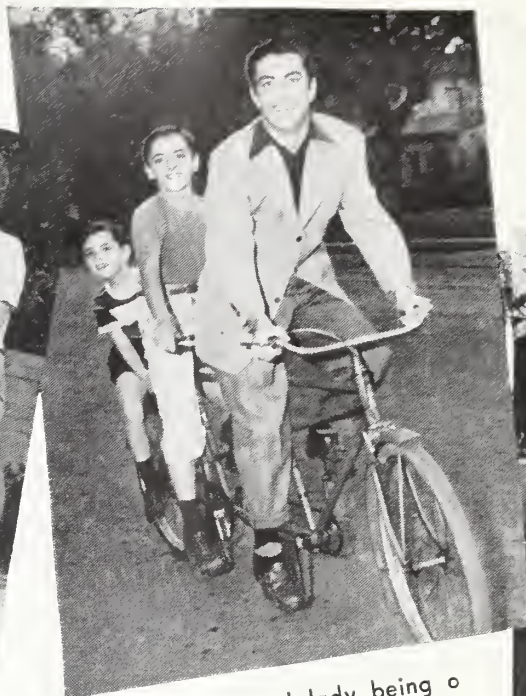
First, Susan smooths Pond's all over her face and throat. She pats gently, with brisk little pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well.

Next, Susan "rinses" with more soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream and tissues it all off again. "My face feels *grand*," she says.

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



Ground inspection to the tune of "o bicycle built for two." Paul Henreid and his wife ride around the grounds of their home, Honk Fondo estate



One Hollywood lady being o good skate: Sheila Ryan carries her high-heeled slippers, does some rolling locomotion



Left: Three men on o wheel: Richard Whorf and sons

flashback sequence in his picture "The Youngest Profession." Greer, weary from a long Bond tour and deeply involved in personal matters, politely refused and kept on refusing. Then came gas rationing with Greer sharing Eddie's car. At close range the director again attempted to persuade Miss Garson to change her mind.

"My, oh my," he finally observed, with a twinkle in his eye. "It would be a long walk to the studio, wouldn't it?"

Greer stared at him. Next day she appeared on the set made up and ready for the sequence.

BICYCLES, motorcycles, scooters and Austins take up the parking spaces around studios formerly occupied by cars. Paulette Goddard rolling along in her little Austin is a sight for sore eyes. But monstrous Alfred Hitchcock, director of super thrillers, and his Austin present a picture that has Hollywood chuckling. "Dear me, fits him like a glove," and "That's the first time I ever saw solidly packed canned beef on the move," are a few of the observations thrown Hitchy's way. At the studio each day a little group collect around the rotund director and his tin wrapper and lay bets on whether or not he can get out without aid. Usually someone holds down the back while Hitchy struggles to make his exit.

Street corners in the early morning hours present a scene that would throw tourists into convulsions if there were any tourists. Queens, dowagers, knights, ladies-in-waiting, all dressed in full court regalia with phony tiaras and rabbity ermine, stand waiting for buses and pile on in a scurry of swishing trains and waving plumes. These are the dress extras, no longer able to travel by car, on their way to various studios.

Location trips offer a real test of Hollywood's ingenuity and one met and solved by Loretta Young who drove her trailer to the Mint Canyon location of "China" and set up house-keeping on the spot until the week's work was done. Taking her sister Georgiana with her, the girls cooked, washed and ironed, swept and dusted and nobly performed their household duties while an envious cast looked on.

Hosts and hostesses never extend an invitation without explicit directions on how to get there by bus or streetcar, if it's possible.

BEFORE Tyrone Power left to join the Marines he and Annabella, anxious to say farewells to their friends, arranged several little good-bye dinners. Before each party they carefully studied bus and streetcar schedules and then set to work telephoning. "Your bus will leave the corner of Sunset and Beverly Boul-

vard at 7:10," Ty would telephone. "Get off at Saltair in Brentwood and I will be there to drive you the rest of the way to the house. Wait there for me." And thus every guest was given explicit bus or streetcar directions and the party would start with a bang.

"Meet at Schwab's Drugstore," is the usual direction given guests by hosts living in the Hollywood area. The host or hostess will then meet the waiting guests with the station wagon or a jalopy laden with borrowed bicycles and the party rolls away.

Philip Dorn, who directs a little amateur theater for young professionals out Brentwood way, calls his Sunday morning rehearsals with Ruth Hussey, Laraine Day, Richard Whorf and others arriving on bicycles. No one is permitted a car. It's a bicycle or get out of the show.

Three Cold Water Canyonites, Laird Cregar, Cobina Wright and Gene Tierney, have solved the gas problem with sort of a merry-go-round solution. Gene drives her car to Laird's house and leaves it there. Laird then drives his car, with Gene a passenger, to Cobina's and leaves it. Cobina, with Gene in front and Laird in the back because of his size, drives to the market and back where the puzzle unwinds itself. Next day Gene or Laird will have the market trek.

The town's first gas rationing wedding occurred when Reginald Gardiner married (Continued on page 74)

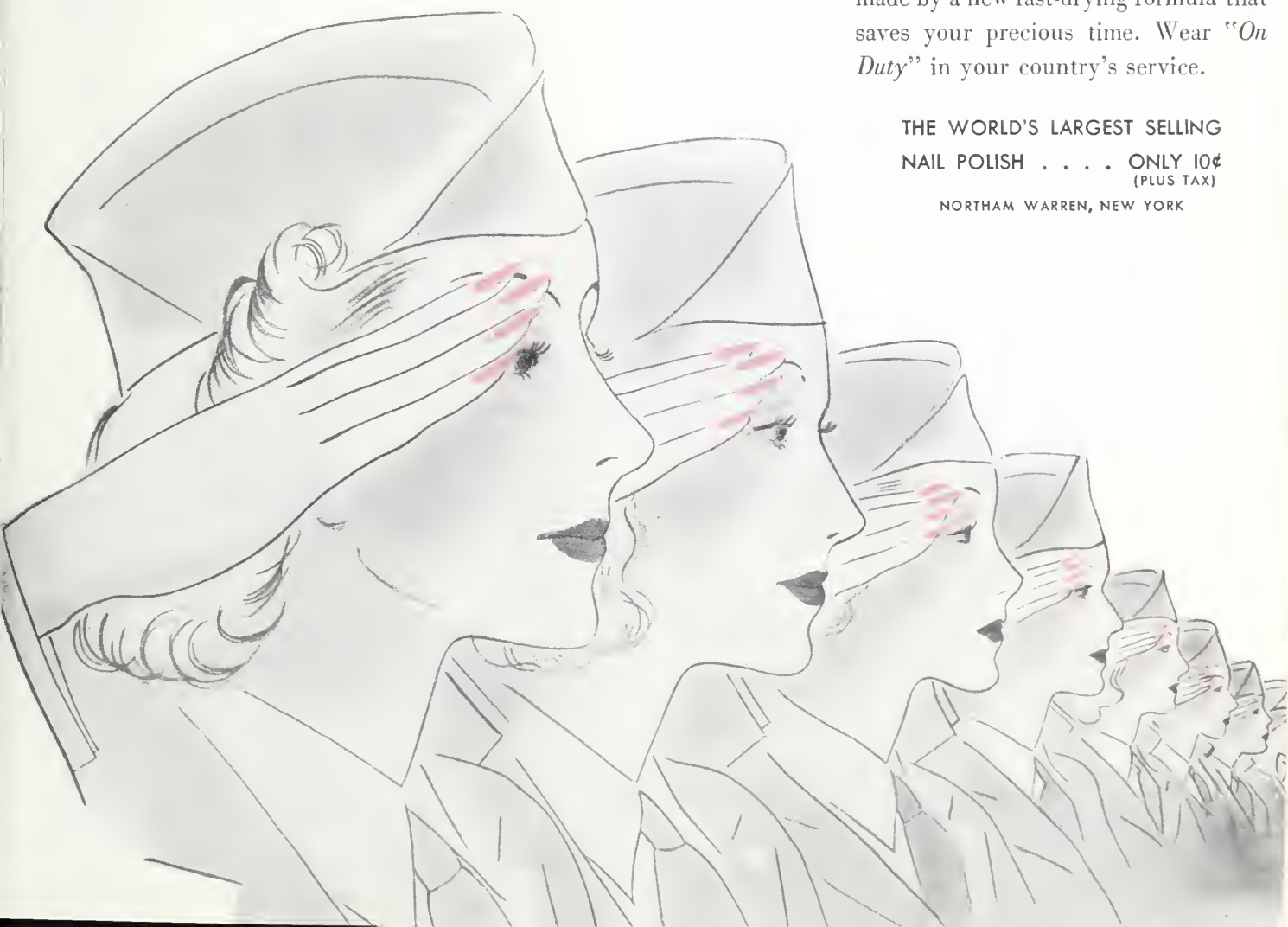


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NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK



(Continued from page 72) Nadia Petrova and the guests, clad in their finest, walked to the Beverly Hills Community Presbyterian Church or pooled their cars and after the ceremony walked the four blocks to Arthur Hornblow's home for the reception. Phyllis Brooks carrying the bride's bouquet (Phyllis caught it) was a sight to behold. Ida Lupino, matron of honor, in an Adrian gown of pale blue crepe, led the merry little procession in their wedding walk.

PROBLEMS that busy Hollywood never had time to work out satisfactorily are getting themselves ironed out in this no gas era. For instance, Anne Shirley had never been quite happy about her screen appearance until the day Anne discovered her car pool pals were hairdresser Fay Smith and Layne Britton, make-up man. Every morning the three now go into a huddle on their way to RKO studios and the results will be evidenced in Anne's picture "Bombardier."

Maria Montez calmly announced that for the duration she'd live in her Universal dressing room and let her swains worry about the gas. Young Russell Hoyt over at RKO didn't rate a livable dressing room so the young bachelor calmly furnished the studio's air raid shelter from the prop department and set up house-keeping. Russell is all set to play host in case of an air raid.

Over the roads to Universal, Allan Jones whips along on his motorcycle with wife Irene Hervey clinging behind. Both are making pictures at the moment, but when Irene has the motorcycle to herself she lifts neighbor Laraine Day to the market. Speaking of marketing, the sight of the week is George Montgomery on his bicycle, the carry basket loaded with

groceries. George does the family marketing.

The marketing problem is solved by Joan Crawford and husband Phil Terry in a unique fashion. After their day's stints are finished at M-G-M, Joan in "Above Suspicion" and Phil in "Bataan Patrol," they hop the family motorcycle, Joan in the sidecar, and ride off to the market.

Paul Henreid and his wife travel over their grounds (the Hank Fonda estate) on a scooter cycle and cowboy Roy Rogers hoists baby Cheryl Darline atop his famous Trigger for her daily airing.

Judy Garland has learned to coast all over again, but this time it's in a car instead of a sled. Judy's home is atop a gradual incline and working it out to the fraction of a pint, Judy figures by coasting that mile or so every morning she can save a gallon of gas. So the two extra kids on her picture "Best Foot Forward" who ride to work with Judy every morning, are co-operating. The minute they see Judy coming down the grade, they take a running start and fairly leap into the open door of the car. You never heard so much squealing and laughing as goes on in the dawn's early light every morning.

Kindhearted soldiers are now reversing things by giving civilian actors lifts. Basil Rathbone, driving his car from Bel Air down to Wilshire Boulevard, stood waiting for a bus when along came a private in a rattling jalopy. In leaped Basil and off they went, the actor's locks flowing in the breeze.

THE dilemma of the actor is a unique one; for getting to the studio is only half his problem. How to get about the enormous acreage of the lots after he

gets there is something else again. For instance, an actor with an hour for lunch may find himself working a good half mile from the commissary and even a greater distance from his dressing room. So once again he faces the problem of transportation. Roy Rogers out at Republic solves this puzzle to perfection by riding his motorcycle from home to studio, picking up his bicycle inside the gates for rides to the back lot and donning a pair of roller skates for shorter jaunts over to the wardrobe and make-up departments. Rubber is saved all the way around.

Abbott and Costello jointly purchased a motorcycle with a side car for inter-studio travel and after a three-hour battle on who was to ride which, the boys started across the lot making right and left-hand turns simultaneously to everyone's confusion.

From the back lot of the "Arabian Nights" set Sabu mounted his elephant and calmly rode in to lunch with Maria Montez passing him in a studio truck.

The funniest gag of all occurred when, on the very first day of gas rationing, Joan Davis burst into the "He's My Guy" set on a pogo stick. The gang are still howling.

Yes, Hollywood is taking it all with a laugh and a united effort to help each other and Uncle Sam. So far there has been only one mishap and that occurred the day Lon Chaney Jr. on his motorcycle and wearing his make-up of the Wolf Man with Bela Lugosi in his *Frankenstein* getup in the side car, rode over to see Lon Jr.'s new horse between scenes.

The police picked up swooning pedestrians for four blocks. The boys have been studio bound for the duration.

THE END



Maybe you think Spencer Tracy isn't gumming up this scene with K. Hepburn in "Keeper Of The Flame"

YOU ought to know that:

Spencer Tracy does all that great-lover emoting with his gum tucked under his tongue. A constant gum-chewer, he just does a quick shift when the love scene is due.

Joan Blondell was born in a vaudeville theater.

Jeanette MacDonald eats five times a day; has one of the most complete libraries on dog care in Hollywood; and always wears a black mask when she goes to sleep.

Olivia de Havilland has one of the friendliest personalities in Hollywood.

Greta Garbo has no electric lights in her house, keeps it lit by candlelight.

Oddenda

Add up these odd facts about some Hollywood favorites and you'll end up eyeing them with new interest

Virginia Bruce reads her home-town paper (Fargo, North Dakota) faithfully every day.

Henry Fonda was once an ice man.

Dorothy Lamour, at the age of five, dressed up in patriotic costume, stood on a soap box in the streets of New Orleans and sold Thrift Stamps in the first World War.

Mickey Rooney speaks Japanese.

Bob Hope, when he's tired and worried (which isn't often), comes home with a brown paper bag holding two ice cream cones, gets into bed, eats the cones and is his cheerful self again.

Gary Cooper fled in fright from his first movie set when the director informed him he would be required to kiss the hand of the leading lady.

Barbara Stanwyck, who adopted her son Dion from the famous Chicago Cradle, once lived in an orphan asylum herself.

Ginger Rogers is bound to order, nine times out of ten, her favorite—spaghetti and meatballs.

Joan Crawford's telephone conversations seldom run less than thirty minutes. That's short for her—even on a Coast-to-Coast call.

Loretta Young ardently adores prize fights and views them regularly sitting calmly poised in her perfect drawing-room manner.

Shirley Temple is struck speechless whenever she spots a monocle.

Charles Laughton knits his own sweaters.

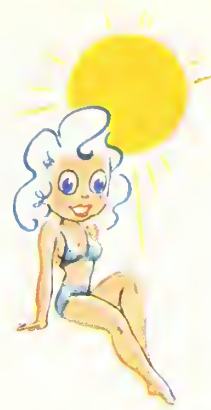


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Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the way you can use it!



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You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and the entire Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!



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3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person
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Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds, for good eyesight. With Ovaltine you get all the extra "A" you need—according to experts.

Government authorities say today that 3 out of 4 people are under par—"sub-marginal"—nervous, underweight, easily fatigued—even "well-fed" people—because they don't get enough vitamins and minerals! Result: millions of people taking pills!

But if you are a regular Ovaltine user—and are eating three average-good meals a day—you don't need to worry! Other people who are not using Ovaltine may need vitamin pills or capsules, but as an Ovaltine user, you're already getting all the extra vitamins and minerals your system can profitably use, according to experts!

Long before vitamin and mineral deficiencies became a serious national problem, we added to Ovaltine extra amounts of those vitamins and minerals most likely to be deficient in the average diet—enough to be sure—in scientific proportion—all except Vitamin C which is plentiful in fruit juice.

This is ONE of the reasons why thousands of tired, nervous people and thin, underweight children have shown remarkable improvement in health when Ovaltine is added to their regular meals.

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"If you ever manned a machine gun or tossed around in a tank, you'd know what I mean. Yes sir . . . in battle or in barracks, soldiers *crave* candy!"

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The sergeant is right. Even a buck private knows that candy is a valuable part of army rations. Every man on the fighting front is issued a compact food kit containing special dextrose tablets to sustain him when the fresh ration is not obtainable.

Curtiss Candy Company is delivering millions of candy products to the Quartermaster Corps of the U.S. Army

. . . and packaging tons of other important foods such as biscuits, bouillon powder, dehydrated mincemeat, prune and apricot powders. In addition, we observe the priorities of War Plants in their orders for Baby Ruth, Butterfinger and other famous Curtiss Candy Bars.

Obviously, there is no "business as usual" at Curtiss. Our great food plants are operating at capacity. We are supplying millions of hard-working Americans who look to Baby Ruth and Butterfinger for food-energy and food-enjoyment.

Occasionally some dealers may be out of Baby Ruth or Butterfinger. Such shortages are only *temporary*. Just continue to ask for your favorite Curtiss Candy Bars.



Here is the Baby Ruth your dealer didn't have yesterday. If you don't find Baby Ruth or Butterfinger on the candy counter one day . . . look again the next. We are filling domestic orders as rapidly as our production facilities permit. Every American will agree with us that Uncle Sam comes first.

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CURTISS CANDY COMPANY—Producers of Fine Foods
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Kiss Me for Luck

(Continued from page 50) and humorous mouth. But if it was going to be one of those I-walked-you-home-I've-got-it-coming-to-me kisses—

It wasn't. It was like no other kiss any man had ever given Betsy. There was a tenderness to it which made her feel fragile and protected, and a vague regret, she thought, that this had not happened sooner. Her knees felt weak and her heart beat crazily, and presently they drew away at the same instant, gazing at each other in breathless awe. It gave her a queer feeling that a kiss could go backwards, rearrange events already past and put new light and color into them. Their walk, their talk at the lunch bar suddenly had a different pattern, a new meaning.

"Thanks, Betsy," Phil said softly. "I'll carry that for luck."

His footsteps echoed on the bare floor, a harmony receding, music growing fainter and fainter. Not something coming into her life. Something going out. She watched him open the plate glass door, stood still long after he had disappeared. . . .

DESPITE a heavy rain, El Toreador was crowded by eight o'clock. A knowing air of expectancy wreathed the usual dead-pan faces of the waiters, sharpened the clink of glasses, coarsened the joyless laughter of men and women. In the dressing rooms performers were thinking, "Who can tell? Maybe he's coming to see the Jordans, but I'll be here. I'll do my best. Maybe I—"

The call boy knocked at the Jordans' door. "Coming?" called Phil.

They catapulted themselves onto the floor and swung into their "Maw, Paw and Junior at the County Fair," having, as it were, just been evicted from the Fan Dancer's tent.

Betsy knew by the applause and shouting that they were better than ever. If you clicked at the eight o'clock, you were a smash at the eleven. They did another sketch, then a short encore, and then they swept past her down the corridor.

Phil turned around, "Hi-ya Betsy. How are we doin'?"

Roy squeezed out of his accordion sounds which certainly said "Hi-ya Betsy?" and Chet danced an echo.

Betsy wore a blue silk sailor suit and a sailor's cap with a white band. Her curls, as if just fresh out of papers, clung to the band, and her smile warmed Phil with a faint left-over fragrance of the night before.

"Kiss for luck," he whispered.

She nodded, knowing he didn't mean to kiss her now but was merely reminding her. "There's my cue," she said, and lifted the scarlet cloak which hung over the doorway.

At ten-thirty, without seeing him come in, Phil noticed Sam Kent, their agent, at a table. His heart did a double twist. Here it was. The moment was coming.

What was that? A knock? Fling wide the windows. Success was on the way. "Coming," Phil called.

Once more they tumbled out onto the floor. They saw Haney at once, a small, grey man with cold grey eyes, grey clothes and rolls of fat that rippled up from his neck to his bald head. Seven men were with him, of assorted sizes, coloring and shapes, all with their eyes fawning upon him, not directed at the floor. Haney shifted his gaze to the Jordans. Like cornstalks in the wind, seven pair of eyes shifted too, and the Jordan boys were at the County Fair again.

Excitement in the room was stifling. The first time Haney smiled, his court smiled with him. Then he laughed aloud. Success has laughed. Everybody laughed with him and Phil, seeing this, muttered, "Down to his table." Boldly the three Jordans advanced and, after that, boldly they performed only for Haney. The audience rocked, Haney watched carefully.

THE shouts and calls, the stamping and applause followed the three into their dressing room. They shook hands with each other, slapped each other on the back, fell into chairs. They had done it!

Out on the floor Betsy was now singing. She felt the anticlimax of following the Jordan brothers' riot. Fever hung in the air. Everybody was waiting. It made you feel you had to sing quietly, like when a kid's being born. So she sang softly. She had a feeling nobody was listening and, since she was no dynamo of motion or melody anyway, she hadn't much idea what she was doing.

The corridor seemed strangely empty as she raced down to her dressing room. She'd wait. Maybe Phil would come to tell the good news himself.

A blues singer was on. Sam Kent almost approached Haney, but Haney was whispering to his aide, Drake. Drake rose. Drake didn't come to Sam but disappeared through the performers' door. Sam half rose. When the boys came out he was going to be right at that table. Five hundred a day or nothing. "I'll lose ten pounds if Drake don't hurry."

Drake returned, a look of triumph in his shifty eyes. Behind him walked Betsy Bell, suspicion in her eyes, bewilderment on her painted lips. The crowd's curiosity blanketed the noise in the room for a moment. The next instant amazement whisked the blanket away and the babble of sound and speculation rose again.

"They hadn't ought to pull a gag like that on a girl," Sam muttered. "Haney's writin' a note. He's givin' it to Blumenkranz. That'll be for me, and why not?"

But Blumenkranz gave the note to a waiter and, as the waiter handed it to Sam Kent, Haney and all the men at

his table rose in a body and bowed to Betsy Bell.

The Jordan brothers were stunned. Phil stared into space while Chet watched him for some sign, and Roy watched their agent. Sam was still raging around the dressing room, alternately crushing and unfolding Philo Haney's note and reading or quoting its contents.

"They're very funny, he says. They are even original, he says. But their humor is—here, it's written down—their humor is too intimate for the screen. It is tavern entertainment."

"I don't believe it," said Phil. "He'll send for you in the morning. He'll think it over—we'll get under his skin after he thinks us over."

"He won't, because he made another choice," said Sam.

The three brothers rose as by a pre-arranged signal. What did he mean?

"Betsy Bell."

"That little hooper?" cried Chet.

Roy said, "You're drunk, Sam."

"Go see her sittin' at his table—everybody bowin' and scrapin'."

Roy flung his long arms out. "Why, the double-crossing little—"

"Shut up!" Phil ordered. He marched by his brothers and the agent and, once outside, ran quickly down the corridor to Betsy's dressing room.

A colored maid answered his knock. Performers at El Toreador didn't have maids. Phil recognized her as the attendant from the powder room.

"Miss Bell ain't here, maybe she ain't gonna be here no more," the girl said all in one breath. "Mr. Haney—he wouldn't even let her come back to change from her last dress. He sent me fo' her coat and he's taken her away. Like that—Mister Jo'dan—he says—I heard it my own self—to the boss he says, we're takin' this little baby away. She's got somethin' . . ."

BACK in their hotel room after the last show, the boys stretched out on their beds which occupied most of the room. Roy vented his disappointment on Betsy Bell. It must have been that Betsy set out to capture Philo Haney. Every girl knew that that could be done, if she got the chance. She double-crossed them, that's what.

"She couldn't help herself, if Haney liked her," said Phil.

"Why don't you call her up and congratulate her?" snapped Roy.

Phil turned out the light over his bed. "We leave her out of it from now on," he decided in an unmistakable voice of authority. "Good night, boys."

For a long time after the room was dark, Phil lay awake. He still didn't know what it was all about, but that was Hollywood for you. Betsy had no confidence in herself. She wanted nothing more than thirty-five a week and three square meals, and the fickle goddess had smiled upon her. He squirmed at the memory of how he had boasted the night before, of her faith in him, her absolute certainty that he could not fail. Vaguely, too, without knowing why, he regretted their parting kiss. It had been like making a promise he knew he couldn't keep.

There was always that one promise to be kept first—to his mother. He could see Ma now, there in the hospital room, hear her saying, "I depend on you, Phil, though you're the middle one. You're like your father—steady and sensible. Chet'll never have more sense than a shoat. Roy gets too big for his

MEET the AUTHORS

of

"Kiss Me for Luck"

Henry and Sylvio Lieferant, one of the most noted teams of husband and wife writers in the fiction field, have written nine novels, newest of which is "Kiss Me for Luck." Their stories have been published widely in the magazine field and sold to Hollywood for pictures. They do all their work as a team and believe that a happy collaboration is as fascinating, adventurous and satisfying as a happy marriage. Photoplay-Movie Mirror welcomes the Lieferants to its pages

britches every so often. Don't let 'em down, Phil. My three boys—together—"

Well, they were still together . . . but he ought to call Betsy in the morning. . . .

Anyway, Ma wouldn't have been discouraged if she'd been here. She was the one always said, "Don't tell me opportunity knocks but once. It's knockin' all the time, like a woodpecker." It had knocked at Betsy's door tonight. Tomorrow, maybe theirs.

MAMA BOSCO ran the kitchen of the small hotel where Betsy lived, and the guests said she ran them too, but they liked it.

"I don't see how it happened," Betsy said to Mama. "I didn't ask for it. I'm frightened. I never even dreamed about it."

"All morning you say that," Mama reminded her patiently. "Why you not just thank God you-get-a-break?"

They were in Betsy's room, for which she paid six dollars. It was cramped but clean, and the chintz draperies trellised with grapes growing up instead of down were at least cheerful and light.

"But it wasn't meant for me," the girl protested. "It's like getting a letter addressed to somebody else."

"Look, Bambino, you are afraid like a girl before she is marry. After wedding she forget. You forget too. Soon they come for you, take you to big hotel, maybe big house. Now you put on pretty dress and be ready."

Betsy waited for Mama Bosco to waddle out of the room, then she sat down beside the telephone. She was waiting for a call—from Phil Jordan. Hoping for it rather than waiting. She felt as bewildered as she was sure he must feel, but the sound of his voice saying anything at all would help her over this terrifying day, though. They were strangers, after all. No, they weren't. When you gave a man a key—

That kiss had been a key. It had unlocked something in her heart. She had not yet looked clearly at what it had revealed, but it was there, waiting to come out of the room at his bidding.

Betsy shrank from the whole procedure of photographers, curiosity seekers, reporters that would face her at one o'clock. She had no idea how this had happened to her, Betsy Bell of Newbury, Iowa. Betsy Bell who had won a county newspaper contest and a trip to Hollywood, who had stayed in Hollywood because there was nobody to go back to in Newbury.

THE telephone rang. It was Phil, and Betsy read in his voice, instantly, that he was going to put on a bright and impersonal act. Still, he had called!

"It's the dentist, ma'am," he said. "Feelin' fair to middlin' or just middlin' fair?"

"Just scared, Phil."

"Ain't no cause to worry," he soothed. "Jest shet your eyes and when you hear the door slam, the tooth's out."

"You are angry at me, Phil," and the blood in her head took a sudden tumble to her heart, as if she had come face to face with his anger.

The answer rose easily to his lips because he had given it so often to Roy and Chet. "It's not your fault if Haney liked you," and he really meant it.

"But it's not your fault, either. You didn't have to be punished because he saw something in me. Oh what did he ever see, Phil?"

"They won't let you talk like that for long."

"Until I sign contracts I can talk as

I please," she cried with spirit, because she was desperate to break through the wall of reserve about him.

"Signing today?"

"Yes—I'm leaving soon."

"Well, the best of everything, Betsy," he said heartily. "Keep your chin up. You're a kid makes the most of a break. I can see that."

She clung to the telephone, frantically searching for a way to continue the conversation. "But I'll see you tonight! I'm going to finish out my two weeks. I am, Phil."

Silence caught the wires between them. When she could endure the silence no longer, Betsy said, "Are you still on?" though she knew he was. "Operator—I think the connection—"

"I'm here," he said quietly.

"Kiss for luck, Phil?"

"That's one thing a telephone can't carry," he laughed. "Say, it would make a funny gag, though, in a picture. A telephone with a kind of flexible transmitter that would give the lady a kiss."

"And don't forget the lipstick if it's the gentleman getting the kiss!" she re-



Decorating the Florentine Gardens Dance Floor: Julie Bishop and Roland Drew, on leave from the Army Air Corps, romance as they dance

torted furiously. "Good-by."

Instantly she was sorry she had been short, no matter what he'd said, and the telephone rang so soon after that she thought maybe he had called back.

But it was Mama Bosco, excited to the point of incoherence. "They are here, Bambino. Quick, come down. The car is so big—like a fire engine."

It didn't take her long to dress, in a blue velvet suspender frock with a white silk blouse, a short coat like a sailor's pea jacket and her round hat with the streamers.

As she opened the door, she heard the surge of voices from below and sensed the milling activity. Looking straight ahead she ran down the stairs and when she came to the last landing, a voice cried, "Here she is, boys. Shoot!"

Flashlight bulbs bloomed and burst like balloons.

PHILO HANEY held Betsy off at arms' length and gathered all the details of her appearance into those cold grey eyes, which held no warmth but were merely reflected light on grey water.

"Charming—charming," he said, in his carefully modulated voice, to the staff gathered in his office.

Then rapidly and succinctly he was giving directions to the various experts. "Remember, the keynote is sweetness and innocence. Rebecca-of-Sunnybrook Farm, Anne-of-Green-Gables, The Blue Bird, a dash of the old-fashioned."

"Ingenuite stuff," a man's voice said.

"No," Haney cracked sharply. "Sim-plicity. We've found another Pickford. No sophistication. Betsy Bell is to remind every man of his first sweetheart, or the memory of his first sweetheart."

"You all know your jobs. Go ahead," said Haney, dismissing them. He took both Betsy's hands in his. "And you, my dear, will be learning yours from now on. Mrs. Pringle will see to that."

At mention of her name, Mrs. Pringle, to whom Betsy had been introduced, drew close to her. The girl half expected the rattle of handcuffs, for Mrs. Pringle was to be her official chaperone, her jailer.

"Call me Aunt Edith," the woman said drily.

Edith Pringle wasn't real. She was something Hollywood manufactured for its own purposes, a woman of forty, handsome in a comfortless way, tall and striking, with features, clothes and manner whittled down to the specifications of the job.

THAT night at El Toreador, Betsy saw at once it was going to be difficult to elude Aunt Edith and talk to Phil privately. She finally contrived to get her out front to catch her act, then before the older woman could return, Betsy raced down the hall to find Phil.

He was in the rear doorway, smoking. When she called his name he turned slowly, pretended to peer into the gloomy corridor to identify her. The hall wasn't really so dark that he couldn't see her.

"Smoke?" he said, offering her his pack.

"No, thanks."

"They got you in training already?"

"I never did smoke," she said. "Have you ever seen me with a cigarette?"

"No—I guess not."

This wasn't a very good start, Betsy thought.

"How'd it go today?" he asked when the silence grew painful.

"They didn't do much. Only moved me to the Castle Hill and took some pictures—"

"The Castle Hill—eh?"

"Yes. Suite eleven-twenty-two. Phil, please believe me about Mr. Haney. Joe Dennis, my agent, never called me to his attention—"

"Why not and why not?" he laughed, and because she knew Sam Kent's pet phrase, she laughed too. "Skip it, Betsy," he added. "I know how those things happen. You'd better enjoy your success and, believe me, I wish you the best of it."

The conversation was quite strained, unsatisfactory. "I still say Mr. Haney doesn't know what he missed out on—"

"Grandma'll be looking for you, Betsy."

"That's my Aunt Edith," she said, making a wry face.

He could have kissed her then, she looked so much like a kid who'd found a frog in her pocket. But instead he looked beyond her and whistled softly. "Here comes Aunt Edith now."

"Well, my dear," said Edith Pringle. "Haven't you better be resting?"

"Aunt Edith, this is Mr. Jordan, Phil Jordan."

The woman (Continued on page 80)

Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand... sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios... crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene—disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 65¢ per dozen.



Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.



Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered... perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.



Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting... increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!



Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.

(Continued from page 78) bowed formally. Phil bowed a shade more formally and, crushing his cigarette, bade them both a casual good-night.

Defeat stimulated the Jordans. They worked harder, never satisfied with old business, always devising new business against the day when Success would walk down the street again, and smile. "Anyway," said Roy excitedly one night, "Van Dirk's out front. He's just as good as Haney any day."

The room was suddenly electrified. "How's that Ladies Aid Dinner?" Chet demanded. "Think we can show it now?"

"There's plenty time to run over it here," said Phil. "Lock that door. Is Sam here? Van Dirk just wandered in. Anyway, he didn't make reservations—"

"Keep that accordion low," warned Phil, and with earnest concentration they set about preparing themselves again for the big opportunity.

Antone Van Dirk occupied a rather strange position in Hollywood. He had never directed a complete flop, but had never turned out a single picture that made box-office history. His pictures always brought adequate returns; they were workmanlike. Many failed to realize that by this consistent output he became the backbone director of Excelsior Studios and maintained a place firmer than that of some who had made history, but also hatched turkeys.

THE instant the Jordans tumbled out, they saw that he was sitting at Edith Pringle's table and Roy cursed under his breath. Betsy Bell again. She had her contract. What did she want now?

"Mind your next cue," Phil muttered. "We've got a job to do."

They did it extremely well. Not a laugh was missed. Their timing, it seemed to Phil, was perfect. Van Dirk laughed with just the right degree of heartiness.

Then Betsy came on. Phil and Chet waited in the dressing room. Roy stood in the wings watching Van Dirk, ready to spread the alarm should he give a waiter a note or send for the manager.

Betsy had done her turn and was sitting at the table with Van Dirk for fully two minutes before Roy realized that the next number was on and nothing had happened. There was no shock when he reported, only a feeling of hopelessness, a grim silence as they prepared to leave. "Maybe tomorrow—" Chet began.

"Maybe next year," Roy scoffed. "What's that girl got against us? Whatever we want—she horns in."

"She can't help it," Chet chirped with derision. "He was sitting at her auntie's table—"

"I'll whale the hide off the both of you," Phil said with deadly quiet.

EVERY day Betty lunched with Philo Haney. Telephones rang, buzzers and announcers interrupted. If Haney seemed to have eyes and ears only for her, she knew that he was not the least interested in what she said, only in how she said it, in her diction, her facial expression, her posture, how she laughed, how she wore her clothes.

However, his very impersonal manner set her at ease, emboldened her even, every day, to say some word of the Jordans.

"Yes, they're funny fellows," he agreed once. "They've got a clever, homespun line, too, but it's not the kind of humor anybody wants—for the screen."

That's about all there ever was to what he said about the Jordans, but Betsy clung to that faint praise. It was

going to help her to keep Phil friendly at least for a little while after she left El Toreador.

On her last night at the night club, Betsy said to Aunt Edith, "I'm not going home with you tonight. I have a date."

"With whom?" the older woman demanded.

"It's personal, and important."

"I can easily find out."

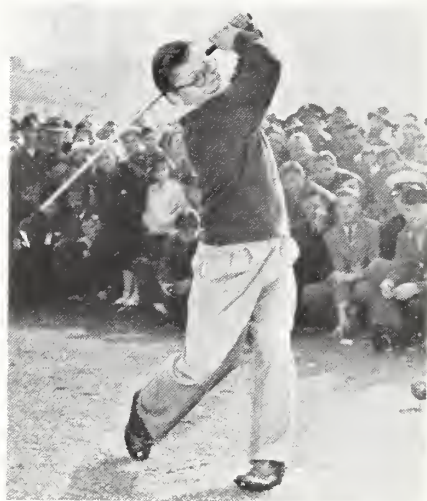
"I know that, and you will, of course."

Edith Pringle's elegance slipped a little. She even took one step out of character. "I've got a job to do, my girl, and I'm being paid handsomely. I don't intend to lose my pay check."

Betsy liked that kind of talk better than smooth persuasion. "I won't interfere with your job, I promise you. Or do anything stupid. But you'd better let me do as I please tonight, because—I don't mind telling you—I'd as soon give up the whole business if I can't."

"You're crazy, and I'm not talking for my own interest. There isn't a man," she said shrewdly, "worth that kind of sacrifice."

Betsy met her gaze squarely. "If you'll be a good auntie tonight and put on your wrap and leave before I do, I'll be



Wife Ava Gardner went home to her mother for a "visit", husband Mickey Rooney stayed home in Hollywood, put on his glasses, did some fancy footwork at the annual Golf Tournament

a good niece for the rest of the time."

Edith smiled grimly. "My reputation's at stake, not yours, but if that's what you want—"

THAT was what she wanted. This was what she wanted, to be walking beside Phil down Santa Monica Boulevard, pretending that she hadn't seen Aunt Edith waiting in a cab as they came out.

She looked up at his fine face, his square shoulders upon which the burdens of the three Jordans had always rested.

"How'd it happen the police officer let you go home alone tonight?"

"I told her to," she said bluntly. "I had to see you, Phil."

"No use your taking chances that-away, Betsy. You're not supposed to traffic with hams like me."

"Stop it," she ordered. "If you're a ham, then what am I? No, don't tell me. I can guess."

His fingers closed tightly, apologetically about her wrist and they walked along this way, not precisely hand-in-

hand, but there was something even more intimate and protective in the wrist hold. Betsy sighed for something she had never had and was hoping she might find tonight.

"What did you want to see me about?" he asked softly.

"Couldn't I just—want to see you?"

He dropped her hand. Something had been happening to her these two weeks and he couldn't make out what it was. He'd half expected some grain of conceit, some hint of self-importance, but instead a soft radiance clung to her, a gentle hesitancy. The real grooming hadn't begun for her yet, he knew, but nevertheless she looked beautiful where before she had merely been cute.

"You must have had something on your mind."

"I wanted to tell you what Mr. Haney said about you—that you had a clever homespun line."

"You're a sweet kid, Betsy," Phil said, "but you didn't really talk to him about us."

"I did!" she cried.

His voice was thick with dejection. "Look, Betsy, don't think I'm a sorehead. I believe you talked to him. You're just fool enough of a kid to do it, but you don't owe us taking that much trouble. You forget us, will you, and we'll—"

"And you'll forget me," she finished stiffly.

"You took the wrong words out of my mouth."

"That's what you meant."

THEY were quite alone on the street. He thrust his fist under her chin and said, "You wanna fight? What I meant was—I'll keep out of your way."

"Who asked you to?"

"Just a wild idea of mine. We go to Frisco from here."

She seized upon this eagerly. "Oh, do you? Why didn't you tell me, Phil? I was wondering if El Toreador was going to keep you on—"

"Sam has other plans. Then Chicago for a few weeks—a couple of other cities after that. Omaha, St. Louis, maybe Kansas City—peanuts."

The Castle Hill lounge was different from Mama Bosco's lobby. A staff of men were running vacuum cleaners, swishing mops, whisking brushes, dusting pictures.

At the elevator door, Phil tilted Betsy's chin upward. Her heart began to race and then slide right up into her throat. But he didn't kiss her. He looked deep into her blue eyes for so long that presently she flushed.

"Keep the way you are, Betsy, if you can," he said, "and good luck to you."

The elevator door slid back. "Going up?" cried the pert boy in the pillbox.

"The lady is going up," Phil said, turning abruptly.

Betsy was crying when she let herself into the apartment. Edith's door was open, but the room was dark. The girl took off her shoes, tiptoed past the darkened room into her own. She locked her door and threw herself on the bed. She felt her hat crunch. It didn't matter. She didn't have to worry over hats now. She didn't have to worry over anything, but she cried bitterly for something she had hoped would happen and hadn't.

The next time Betsy sees Phil her life will have changed, as only Hollywood can change a girl's life. And Phil? The tables turn and with them comes a turn of heart. Continue this stirring love story in

April PHOTOPLAY—MOVIE MIRROR

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Gloria Massey in "FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN"

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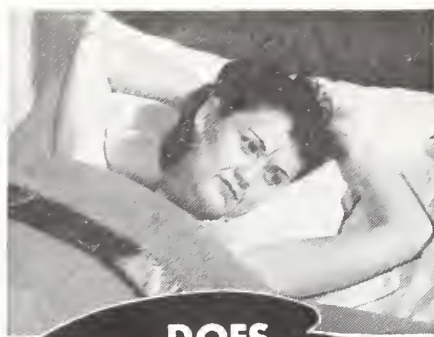
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- 3...it clings perfectly...really stays on

YOU'LL note a wonderful change the first time you make up with this famous face powder. You'll see how the Color Harmony shade created by *Max Factor Hollywood* for your type... whether blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead...gives new attraction, new appeal to your beauty by giving your skin a lovelier, more youthful color tone. You'll note how the superfine texture creates a soft, satin-smooth make-up. And you'll be thrilled with the unusual clinging quality that keeps your make-up looking lovely for hours. Try *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder today... make a new beauty discovery!... One dollar.



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... FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK**





DOES GAS KEEP YOU AWAKE NIGHTS?

GAS often seems to be at its worst during the night. Frequently, it seems to work up into chest and throat when one lies down, which makes one feel smothered and breathless in bed. Some people try to sleep sitting in a chair. Others keep rising out of bed to get their breath easier. Try KONJOLA, the medicine which acts in 3 ways to help ease gas misery. Sluggish digestion often promotes the accumulation of gas in one's intestinal tract. Bowel constipation may help to hold the gas inside to torment one with awful bloating. So KONJOLA not only contains Nature's herbs to help bring up gas from stomach, but also contains pepsin to aid digestion, and mildly helps to open constricted bowels and release gas.

Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you feel bloated "clear through"—when stomach expands, intestines swell and bowels "balloon" way out, due to gas accumulating from slow digestion and sluggish bowel action, try this medicine and see what relief it can give. Be sure you get the genuine KONJOLA Medicine—read the directions on the package and take exactly as directed thereon. KONJOLA is sold by every druggist in America on a strict guarantee of money back if not completely satisfied.

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This NEW 11-Minute Home Shampoo Keeps Hair Light, Lovely

This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it takes but 11 minutes for a glorious shampoo that you can do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair. Costs little to use. Sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

The Battling Bogarts

(Continued from page 31) the battle was on. Nobody is sure what happened next, except that when the debris was cleared away the contestants had departed, each in a different direction.

But the payoff came in the morning. Bogie arrived at the Algonquin in the early hours. Instead of going up to their suite he stopped at the desk and engaged himself a room down the hall, inwardly gloating over what he hoped would be Mayo's dismay on waking and finding him missing. Instead, when he got up himself around noon and went sheepishly into the suite he found their bedroom empty, the beds undisturbed. Mayo was missing. As he grabbed for the house telephone Mayo entered in nightgown and negligee. She had come home shortly before Bogie and, with the same idea, had engaged herself a separate room which, they discovered, was next to his. They burst out laughing and the battle was over, at least for the time being.

ONE of the lucky things about the Bogarts is that they are capable of laughing at themselves after the battle has subsided. No matter how murderous they may feel toward each other at night they can regale their friends by re-enacting the scene the next day. This is probably because each has the actor's point of view. A battle with them instinctively resolves itself into dramatic structure, ascending in waves toward a climax. When all verbal toppings are exhausted they resort to physical toppers. If, for example, Mayo throws a saucer at her spouse Bogie will retaliate with a platter, and so on.

Oddly enough they seldom do any great damage to each other. Damage, when it does occur, is apt to be accidental, as when Mayo let a telephone receiver slip through her hands and land on Bogie's face. This happened also at the Algonquin. The instrument was attached to the wall over the bed on which Bogie was peacefully resting. Mayo, in answering a call, let the receiver drop. The wire was just long enough for Bogie to get the full force of the blow. When the receiver hit him he leaped from the bed, both arms swinging. Luckily Mayo was able to duck before any serious harm was done.

Weapons are unrestricted in the Bogart feuds and are usually confined to the nearest throwable object. Sometimes the object proves not so throwable, as Mayo discovered the time she hoisted a large vase. When she hauled back her arm for the heave the weight of the vase threw her off balance and she fell over backwards, providentially saving Bogie from heaven knows what fate. At another time they were on their boat cruising to Catalina Island. Mayo was in the bow, ready to toss the painter to the dock. As Bogie maneuvered the craft shoreward he shouted some nautical instructions to Mrs. Bogart. He admits that perhaps his language was a bit sharp, or that the tone may have been peremptory. Whatever it was, Mayo was seized with sudden rebellion. Dropping the boat hook she picked up a life preserver and let Bogie have it right in his face. The craft, temporarily ignored by its captain and first mate, suffered a badly bruised bow when it hit the dock.

THE Bogarts have quick minds as well as tempestuous personalities. Sometimes their verbal exchanges come too fast. Each will break into the middle of the other's sentences, giving the words a

different meaning than intended. In explaining this peculiarity to me Humphrey gave an illustration of the way one battle actually started. Here's the dialogue verbatim:

Mayo: "I don't want to be a wife—"

Humphrey: "Darling, you're not a wife—"

Mayo (flaring up): "You apologize, you—"

Humphrey: "I'm not going to apologize . . ." (etc. etc. bang, BANG.)

This doesn't make sense unless you know how each sentence should have been completed. Mayo's opening remark was meant to be an endearing assertion that she wanted to be not merely a wife but more. Properly amended the next line would have read:

"Darling, you're not a wife, you're my everything" (or some such idyllic phrase). This would have automatically eliminated Mayo's rejoinder and the fight.

One of the longest and most complicated battles on record took place over several days and covered an area from Los Angeles to Dodge City, Kansas, and return. The occasion was a special trip carrying a trainload of stars and newspapermen to the world premiere of the picture "Dodge City." This event had been widely publicized and at all stations along the way crowds jammed the platform to catch a glimpse of the celebrities.

SHORTLY after the train pulled out of Los Angeles station there were signs of fermentation taking place in the Bogart drawing room. A few friends had joined them and pretty soon an argument had started.

No one now remembers what the argument was about, but it served as a powder magazine for the entire trip. It so happened that almost every time sparks began to fly in the Bogart vicinity the train would pull up at a station and the next instant Mr. and Mrs. Bogart were out on the platform with the rest of the stars, bowing and smiling to each other in attitudes of connubial ecstasy while thousands cheered. The train would get on its way again and the fight would take on approximately where it left off.

Large-scale entertainments in the Bogarts' home are something that only a real fight fan could appreciate. They always start off decorously, but before morning the spirit of the affair gets into everybody, at about which time threatening voices call up on the telephone.

One of these affairs was attended by James Thurber when he was in Hollywood collaborating with Elliot Nugent on "The Male Animal." The Nugents were there, father and son, as were Mischa Auer, Louis Bromfield and many other distinguished representatives of society and the arts. The martial spirit which prevailed was illustrated in the remark of one bespectacled guest who rushed up to a horn-rimmed gentleman, took hold of his arm and said, "Let's fight with our glasses on." Thurber was so enchanted by that evening that he commemorated it later in a drawing which he sent to the Bogarts with the inscription, "Jolly Times—1939." It occupies a prize spot in their home.

Yes, "jolly times" is really how the Bogarts look on their life together. On the basis of their own admission, "We fight to stay married," they have made a great success of their union, which is more than can be said of a lot of other Hollywood couples.

The End.

"Every girl should have a lovely

Lux Complexion"

says
this charming
young star



"Soft smooth skin wins romance," says lovely Veronica. And tells you of the daily beauty care she never neglects. "The Lux Soap lather's so creamy it's like a caress on the skin," she says. This ACTIVE lather removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly—gives precious skin care it needs.

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ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIAL. SMOOTH
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CREAMY LATHER
WELL INTO YOUR
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Veronica Lake

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM"

RINSE WITH WARM
WATER, THEN
SPLASH WITH COLD.
PAT WITH A SOFT
TOWEL TO DRY

NOW TOUCH YOUR
SKIN. IT'S VELVET-
SMOOTH! IT **PAYS**
TO GIVE PRECIOUS
SKIN THIS
GENTLE CARE!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Who Is Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman?

(Continued from page 34) woman in the world in "Lady In the Dark." And Katharine Hepburn's charming wardrobe in the Theatre Guild production, "Without Love," is by Valentina.

"The secret of the well-dressed woman is as simple as a-b-c," says Valentina. "Wear the right thing at the right time in the right place. And, above all, seek simplicity!"

She spoke first of Roz Russell. "She has such a charming atmosphere about her dress—always," she said.

Then Hepburn. "She knows, so well, the value of good lines."

"Garbo," she explained "rates much higher off screen as a smart woman than those who have seen her photographed

she had chic. She wore a big blue hat and a blue suit with a coat that caught at the neck and fell away to show a triangle of fresh white blouse. Always she's cleverly, freshly, appropriately groomed.

"And," he went on, "Carmen Miranda must be considered among Hollywood's truly smart women. She wears fabulous clothes. But what she wears is right for her. Her gold turbans and sequins and necklaces and bright colors would turn most women into circus horses. On her they are superbly right."

Irene Dunne had his vote too. "She is the other extreme from Miranda" he said. "Most conservative. But beautifully and smartly conservative."

It's his belief that "Above all, a woman must keep an open mind about clothes—watch out she has no hangover ideas about style or color because of some previous experience with that style or

Claudette came in third. "She makes extreme clothes look simple and simple clothes look extreme," Mrs. Morris said.

Joan Fontaine was mentioned for the same reason as Irene Dunne.

"Ginger Rogers, of course," Mrs. Morris said. "For she can be as versatile in the clothes she wears as in her roles."

Michele Morgan had a place in the Morris line-up because "she has such beautiful poise and makes young clothes sophisticated too."

In New York in a beautiful town house in the fashionable East Sixties a curving stairway rises to a second floor, mirror walled. There, with salesgirls and ladies trying on fascinating bonnets, we found Lily Dache.

It was Loretta Young whom Lily Dache mentioned first. "Loretta Young is so simple in her clothes," she said. "So feminine too. And so smiling."

Star	Named by							Total
	Irene	Head	Greer	Valentina	Banton	Morris	Dache	
Rosalind Russell	7			10		10		27
Claudette Colbert	8	10				7		25
Loretta Young	10						10	20
Katharine Hepburn			10	8				18
Veronica Lake		7		5			5	17
Irene Dunne					7	8		15
Greta Garbo				7			8	15
Joan Crawford	5						5	10
Lily Damita					10			10
Carmen Miranda					8			8
Gracie Allen			8					8
Barbara Stanwyck		8						8
Greer Garson							7	7
Dorothy Lamour			7					7
Constance Bennett	5							5
Dolores Del Rio	5							5
Marlene Dietrich	5							5
Margaret Hayes		5						5
Frances Farmer		5						5
Rita Hayworth			5					5
Lana Turner			5					5
Joan Fontaine						5		5
Ginger Rogers						5		5
Michele Morgan						5		5
Norma Shearer							5	5
Madeleine Carroll							5	5
Ann Sothern							5	5

only in a felt hat and a big mackintosh would believe. Garbo's personal clothes are as simple as she is and as classic as her beauty."

In the younger crowd it was Veronica Lake who intrigued Valentina. "You can feel her integrity," she says. "You know that girl is what she is and will not seek to appear otherwise."

Travis Banton was our fifth expert. He is pre-eminent in both New York and Hollywood. Recently he was with Hattie Carnegie in New York than which there isn't much more. Recently he was with Twentieth Century-Fox in Hollywood, which is all right too.

He thought Lily Damita deserved more honorable mention and far more serious consideration for this coveted title than she ever has received. "Damita has that new look always," he explained. "I saw her before her baby was born. Even then

color which was either most fortunate or most unfortunate."

Mrs. Leslie Morris designs clothes at the RKO studios. For Roz Russell, Lucille Ball, Janet Blair—need we go on? Mrs. Morris, like Irene, says, "A smart woman is a woman with carriage and poise. And a woman who knows what to leave off. When, for instance, an evening gown is sequin trimmed or has an outstanding pattern it should not be detracted from by a flower in the hair. When a hat's really a super little number its glory should not be dimmed by a fancy dress."

Mrs. Morris spoke of Roz Russell first. "She has the knack of making amusing things look very smart," she said. "Put anything sassy on Roz Russell and it immediately becomes the thing to wear."

Irene Dunne was second on the Morris list because she makes conservative things look glamorous.

Lily Dache laughed. "Strange! You ask me who is chic and I answer you this one is simple and sweet and human. It's always like that. A woman's mind invariably is reflected in her appearance. If she isn't warm and human and simple—is she's chi-chi—her clothes will be chi-chi. And nothing that's chi-chi is attractive. Only pretentious."

Garbo came second. "She wears things so perfect for her type," Lily Dache said. "Quiet modes, soft colors . . ."

Greer Garson was third. "She is so utterly feminine and simple."

Norma Shearer was fourth. "Simplicity in manner and clothes is her charm."

Madeleine Carroll was fifth. "Every woman is different. But most chic women have some of the same qualities—like the great human warmth Madeleine Carroll possesses in such rich abundance."

Joan Crawford—"because she knows

clothes." Ann Sothern for the same reason.

Carmen Miranda—for the identical reason Travis Banton offered. "The more I put on her," came the Dache exclamation, "the better she looked! So she is wise to wear the clothes she wears."

Veronica Lake interested Lily Dache too. "She has great potentialities," Dache said. "She is what she is and so she stamps whatever she wears as her very own!"

Now for the exciting business of scores:

Ladies and Gentlemen! We give you Rosalind Russell, the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. Because, according to our pre-eminent judges, "she always has a charming atmosphere about her dress . . . she has such a definite assurance that she can carry even a flowerpot on her head and make it important . . . she has the knack of making amusing things look very smart . . . put anything sassy on her and immediately it becomes *the* thing to wear."

Claudette Colbert nudges Roz for first place. Because, again according to our pre-eminent experts, "she has exquisite taste . . . she has wonderful hips . . . she wears her carefully planned, meticulously fitted clothes with an assurance that dramatizes her . . . she makes extreme clothes look simple and simple clothes look extreme."

Loretta Young ranks third.

And close behind these three there is Veronica Lake. Which brings to mind that immortal warning of Ibsen, "The younger generation is knocking at your door!" For clearly Veronica is potentially Hollywood's best dressed woman.

THE END

Next month we'll give you Roz Russell's very own secrets of chic. She'll tell you what manner of stockings she believes to be the best buy now, things to remember when you purchase a suit, the high points to watch for good fitting, how to build a wardrobe. Don't miss Roz's secrets. She didn't always have a star's salary. She knows every girl's clothes problems. She undoubtedly can help you to become outstandingly smart in your group, your world . . .

Twenty-Five Dollars For Your Thoughts

Who do you think is Hollywood's best-dressed woman?

Write us a letter naming the star upon whom you would bestow this coveted title—whether she is Roz Russell, another star our judges named, or someone whom they overlooked entirely—and give us the style reasons why this star gets your vote.

We will send a twenty-five-dollar War Bond to the reader who in the opinion of our editorial board, sends us the most convincing interesting letter. Literary style will not count. Facts are what we're after!

All decisions of the editorial board will be final.

Letters must not exceed one hundred words and must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 5, 1943.



What! NO DISHES?

You have just bought a piano, a living-room rug, a fine watch, or some similar, substantial adjunct to your home or your scheme of living. What extra inducement was "thrown in" to influence your choice?

The answer, of course, is—*nothing*. In fact, you'd be suspicious if something extra had been offered! You are satisfied the article itself is worth the price you paid.

Most Fels-Naptha Users feel the same way about laundry soap. They know that a bar or box of Fels-Naptha Soap is worth every penny of the purchase price—in *extra washing energy*. They don't want any other extras "thrown in."

As one woman aptly puts it,
"the soap that's cheapest at the counter isn't always cheapest when the washing's done."





**"FOR
MY
BOYS"**

● Uncle Sam appreciates the wholesomeness and goodness of dried fruits. And to make sure that his boys and America's fighting allies get plenty he has "frozen" the entire crop of apricots, peaches, and other cut fruits, and *most of the prunes*. We don't expect any more of our fruit to be released for civilian use this season. There'll be no cut fruits except what small lots happen to be in dealers' hands and there'll be fewer prunes to go around. So if you have trouble getting SUNSWEETS, just remember, Uncle Sam's boys come first.

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INCOME TAX ADVICE FOR THE WAGE EARNER!

● This article may be vital to you because: If you don't pay the full amount due, you may have to pay an extra sum later, as interest. If you pay more than the exact amount due, you may cause the Government the trouble of returning the extra sum in addition to your own inconvenience of having made an unnecessarily large payment.

■ On behalf of the millions of persons who in 1943 will, for the first time, be called upon to fill out income tax forms and pay income taxes TRUE STORY is publishing a tremendously helpful feature.

The editors have arranged with a thoroughly qualified tax expert to contribute a special article in which the mysteries and problems that confront the first time income tax payer are thoroughly and clearly explained away. It appears complete in the March issue now on sale.

■ It answers every predictable question that may present itself. It tells you which items may and may not be deducted. It tells you what to watch out for in filling out your report. It tells you how to compute your tax and fill in your form. It is written in simple, easily understood language free from technical terms.

In supplying this timely information TRUE STORY feels that it is being of service both to its readers and to our Government by avoiding in advance the troublesome and confusing errors that otherwise may occur.

■ If you or any member of your family are among the great army of Americans who, on March 15, 1943, will face the problems of income tax procedure you will find "Income Tax Advice for the Wage Earner" of inestimable value.

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IN CANADA 15c

Dear Reader: Hollywood Has Changed!

(Continued from page 37) downhearted and, since I didn't feel in the mood for bridge, he drove me home. I found he was downhearted because some of the scraps he'd been in had left their mark and he couldn't pass his physicals for Uncle Sam, though he'd been trying and trying.

But he brightened up when we spoke about Betty Grable. Betty, it seems, has the very definite idea that she wants to entertain the boys. The soldiers, the sailors. If the Victory Committee would send her she wanted to go as much as possible to the smaller camps, the out-of-the-way camps, where the boys don't get so much fun as they do at the bigger places near big towns. In other words, as George put it with a charming smile, the most popular of the young and beautiful screen stars actually wanted to play the tank towns, was asking for the old "one-night stand" routine. No matter how tough and inconvenient or how small the number of men, that's where Betty wanted to go as well as to the big ones.

But one night when she was scheduled for a very big camp indeed there almost wasn't any show. Betty took a peek and saw that about the first twelve rows of seats were vacant. All the others were filled with soldier boys, waiting for their favorite "girl friend."

"What's going on?" said Miss Grable. "Why are all those seats vacant?" Somebody explained to her that they were reserved for the officers and their wives and friends and families.

"Oh, no," said Miss Grable, flatly. "No indeed and a million times no. I didn't trek way out here to entertain any officers and their wives and friends and families. Not me. I came to try to give the boys a good time. I am not interested in the officers. What's more, either you fill up those seats with the guys they told me I was going to sing and dance for—or I don't go on."

She stuck to her guns—and you know the answer. The kids got the best seats and Betty Grable put on a show that lasted as long as they could listen.

THERE was, too, your good friend Bette Davis. I was in Hollywood when the Hollywood Canteen was opened under her guiding spirit. Now again, that's routine. It had to be done and, as you know, Bette Davis has a fine executive and directorial mind. When she sets out to get things done, they get done. She did it in a big way and she made it a huge success and traffic was jammed and thousands upon thousands of boys that Saturday night were served sandwiches and had entertainment and danced with some of the prettiest and highest priced and most famous girls in the movies.

But afterwards I happened to be driving down Hollywood Boulevard, coming in from Dick Foran's ranch out in San Fernando Valley, with a very pretty blonde actress named Carol Gallagher. We picked up two sailors, a Marine, a private and a sergeant in the Army, and took them downtown. They had all been at the canteen and as we drove they got to talking. They weren't especially articulate and they didn't make any fancy speeches. But the thing they got across was mighty important.

"I danced with Bette Davis," the Marine said.

"I danced with Ida Lupino," the private said.

"I danced with Lana Turner . . ." It went on like that and then there was silence for a few blocks.

"They seemed to like it," the Marine commented, tentatively. "I mean, Miss Davis seemed to—to enjoy it. I mean, it wasn't a bit like I thought it would be, like she was—doing me a favor."

"Well," said one of the sailors, "Ann Rutherford was just like that."

"That," said the private who had danced with Ida Lupino, "that is democracy."

HE had something there, of course. But it was a good deal more than that, wasn't it? I've heard plenty of the boys squawk about being patronized, though that isn't the way they put it. But the Hollywood Canteen is different. On the night I went down with Ida Lupino—I could see that it had a true air of friendship and gratitude and faith. I had a feeling that somewhere in the darkest night at sea, somewhere at dawn before a battle those kids would remember the women of Hollywood not as movie stars, but as girls who had faith in them.

There were others I met—like Bob Hope. I would venture to say that no man in history has ever entertained as many armed men as Bob Hope. And—believe it or not—he was so nervous, he had such attacks of stage fright that it was pitiful. He was so scared the boys wouldn't like him. He actually worried himself thin over it.

"The best I have," Bob said, "isn't anywhere near good enough for these boys. The rest of us don't amount to much these days. We're just the people they're fighting for."

So he kept everybody up all night, writing new gags, trying to find new

laughs, thinking up new material. Why, there isn't a sponsor on the air or a motion-picture company in Hollywood who could buy for any of the fantastic salaries Bob has been paid the amount of work he did—the amount of writing—the amount of annoying his writers and directors almost to death—the amount of extra rehearsals and extra business and nervous fear that he put out for his tours of the camps.

THEN we come to Hollywood's great job of selling Bonds across America. Stories of the stars have come drifting back to us, picturesque, funny, moving. For sheer picturesqueness I love the one about our fighting bantam, Jimmy Cagney, who tackled singlehanded the tough boys in the steel mills of Gary, Indiana.

"Look, you guys," said Jimmy, swinging into action. "I didn't come here to entertain you. I came here to give you hell. There's a war on and you fellows have only allotted four percent of your salaries for Bonds to foot the bills to get those Japs and Germans who think they can lick America and shoot down the American flag. We can't win the war that way. You've got to invest ten percent."

They tell me no man ever received a greater ovation—and the workers boosted their allotments way over ten percent and that increase meant \$6,000,000 for war bills during this year.

Irene Dunne sold a pair of her own earrings for \$30,000 in War Bonds. And the lovely and stately Miss Dunne, one of Hollywood's most gracious ladies, confided to a pal that at that price for War Bonds she would probably have done a Gypsy Rose Lee right there. It was

a good thing, said Miss Dunne, that they stopped with the earrings.

Greer Garson talked to 600 War Mothers somewhere in West Virginia—women who together had 800 sons in the service. She didn't make any great oration. She didn't say anything memorable. The thing was that she couldn't say anything at all for five minutes. She was crying. The War Mothers seemed to like that better than anything.

Perhaps I haven't told you what you expected to hear about Hollywood in wartime. Nor can I tell you about some of the very real sacrifices that have been made. Somehow, they sound phony. Somehow, I feel that Hollywood doesn't regard them as sacrifices.

THAT'S the thing. This time, Hollywood seems almost humble. This time, they seem to be asking to be taken in, not just as entertainers, not just as morale-builders, but as people who are at least doing as much as anybody else.

Years ago Marie Dressler, who did the greatest job of anybody in the last war—I mean anybody from Hollywood—said something to me that I have never forgotten. We were talking about the blows that life can sometimes deal, the heartbreaks that come. Marie said, "I've been knocked to my knees a great many times, but it doesn't matter. You see, that is the position in which you learn at last to pray."

Something like that has happened to Hollywood. Maybe it's that for the first time Hollywood is—just another little town in America. All they seem to ask is to be allowed to do their part—and God Bless America.

The End.

PEPSI-COLA FOR "JANIE" AND THE GANG

HERBERT EVERS
BETTY BRECKENRIDGE
FRANK AMY
GWEN ANDERSON (JANIE)
MARGARET WALLACE
GERTRUDE BEACH

See "JANIE"—a show that hits the spot—now playing at Henry Miller's Theater in New York.

★ ★ ★ ★

Hail, hail the gang's all here for a Pepsi-Cola party! Party-time is Pepsi-Cola time, not only on Broadway, but wherever thirsty folks gang up. It's a grand drink... one nickel buys a 12-ounce bottle. Entertain your thirst today with Pepsi-Cola.

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(Continued from page 53) than inherent and "all too prevalent." He drinks almost no water with meals.

His favorite singer is Jan Peerce.

He spreads a napkin only in half.

He seldom chews gum and always had trouble spelling "necessary" and "occasion," a shortcoming he corrected once and for all on the day this was written. He was educated at Fairfield Academy, Bristol, England.

Cary Grant thinks the most beautiful view he has ever seen was the bay at Acapulco, Mexico, as he saw it one Easter Sunday morning.

He has a lurking fear, these days, of a leaky gas tank. His favorite book as a boy was "Playing Fields," a classic of Eton College. He smokes very few cigarettes.

He made his current RKO-Radio picture, "From Here To Victory," at the behest of the Government. He is articulate, earnest and completely unaffected. He dotes on curried dishes.

He enjoys horseracing, never betting more than two dollars.

He abhors hillbilly music.

He once attempted winter sports. "I tried 'em. I stink!"

He has a slight astigmatism, likes soft felt hats in dark greys and doesn't like chili sauce. He would like someday to take a course in languages and go in seriously for the piano. He weighs 180 pounds.

He writes with his right hand and draws with his left.

He never wears a wing collar with a dinner jacket and more than any other street in the world has derived more pleasure from walking down La Rive Gauche, Paris. He holds great admiration for the musical talents of the late Bix Biederbecke. His wife's son, Lance, by her former husband, Count von Haugwitz-Reventlow, is now six years old.

HE HAS assiduously refrained from using any influence to promote himself into a post of importance in the war effort, leaving it entirely up to the Government to employ his services where they think best. He studied music for five years and loves to loaf by sunbathing.

He hates wearing a derby.

He is fond of green olives, classical music on the air, and believes that a person can pretty much achieve the ends he sets out to achieve providing he sticks to his guns. He plays a bad game of tennis.

He carries a wrist watch whenever he thinks of it, likes wearing tails, and has never excelled in any sports.

He is a procrastinating letter-writer. "I never answer them. They rot in the drawer." He drinks a lot of milk and is always tanned a dark brown by early summer.

He places no faith in any kind of fortunetelling. He has never expe-

rienced seasickness and has an ambition someday to own a mina bird, an East Indian, ravenlike talking bird.

He hates cats.

He likes dry martinis, wool or silk socks, and small, intimate parties. His favorite cheese is brie.

He has never worn spats or carried a walking stick. He usually shaves twice a day and finds it much too easy for him to say yes to requests for personal favors, always assuming more than he can undertake. He frankly declares that his philosophic attitudes derive chiefly from the Bible.

He is fond of the heavier types of ales, doesn't like beer, has no desire ever to own a farm, and eats with both hands without shifting tools from one hand to the other.

He and his wife enjoy playing backgammon and gin rummy together, always playing for pennies and always settling losses. He prefers a string quartette when dining out and doesn't care for chocolate malts. He likes his coffee black "with an eye dropper of cream."

He indulges in no gambling games excepting poker.

He has failed miserably in every attempt to cook something. He owns two male dogs, one half-Sealyham half-poodle, the other a full Sealyham. He has a weakness for old English antiques and doesn't mind eating alone.

CARY GRANT was the son of a clothing manufacturer, and nurtures a secret yearning to be a good boxer and a good swimmer. He goes for a hot-dog at the drop of a hat, deals cards left-handed and would like someday to essay "Raffles" on the screen. "It appeals to the larceny in me."

He always whistles when worried.

He once won a prize in a Ping-pong contest on shipboard. His favorite breakfast is bacon and eggs, the latter turned over. He is lucky in games of chance, doesn't like lisle hose, and fights shy of dining to the accompaniment of swing music.

His beard is exceptionally heavy around his mouth and chin, and he inherited his love of the theater from his grandfather, Percival Leach, famous English tragedian. He loves roast duck, modern Chinese furniture and sleeping late.

He has a passion for browns in suits, a color which he confesses doesn't suit him.

He considers the most charming cities he has ever seen the little towns of St. Paul and Eze in the South of France. He is a poor marksman and never wears panamas or straw hats. He hopes someday to visit the Orient.

He has a special weakness for chocolates with marzipan centers.

He is not made dizzy by heights, smokes a pipe occasionally in the evenings, and if he had his choice, work

Can you guess who our next PORTRAIT is?

She's a vegetarian and majored in theology.
She's an expert bridge-player and world-affairs talker.
Her childhood idol was Eddie Rickenbacker.
She's going to have a baby in May.

Why, of course!

She's Rosalind Russell!

Meet her in an early issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror

permitting, he would rather live in Northern California. He failed in mathematics at school.

His wife taught him to be punctual. He cannot tango, is bored by track meets and never carries enough cash on his person for ordinary needs. He never goes to a Turkish bath.

He was more popular with boys than with girls as a youngster.

His tastes lean towards the extremes in everything, and this is exemplified in his paradoxical philosophic attitudes, being realistic and romantic at the same time. His boyhood idol was Buffalo Bill.

He sleeps soundly, never on his stomach, and has a particular aversion for wheelks, an English periwinkle type of snail eaten by many people. He gets sudden periods of depression for no apparent reason.

He likes most to play the works of Jerome Kern on the piano. He can never remember the license number of his car, dislikes canned kippers, and has never had a nickname.

Cary Grant would like someday to have two children of his own—a boy and a girl.

He was born in a small English suburban house built of brick. He likes small minute steaks, cooked medium well. He has read hundreds of times a collection of short stories by W. W. Jacobs, entitled "Snug Harbor." He reads something out of this book almost every night.

He considers "Once Upon A Honeymoon" one of his best comedies and had he not been an actor he would have liked to have been a criminal lawyer. He wears a size forty-two coat.

He never argues with a traffic cop. He hates wearing a topper.

HE NEVER plays golf, likes chutney, comfortable sport shirts, and has a green-eyed china monster that cost ten cents and which his wife gave him as a luck charm. He doesn't like hunting.

He wears a plain gold wedding ring.

He dances an excellent fox trot and a very good rhumba. He never gets airsick, excelled at school in history and geography, and regularly attends the local boxing events once a week.

He was sixteen when he first came to the United States. He proffered his services to England in any capacity when that country first went to war with Germany. He seldom wears a soft collar the way the manufacturer intended it to be worn, inevitably pulling up the back of the collar so as to reveal the necktie in the back. He can never remember dates or places.

He habitually has coffee at four every day. "A devil of a habit now what with rationing."

He was thirteen when he ran away from home to join an acrobatic troupe. He was returned home four weeks later, where he remained a year and a half when he again made an attempt to join the troupe. He has appeared on Broadway in many musical comedies.

He usually sleeps in the raw and had a boyhood ambition to walk in the rain dressed in high boots, raincoat and sou'wester hat. He appeared in twelve operettas in 1921, staged by the St. Louis Repertoire Company. He has a bicycle which he bought before priorities and considers his best performance that in "The Awful Truth."

He once owned haberdasheries in Hollywood and New York.

Cary Grant, when asked what pictures he considered his worst, said: "How many columns do you want to devote to that endless subject?"

The End

"Speak the language of the Heart with soft, confiding HANDS,"

says

Ilona Massey



Ilona Massey, starring in Universal's "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man"; with Joe Allen, Jr. Such thrilling hands!

"It's wonderful how easily a girl helps to keep her hands smooth and feminine with Jergens Lotion," says Ilona Massey, charming young Hollywood Star. "The Stars in Hollywood, they say, use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. It's so nice and quick—never sticky. I've used Jergens Lotion for years."



The HAND Care Most Film Stars Use—

You give your hands almost-professional care by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Help prevent that uncomfortable hard feeling—that "too-old" look. Two fine ingredients in Jergens are used by many doctors to help neglected skin become fresh-flower smooth. 10¢ to \$1.00. Most smart girls use Jergens Lotion.

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 for Soft, Adorable HANDS

Wives Should Have War Dates



DO MEN TURN AWAY *when your hair comes too near?*

If you enjoy dancing... if you want to be considered dainty, fastidious... then guard against scalp odor.

Remember—your scalp perspires as well as your skin—and many girls also have oily hair which easily forms an unpleasant odor. Check up on yourself... your hat, your hairbrush, your pillow, tomorrow morning.

It's so easy to play safe. Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. It works wonders with oily hair and scalp odor because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar.

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(Continued from page 41) possible to have a double date with another couple, preferably married. That couple should be along when Mrs. Smith's escort calls for her and takes her home.

"My third rule is that after the date Mrs. Smith should write her husband all about it. Tell him everything that happened, where she went, what jokes were told, anything that will amuse him, and make him realize that she *wants* him to know about it."

THIS theory of Ida's is not an untried idea. She and her husband have proved its worth. Before Hayward left for service he bestowed his blessing on a chosen few of their mutual friends. These are the ones who have been Ida's escorts at premieres, dinners and parties. Whenever she has a date, Ida writes him all about it.

"It pleases Louis to know I'm not just sitting here worrying about him. A few weeks ago, after I had not heard from him for a month while he was on sea duty, he telephoned me from the East Coast. I was able to tell him all the news about our mutual friends because I had seen them. He laughed and was happy that my life was not completely out of gear. When I asked him if he was having dates, he said, 'You know us Marines!' You see, we could be gay.

"I don't know when I shall see Louis. He couldn't even tell me where he was going."

Ida was quick to concede that the date problem for a Hollywood wife is a bit different from that of women in other towns.

"An actress, for business reasons, can't just crawl into a shell and never be seen anywhere. For that reason she might have more dates than a young wife in St. Louis or Centreville.

"But the principle is exactly the same. I firmly believe that any war wife should occasionally enjoy the company of a man."

How should a wife pick her dates? Remembering they should be friends of her husband, what sort of men should she choose, if she's lucky enough to have much choice in these days of man shortage?

"If Mrs. Smith can," Ida answered, "she should choose a man with an active sense of humor, informal, who likes to do gay things and won't spend the evening grouching about the war or high taxes. In short, he should be easy on the nerves or the entire purpose of having the date is shattered."

WHAT about her own choices? Would she name six?

"First on my list is Monty Woolley. He has a wonderful sense of humor; to him the simplest things are fun. He is completely informal, even at the most formal parties. He is kind, sweet-tempered and the complete gentleman. He is the perfect escort.

"You probably won't believe it, but he loves to dance. Even jitterbug! There is never a dull moment with him, for he loves little jokes.

"Monty invited me to go with him to the premiere of 'The Pied Piper' and told me to prepare a little speech. With misgivings I did. He coached me on it as we drove down. I was in a tizzy because I dread speeches. Then when we arrived neither of us was called on. He knew we wouldn't be and roared with laughter when I nearly fainted with relief."

Harry Mines, a well-known Los An-

geles drama critic, was also given a Hayward blessing as one of Ida's beaux. A friend of long standing, Harry has a keen, clever mind, a brittle sense of humor. He likes symphony concerts, the ballet and theater and takes Ida to them. He delights in finding unusual restaurants where they sit and talk by the hour.

Flying Officer Robert Coote of the Royal Canadian Air Force, who has been a friend of the family's for years, is another of Ida's favorite dates, but she sees him seldom, for leaves are few in the RCAF. "Cooter," so named by Ida and Louis, played a lead in "The Commandos Strike At Dawn" and had a week in Hollywood while it was being finished after most of it had been shot in Canada.

"Cooter is grand fun," says Ida. "He has a British sense of humor, is gay and entertaining."

And who were her three other choices? "I can't give you names, because they would number hundreds—but my fourth, fifth and sixth choices would be the Army, Navy and Marine Corps!" she said laughing.

"That isn't exactly the kind of date we've been talking about, but I regard it as a date because it means the company of men, their conversation and viewpoint.

"War wives should never overlook canned duty or entertaining service men in groups. It's not only a form of date, it is a service of which women can be proud.

"Surely other wives must feel as I do, after spending an evening entertaining service men, when I can say to myself, 'I think I helped those boys have a good time tonight. They felt at home. They told me about their wives and sweethearts. I hope somewhere someone is extending such hospitality to Louis.'"

Ida probably gives more time entertaining service men—without benefit of publicity—than any other star in Hollywood.

"There is one other date," Ida continued, "that is most important, good for any war wife or war fiancée, and which cannot cause any unkind comment from anyone. That is *work*!"

"It is the perfect antidote for worry or nerves or boredom. However, it shouldn't be anything like one's regular daytime occupation. Any hobby or aptitude that can be developed so that it absorbs one's mind in spare time is the thing to choose.

"You may think, from what I've already said, that I spend most of my evenings dashing about. As a matter of fact, I don't very much, unless I'm entertaining service men. Otherwise I stay home—and compose music!"

"Other girls can write or paint or do sculpture. They might join ambulance corps, learn first aid, motor mechanics, telegraphy or craftsmanship. *Anything*, if it is absorbing work, fills your mind and crowds back worry."

Ida's songs, which she played and sang for us—the lyrics written by her friend "Bunny"—are lilting popular melodies. When you hear "Floating On Air" or "Sweet Face" or "Ache Of Spring" on the Hit Parade, and you will one day because they're that good, remember that they were composed during some of Ida's long evenings at home while Louis was away in the service of his country. Evenings which might have been black with worry but for her hours of work.

As she finished her songs and turned from the piano, Ida said, "You know, that's really my favorite war date. *Work*!"

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

I Was Self-Conscious

(Continued from page 51) go for endive."

We left the powder room together and I wished we might be going to spend the evening together too. We were! She was the famous social leader I had dreaded to meet!

I'm not given to easy confidences. However, before that evening was over I told this young woman about my social difficulties and, jokingly, asked if she had ten rules on how to be popular at parties tucked away in her charming chartreuse bag.

She laughed. But she spoke seriously. "There's only one rule for social conduct, I think," she said. "Friendliness!" "I've found," she went on, "that an interest in people and the things in which they're interested works like a magnet. Immediately men and women feel interest they respond—and you're on your way to another warm relationship."

"There's one thing to remember, however," she cautioned, very serious indeed now. "It's impossible to be friends with everyone. It's no use trying. It's no use, in other words, to go to every party to which you're invited or to invite everyone you meet to your house. Try to be friends with everyone and you'll cease being true to yourself. And there's no profit—no warm, human profit, I mean—going about with those who are naturally strangers, with those who have different standards, who want different things from life, who neither feel nor think as you do."

She preached exactly what she practiced.

Immediately I began putting her advice into effect. It worked—miraculously! It changed my life. Social stage fright is a thing of the past. I enjoy parties now—the parties I give and the parties I attend. Because I no longer conduct an armed truce with the other guests or with my guests. Because I seek for friends only those with whom I'm congenial, those I understand, and offer others courtesy and consideration, en passant.

Life's so much more fun when you aren't a social problem child. And no one need be. Take my word for this. When it comes to social stage fright I'm the old, well-known Voice of Experience!

The End



Plum-picker of the season: Gloria Jean, who walks off with a prize role in the new "Flesh And Fantasy"

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SAFELY STOP UNDER-ARM
PERSPIRATION AND
ODOR? MINE DOES.

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THAT WAS ME, all right! Especially, when it came to taking a laxative. I used to punish myself with the worst-tasting medicine. And how that stuff would weaken and upset me! Aside from its awful taste, it was just *too strong!*

THEN I ADDED INSULT to injury! I went to the other extreme and started taking what turned out to be a "namby-pamby" laxative. I thought it would be easier on me, but it failed to give me relief. It was just *too mild!*



FINALLY, ONE OF THE GIRLS at the plant put me wise to Ex-Lax! Now, *there's* a laxative for you! It's such a cinch to take . . . tastes just like swell chocolate. And it does its job so well — without knocking you out! Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective — but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called:

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

As a precaution, use only as directed.

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Please send me Free Booklet and Picture Sample. I would like to play:

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Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 21)

\$1.00 PRIZE

Young America Speaking

SO his name is Alan Ladd and he's had just two starring roles. That lad certainly is an overnight star!

Today the Junior classes sat in the auditorium and watched a film called "Unfinished Rainbows" flash on the screen. Sure, it was in Technicolor and it was a talkie. So what? It was just another educational film about aluminum.

Suddenly a murmur across from the kids in general and some worshipping fan cried out "Alan Ladd!!!" It didn't seem possible that a big-name star could be shown in our little theater, but his name was on the list of players. We waited anxiously and then—sure enough, there was his picture big as life flashing on and off.

Oh, and ahs went around the room and even the teachers were smiling.

Yes, he was a hit! When the picture finished the kids clapped till their hands were red and he was the sensation of the day (even with report cards coming out).

He isn't handsome, but Alan Ladd is an actor, a real honest-to-goodness one!

He's solid dynamite and right now he's blasting the American movie-goers right out of their seats!

Yessir, he's the kind *young America* likes.

Anna Lewis,
Glen Ridge, N. J.

HONORABLE MENTION

SEVERAL months ago I watched a film which was lifted out of the triteness of its plot by two shining performances. The film was "Joan Of Paris"; the actors, Paul Henreid and Michele Morgan. The other day I saw Paul Henreid again in "Now, Voyager." Even the superb acting of Bette Davis did not dim the masculine sweetness which is so appealing in Mr. Henreid. When compared to him, actors like Victor Mature and Robert Taylor are imitations. It isn't his accent, particularly, but the honesty of his performance.

Geraldine Fitzgerald impresses me in the same way as these two French performers.

Dorothy Krall,
New Haven, Conn.

A FEW weeks ago I went to see "The Gay Sisters." I was getting quite bored with the picture until a handsome young actor (I do mean actor) was introduced into the story. He made me sit up and begin to enjoy the picture.

Gig Young (yes, that's whom I'm talking about) changed the picture into a four-bell hit.

Sally McCalpin,
Wilkesburg, Penna.

GEORGE MURPHY is a person whom a boy really admires. He's not a homemade Romeo, for just to look at his past life shows that many difficulties have confronted him during his life. In fact, it was believed when he was young he would never walk again and would become a cripple for the rest of his life; but in spite of this handicap, it may be rightfully said, he is one of the foremost tap dancers of today.

I really enjoyed his last two movies, "The Navy Comes Through" and "For Me And My Gal."

Dick Winkler,
Cincinnati, O.

THIS is a plea for the victims of unthinking letter writers. This article is always full of letters from people who, in order to build up their own favorite, are unconsciously tearing down someone else's. Results, ill will.

I'm sure that no one would willfully want to harm another star. It's wonderful that we fans have this chance to express our views and complaints. But there is nothing to be gained from this negative criticism.

Buddy Cowley,
Brackettville, Tex.

RECENTLY I attended a movie and saw for quite a while. I don't say the pictures were the best, but they were more enjoyable than any I have seen in a long time.

The first picture was, "Get Hep To Love" with Gloria Jean and Robert Paige, among others. The second was, "The Postman Didn't Ring" with Brenda Joyce and Richard Travis.

Both pictures were as entertaining as could be. They were happy pictures too. Made you feel that it was a pretty good time to be living after all. It was a real pleasure just to sit back and relax.

(Mrs.) Jane M. Carey,
Moline, Ill.

Accolade from Ohio for George Murphy, seen dishing it out for Mrs. Murphy at the Beverly Hills Hotel Sunday-night buffet.



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

✓ In Which We Serve (U. A.)

It's About: *The story of a British destroyer and its men.*

NOEL COWARD wrote, produced, directed, composed the music and acted in what is probably England's finest war film to date. The technique is pure artistry in form, the direction both intelligent and brilliant and the acting so natural the characters become a part of our lives.

English films certainly surpass our own in their choice of characters—not sexy, startling, beautiful people that we so seldom meet in real life, but honest, homely, real people who behave normally and naturally. Therein lies a great deal of the magnetic power and spiritual beauty of this picture.

The central character tells the story of a ship, *H. M. S. Torrin*, from its inception to its final death struggle at the bloody hands of a Nazi sub. Clinging to Nazi machine gunners, the minds of the a life raft and constantly strafed by oil-soaked, half-dead survivors go back to their homes, remembering little, homey, natural events that make up every man's life. It's the remembering of the "little things," instead of trumped-up dramatic episodes that gives the power and the glory to Noel Coward's story.

The reaction of the English people to their men at sea is portrayed as it never has been before.

Typically undemonstrative, but typically sympathetic, Noel Coward's sea captain carries conviction and power.

Your Reviewer Says: Pure artistry.

✓ The Powers Girl (Charles Rogers-U. A.)

It's About: *A girl who finagles her way to modeling.*

A GOOD little musical this, boasting Benny Goodman's orchestra, Anne Shirley and Carole Landis as sisters, Dennis Day and his songs, and George Murphy as the boy both girls want. Something laudable is bound to come out of all this talent and it does. But we do think the story missed a big opportunity to tell us more of the beautiful Powers models—how they're chosen, their selection for modeling work, etc. Instead, Hollywood has chosen the time-worn theme of the big sister who wants a career more than all the world and is therefore a heavy just on general principles and the meek little sister who wants nothing but George Murphy and almost loses out on him.

Carole Landis is a swell girl but hasn't had her chance on the screen really to register.

Anne Shirley is just herself, Alan Mowbray is humanly believable as John Powers, head of the model agency, and George Murphy tops as the magazine photographer.

Dennis Day, of the Jack Benny program, sings as you'd expect and, of course, Benny Goodman's fans will have a field day over his music.

Your Reviewer Says: More "Powers" to this one.

MARCH, 1943



...AND THE GIRL'S FACE is Satin-Smooth for Kisses



GOOD MORNING TREATMENT FOR DRY SKIN

Apply a light film of Jergens Face Cream; leave on as you do your chores. Your skin looks clean, fresh. Before making up, cleanse with this new cream; splash with cold water; blot gently dry.

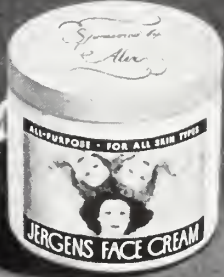
Sensational "One-Cream" Beauty Treatment soon helps smooth away sad Dry-Skin Lines

You, too, can easily have skin like satin—so smooth, clear and fine.

One new cream is all you need. Jergens Face Cream! This single cream is almost like 4 creams. It

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Thank Jergens skin scientists for Jergens Face Cream; they make Jergens Lotion, too. Use Jergens Face Cream every day. It's the new "One-Cream" Beauty Treatment.



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- Blue Star indicates son or relative in the Service, while Insignia shows soldier's or sailor's particular branch of service such as Aviation, Marine, etc.
- Red, white and blue Ribbon finest quality rayon
- Colorfast: Can be washed with hot or cold water, any Soap
- Colors blend with any dress
- Safety catch back

He's fighting for you—so why not show you really care? If you have a dear one in the Service—honor him by proudly wearing this Civilian War-Service Pin.

IMPORTANT: State specific branch of service.

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as an American, wear this

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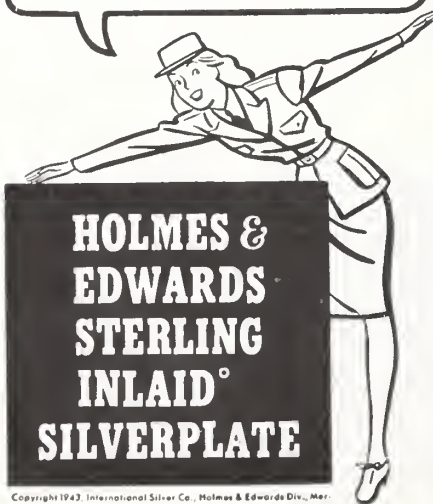
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A Night To Remember (Columbia)

It's About: An amateur sleuth whose wife plunges him into a mystery.

IT'S a gay little thing that means no harm and endeavors to do its best in spreading cheer in these troubled times. And so it does, bless its heart, what with Loretta Young and Brian Aherne, a young married couple, innocently moving into an apartment building that houses all the victims of one blackmailer.

Of course someone has to get murdered in our young couple's apartment, but we couldn't make out what place he had in the story or why he was killed exactly.

Brian Aherne, the dimwit husband sleuth, should cut out the clowning and resume playing romantic roles as only he can.

Loretta Young is so beautiful, isn't she?

Your Reviewer Says: A night to amuse you.

✓ You Were Never Lovelier (Columbia)

It's About: An American dancer woos a South American beauty.

THE long-awaited Fred Astaire-Rita Hayworth picture arrives after weeks of strenuous rehearsals by Rita and Fred and we feel the result a bit disappointing.

There isn't nearly enough dancing to please us, but what there is is simply marvelous, no two ways about it.

The story is slow to get under way with Rita believing Fred to be her Romeo and Fred wanting nothing but to dance in her father's night club. However, it picks up as it goes along and ends in a fine whirl.

Rita is lovely. Adolphe Menjou as her papa is very good.

Xavier Cugat's orchestra gives with some fine numbers. The Jerome Kern music, especially "You Were Never Lovelier," is a lilting treat.

Your Reviewer Says: Romance in rhythm.

✓ When Johnny Comes Marching Home (Universal)

It's About: A returned hero who seeks seclusion.

HERE'S a mighty good little musical, folks, enhanced by radio's all-girl Hour of Charm orchestra, the performance of a couple of young newcomers, Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan, and the fresh-as-a-daisy story.

Allan Jones, as the soldier hero who secretly rejoins old friends to avoid social-minded Marla Shelton and promptly gets accused of being A.W.O.L., does some of his best work to our notion. Jane Frazee is very likeable as a singer with the orchestra and Gloria Jean grows up right before our very eyes. But it's that young scamp of a Donald O'Connor who steals the show, with Peggy Ryan in on the grand larceny. Evelyn and her magic violin, known to thousands of radio fans, scores a solid hit with her gypsy music.

All the music is good, in fact, and the picture a little whiz-dinger in its own right.

Your Reviewer Says: Zip set to music.

✓ Arabian Nights (Wanger-Universal)

It's About: Colorful travesty on the tales of Sherazade.

BEAUTY in gorgeous color overshadows story and cast in this fanciful, farcical tale of the Arabian Nights, Hollywoodized, and so far from the original tales as to be a completely new story.

This version tells of a Caliph of Bagdad (undoubtedly Hollywood had no idea Caliphs were religious rulers and not political governors) whose brother usurps his throne for the love of the dancing girl, *Sherazade*. But the real Caliph (Jon Hall) minus his beard moves unknown among *Sherazade's* friends, winning her love and eventually regaining his Caliphship.

The desert scenes are magnificent, the sets lavish and the cast, including Billy Gilbert, Leif Erikson and Sabu so very capable.

Maria Montez makes a believable *Sherazade*, outshadowed, we're afraid, by the luscious colors that surround her.

Your Reviewer Says: Two big blue eyes-ful.

✓ Andy Hardy's Double Life (M-G-M)

It's About: Andy gets ready for college.

IN three days' time *Andy Hardy* runs the gamut of emotions from happiness to horror, from sublimity to humility, mugging, grimacing and clowning all the way. Andy has three days left in the home town of Carvel before he leaves for college and in that short space of time he gets himself engaged to two girls, gives a rubber check, helps his dad solve a case and delivers a man-to-man talk to his father—a reverse on the usual angle.

How he has the strength left to get to school is beyond us. Esther Williams is terrific in her swimming scenes with Mickey. Ann Rutherford is back as *Polly Benedict* and Susan Peters is glimpsed in a final scene. Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden and aunt Sara Haden are all present as the very real *Hardy* family.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the best of the *Hardys*.

Best Pictures of the Month

Commandos Strike At Dawn

Star Spangled Rhythm

In Which We Serve

Best Performances

Paul Muni in "Commandos Strike At Dawn"

Noel Coward in "In Which We Serve"

✓ Pittsburgh (Universal)

It's About: *The rise and fall of an ambitious coal miner.*

WE expected: Flaming furnaces against a night sky, the dramatic struggle of men and steel, of danger and molten lava, the wealth and smoke that make up the city of Pittsburgh.

We got: John Wayne, a coal miner nicknamed "Pittsburgh" who is spurred on to ambitious heights by "Hunky" Dietrich, a man who goes overboard in arrogance and ruthlessness that lead him to desert Marlene for the social Louise Allbritton and who finally meets his come-uppance and regeneration in defense work. Sounds mighty familiar, doesn't it?

Once again Randy Scott is Wayne's partner who finally gets the girl.

It's just a thought, but could you possibly be as weary of Dietrich in these "woman leads to fistfight brawls" as we are?

Louise Allbritton starts right up to the old success ladder in this one. Frank Craven has a namby-pamby role as the doctor. As usual, he narrates in spots.

Your Reviewer Says: Familiar as an old shoe.

The Great Impersonation (Universal)

It's About: *An Englishman and German who look alike.*

IT'S the same old dual role of men who look so much alike their own wife (and they usually share one) doesn't know who is who.

This time it's Ralph Bellamy, an Englishman who looks so much like Ralph Bellamy the German that he is able to go to Germany, get secret plans and then to be sent to England as a German spy. And all this time the English wife, Evelyn Ankers, becomes only faintly suspicious. It's Kaaren Verne, the Austrian sweetheart of the German, who throws the final monkey wrench into the monkey business.

Your Reviewer Says: Three guesses—who am I?

Mountain Rhythm (Republic)

It's About: *A back to the "corn" field movement.*

THE Weaver Brothers are back again with less singing and more "dray-matics." It seems the Weavers take a long-promised vacation to Califormee and then forego the pleasures of a restful life to recruit the student body of a snooty boys school to help harvest the land of a departed Jap. Everybody pitches in and raises old Ned.

Your Reviewer Says: Hoe that corn!

Behind The 8 Ball (Universal)

It's About: *Murder in the old barn theater.*

YOI, yoi, yoi, the Ritz blitz is back again and how those boys clown and carry on. We especially liked their aping of Ted Lewis and his "When My Baby Smiles At Me" number. Carol Bruce sings four numbers in her usual husky manner and Gracie McDonald steps like fury and gives out with the popular "Mr.

LINNY— Begins a Busy Day! BY These



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SUFFERING ALARM CLOCKS! Can it really be time to get up? Ooh... how I hate to leave the cuddly comfort of these smooth Linit-ized sheets.

NO RUNS! NO RIPS! NO TEARS! A little Linit Starch in the final rinse sure helps to protect precious hose... keeps 'em sleek looking, too.



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THERE'S MANY A SLIP still fresh and new-looking because it's always laundered with Linit Starch, which penetrates and preserves dainty fabrics.



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OOPS!... how will that lovely blouse look after a busy day? Will it still be fresh and crisp? Sure, 'cause while you're on the job, so is Linit Starch... keeping fabrics clean and fresh-looking longer.



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LINNY says: Starch all your fabrics, your dainty underthings, anything tubbable with Linit. This modern starch penetrates and protects fabrics, makes ironing a pleasure.

ARE YOU BOTHERED WITH "HAIRFUSS"?



Stop losing time at work or play To fuss with straying hair: Your hair-do's 'right' thruout the day, When GRIP-TUTH holds it there!



GRIP-TUTH

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Between your regular beauty shop visits, use GRIP-TUTH, the modern Hairtainer—its spring teeth hold every type of hair-do in place, give you that secure feeling. And these Hairtainers are specially good for defense workers whose loose strands of hair must be held in place. Sold at all leading beauty salons, department stores, chains: card of one large, or card of two small retainers, 25c.

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GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE



You know that gray hair spells the end of romance... yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit—so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 7625 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

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Five By Five," a silly song if ever we heard one.

The plot? Oh, that thing! Well, let's see, it all boils down to a couple of murders in the midst of a summer theater production. The murderers turn out to be spies attempting to scare off the actors. The Ritz Brothers do a much better job of it to our notion.

Your Reviewer Says: Amusing and very loud noises.

Hitler's Children (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A boy and a girl in the strangle hold of Hitler's New Order.

HERE is a courageous contender for the strongest anti-Nazi theme to come out of Hollywood. However, the picture itself does not always live up to the power of its theme which is the ruthless Nazi indoctrination of German youth.

It takes a German boy, Tim Holt, trained as a Gestapo, and his German-born American sweetheart, Bonita Granville, and carries them through the conflict of New Order versus human decency; exposing the shocking Nazi punishment of sterilization for women who are politically "difficult."

Tim Holt and Bonita Granville give good account of themselves in the tragic business.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong meat.

The Traitor Within (Republic)

It's About: The rise and fall of a truck driver.

DON BARRY, who also plays Westerns, plays a truck driver whose wife lands him in a jam. Jean Parker, the wife, is jealous of the World War heroism that is accredited to the town mayor, Ralph Morgan, and rightly belongs to her father, George Cleveland. Her jealousy leads to blackmail and Don, who has gone up the ladder on the blackmail money, eventually finds himself behind bars on a murder charge. When the smoke blows away we find Don and Jean back together, humbled but happy.

Your Reviewer Says: As if any of this matters.

✓ American Empire (Harry Sherman-U. A.)

It's About: River boat partners who build an American Empire out West.

AFTER the Civil War, Richard Dix and Preston Foster are partners on a river boat. They eventually establish a huge cattle ranch in Texas that gradually grows Empirish in dimensions.

Leo Carrillo, a rustler who dislikes the boys, continues to steal their cattle until the final shoot-it-out sequence that is a piperoo. Harry Sherman, who makes these ravish Westerns, has spared no expense in making this another whooper-dooer. Foster and Dix are perfect as the partners. Frances Gifford is the beauty who plays Foster's wife.

Your Reviewer Says: A Western in the grand manner.

Madam Spy (Universal)

It's About: A suspected spy who isn't.

OUR blood pressure hits the sky at the waste of time, film and money expended on such silly stories. It's unforgivable, really, and this one just about caps all climaxes with Constance Bennett married to newspaper correspondent Dan Porter, who suspects her of being a spy. We're against all of it. John Litel, we forgive, and that's as far as we'll go.

Your Reviewer Says: Hisssss!

Silent Witness (Monogram)

It's About: A police dog who solves a murder.

MARIS WRIXON, a beautiful investigator from the District Attorney's office, is courted by Frank Albertson, a criminal lawyer for a Black Market gang. No sooner does Frank reform, however, than he is accused of murdering the D. A., played expertly by Bradley Page. When all else fails to clear him, a talented police dog steps in and puts the fang on the real killer.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, you know how it is.



Snappy ice show that will reap a snappy box-office harvest: "Ice Capades Revue" put on by Republic, featuring Richard Denning and Ellen Drew

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

✓ Ice Capades Revue (Republic)

It's About: A girl who inherits a broken-down ice show.

ICE shows traveling throughout the country have become one of the most popular forms of entertainment, drawing appreciative crowds everywhere. Republic Studios have cashed in on this fact with a snappy and at times lavish ice show that should reap an equally lavish harvest. Several of the numbers, especially the hula dance on skates and the military parade, are terrific.

The story has Ellen Drew, a farm girl who inherits her uncle's ice show that definitely needs new life and new sponsoring. How she injects both necessities into the show forms the rather trite plot.

Ellen Drew is excellent as the heiress with the ice-coated elephant on her hands. Richard Denning is good as the romantic lead. Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna furnish the nonsense and skaters Vera Hrubá, Mergan Taylor, Lois Dworshak, Red McCarthy, Jackson and Lynam and Phil Taylor provide the thrills.

Your Reviewer Says: Thrills on ice.

Rhythm Parade (Monogram)

It's About: A baby that breaks up a show and a romance.

OH dear, this is a little thing only its mother could love. It's all about a singer about to debut in a big-time show who keeps a baby in her dressing room and just for that stirs up the darndest hornet's nest you ever saw.

If you've read about the famous Florentine Gardens in Hollywood and its master of ceremonies N. T. G.—Nils T. Granlund—you'll get a kick out of its reproduction on the screen. Ted Fio Rito's orchestra, Gale Storm, Robert Lowery, The Mills Brothers and Margaret Dumont give out, but—

Your Reviewer Says: We give up.

Warning

—to anyone who
is a friend of

WALTER PIDGEON

Don't miss the April issue
of Photoplay-Movie
Mirror in which

MR. MINIVER IS ON THE SPOT

In fact, he puts him-
self there! So
rally round and
tell Walter he
isn't so wrong as
he thinks he is!



fascinating
Captivating
GLAMOROUS...



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... that's the way you will look if you use a MINER'S make-up base. LIQUID, CAKE or CREAM... choose the type you prefer. MINER'S makes all three. Any one of them will keep your complexion fascinatingly smooth, captivatingly flawless and glamorously fresh — all day long. Try your favorite today... in one of six skin-glorifying shades — 10¢ to \$1.00.

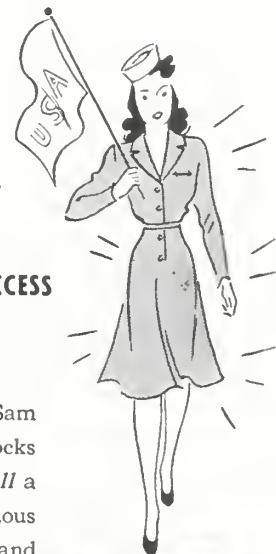
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UNCLE SAM SAYS "SAVE THOSE CLOTHES"
AND RIT SAYS "SAVE YOUR MONEY"—
MAKE LAST YEAR'S DRESS THIS YEAR'S SUCCESS
EACH FROCK CAN BE A "HONEY"

• Look your prettiest while helping Uncle Sam conserve materials. Get out all last year's frocks and with a few packages of RIT, give them all a gay, sparkling, eye-catching beauty. Save precious silks, wools, rayons—have a "new" wardrobe—and buy a whole bookful of Defense Stamps with the savings.

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NEVER SAY DYE... SAY

RIT TINTS & DYES

28 Colors.
Use White Rit to
take color OUT!

Don't ration your appetite

A new way to plan wartime meals,
pointed up by the star of the Naval
Aid Canteen — Carole Landis



BY ANN HAMILTON

A FEW days before Carole Landis left for England, where she has been doing such a magnificent USO job of entertaining the armed forces and where she has just married Capt. Thomas C. Wallace of the U. S. Army Air Force, I caught up with her as she was sprinting off the "Powers Girl" set. Her usually piquant face was serious and her frivolous black and gold costume swirled determinedly about her feet.

"In a hurry?" I asked.

Carole nodded emphatically. "It's my night at the Naval Aid Auxiliary Canteen," she called, "and I wouldn't be late for *anything*."

The Canteen is another one of those war organizations to which Hollywood is devoting itself so wholeheartedly. Carole's particular job was (and will be again when she returns to Hollywood) to round up other girls and drive them, all laden with doughnuts and cookies and sandwiches, to the big bases where they feed and entertain as many as 4,000 sailors and Merchant Marines an evening.

"We co-operate with the Government too," Carole said proudly.

CO-OPERATING with the Government means that in planning canteen menus the girls follow the suggestions of the Agricultural Marketing Administration, the federal agency set up to make sure that our armed forces, our allies whom we supply under Lend-Lease agreements and those of us fighting on the home front get the greatest possible benefit from our available food supplies. From time to time the A.M.A. urges us to buy heavily of certain foods. It labels some of them Victory Foods which means we have an abundant supply on hand.

These plentiful foods won't always be as cheap as you would like, but they will be reasonably priced in relation to other foods. In buying them you'll be helping relieve the demands on scarce products and, in the case of fresh fruits and vegetables, you will also be helping conserve a perishable crop while releasing canned and dried varieties for shipment—all of which are important toward providing a fair and efficient distribution of our wartime foods.

For the coming weeks, one of the most plentiful foods will be cabbage, thanks

to an unusually large cabbage crop in the fall of 1942. That's a lucky break for us stay-at-homes, for it ensures us a full quota of salad during the period when many salad greens are scarce.

A husky, he-man salad that would appeal to the men at Carole's canteen just as it will to your own family combines cabbage, apple, green pepper and carrot—and the result is not only colorful but is a good source of Vitamins C and A.

Cabbage Salad

- 2 cups shredded cabbage
- 1 cup diced apple
- 2 carrots
- 2 green peppers
- 1 onion, minced
- 3 tbs. French dressing
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- ½ tsp. celery seed
- 1 tbl. mayonnaise

Slice carrot and green pepper paper thin and combine with cabbage, apple and onion.

Blend mustard and celery seed into french dressing. Toss salad lightly in french dressing and when well coated stir in the mayonnaise as a binder.

Hamburger Cabbage Rolls are another taste treat for the gourmets.

Hamburger Cabbage Rolls

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 onion, minced
- ½ tsp. rosemary
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 6 cabbage leaves
- 2 tbs. hot water
- 2 tabs. melted butter or margarine

Combine beef, rice and seasonings and divide mixture into 6 equal portions. Place each portion on a cabbage leaf, roll up and tie with string. Place in buttered baking dish.

Combine melted butter and hot water and pour over. Bake in low oven (325 degrees F.) for about an hour, basting frequently.

Sauerkraut, too, is on the plentiful list, but it's kraut in bulk just as it was when we were children—a saving not only of the cabbage crop but of tin as well, you see—and, glory 'be, it has the same delicious tang we all remember from our childhood. If you have been neglecting sauerkraut lately, try serving it raw with french dressing, as a salad with a macaroni, cheese and tomato casserole, or using one-third sauerkraut (either cooked or raw, but be sure it is well drained) to two-thirds potatoes when making potato cake.

Sauerkraut frequently suffers from too long cooking at too high a temperature and it is this overcooking which causes the characteristic odor to which many of us object.

About twenty minutes simmering (do not boil) in just enough liquid to keep it from sticking (its own liquid is usually sufficient) will give you sauerkraut at its flavorful, wholesome best.

CEREALS, an important source of protein, vitamins and minerals, are also on the abundant list, so see to it that your family gets its full share of these nourishing grain products. They are tops on your breakfast menus, of course, but make a special effort to serve them at other meals as well—for instance, cooked cereal cakes seasoned and cooked like potato cakes are delicious with chops or broiled liver and one of the most satisfactory desserts is a cereal pudding made or served with milk or fruit. Buy fresh fruit whenever it's available, the Agricultural Marketing Administration requests.

There'll be plenty of citrus fruits in the market during February and March. So here's to victory with oranges and grapefruit!

"Easy to see," Carole said, putting on a last touch of lipstick and smiling happily, "that if you'll just follow the Government's program, there's no need to ration even the biggest appetites in your family!"

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

When Rita Hayworth Said Good-by to Vic Mature

(Continued from page 47) officer wrote, as per directions, "To visit New York and see my gal." Note, please, the candor of the applicant whom Hollywood has described as the most versatile liar since Baron Munchausen.

He didn't get the okay until a few hours before his train was set to leave. He didn't even bother to pack a bag. He travelled lighter than a hobo, the white electric shaver in the pocket of his pea jacket comprising his total luggage.

At the last minute he was offered a lower berth on the sleeper by a friend who works for the Pullman Company. He turned it down, thanked the would-be donor.

"I'd rather travel like the rest of the boys."

A couple of gobs, hell-bent on a rib, asked him for his autograph. "It's a deal, mates," Mature came back. "Only let's make it a two-way proposition."

He arrived in New York with seventy-three autographs, seventy-three lifetime friends and Jim Farley, who had met him on the platform and introduced himself. It is another irony that Vic Mature, the man who presumably courted women just for the publicity accruing therefrom, arrived in New York cold. Not a soul in Manhattan knew he was coming. Not a reporter. Not a photographer. Not even Sherman Billingsley into whose boite, the Stork Club, he popped at three a.m. Billingsley almost dropped dead of shock.

"You might have told the best man at your wedding you were coming," Billingsley protested, when Vic marched up to the table where he was sitting with a gorgeous blonde.

Mr. Billingsley performed the intro-

ductions, in the tongue-in-cheek grand manner.

"Miss K. T. Stevens, permit me to introduce Coxswain Victor John . . ."

Photographers suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Would he and Miss Stevens pose for a picture, just one . . . ? Here was an impasse.

"It will be a pleasure," he said finally.

The picture of smiling Vic and the ravishing K. T. was the first thing Rita noticed as she thumbed one of the tabloids en route to the hotel.

"Mmmmm. Pretty girl," Rita said. She never even mentioned the incident to Vic. She understood perfectly. Hadn't she herself been photographed a dozen times with a man, some Hollywood friend who had dropped by her table?

It is the gospel truth that Victor Mature didn't go to bed that Friday night. After helping close up the Stork Club, the same Stork Club where he had first met Martha Stephenson Kemp whom he later married with Sherman Billingsley standing up for him, he walked through the early dawn to a hotel overlooking Central Park South, the same hotel where he had lived when, two years back, he was the rage of New York and the show-piece of "Lady In The Dark."

Vic didn't meet Rita's train. It took him three hours to argue himself into staying away. He resented the studio's interference in a purely private matter. On the other hand, if his staying away would spare Rita any unpleasantness, maybe it was the best thing after all. Say what you will, the coxswain missed out on a swell publicity bet. Can't you see what a picture it would have made,

the sailor kissing his lady and then toting her luggage to the cab? He sent roses, bushels of them, which may have accounted for the fact that he went back to Boston with \$1.13 in his pocket. The phone was ringing when she walked into the door. It was Vic. When could he see her? She wanted to know how about lunch? He said two hours was a long time to wait but he'd manage somehow.

At lunch they said very little. Perhaps they were thinking of that night, not so very long ago, when they said good-by back in Los Angeles, the night he left for Boston and heaven knows where from there. Murmansk, perhaps. Morocco. India. Who knew? You could tell without even trying that the fast gab at the station that night was a cover-up and that the guy had something on his heart. Ten laughs a minute; you could have clocked them yourself. Not until the conductor called "All aboard" did he let up long enough to fumble in his middy blouse pocket for his ticket.

"Good-by, honey," he had said. "I'll remember you to my fan club at Harvard." (The Harvards once dubbed Mature as the worst actor in the business.)

"Good-by, darling," she had said.

The train was starting to pull out when he raised the window and called out: "Take care of Genius, Jr. She ought to have a houseful of superannuated pups by the time I get back."

WELL, here they were together again, the two star-crossed lovers over whom Hollywood shook its very concerned head.

Two years ago excitement-loving Vic Mature would have said it was unthink-

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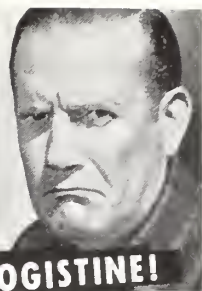
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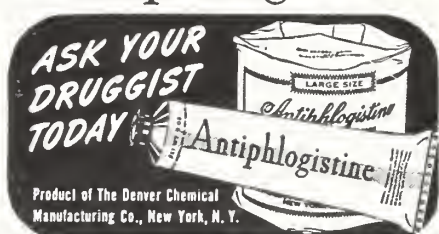
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**DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION**
Just rub it on the gums

able. Unthinkable or not, they spent the afternoon doing nothing—nothing, with bells on. They looked in at Schwartz's famous toy shop. They took a two-hour ride through Central Park in one of those American droschkys known as hansom cabs. The Irish hackman remarked that his fare resembled "Dick" Ma-chure. "Purely an optical illusion, old boy," Vic came back. "I'm a sailor by trade, not a ham actor." The hackman begged his pardon. They rode up and down Fifth Avenue in a cab, watching the Christmas shoppers. It reminded Vic that he hadn't bought his mother's Christmas present yet and did Rita have any ideas. She did—lots of them. All he had to do was leave it to her.

At six he dropped her off at her hotel, promising to be by in an hour to take her to dinner. He returned to his hotel, found scores of messages in his box—requests for interviews, sittings for portraits, invitations, etc.

Two years back . . . ah, that was a different story.

One of those messages was of special interest. It was from a prominent New York lawyer who had left word for Vic to call. He called.

The lawyer, as lawyers will, came to the point in short order. He had been engaged by Martha Stephenson Mature to make one last effort to negotiate a divorce action which Mr. Mature, apparently, was bent on obstructing.

The one obstruction, Vic hurried to point out, had been alimony terms, rather than any alleged perversity. "There will be no difficulty about terms," the lawyer assured him.

"There will be no difficulty in obtaining a waiver to my rights as a member of the armed forces, to block any contemplated divorce action for the duration," Vic assured him. The lawyer came by, Vic signed and Martha Stephenson Mature's divorce became merely a matter of time.

Legal matters concluded, Vic showered, dressed, picked up his girl and off they went to the Stork Club for dinner.

WHAT an entrance they made, "the beautiful hunk of man," absent from Broadway for nigh onto two years and now wearing a uniform, and Rita Hayworth, owner, by acclamation, of the finest figure and future in Hollywood and now wearing a black form-fitting gown and a green two-tipped beret with a mammoth silk snood attached!

Photographers dropped out of the chandeliers. "How about it, Vic?" they chanted, mindful of the Mature of old who would pose for anybody, anytime, anywhere.

"No dice, boys," Vic said. He looked as if he meant it.

Sherman Billingsley hove to.

"Come on, Vic," he pleaded. "Just one shot for the time capsule."

Two photographs were taken for the "time capsule," meaning Mr. Billingsley's collection of celebrities he likes.

The Stork was packed, the dance floor jammed. All eyes were on table No. 1. Now, Vic Mature has told reporters that he hates dancing, that he is the world's worst. When the band struck up Cole Porter's "I Get a Kick Out of You" Rita

dropped her gold cigarette holder, a gift from Sherman Billingsley, and said:

"Dance, sailor?"

"Sure, lady."

It must have been midnight when the waiter brought a note to the table. Miss Louella Parsons "and friend" requested the pleasure of their company.

Miss Parsons received them with open arms, insisted that they join her.

"And friend?" Mature inquired, shaking hands with her companion, a handsome, silver-haired man.

"And admirer," the handsome, silver-haired man said. It was Charlie Chaplin.

"I'll always treasure that telegram," Vic said, mentally harking back several years to the morning after the premiere of his first picture, "1,000,000 B.C.," the bitter notices from the critics, and the telegram signed Charles Chaplin that read:

"I have seen your picture and read the reports of the wise men. Don't let them shake your confidence in what you are trying to do. These same wise men jeered at me long before you were born."

THEY sat there, the four, while Saturday slipped into Sunday. Charlie Chaplin was reliving his apprenticeship in the movies (Louella Parsons once wrote his scripts, back in the days of the defunct Essanay) when he noticed that the sailor and the lady were holding hands and looking on, present but still not present.

"Say what you want, Lolly," he said, dropping his narrative. "Love is a magician. See how it takes people out of this world onto another, and I suppose superior, planet."

"When this war is over, these two are going to get married and I'm going to give away the bride," Miss Parsons said.

It was almost six when they said "good night" at the door of her hotel. Dawn was breaking in the East.

It started off with Mass at St. Patrick's, in Mr. Farley's pew. It continued through a hazy Sunday afternoon and wound up, once again, at the Stork Club. This time, however, there were no "time capsule" photographs, no Charlie, no Lily—nothing but the two of them. There wasn't even any dancing. They sat there in the Cub Room at the same table where the world's greatest comedian had said something about love's being like a magician.

It was 2:50 when Sherman Billingsley announced that it was time to be shoving off, the train for Boston was leaving in twenty minutes. They drove to the train piloted by a gabby cabby who was nuts about Benny Goodman. It was just as well. When they got to the platform, they said good-by no differently than any other lovers. He was boarding the train when Rita handed him a little package on which was scrawled in ink: "Open en route."

He did "open en route." What he found in the package was a gold disc suspended from a chain meant to gird a man's neck. On one side were engraved the letters V. J. M. On the other, R. H. Coastguardsman Mature grinned. Let them ship him to New Caledonia or to the Gilbert Islands. It would be a pleasure. No Japanese bullet—not even a silver bullet—could tag him now.

THE END

MARCH 5 IS THE DAY!

There's a war, you've heard—and because transportation facilities which would ordinarily speed our magazine to you are needed in the all-out victory effort, we're going to make our monthly appearance on the newsstands of the country later than usual. Forgive us, and just to prove it, step up to your newsdealer on MARCH 5 and get your copy of the APRIL PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR!

Hollywood's Home Front Heroes

(Continued from page 67) says that if he could make a co-pilot out of her he could make a flying fool out of a broomstick. Brian counters by saying that flying fools are not exactly what the armies of the Allies are looking for. But there's purpose behind the twinkle of his eyes as he says it, a double purpose. For when Brian takes up his duties at Falcon Field, just outside of Phoenix, Arizona, he hopes to be not only flying instructor but to act as a sort of ambassador without portfolio to the youngsters who are sent here to get their training from all over the British Empire.

"America is an unknown world to them," says Brian earnestly. "They need to be taught the ways of Americans so that there may be an ever-increasing understanding between our peoples."

His enthusiasm is heartily seconded by Joan who has recently won admiration for her sincere work as a fully trained nurses' aide.

The Ahernes have taken on still another war activity. They have turned over their Valley ranch to the planting of carrots. A lowly vegetable, the carrot, but it has an immense value to men who fight. The vitamins it contains are great health strengtheners. The Ahernes are doing their bit to see that there shall be no lack of this 'source of strength for our flying fighters.

ROGER PRYOR is another. For years this star of the baton has been an air enthusiast and expert pilot. In fact, he is the daddy of the stars who have given other stars their first flying training. As soon as war was declared Roger tried to enlist in the Air Corps as a combat pilot. It was his prospective service that caused Ann Sothern to change her divorce plans temporarily. She felt it was not the time for Roger to be harried with thoughts of a broken home. But the Air Corps rejected Roger because he was over twenty-eight.

However, Roger was not to be turned from his overall purpose by the first no. He decided that if he could teach stars to fly he could certainly do the same for the hundreds of eager youngsters Uncle Sam must equip for sky conquest. So he gave up his big radio hour and the pictures he had been doing; locked his Hollywood door and headed out into the desert. There, by the banks of the great Colorado River at Blythe, California, in a spot that boasts an average heat of only a few degrees less than Death Valley itself, Roger is teaching air cadets at the Government-controlled Morton Flying School.

He has exchanged his Beverly Hills home for a one-room unit in an auto court which was the only available housing quarters he could find. Today he considers himself lucky, for he is helping to train the boys who will one day bomb Tokyo and Berlin.

NO account of Hollywood's airmen would be adequate without mention of Robert Cummings and the service he has been rendering the Civilian Air Patrol. Bob has been an air nut since his boyhood days in Missouri when he and some other boys hocked their all to scrape together enough cash to make a down payment on an old crate that defied the laws of mechanics every time it took to the air. Even his career as a motion-picture star was motivated by the impelling need to get his hands on enough cash to own a plane.

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UNDER THIS ARM!

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UNDER THIS ARM! SEE
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25¢ for 5 rinses
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Curiously enough, it was as Bob was cruising over Santa Monica in the third plane he had owned, Spinach III, that he heard the news of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor. Grimly he set his ship down on the ground and went out to enlist in the Air Corps. He missed by a hair on the age bugaboo. So he jumped in to help organize the Civilian Air Patrol to which he now gives full time as an instructor at inland air fields when he isn't actually working in a picture. If he is on a picture schedule, he gives his evenings to teaching ground classes in the Los Angeles area. As a captain in the Army Reserve he is subject to call at any time despite his dependents.

Not to be forgotten in this roll call of Hollywood's home front heroes is its venerable *Judge Hardy*. Sensing at once the need for civilian help in getting people out of the danger area if the Japs came over with their bombs, Lewis Stone organized the California State Evacuation Group. To his side sprang stars like Bob Young, John Archer and Cesar Romero. For months they worked on registering station wagons and other large cars for possible evacuation use. They trained their members in first aid, chemical warfare and motor mechanics. Today the group meets each week to continue their studies and keep on their toes. California has been warned it may have a raid at any time!

Edgar Bergen has had two devotions in life, neither one of which is Charlie McCarthy or Mortimer Snerd. One was a foundation fund for the training of student nurses; the other, a fund for training boys in aviation. Now that Uncle Sam is doing all right by the youngsters who want to fly and, on the other hand, the demand for nurses is so

pressing, he has thrown both funds into one large foundation for student nurses. Bergen kids his great interest in medicine and nursing by claiming he's been a thwarted *Dr. Kildare* ever since the days when at Northwestern University he took a premedical course.

ON THE distaff side of our home front heroes there's Joan Crawford. More than a year ago Joan, with her great love for children, worked out a scheme to set up a day nursery for young mothers who could be mobilized for defense plants if there were a way of taking care of their children while they were at work. With indefatigable energy she sallied forth into the field, but to her bewilderment could find no takers.

At length she betook herself to the American Women's Volunteer Service. Would they help her set up a trial nursery if she paid the bills? They would. So Joan found an empty old fraternity house in Sawtelle which is within range of the war plants around Santa Monica. She supervised the repairs, helped with the cleaning and painting, bought the furniture and paid the rent. Nor has she stopped at paying the bills. She has set up a desk for herself and at least twice a week she stops by for a few hours of supervisory work.

The nursery now takes care of some fifty children whose mothers work in near-by defense plants. These mothers pay from fifteen cents to a dollar a day for the children's care, depending on their incomes. All mothers whose husbands are in the service, however, pay only the minimum. Joan is now state chairman of the AWVS nursery project.

Fay Bainter has spent many months working as the head of all "Block Mothers" in Santa Monica. This project,



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sponsored by the Parent-Teachers Association, has a "mother" for every block in the town which has the large Douglas plant and which, therefore, might well be the target for a bombing by enemy planes.

The "Block Mothers," all thoroughly investigated, must be the maternal type, understanding, patient and, above all, reliable in an emergency. They must also have homes which will accommodate many children and must guarantee that should they by chance be absent during an alert, someone else would be there to carry on in the safety work.

In case of emergency, alert, or air raid, it is the duty of the "Block Mother" to round up any children who might be in her area on the street, playing or on their way to school, and take them into her home until the all-clear. While the children are there they are to be in a place of relative safety, kept calm and entertained, and fed, if possible. Many practice drills have been held and children love the idea.

Fay is one of the most popular "Block Mothers" in town. She has great patience and great understanding with children, which qualities immediately endear all small fry to her.

Then, there's her storytelling. She keeps her small charges entranced by the hour acting out the stories for them.

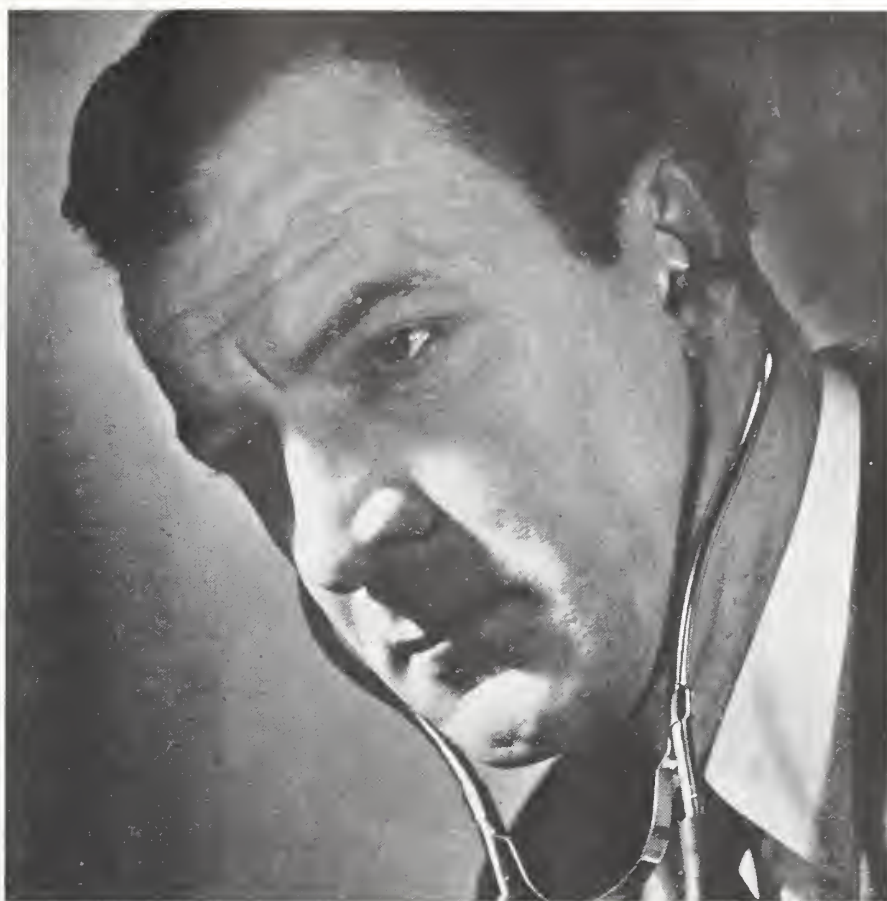
One of the most popular games she's originated entails hiding under her grand piano—a foresighted bit of play-making that will keep the children calm and safe should an air-raid signal come.

THERE is no fancy uniform that goes with the job Veronica Lake has chosen to do as her share. There isn't anything but hard, grueling work. Nor will she allow that work to be used for publicity. Yet two or three times a week she faithfully goes down to act as a relief worker at the Los Angeles Headquarters of the Interceptor Command where the movements of every plane in the Coastal area are charted. When she isn't working in a picture, she takes day shifts; when she is, she takes the 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. shift—and makes her early calls at the studio just the same! That takes a lot of stamina. But don't think Veronica Lake hasn't got it. With her young husband very much in Uncle Sam's Army, Veronica has a mighty earnest purpose in life.

Perhaps this last story wouldn't come under the head of heroism, but you couldn't find a better one for a morale-builder. At least, that's what sailor Jimmy Ferrara would say. Jimmy and his best girl, Kathleen Cartmill, were at the Windsor House restaurant when they spied Bud Abbott and got up their courage to ask for an autograph. In the course of conversation, Jimmy confided that he and Kathleen were going to be married next day at the City Hall because they had no folks in town and didn't have money enough for a real wedding. Abbott, who has an out-sized heart, promptly insisted on giving the kids a marital send-off from shoes to rice. The wedding was held the following day at the Windsor House. Bud got the minister, arranged for the flowers and dinner, had the youngsters invite their friends. And he himself was best man. When his press-agent gave the story to the papers, Abbott nearly fired him. This was no publicity stunt—this was the McCoy!

A great many things about Hollywood are the McCoy—especially its home front heroes!

The End



The most important man in your community needs help

With almost a third of the nation's active physicians already in our armed forces, your physician on the home front is now your community's most important citizen. His time *must* be conserved . . . for his sake and yours, and especially for the sake of babies who need him most.

Here are some ways mothers can help:

Most important—take your baby to your doctor's office regularly. Don't *call* your doctor; call *on* him. And do this *regularly*. That helps keep baby healthy . . . saves avoidable doctor's visits at home.

Protect your baby against germs, his worst enemies. Guard him internally and externally against infections.

Help keep baby free of rashes. Rashes are danger signals . . . they make baby uncomfortable and may lead to more serious trouble. Many baby rashes are of germ origin. For instance, germs play a part in prickly heat and diaper rash. To help avoid such rashes, do as most hospitals do, anoint your baby daily with *antiseptic* baby oil. Thousands of hospitals have found by experience that this helps keep baby's skin in most perfect condition.

Keep baby happy. Crying often may be due to skin discomfort. If skin is chafed or irritated, if there is itching—apply a baby oil which contains *anodyne* ingredients that

allay discomfort and itching . . . and keep baby safer from scratching.

Only one widely-sold baby oil is *antiseptic* and *anodyne*. It is used by many times more hospitals than all other baby oils combined. It is Mennen Antiseptic Oil . . . the only widely-sold baby oil that contains special ingredients to help prevent infections, pustular rashes, heat rash, and impetigo . . . also for the relief of smarting and itching. The best proof that this is also the *gentlest* of baby oils is that hospitals use it day after day on newborn infants, including tiny premature babies, whose skin is most delicate.

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It is pleasant to use, non-staining, non-sticky. Use it on baby's entire body daily, and on buttocks at every diaper change.

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Home paring or "whittling" corns usually removes only the top, leaves core (A) in toe.



Blue-Jay medication loosens corn so it may be easily removed.*

*Stubborn cases may require more than one application.

BLUE JAY

CORN PLASTERS

BAUER & BLACK

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Who is Belita?



What is she?
That everyone's
now talking
about her?

LOOK at her and look again. She's Belita, the girl whose name is going to be news in Monogram's "Silver Skates." She's a girl whom Sonja Henie is watching; her prime ambition, announced publicly, is to match talents on skates with the little Norwegian prize-winner.

* * *

Nineteen years ago she was baby Belita Jepson Turner of Hampshire, England. She learned to walk, as most babies do, and then, as most babies don't, she learned to dance. And then she learned to skate because her mother thought it would give poise and balance to her dancing. It did all that, and something else, too. It made Belita one of England's representatives on the Olympic team in the winter games in Germany in 1936.

* * *

Now hold your breath and listen. She is also one of the world's greatest water skiers; she speaks four languages; she's an accomplished pianist, an expert rider, a proficient fencer, an outstanding swimmer, dancer and tennis player. She has been trained professionally for acting—no movie-camera bugaboo for her.

A small person with a mind of her own, she has grit, intelligence and a determination to click. She started out that way; it was those qualities that made Anton Tolin, premier danseur of the Russian Ballet, single her out at eleven, train her as his partner, keep her with the Ballet for three years. It was three years of hard work, of great glory, of hearing the admiring applause of elated audiences echo across the capitals of Europe.

* * *

She took time out from dancing occasionally to skate; then turned professional skater in 1937 to amaze the great London audience at the opening of "Rhapsody On Ice" at the Opera House in 1937.

* * *

Monte Carlo remembers her for her water-skiing exhibitions; Paris, Cannes, Geneva know her as the great Belita, ballerina skater. America, from Coast to Coast, will meet her in "Silver Skates."

* * *

What that meeting will mean to this pretty little blonde girl is up to America. We predict that with the hint of a smile, the flash of a silver skate, Belita will be in.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Lana Turner's Baby

(Continued from page 29) divorce of Steve and his former wife, Carol Kurtz, had not yet been made final.

Little Lana's stars seemed to decree that she must do everything the hard, the spectacular way, even to the point of threatening tragedy. For, from the very beginning, she had not been able to make Hollywood believe her marriage to Steve was anything but a marital fling. Hollywood couldn't accept the fact that Lana would find happiness with Crane, an unknown and unproved quantity on the Hollywood scene.

That was why, when the news of Lana's suit for annulment broke across the front pages of all the newspapers, suspicious Hollywood asked how any man in his right senses could fail to know that he was not legally a free man.

Yet it did take into consideration that it might have been one of those strange bemusements that sometimes fall upon us mortals. For it had happened this way: In 1937 Stephen Crane had married Indianapolis socialite Carol Kurtz. By the end of 1940 they had come to the parting of the ways and it was agreed before Steve went West that they would divorce. In February, 1941—these dates are extremely important, as you will presently see—Steve duly received some papers which he assumed would cover his interlocutory decree. If that had been the case, he would have been a free man by January, 1942, which, in turn would have made him legally in the clear to marry Lana in July of that same year.

However these papers were merely the arrangement for separate maintenance. Stephen's explanation now is that he took it for granted that this was the interlocutory decree. In any event, he was wrong, for Carol Kurtz Crane did not obtain her interlocutory decree until January of 1942, which meant that Steve would not be free until January 1943. And this was the reason why Lana, suddenly discovering that her marriage of July, 1942, was not a legal one, went at once in to the courts for an annulment.

With the shocking news that came so suddenly to her, she knew that she was facing one of the biggest decisions of her life, for it had to do not only with herself but with the future of her child. There was the ever-present question of her health. Knowing that, her first step after the filing of the annulment was to flee Hollywood, far from the barrage of reporters, telephone calls, incessant queries that might mean her own breakdown and cost the life of her baby through tragic miscarriage. For, in addition to everything else, she knew that the studio expected her to start her new picture, ironically titled "Marriage Is A Private Affair."

Then there was that fundamental decision: Would she or would she not remarry Stephen Crane? Did the happiness of her and her child depend upon remarriage to him?

She had this point to consider—the legality of the baby. But that did not depend upon remarriage; automatically, under the law, her baby would be born bearing the legal name of Crane, so her real problem was her own future. Was she to take up her life again with Steve, the man who had brought her this great unhappiness?

Strangely, the men in her life had always brought Lana unhappiness. There had been the young attorney Greg Bautzer whom she had loved and lost.

On the rebound of that breakup had

1-Minute Mask!

When your complexion
signals SOS —



*Skin "murky"
and rough*

You can see a complexion signal SOS!

You can feel it! Look at your skin—
is it drab, coarsened? Feel it—is it
coated with tiny dry skin cells?

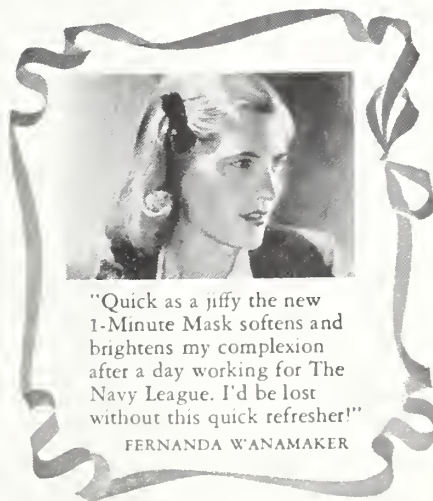
The 1-Minute Mask

Let this new way of using Pond's Vanishing Cream come to your rescue! Spread a mask of Cream over cheeks, throat, forehead—all but eyes. Leave 1 full minute. Let its

"keratolytic" action do its good work. Then tissue off the Mask!

Complexion fairer ... and smoother

Beneath the bland whiteness of the 1-Minute Mask your face has been given a "re-styling"! Little skin roughnesses have been loosened . . . tight-clinging bits of grime dissolved. Besides feeling softer, your skin has a fresher, new look—cleaner . . . brighter! Make-up goes on slickly—and stays!



"Quick as a jiffy the new 1-Minute Mask softens and brightens my complexion after a day working for The Navy League. I'd be lost without this quick refresher!"

FERNANDA WANAMAKER

Learn this Beauty Double-Talk

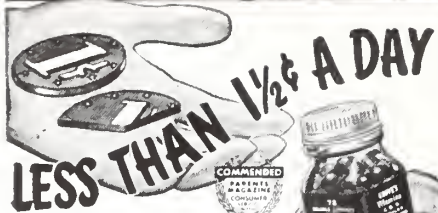
3 or 4 times a week, Pond's Vanishing Cream "re-styles" your face with the thrilling 1-Minute Mask shown above. It's designed for big moments—to help you look your prettiest!



Every day—before every make-up—spread on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. Not "oozy" . . . not drying. Helps protect skin in mean weather—holds make-up for hours!

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AT A PRICE
EVERYONE CAN AFFORD



Less than your newspaper
...less than two sticks of
gum—that's the amazing low
cost of GROVE'S Vitamins.
Unit for unit, you can't buy
finer quality vitamins. Po-
tency guaranteed!

OVER 10 WEEKS'
SUPPLY \$1

3 Highly Essential Vitamins

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daily protective requirements of all three—
essential vitamins A and D plus famous B₁
... necessary vitamins to help maintain body
resistance, strong bones, sound teeth, healthy
appetite, steady nerves, vigor, vitality. Don't
risk a deficiency of these three all-important
vitamins, A and D plus vital B₁. Today, start
taking GROVE'S Vitamins.

Over 2 Weeks'
Supply 25¢

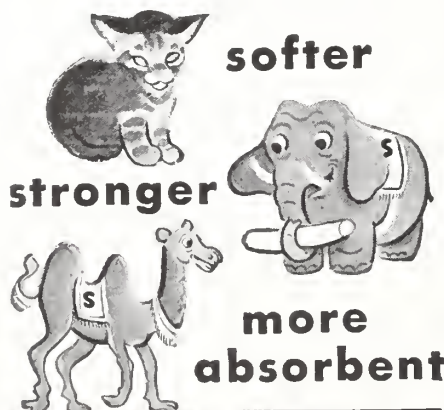


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plate engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engage-
ment ring set with flashing, simulated diamond solitaire in senti-
mental, orange blossom mounting. Wedding ring is deeply em-
bossed, yellow gold plate in exquisite Honeymoon design. Either
ring only \$1.00 or both for \$1.79 and tax. SEND NO MONEY
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SITROUX

SAY "SIT-TRUE"
CLEANSING TISSUES • PAPER
NAPKINS • TOILET TISSUES

Two pictures with four years between them:
Jitterbug Lana (right) in 1938; dancing
Mrs. Stephen Crane in summer 1942



come Artie Shaw. Their one breathless
date ended that same night in an elope-
ment; their unhappy marriage was over
five months later.

Tony Martin had been next. But when
that romance broke up, Lana was more
hardened to disappointment.

There had followed a rapid procession
of bands and band leaders, each romance
ending almost as quickly as it had begun.

Into this picture came quiet Steve
Crane from Crawfordsville, Indiana. He
tried pictures, not too persistently, since
he was supposed to have a moderate in-
come from a chain of tobacco stores back
home. Eventually he settled down as a
junior executive in a Hollywood busi-
ness firm.

It was Johnny Hyde, the agent, who
introduced Steve to Lana one day at
the swimming pool of the Beverly Hills
Hotel. They liked each other instantly.
But four months passed before Steve
even made any effort to get in touch
with her. This was a new technique for
the sought-after Lana; she fell radiantly
in love. This time she went quietly to
Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M and told him
that she and Steve planned to be mar-
ried. Mayer, sensing the mature sinci-
erity of this new Lana, gave the pair
his blessing.

The news of their elopement caught
Hollywood napping. Instantly its de-
fenses went up. No good would come of
this second elopement of Lana's, it pre-
dicted. But then, months later, with her
proud announcement of the coming
baby, the town revised its decision.

It had watched her face as she declared
beamingly that she hoped it would be
a boy, Stephen Crane Jr.; it had seen
her dashing madly about Hollywood
buying everything in blue; it had taken
significant note of the beautiful large
diamond and ruby sparkler that sud-

denly appeared on her finger, Steve's
baby gift to her.

There was no doubt about it; Lana
Turner was happier than she had ever
been before. Hollywood was willing to
forget its suspicion, then, at the rumors
of quarrels that had cropped up im-
mediately after the Crane marriage.

But on that fateful January 7th, when
the astounding news of Lana's suit for
annulment and the story behind it ap-
peared on the front pages, Hollywood
found itself wondering again.

Here was Lana, young and impetuous,
sensitive and easily hurt, facing the or-
deal of having to declare publicly that
her marriage was illegal; suffering the
humiliation of learning this staggering
news only a few days before the whole
world was to know; having to decide
whether her road to happiness lay with
Stephen Crane.

Hollywood saw Lana flee from town;
saw Steve hastily leave the apartment
which he and Lana had shared with her
mother. It thought again of the rumored
flare-ups. And Hollywood laid its bet
on the line. Lana Turner would never
again be Mrs. Stephen Crane.

It looked as though Hollywood would
collect that bet when Lana's attorney
issued a public statement that this was
not a friendly settlement; the break was
final. But that was Lana's attorney, re-
member, not Lana. And what hardy
soul would attempt to predict for the
unpredictable Turner?

Yet one thing is fixed and sure in her
volatile heavens. If she can only have
her baby, no price will have been too
great to pay for such happiness.

The whole world is hoping that this
dream of the kid who too many times
has chased down the wrong end of the
rainbow will come true.

THE END

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 69)

Dear Miss Davis:

I'm a colored girl of sixteen. Of course I lead the normal life of any teen-age girl except that I have quite a few problems. The first is clothes. The greatest problem is color that will be becoming to me. My complexion is a light brown-olive shade. Could you please tell me what colors I could wear most flatteringly?

The second problem is my skin. It is pretty good except for blackheads. I know that soap and water are most important factors and I cleanse my face frequently, but the blackheads persist.

I can't end this letter without telling you that I think you're perfectly "solid" and I'm really looking forward to an answer to my letter.

Sincerely,

Theresa K.

Dear Miss K:

It seems to me that the colors you should avoid are greens, browns, navy blue and black. You should be able to wear red, yellow, chalk white, turquoise and royal blue to advantage.

As for your skin, I'm not quite sure what you mean by "I cleanse my face frequently." The only way to obtain a really clean skin is to cleanse it thoroughly twice a day.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have just finished reading your advice to other girls who have problems and decided that you were the one to help me, if you will.

I just came from high school in a small town, to a big city, where I am working. While I was in the small town, I went with a boy fairly steadily although I did go out with other boys, too. He is in the Air Force now and is still as crazy about me as he always was. However, I have never loved him although I think he is a fine chap.

I am sixteen and all my friends are either engaged or about to be married. I feel that I should become engaged, with the war on and all.

However, I haven't met anyone I do love and I am beginning to despair that maybe I never will.

Please do not think me conceited if I tell you a few things about me. I come from a nice family, fairly well off, and they provide a good home. I have a good position and a lovely place to live, with friends, here in the city. I am five feet two, blonde and have a fair figure. I have attractive clothes; I sing and play the piano, love to dance and take part in all sports, especially tennis, golf, and skiing. Being popular at home has spoiled me for being a social flop in the city. Although I have found oodles of new girl friends, the boys here just don't care for me.

I would appreciate it so much if you would tell me what to do about the boy I was telling you about and also what is wrong with me in my new environment. I feel so depressed, and I don't want to bother Mother and Dad about me.

Yours truly,

Alice B.

Dear Miss B:

Whether or not you are actually unpopular with the boys in your new home is impossible for me to judge. In everyone's life, you know, there are lulls; not every period in our lives can be equally exciting. Also, when anyone comes to a new city, one is apt to be more sensitive to the reactions of those



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Head of the House of Tangee

"War Busy... or Just More Busy— You Need a Satin-Finish Lipstick!"

SAYS CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN

EVERY HOUR is a "rush hour" today; every minute is the "last minute"! Carrying on your day-to-day activities... in addition to the many wartime duties you have... certainly leaves you little time for "fussing with your face."

So, when I recommend Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks to you, I do it in full confidence that they are exactly what you need... *today!* Anywhere, in any weather, they literally flow on to your lips... smoothly, swiftly, cleanly. Not too moist, yet not too dry, they last far longer than you'd believe possible. Above all, SATIN-FINISH gives

your lips that enviable grooming, that exquisite perfection, you've always imagined took less busy women hours to achieve.

And don't forget: Each Tangee Lipstick has its matching rouge... each complexion has its correct shade of Tangee's UN-powdery Face Powder!



★ ★ ★

BEAUTY—glory of woman...

LIBERTY—glory of nations...

Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

TANGEE



SATIN-FINISH

Lipsticks

SIMPLE PILES?



Try UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES

The makers of Unguentine offer a nationally recognized product—Unguentine Rectal Cones—for relief of itching, burning and soreness of simple piles or hemorrhoids.

Millions of Unguentine Rectal Cones have been sold... because they help bring quick relief... help guard against infection... and promote healing. Try them—and if you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Guarantee: Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES

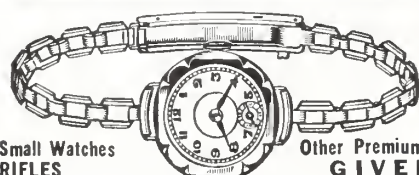
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Class pins, club pins, rings and emblems. Finest quality. Reasonable prices from 55c up. Write today. Dept. J, Metal Arts Co., Rochester, N.Y.



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WE TRUST YOU—JUST SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for starting order Salve, pictures and premium catalog to distribute among friends at 25c a box (giving Picture No Charge), remit amount, select premium or keep cash as stated in catalog. Send now for order to start, postage paid by us.

White Cloverine Salve Co., Dept. 65-22, Tyrone, Pa.



LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 30 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. \$1.35 for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

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79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

about than is quite normal. Just remember that you probably seem as strange to them as they do to you.

However, my general impression of your problem is that you are looking too hard for either a fiance or a husband. I certainly don't believe you should be engaged to the boy in the Air Force if you do not love him.

Have you given much thought to the possibility that some of the difference in your position now and in former years is due to the war? As you are living in a Canadian city, there are obviously few eligible men around and those who are available are busy trying to help win the war.

Perhaps I am wrong, but it has occurred to me—reading between the lines of your letter—that there may be one boy in particular whom you like and who is not very interested in you. Perhaps you are telling yourself that you are unpopular in general, simply as a defense mechanism.

When you say that you don't want to bother your father and mother with your problems, I can't agree with you. I believe you should talk this over with them, as they are more interested in you than anyone else in the world and they are certainly more qualified than anyone to give you advice in this matter.

Yours sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have noticed in most of the motion pictures I have seen that the star's hair is so lustrous. I have tried everything known to mankind to achieve this, but alas! I brush my hair every night and wash it every other week with the best of shampoos. My hair is between blonde and brown and a difficult color to match.

What should I do to improve my hair?

Yours sincerely,

Adele D.

Dear Miss D:

Why shouldn't hair in motion pictures look lustrous and lovely? For instance, while I am making a picture Margaret Donovan, my hairdresser washes my hair every other day. However, you should see some of us between pictures!

One thing you can do to improve the sheen of your hair is to wash it more often than every other week. I think it should be washed once or twice a week. It is not necessary to go to a beauty shop, as this would be too expensive for most of us. You can learn to wash it yourself, at home.

Also, strange as it seems, oil shampoos are beneficial if your hair is oily. (I checked with Miss Donovan.) I hope this will prove helpful to you.

Yours sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I wish you could help me, but I am afraid that I can't tell you clearly enough what my trouble is for you to give an answer to my problem.

I'm not bad-looking—a little too thin. Five feet eight and one-half inches tall and weigh 120 pounds. When I go out, I know I look as well as other girls whose hair is sometimes messy and whose clothes are sloppy. I am always neat. Yet they will be laughing and happy and with a crowd and I will be alone.

I can always make conversation and I think I try to make it interesting. I say original things, yet nothing is ever appreciated. Everyone is always saying how clever or pretty or this or that, some person is, yet they pass up all my good

points. I want friends of my own age. The few I do have are at least fifteen years older than I. I am twenty-five. I want girls around to laugh and play and be silly once in a while instead of talking about such prosaic things as recipes money matters, husband trouble—and absent members.

I collect records of popular orchestras and make scrapbooks of bands. I would like to be able to talk bands or movies with someone. I also like to read classics as well as best-sellers.

My husband doesn't help any as he is very quiet and doesn't dance although for my sake, he is now taking lessons. We have been married three years and I guess we will always be married. He is eleven years older than I and is good to me, but I want friends and laughter, happiness and good times. Sometimes I try to explain it to my husband, but he says, "Don't I give you everything you want?" I try to explain that it isn't money. It is just companionship. Walks in the fresh air, laughter and music, sharing good books, planning homey things together.

Miss Davis, should I wake up? Am I asleep? Am I groping for things that can't happen to girls like me? Is it true, as people tell me, that women have very few friends? Oh, please let me know some way to change myself so that I can have friends.

Thank you for everything,

ZELMA T.

Dear Mrs. T:

At the risk of being brutally frank, I must say that I think you are reading too many books and that you are living in a sort of dream world.

In "Old Acquaintance," the picture in which I am working at present, the character of Millie is this sort of person. She wants only what some other person has. In her case it ruins her life.

It seems to me that you will make yourself a very unhappy person if you don't start to count your personal blessings. After all, no one has everything. As a matter of fact, there are a good many people in the world whom I would choose to be in preference to myself; as far as that goes, I don't think I have ever met a completely happy person.

However, those who live successfully are those who take stock of themselves and make the best of what they have. Such people bring joy to those around them—which in turn makes them happy.

Your desire to have friends is paramount with everyone. I am sure you'll find that, if you start making those around you happy, friends will flock to you. In these times, particularly, we have such millions of things to be thankful for—we, Americans! We should radiate our good fortune to all we meet!

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

The End

The most famous advice star of Hollywood, Bette Davis, now offers to answer your personal problem. Each month, from the letters sent to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, Miss Davis chooses the ones with the problems that seem to her most universal and answers them in this magazine. All names of persons are changed.

Hollywood—Beware in 1943!

(Continued from page 60) for Robert Taylor. His stars indicate that he will enlist or be in the service of the Government in some capacity, for the period between April and June suggests a long voyage to a foreign shore.

Bob Taylor would do well in administrative work and in connection with a hospital unit.

Due to Neptune, planet of intuition and research in his twelfth house, he would make a splendid research worker or investigator.

After the first of July he will be benefited by Jupiter transiting his own sign, so whatever he does he has the planet of good fortune on his side.

The whole world is going through the same experiences this year, you and I and our next-door neighbors. But cooperate with the stars to the best of your ability, dig in and work, keep cheerful no matter how tough the going gets and you will find that the experiences of this difficult year can teach us all lessons that will benefit us as long as we live.

Good luck for the world in 1943.

THE END

If you would like to have your own solar chart for 1943 write to Matilda Trotter, care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, for further information.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Next month

SIDNEY SKOLSKY,

one of Hollywood's most beloved columnists, says:

She calls herself the "get girl"

She sleeps in a bed so large that it had to be built inside her bedroom

She doesn't like to be called "dearie," "buddy" or "pal"

She didn't pay any attention to the man who was to be her husband until he danced

Her name is Gene Tierney and she is THE GIRL ON THE COVER for April!

Photoplay-Movie Mirror says (with pride):

Each month our readers are going to have a captivating inside glimpse of THE GIRL ON THE COVER from the popular pen of SIDNEY SKOLSKY

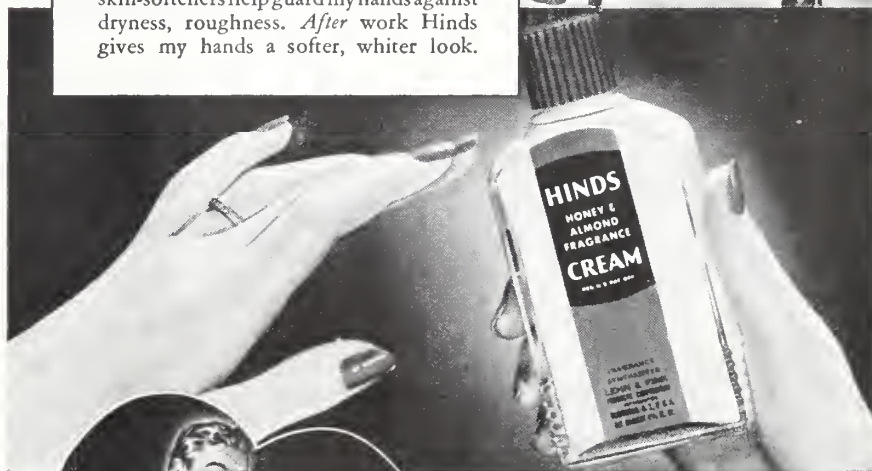
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MARCH, 1943

"The 'Little General' keeps my hands working overtime!"

No more red, weather-chapped hands since I've been using **Hinds**—that **Honey** of a lotion!

My hands get plenty of hot-water punishment. But I use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream *before* and *after* housework. Hinds skin-softeners help guard my hands against dryness, roughness. *After* work Hinds gives my hands a softer, whiter look.



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HONEY—Beauty Advisor, says:

EXTRA-SOFTENING! Hinds is an extra-creamy emulsion of true skin-softening ingredients.

WORKS FAST! Even one application gives your red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look.

EFFECT LASTS! Hinds skin-softeners help protect your skin through work and soapy-water jobs.

DOES GOOD! Actually *benefits* skin.

At toilet goods counters



You **better** be proud of my hands—they're soft as baby's!



Buy War Bonds and Stamps Now!

HINDS for HANDS

and wherever skin needs softening!



**WHEN NERVOUS HEADACHES
PESTER ME
I FIND THAT MILES NERVINE
HELPS NERVOUS TENSION
TO RELAX
AND LEAVES ME
CALM, SERENE**



WHEN functional nervous disturbances such as Sleeplessness, Crankiness, Excitability, Restlessness, or Nervous Headache, interfere with your work or spoil your good times, take

DR. MILES NERVINE

(Liquid or Effervescent Tablets)

Dr. Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives. Buy it at your drug store—Effervescent Tablets 35c and 75c, Liquid 25c and \$1.00. We guarantee satisfaction or your money back. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.



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for HOUSEWIVES
who need UP TO 22 A WEEK!**

No more Convassing
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If you need \$22.00 in a week—if you want a beautiful selection of the latest Spring and Summer Styles for yourself absolutely Free of extra charge—all without house-to-house canvassing, experience, or investment, even without interfering with your household duties, write me at once giving your dress size and age. Nothing to pay now or at any time. **HARFORD FROCKS, INC.**, Dept. S-7, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Hair OFF

Face
Lips
Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many different products... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzetta, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. E-20, Chicago.

YOU MAY ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods and guard against constipation. **SO USE COMMON SENSE!** Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO pep up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! Used successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile, today Olive Tablets are justly the choice of thousands upon thousands of grateful users. Test their goodness TONIGHT! Follow label directions. 15c, 30c, 60c.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 7)

is Rudy's friend, Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken add to the merriment and Sir Lancelot, the Calypso singer, is new and different. (Feb.)

✓✓ **HARD WAY, THE**—Warners: Ida Lupino plays her role of a relentlessly selfish woman who promotes her younger sister, Joan Leslie, to perfection. Equally fine is the performance of Jack Carson as the lovable but dumbish vaudevillian who marries Joan and rescues them both from their miserable surroundings. Dennis Morgan, Leona Maricle and Gladys Cooper are also good. (Dec.)

HELLO, ANNAPOLIS—Columbia: Jean Parker refuses to marry Tom Brown unless he enters Annapolis. When he attempts to trick her into marriage, Joan turns the tables and tricks him into Annapolis, where he gets the smart-aleckness taken out of him. (Dec.)

HENRY ALDRICH, EDITOR—Paramount: The irrepressible Henry is accused of arson when he hints of sabotage in his high-school paper and building after building is set afire. But of course he traps the real culprit. Jimmy Lydon as Henry, Charles Smith as Dizzy, and Rita Quigley as the girl friend are right in there pitching. (Jan.)

HIDDEN HAND, THE—Warners: Practically everybody gets killed in this potpourri of gore when an elderly woman fakes death and burial to test her dreadful relatives, and in the testing no less than five corpses litter up the story. Craig Stevens, Elizabeth Fraser and Ruth Ford are unfortunate enough to be cast in this one. (Jan.)

HIGHWAYS BY NIGHT—RKO Radio: Richard Carlson as the millionaire playboy who gets taken by gangsters and ends up in the trucking business does very well with loosely knit material. Jane Randolph is fair as the girl, but Jane Darwell, Barton MacLane and Ray Collins are good. Average. (Dec.)

✓ **I MARRIED A WITCH**—The Cinema Guild-U.A.: Veronica Lake is the determined witch who returns with her father, Cecil Kellaway, to be devil Fredric March, who's about to marry Susan Hayward and run for Governor. But Veronica falls in love with March, to the dismay of Kellaway, and the result's fantastic but fun. Robert Benchley is March's droll pal. (Jan.)

✓✓ **JOURNEY FOR MARGARET**—M-G-M: Robert Young is brilliant as the American correspondent in London who meets orphaned William Severn and Margaret O'Brien at the rescue home of Fay Bainter and takes them home to America. Both the children are wonderful, and the experiences of English children orphaned and homeless will touch your heart. (Jan.)

JUNGLE SIREN—P.R.C.: A silly, stupid little number, this one, concerning Nazi agents at work amongst jungle tribes in Africa. Buster Crabbe and Ann Corio, the former strip-teaser, are the leads, but neither has a chance to be very good. (Jan.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox: When juror Michael Shayne, played as usual by Lloyd Nolan, sees the evidence piling up against the innocent defendant, he sets out on his own to uncover the guilty party. Girl reporter Marjorie Weaver, press cameraman Phil Silvers, attorney Richard Derr and singer Joan Valerie are all in on the excitement. (Dec.)

LADY FROM CHUNKING—P. R. C.: Anna May Wong pretends affection for a Jap general in order to obtain secret information which she relays to two American Flying Tigers, Rick Vallin and Paul Bryer, who use it to bring back other friends to annihilate the invading forces. It's pretty well done and Harold Huber's playing of a Jap scoundrel is outstanding. (Feb.)

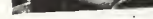
✓✓ **LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-THIRTY**—20th Century-Fox: Ida Lupino is the crippled daughter of Monty Woolley, a has-been actor given to ineptitude, who needs her desperately. For years she's watched over him, sacrificing her life to his, until she meets musician Cornel Wilde, and must choose between him and her father and therein lies the terrific emotional struggle. (Feb.)

✓ **LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Depth and beauty characterize this tale of the great poet's life—his adoption as a child, his first boyhood love affair with Virginia Gilmore, his marriage to Linda Darnell and his slow disintegration due to alcoholism. John Shepperd seems an ideal Poe; Miss Gilmore and Miss Darnell give polished performances. (Dec.)

✓ **LUCKY JORDAN**—Paramount: Alan Ladd is again the tough but appealing guy who tries to "hix" his draft board but is inducted in the Army. He goes A.W.O.L., runs into a Fifth Column spy ring and aids in their capture. Helen Walker plays the Canteen waitress, and Marie MacDonald and Sheldon Leonard keep the action moving. (Feb.)

MAN IN THE TRUNK, THE—20th Century-Fox: When pretty Lynne Roberts, dancer, buys a trunk, she finds the remains of a body inside, and Attorney George Holmes tries to exonerate his

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convicted client by proving his innocence through the skeleton in the trunk, who obligingly comes back as a ghost to aid in the exposure of the real culprit. (Jan.)

MOONLIGHT IN HAVANA—Universal: Allan Jones is a discharged ball player who can sing only when he has a cold, and when a manager of a traveling group of entertainers hears him warbling he signs him up. From there on it's everybody's show, with pretty Jane Frazee and Marjorie Lord in a tussle for Jones's affections. (Jan.)

✓ **MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH**—Paramount: Fay Bainter plays Mrs. Wiggs and her brood of children are Carolyn Lee, Betty Brewer, Mary Thomas, Carl Switzer and Billy Lee. Vera Vague as Miss Hazy and Hugh Herbert, head of a matrimonial bureau, are priceless. You'll enjoy all the homey, laughable and tragic events of the Wiggs family. (Feb.)

MUMMY'S TOMB, THE—Universal: Lon Chaney's the mummy who's been kept alive through the ages and transported to America to kill archaeologists Dick Foran and Wally Ford who disturbed the mummy's tomb years before. John Hubbard and Elyse Knox are the romantic leads, and it's a scary little number. (Jan.)

✓ **MY SISTER EILEEN**—Columbia: A bowl from start to finish is this adaptation of the successful play about two sisters who come to New York to seek a career. Rosalind Russell is the older sister, Janet Blair her pretty sister Eileen; and George Tobias is their landlord. Brian Aherne, the editor, and reporter Allyn Joslyn join the throng who wander in and out of their basement apartment. (Dec.)

✓ **NAVY COMES THROUGH, THE**—R.K.O. Radio: A swell service picture, this one, with George Murphy as the disgraced officer who enlists as a plain seaman under the command of Petty Officer Pat O'Brien. Max Baer and Jackie Cooper stand out as sailors, Desi Arnaz and Frank Jenks add pep to the maneuvers, and Jane Wyatt is very good as the nurse. Carl Esmond is a hit as the sailor-musician. (Jan.)

✓ **NIGHTMARE**—Universal: Murder and espionage in England, with Brian Donlevy as the American who renders a service to Englishwoman Diana Barrymore by taking a corpse out of her home and ends up in a country house fracas with Nazi spies. In spots it's excellent, and Gavin Muir is a smooth newcomer. Henry Daniell is the corpse. (Feb.)

NIGHT MONSTER—Universal: Practically everyone gets killed when mystic, cosmic, yogi monkey business creeps over the estate of Ralph Morgan where scary Bela Lugosi is the butler. House-keeper Doris Lloyd, cbauffeur Leif Erikson, Yogi Nils Asther and several doctors are all suspects.



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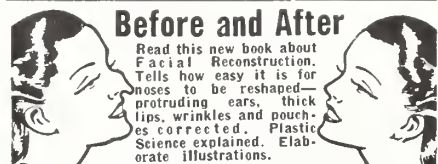
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Irene Hervey is the pretty psychiatrist, and Fay Helm the sister who thinks she's crazy. (Jan.)

NORTHWEST RANGERS—M-G-M: Jack Holt takes over the care of two boys orphaned by an Indian massacre. One grows up to be Bill Lundigan who becomes a North West mountie and the other turns out to be James Craig, a gambler and a baddie. When Pat Dane wins the love of both men, excitement pops in all directions. John Carradine is good as a rival gambler. (Feb.)

NOW, VOYAGER—Warners: Another Bette Davis masterpiece is this story of a frustrated woman who finds release through the aid of psychiatrist Claude Rains. Paul Henreid, the man who brings her love that can never be realized in marriage, will create a stir among feminine fans. Gladys Cooper, Ilka Chase and Bonita Granville are on to the very high standard of the story. (Dec.)

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio: Ginger Rogers, ex-strip teaser posing as a socialite in Austria, marries Walter Slezak, Hitler's secret agent, and finds herself in one collapsing country after another. When American radio commentator Cary Grant convinces her that Slezak is a traitor, she runs away with Cary. Most of the film is terrific, but part of it drags; nevertheless you'll enjoy it. (Feb.)

ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING—United Artists: An honest, straightforward chronicle of six R.A.F. flyers who are forced to bail out over occupied Holland and are helped by the Dutch Underground to make their way back to England. The English players, unfamiliar on this side of the ocean, give performances which are as simple, convincing and moving as the story itself. (Jan.)

OX-BOW INCIDENT, THE—20th Century-Fox: A slice of life served raw is this story of what happens when man takes justice into his own hands. In a small Western town, a posse rides out to avenge murder and cattle stealing and hang Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn and Chris Pin Martin, only to discover the lynching was an irredeemable error. Henry Fonda is the rancher who swerves to the side of justice. (Jan.)

RANDOM HARVEST—M-G-M: The first half of this important picture is truly great and Ronald Colman as the war victim who escapes an asylum and is befriended by show-girl Greer Garson has never been finer, but the latter half becomes sadder. Miss Garson, of course, is magnificent, and Susan Peters and Philip Dorn register strongly. It's a screen event, so don't miss it. (Feb.)

REUNION—M-G-M: Showing the life of the Nazis in Paris, this has Philip Dorn as the loyal Frenchman presumably pro-Nazi, and Joan Crawford his fiancée who leaves him when she thinks he's a Nazi. When she befriends RAF flyer John Wayne and tries to help him to escape, surprises pop all over the place. Reginald Owen and Albert Basserman add to the suspense. (Feb.)

ROAD TO MOROCCO—Paramount: Another Bing Crosby and Bob Hope laugh riot, with the two boys stranded in Morocco where Bing sells Boh to a sheik, and then manages to locate him in Dorothy Lamour's harem. But Dorothy's sheik lover, Anthony Quinn, finds out about the boys, and from then on it's a series of calamities that will have you howling with laughter. (Jan.)

SCATTERGOOD SURVIVES A MURDER—RKO-Radio: John Archer, newspaper man, is accused of murdering two old lady recluses, and when more relatives are humped off the ensuing commotion involves Margaret Hayes, reporter, Wally Ford, rival newsman, and Scattergood, played as usual by Guy Kibbee. It's not up to the usual standard of this series. (Jan.)

SECRETS OF A CO-ED—P.R.C.: This tells the story of the secret racketeering operations of a respected attorney, Otto Kruger, that he reveals to a jury when his daughter, Tina Thayer, is on trial for killing her sweetheart, a gunman hired by Kruger. Rich Vallin, a newcomer, is a find; and the performances of Miss Thayer and Otto Kruger are outstanding. (Dec.)

SEVEN DAYS LEAVE—RKO Radio: Army private Vic Mature has seven days leave in which to meet and marry a certain girl, so he can collect his inheritance. Lucille Ball is the girl who spurns Vic's gall and then falls for it. Freddy Martin furnishes the swell music, Peter Hayes and Ginny Simms will wow you and the whole picture is a lot of fun. (Jan.)

SEVEN MILES FROM ALCATRAZ—RKO-Radio: Convicts James Craig and Frank Jenks escape from Alcatraz and take refuge in a lighthouse. When it dawns upon them that the keeper of the lighthouse is relaying messages to the Nazis, they manage to trap the heads of the spy ring, a procedure that's pretty exciting. Bonita Granville is the keeper's daughter and Cliff Edwards and George Cleveland do good jobs. (Feb.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR—Universal: Basil Rathbone the indelible Holmes with pal Doctor Watson Nigel Bruce, uncover a Nazi radio nest and prevent all sorts of German invasions. Evelyn Ankers is the pretty Limehouse girl who also helps Holmes. It's pretty average fare. (Dec.)

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✓ **SILVER QUEEN**—Sherman-U.A.: Priscilla Lane, who's engaged to a heel (Bruce Cabot) travels West to become a gambler in order to pay off the debts of her father (Eugene Pallette). She wins, but sends the money to Cabot, who crosses her up, leaving the whole mess to be straightened out by George Brent, who finally wins Priscilla. It's a good Western. (Feb.)

SIN TOWN—Universal: Bunco artists Constance Bennett and Brod Crawford arrive in a Western oil town looking for easy money which they find when Crawford declares himself partner in Ward Bond's saloon. Anne Gwynne and Patric Knowles provide the love interest and Andy Devine and Leo Carrillo romp around. The brawl between the two villains is really a lulu. (Dec.)

✓ **SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES**—20th Century-Fox: Betty Grable is in love with Broadway actor John Payne but when he misbehaves she pretends to love her new dancing partner Cesar Romero. From a New York stage play the group carry on their misunderstandings at Lake Louise. Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood and Edward Everett Horton aid in the mix-up in this Technicolor musical. (Dec.)

STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount: When Burgess Meredith gets hit on the head and wakes up to discover he's been an amnesia victim for over a year and is wanted for murder, he undertakes to unravel the mystery himself, with many surprising results. Claire Trevor plays a maid and Adeline deWalt Reynolds a paralytic. (Feb.)

STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE—Universal: A college jibe band moves out West to a dude ranch in this little number and finally manages to land a radio show. The music is hot, the kids hep, the songs lovely, and the dancing good. Among those present are Mary Healy, Richard Davies, Leon Errol, Grace McDonald, Ozzie Neelson and Shemp Howard. (Feb.)

THAT OTHER WOMAN—20th Century-Fox: Pretty secretary Virginia Gilmore pursues her architect boss, James Ellison, who intrigues her with his disinterest. When Grandma Alma Kruger advises Virginia how to trap Ellison, the scheme works but not in the way expected. Jania Carter is cute as the persistent huntress. (Jan.)

✓ **THUNDER BIRDS**—20th Century-Fox: Informative, entertaining and colorful is this story about the training of English, Chinese and Americans at a desert flying school. Preston Foster, the instructor, and English student John Sutton are both rivals for the affections of lovely Gene Tierney, but all the players take second place to the interesting flying sequences. (Jan.)

WHISTLING IN DIXIE—M-G-M: When Red Skelton, a radio crime detective, and his assistant, Ann Rutherford, go down to Georgia to help Diana Lewis, they find themselves involved in a phony murder mystery with one silly, ridiculous incident following another, leaving the audience wild with glee. Rags Ragland, George Bancroft and Guy Kibbee swarm over the place. (Feb.)

✓ **WHITE CARGO**—M-G-M: The trouble with this picture of white men and a tropical seductress is that the story has become repetitious through imitation, but the performance of Walter Pidgeon, veteran of the tropical isle, gives great stability to the play. Richard Carlson and Frank Morgan are very good and Hedy Lamarr is certainly the most gorgeous *Tondelayo*. (Dec.)

✓ **WHO DONE IT?**—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, soda jerks who want to be radio writers, try out for a job at the radio station only to run headlong into a murder. Nazi agents horn in to mess things up and the boys' amateur sleuthing almost leads to their own arrest. The routines are bewildered and it's corny, but we dare you not to laugh. (Feb.)

WILDCAT—Paramount: Never a dull moment in this story, with Richard Arlen playing a wildcat oil man who goes into partnership with Elisha Cook, Jr., gets buffeted by Arline Judge, Elisha's fake sister, and fights it out with his enemy oil driller Buster Crabbe. (Dec.)

WRECKING CREW—Paramount: All about the men who tear down buildings, with two friends, Richard Arlen and Chester Morris, taking on a job together and ending up on a wall ready to tumble to the ground six stories below and no way to get down. Jean Parker is the girl. (Feb.)

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER—Warners: A remake of the Paul Muni picture, "Hi, Nellie," with George Brent, now playing the newspaper managing editor who uncovers a gang of racketeers operating behind a night-club front and a Lonely Hearts Club. Brenda Marshall is the girl reporter, Roscoe Karns the photographer, and Gene Lockhart and Edward Ginnelli the villains. (Dec.)

YOUTH ON PARADE—Republic: That college show is here again, with Tom Brown and Martha O'Driscoll leading the talent parade. Broadway actress Ruth Terry joins the campus scampers after they've played a trick on Professor John Hubbard, who plays his part to perfection. It's young and snappy. (Dec.)

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(from a letter by E. F., San Francisco, Calif.)



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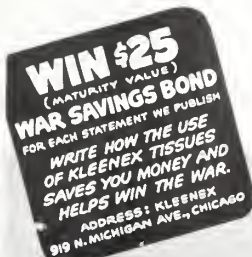


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Casts of Current Pictures

AMERICAN EMPIRE—Harry Sherman-U.A.: Dan Taylor, Richard Dix; *Dominique Beauchard*, Leo Carrillo; *Paxton Bryce*, Preston Foster; *Abby Taylor*, Frances Gifford; *Crowder*, Robert H. Barrat; *Pierre*, Jack La Rue; *Sailaway*, Guinn Williams; *Runtz*, Cliff Edwards; *Paxton Bryce, Jr.*, Merrill Guy Rodin; *Augustin*, Chris Pin Martin; *Crane*, Richard Webb; *Louisiana Judge*, William Faltner; *Willie May*, Etta McDaniel; *Malone*, Hal Talarferro.

ANDY HARDY'S DOUBLE LIFE—M-G-M: Judge Hardy, Lewis Stone; *Andy Hardy*, Mickey Rooney; *Marian Hardy*, Cecilia Parker; *Mrs. Hardy*, Fay Holden; *Polly Benedict*, Ann Rutherford; *Aunt Milly*, Sara Haden; *Shelia Brooks*, Esther Williams; *Jeff Willis*, William Lundigan; *"Botsy"*, Robert Pittard; *"Tooky"*, Bobby Blake; *Sue*, Susan Peters.

ARABIAN NIGHTS—Wanger-Universal: *Haroun Al-Raschid*, Jon Hall; *Sherazade*, Maria Montez; *Ali Ben Ali*, Sabu; *Kamar*, Leif Erikson; *Ahmad*, Billy Gilbert; *Nadan*, Edgar Barrier; *Corporal*, Richard Lane; *Captain*, Turhan Bey; *Aladdin*, John Qualen; *Sinbad*, Shemp Howard; *Valda*, William "Wee Willie" Davis; *Hakim*, Thomas Gomez; *Dresser*, Jeni Le Gon; *Eunuch*, Robert Greig; *Charles Coleman*, *Slaver*, Adia Kuznetsoff; *Harem Sentry*, Emory Parnell; *Blacksmith*, Harry Cording; *Slave Girl*, Robin Raymond; *Harem Girl*, Carmen D'Antonio.

BEHIND THE 8 BALL—Universal: *The Ritz Brothers*, Themselves; *Joan Barry*, Carol Bruce; *Bill Edwards*, Dick Foran; *Ted and his band*, Sonny Dunham; *Danny*, Johnny Downs; *Babs*, Grace McDonald; *McKenzie*, William Demarest; *Clay*, Richard Davies.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN—Columbia: *Eric Torsen*, Paul Muni; *Judith Bowen*, Anna Lee; *Mrs. Bergesen*, Lillian Gish; *Admiral Bowen*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Robert Bowen*, Robert Coote; *Johan Bergesen*, Ray Collins; *Mrs. Arnesen*, Rosemary DeCamp; *German Captain*, Alexander Knox; *Anna Korstad*, Elizabeth Fraser; *Gunnar Korstad*, Richard Derr; *Garmo*, Erville Alderson; *Solveig*, Ann Carter; *Mrs. Olaf*, Barbara Everest; *Pastor*, Rod Cameron; *Arnesen*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Schoolteacher*, George Macready; *German Colonel*, Arthur Margetson, and *Captain V. S. Godfrey*, R.C.N.; *Commander C. M. Cree*, R.C.N.; *Brigadier R. A. Fraser*, C.R.A.; *Commander C. T. Beard*, R.C.N.; *Sergeant-Major L. E. Kemp*, C.R.A.; *Sergeant-Major Mickey Miquelon*, C.R.A.

GREAT IMPERSONATION, THE—Universal: *Sir Edward Dorniney*, Baron von Ragenstein, Ralph Bellamy; *Muriel*, Evelyn Ankers; *Baroness Stephanie*, Kaaren Verne; *Seaman*, Henry Daniels; *Bardinet*, Edward Norris; *Sir Ronald*, Aubrey Mather; *Lady Leslie*, Mary Forbes.

HITLER'S CHILDREN—RKO-Radio: *Karl*, Tim Holt; *Anna*, Bonita Granville; *Nicky*, Kent Smith; *Col. Henkel*, Otto Kruger; *Bishop*, H. B. Warner; *Franz Erhardt*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Dr. Schmidt*, Erford Gage; *Dr. Graf*, Hans Conried; *Major*, Gavin Muir; *Brenda*, Nancy Gates.

ICE CAPADES REVUE—Republic: *Ann*, Ellen Drew; *Jeff*, Richard Denning; *Theophilus*, Jerry Colonna; *Aunt Nelthe*, Barbara Jo Allen; *Vera Vague*; *Duke Baldwin*, Harold Huber; *Bubbles*, Marilyn Hare; *Denny*, Bill Shirley; *Wiley Stone*, Pierre Watkin; *Homer*, Si Jenks; *Snake Eyes*, Sam Bernard; *Master of Ceremonies*, George Byron, and the Ice-capades Company.

IN WHICH WE SERVE—U.A.: *Captain Kinross*, Noel Coward; *Chief Petty Officer Walter Hardy*, Bernard Miles; *Ordinary Seaman Shorty Blake*, John Mills; *Alix* (Mrs. Kinross), Celia Johnson; *Freda Lewis*, Kay Walsh; *Mrs. Hardy*, Joyce Carey; *Number One*, Derek Elphinstone; *"Guns"*, Robert Sansom; *"Torps"*, Philip Friend; *"Flags"*, Michael Wilding; *Pilot*, Hubert Gregg; *Engineer Commander*, Ballard Berkeley; *Doctor*, James Donald; *Sub Lieut. R.N.V.R.*, Kenneth Carlton; *Colonel Lumsden*, Walter Fitzgerald; *Capt. Jasper Fry*, Gerald Case; *Lavinia*, Ann Stephens; *Bobby*, Daniel Massey; *Mrs. Lemmon*, Dora Gregory; *Mrs. Blake*, Kathleen Harrison; *Mr. Blake*, George Carney.

MADAM SPY—Universal: *Joan Bonister*, Constance Bennett; *David Bonister*, Don Porter; *Peter*, John Littel; *Mike Reese*, Ed Brophy; *Lt. Comdr. Drake*, Edmund MacDonald; *Carl Gordon*, John Eldredge.

MOUNTAIN RHYTHM—Republic: *Abner*, Leon Weaver; *Cicero*, Frank Weaver; *Eltzy*, June Weaver; *Linda Weaver*, Lynn Merrick; *Dr. Elihu Prindle*, Frank M. Thomas; *Fannibelle Weaver*, Sally Payne; *Darwood Gates Alton*, Dickie Jones; *Bill Burgess*, Joseph Allen, Jr.; *Humphrey Davidson Pepperfeld VI*, Billy Boy; *Forsythe*, Earle S. Dewey; *Pierce*, Sam Flint; *Alton*, Ben Erway.

NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A—Columbia: *Nancy Troy*, Loretta Young; *Jeff Troy*, Brian Aherne; *Anne Carstairs*, Jeff Donnell; *Scott Carstairs*, William Wright; *Inspector Hankins*, Sidney Toler; *Mrs. DeVoe*, Gale Sondergaard; *Bolling*, Donald MacBride; *Polly Franklin*, Lee Patrick; *Eddie Turner*, Don Costello; *Mrs. Salter*, Blanche Yurka; *Lingle*, Richard Gaines; *Pat Murphy*, James Burke.

PITTSBURG—Universal: *Josie (Hunky) Winters*, Marlene Dietrich; *Cash Evans*, Randolph Scott; *Pittsburgh Markham*, John Wayne; *"Doc" Powers*, Frank Craven; *Shamon Prentiss*, Louise Allbritton; *Joe Malneck*, Thomas Gomez; *Dr. Grallich*, Ludwig Stossel; *Shorty*, Shemp Howard;

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TRAITOR WITHIN, THE—Republic: *Sam Starr*, Donald M. Barry; *Molly*, Jean Parker; *Pop Bets*, George Cleveland; *John Scott Ryder*, Ralph Morgan; *Mrs. Kyder*, Jessica Newcombe; *Al McGonigle*, Bradley Page; *Otis*, Dick Wessel; *Carter*, Emmett Vogan; *Davis*, Edward Keane; *Tommy*, Eddie Acuff; *Melrose*, Sam McDaniel; *Louie*, Eddie Johnson; *June*, Marjorie Cooley.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME—Universal: *Johnny Kovacs*, Allan Jones; *Diana Wellman*, Maria Shelton; *Marilyn*, Gloria Jean; *Joyce*, Jane Frazee; *Frankie*, Donald O'Connor; *Dusty*, Peggy Ryan; *Trullars*, Olin Howland; *Maj. Donaldson*, Selmer Jackson; *Lt. Com. Bridges*, Richard Davies; *Gardner Wellman*, Clyde Fillmore; *Ma Flanagan*, Emma Dunn; and *Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra*, and the Stepp Brothers.

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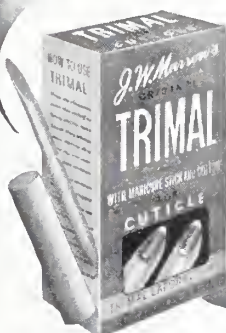
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Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children.

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Here are excerpts from just a few of the many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users.

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"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time. I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave." Mrs. B. Maina, Ill.

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"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a ten dollar permanent." Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

MAKES HAIR LOOK NATURAL CURLY
"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft." Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

CHARM-KURL IS WONDERFUL
"I am sending for my Charm-Kurl kit. I have already bought one and I think Charm-Kurl is wonderful." Miss Betty Johnson, Ohio.

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"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave." Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

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"I have tried the Charm-Kurl and was greatly thrilled with its results." Phyllis Schwensen, Neb.

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"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl permanent. It is soft and fluffy and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

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"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I've ever had regardless of the cost." Miss Betty Moulthrop, Washington.



FAY McKENZIE

starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic Production, is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave, pictured above.

EACH KIT CONTAINS 40 CURLERS SHAMPOO & WAVE SET also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

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Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your Charm-Kurl permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to \$5.00 for, you get your money back.

FREE Up to \$1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET

In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 oz. of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to \$1.00 ... enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59¢ plus postage (or \$1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain so take advantage of this special offer. Send today!

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 347, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

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Will he whisper Praises about your Skin?

go on the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**

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"I've been getting the most thrilling compliments about my complexion," says this happy bride. "It certainly was a lucky day for me when I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. In just a little while I could see such an improvement! It's amazing how mild Camay is and I just love Camay's fragrance."

**Tonight... go on the
CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**



Mildness counts! Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose, base of nostrils and chin. Feel—*how mild it is!* Wonderfully gentle on sensitive skin! Rinse with warm water. If skin is oily, splash cold for thirty seconds.



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**A little time, a little care...
a lovelier you!**

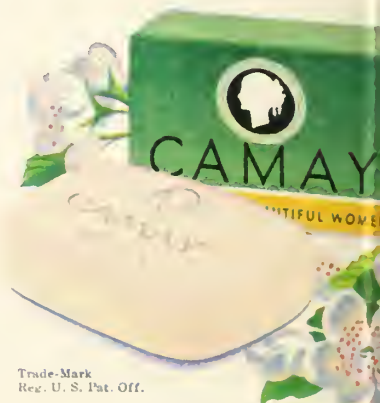


This beauty care is based on skin specialists' advice — praised by lovely brides

HOW THRILLING to see new admiration in the eyes of those around you—and to hear pretty compliments on your complexion! This may happen to you—far sooner than you think—if only you'll follow the advice of so many happy brides; change tonight to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

For skin specialists say many women are not giving their skin proper cleansing—while many others are using a soap not mild enough.

That's why we urge you to go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Take advantage of its greater mildness.—Camay is mildest of dozens of beauty soaps tested. Be faithful—see what thrilling new loveliness can be yours!



Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

America's Most Beautiful Brides are on the Mild-Soap Diet!

Washing your hair?

LISTERINE
to guard against
infectious type of
DANDRUFF



HERE'S a tip from the lips of thousands of women who have been helped by the Listerine treatment:

As a part of every shampoo, either preceding or following it, as you prefer, use full strength Listerine Antiseptic, followed by vigorous and persistent massage.

The minute Listerine Antiseptic reaches scalp and hair it kills literally millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus," recognized by many outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Your hair and scalp will feel wonderfully clean and fresh and threatening germ-invaders will be combated in large numbers.

If Dandruff Develops

If the infectious type of dandruff has really made headway on your scalp repeat the Listerine treatment at least once a day. Twice a day is better. You

will be amazed to find how quickly the distressing flakes and scales and the annoying itch begin to disappear.

Remember that 76% of the sufferers in a clinical test showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks of the Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

And what a contrast the Listerine method is to most of those suggested for troublesome scalp conditions! Fast-drying instead of sticky—clean-smelling instead of offensive—a delight instead of a chore. And remember, germ-killing the minute you use it!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

**THE BEST
SAFEGUARD
I KNOW**



The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

MEMO: *A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful new dentifrice gives it.* LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

"Du Barry Was A Lady" has started something.

Or rather, it has re-started something—which is the quest for the composite American Beauty. Artists have been taking pilgrimages to the M-G-M set to see the parade of pulchritude that is passing before the camera.

They all come back with raves about the merriment of the occasion, and cheers for the roster of talent that has produced this Technicolorful song-comedy.

Red Skelton, Lucille Ball and Gene Kelly are stars in the procession which includes Virginia O'Brien, "Rags" Ragland, Zero Mostel. Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.



Roy Del Ruth directed. Arthur Freed produced. Irving Brecher wrote the screenplay, Nancy Hamilton adapted and Wilkie Mahoney contributed additional dialogue.



But back to the composite American Beauty. It turned out they selected the following features of the Du Barry girls:

Kay Aldridge's profile . . . pert and perfect
Hazel Brooks' legs . . . rounded and symmetrical
Kay Williams' arms . . . ditto
Inez Cooper's hands . . . delicate and angular
Georgia Carroll's eyes . . . "Drink to me only . . ."
Natalie Draper's lips . . . lips you love to touch
Mary Jane French's hair . . . glory as a crown
Aileen Haley's bust . . . Venus with arms
Ruth Ownbey's hips . . . hip! hip! hurrah!
Theo Coffman's feet . . . perfect pedals
Dorothy Haas' ankles . . . shapely is the word
Eve Whitney's waist . . . embraceable Eve

If therefore you wish to spend an evening with a perfect composite, go see "Du Barry Was A Lady", best musical of the year.

Your composite legs will move to the rhythm of the Cole Porter songs.

Recommended by the composite American lion.



PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE
MIRROR

APRIL, 1943

VOL. 22, NO. 5

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Miss Tierney's sweater by Lonz of Los Angeles

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

THE **BIG** SHOW IS **BIGGER** THAN EVER!

**RED
SKELTON**

AND
**RED-HEADED
LUCILLE BALL**

Broadway's Sensational Musical
Comedy is M-G-M's biggest
musical screen entertainment
now—with

more pretty girls
more peppy dancing
more pulsing rhythms
more FUN and funsters
than you've ever seen before!

ALL THIS...AND TECHNICOLOR, TOO!



It's Gene Kelly! You brought him
and his tap-happy feet to star-
dom in "For Me and My Gal"!



Meet Zero Mostel—and laugh!
Screen debut for the comic sen-
sation of N. Y.'s night spots!



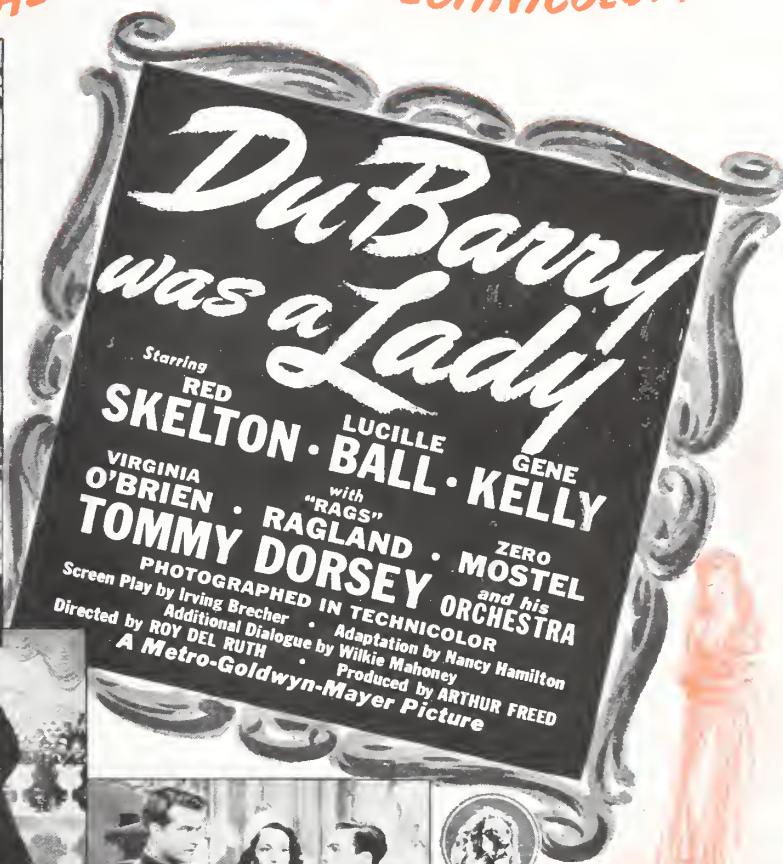
"Red" Skelton and gorgeous red-
headed Lucille Ball "double-dood
it"! They're really terrific!



Chuckles and jive from dead-pan
Virginia O'Brien. Hear her sing
Cole Porter's "Friendship".



Stop—look—and listen! Tommy
Dorsey—his trombone—and his
band! What music! Hold tight!



Right:
Varga, Esquire's
famed artist, paints
his conception of
the Du Barry girl.

Songs

"Do I Love You!", "Salome",
"Friendship", "Madame, I Like
Your Crepes Suzettes", "Du
Barry Was a Lady", "I Love
An Esquire Girl"



We're Sorry, Judy

THERE is little novelty in reading about the failure of a Hollywood marriage. We are likely to rush on to the next headline without a thought of the emotional tragedy involved, almost as though the couple who have been married and who now stand alone were people without capacity for pain.

When she saw the cold newspaper print of the announcement that she and Dave Rose had separated, Judy Garland said, "Who knows the tears behind those words? If people knew how we had tried, they wouldn't judge."

This is being written to assure Judy Garland that there is no one who can rightfully accuse her of indulging in what so many regard as a typical Hollywood luxury—a heedless separation or a careless divorce; that there is no one who, knowing the circumstances, could believe she said good-bye to her husband until the tears came so persistently that she had no other choice.

One day some time ago—just a few years when measured by the calendar and endless years when measured by their emotional content—Judy Garland's mother told one of Photoplay's writers how Judy who was then sixteen had fallen in love with an older man.

It was Judy's first real crush and her mother for the first time had felt concern for her daughter's happiness. She, of all people, knew the emotional depths of Judy, of her capacity for devotion and blind faith. This first love had not brought Judy the exaltation she had thought it would hold. It had brought tears, instead. Her mother was telling this because Judy had just come to her the day before and said, "Mother, I don't want you ever to mention him to me again. Something has happened that I will never forget and I don't want ever to think of him again if I can help it."

But Judy did think of him. Once having her emotions stirred so deeply, it was not in her character to turn this page of her own love story and begin a new chapter with a new hero. Judy had to wait until she could be sure that she once again was emotionally secure. She was two years older before the scars of her first heartbreak had entirely disappeared. It was not long after that she married Dave Rose, although those whose judg-

ment she most respected gently warned her that they were afraid of this marriage that she wanted.

I HAVE been told by those who wear their sympathies for Judy openly something of the efforts she has made to hold to this marriage that was so dear to her. How, when her husband wanted to compose his music in the middle of the night, she would get up and make hot chocolate and then remain up with him until he had finished his work, even if she had an eight o'clock call on the set in the morning. How she would wait up those nights when Dave did his broadcasting, knowing that he would be too tense afterwards to sleep and would bring the radio gang home with him for some fun and relaxation, heedless of the hour.

These friends of Judy's point to a difference in their ages, a difference in their tastes, their work and their interests; they point to Judy's nervousness which they say has come from her efforts to bridge these gaps. They recall how Judy, when they were first married, urged her husband to take dancing lessons so that he could join with her in this pleasure which meant so much to her. They tell of the endless hours Judy spent with Dave while he trained her voice the way he felt it should be trained, even beyond the point where Judy, in all honesty, thought the lessons should go.

Early last summer we heard that Judy and Dave might separate. For two issues we held back a story describing their lives together; then, when they seemed to have worked out their difficulties, we published it, noting therein the rumor of a breakup.

The Fink photograph on this page is the last picture of Judy and Dave together. Judy, I am told, had clung to the hope that when her husband was in the Army, they somehow would recapture all the happiness they had been missing. But a marriage that has struck shoals of heartbreak needs more than hope. So Judy at last knew it was inevitable that she would read in the papers of her own marital failure.

All of us to whom Judy has brought so many screen hours of enjoyment can only say, "We're sorry, Judy."

Jud Rhamm

Blazing WITH LAUGHTER COLOR AND RHYTHM! Happy Go Lucky

Azure Skies...

Romantic Nights...

Two working girls
on the tropical cruise
of your dreams,
in the gayest,
most gorgeous
musical of
the year!

All in **TECHNICOLOR!**

SONGS
THAT MAKE
THE TROPICS
HOT:

"Murder, He Says"

"Let's Get Lost"

"The Fuddy Duddy Watchmaker"

"Sing A Tropical Song"

"Happy Go Lucky"

MARY
DICK
BETTY
EDDIE
RUDY
**MARTIN
POWELL
HUTTON
BRACKEN
VALLEE**

A
Paramount
Picture.

Directed by Curtis Bernhardt
Screen Play by
Walter DeLeon, Norman Panama
and Melvin Frank

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

Hollywood husbands in uniform:
Evelyn Ankers (right) pins her Mo-
cambo hopes on Richard Denning...



... Mary Pickford shoulders arms for
a leave dinner date at Ciro's with
her (and the Navy's) Buddy Rogers...



... Claudette Colbert takes Joel
Pressman out to show him the town
— and the town his gold stripes



EVENTS of the Month: All eyes are focussed on the "Jane Eyre" set with tempestuous Orson Welles and temperamental Joan Fontaine about to erupt like a Fourth of July skyrocket. On a Twentieth Century-Fox desk, Cal spied this item, "All reference to cast of 'Jane Eyre' must read 'Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine.'" Orson won the first round on first billing on the cast but wait until Joanie-Pooh gets going. Reports say she has already won the second round.

Hollywood had an "I told you so" look when, for the second time, Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner agreed to disagree. Said the young couple: "We both sincerely regret we could not work out our problems together." Hollywood hopes the separation will bring them both the happiness they failed to find together.

John Carroll, John Howard and Tyrone Power packed up their service kit bags, smiled good-by to Hollywood and went off to join Uncle Sam.

Starry-eyed Olivia: Love has come to Olivia de Havilland and no mistake. The friendship between Livvie and Lt. John Huston, former director, of which we wrote in this column, has undoubtedly become serious and Hollywood believes once Huston is free the pair will wed.

While rehearsing for a recent broadcast, Livvie was told someone offstage wanted to see her. She strolled off and twenty minutes later strolled back—stars in her eyes. Her unexpected visitor had been Lt. Huston, son of actor Walter Huston.

Once Cal encountered Walter and Mrs. Huston dining with Olivia and John, but since his return to camp we've spotted Olivia, with her huge dog by her side, dining alone at Schwab's Drug Store night after night.

When it becomes certain the divorce is going through we'll write you the story of Olivia and John. And maybe we won't be happy that Livvie, who has known so much unhappiness, has finally found her true heart.

One-Sentence Facts: Sailor Henry Fonda thumbed his way from San Diego to Hollywood and back on a twenty-four-hour leave without being recognized.

Red Skelton introduces Edna, who recently divorced him, to all servicemen audiences as "my wife" which may mean a reconciliation—or may not.

Fred Astaire's real name is Frederick Austerlitz.

The very masculine Mr. Bogart, known to his virile cronies as "Bogie," has the alluring middle name of DeForrest—but grin when you call him that.

Margaret Sullivan has announced her retirement from the screen in order to care for her three children.

David Selznick, who produced "Gone With The Wind," is quoted as saying his next effort will be the filming of "Mein Kampf."

The mother of Jack Oakie's estranged wife keeps house for her son-in-law.

George Raft has the smallest hands and feet of any actor in Hollywood.

(Continued on page 8)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

130 MILLION AMERICAN HEARTS FLY WITH IT!

This is Jimmy, the boy
who lived next door.
Last year he made the
football team. This year
he's making history.

THE
PICTURE THAT
REMEMBERS

PEARL HARBOR.

IT COMES

TO YOU
FROM

AIR FORCE

... COURAGE YOU CAN'T HELP CHEERING,
IN MEN YOU CAN'T HELP LOVING!

Warner Bros.

PRODUCED BY
HAL B. WALLIS

... AS THE MEN WHO LOVED 'MARY ANN'—THE FLYING Fortress:
JOHN GARFIELD • GIG YOUNG • HARRY CAREY • GEORGE TOBIAS • ARTHUR
KENNEDY • JAS. BROWN • JOHN RIDGELY • SCREENPLAY: DUDLEY NICHOLS

HOWARD HAWKS
PRODUCTION



Irresistible AS YOU WANT HIM TO REMEMBER YOU



THAT IRRESISTIBLE SOMETHING IS

Irresistible

P E R F U M E

The glamour that dreams are made of captured in this unforgettable perfume. Wear it like a smile... to lift the heart and stir the imagination. Spicy, flirtatious, Irresistible Perfume is as stimulating as a cocktail... as lasting as it is lovely! Specially packaged for Easter.

10c at all 5 and 10c stores



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r... 10c




Food, Food at Any Price! The food problem — or how to get any — continues in Hollywood, with meat counters bare for days at a time. Vegetables are purchased with gold bars and canned goods are growing scarcer than hen's teeth. Fred MacMurray claims he eats macaroni instead of meat these days and loves it — only he'd like it better if he could get the cheese for it.

Alice Faye says at the Phil Harris house they just eat a chicken or turkey off the ranch and dream of steaks at night.

James Craig is the most popular lad on the M-G-M lot, incidentally. Whereas every eye used to fasten on Bob Montgomery as he drove through the gates in his fancy English car, eyes are now fastened on Craig as he drives in with that basket of eggs from his ranch. Is he the popular boy! Oh well, maybe Cal will now get his waistline down to where it should be!

Big Ben and Wedding Bells: Carole Landis went to London and North Africa to entertain our American soldiers there and stayed to marry one of them, namely Captain Thomas C. Wallace of Pasadena. The pair had never met before but fell in love instantly. It was necessary to have Carole's birth certificate rushed to her in England before the wedding could take place. Bebe Daniels, who lives abroad, and Kay Francis and Martha Raye, also entertaining over there, were guests.

Carole was married formerly to Irving Wheeler and divorced him after less than a month of marriage. Her next marriage, to Willis Hunt Jr., was also a brief affair.

Carole's friends wish her well and hope this marriage will be a more lasting one. Captain Wallace was one of the original

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Two glasses held up to celebrate three years of marriage: At the left Diana Lewis and husband Bill Powell propose a West Coast toast to each other and a happy marriage. Below: Second act played at the West Side Tennis Club to the accompaniment of happy applause from the audience. Bill and Diana in a close-up guaranteed to boom the marriage-license business



American Eagles attached to the R. A. F. and is now with the American forces. What's more, he's credited with having brought down two German Messerschmitts.

Tidbits: That water boy who carried out the bucket between halves at the Alabama-U. C. L. A. Rosebowl game was Mickey Rooney, no less...

That something definitely is brewing and has been for a long time between Deanna Durbin and Universal studios can no longer be denied. We look for a blow-up any minute...

Marlene Dietrich's seventeen-year-old daughter, who does not always see eye to eye with mama and says so, got herself a movie job. Under the name Maria Manton, the young lady has been signed by Anna Sten's husband, Dr. Eugene

Frenke, for a role in the film "The Girl From Leningrad."

Speaking of Marlene, did you, by the way, see her picture in a magazine captioned "thirty-eight-year-old glamour girl?" Now is that nice, we ask you?

Cal's Alphabetical News:

A—Alan Ladd and Sue Carroll will have to disappoint fans who have already named their coming offspring Alan Jr. There is already an Alan Jr., a five-year-old lad of Alan's by a former wife.

B—Lt. Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard have gone into business. They have purchased a bicycle shop on Western Avenue and sell machines to defense workers.

C—Clark Gable, who expects and hopes for active duty very soon, is rumored as being "commanded" to return to Hollywood for a propaganda picture. Hurray!

D—Don Ameche is the only star of the old group left at Twentieth Century-Fox. Don, being the papa of four boys, is Army exempt.

E—Edgar Bergen has tried everywhere to enlist, only to find himself blocked by Uncle Sam. Edgar is on the Government's "selected twenty" list to be called upon to entertain the boys any time at any place they are sent. So are Bob Hope and Nelson Eddy.

F—Frank Morgan was chosen the favorite "liar" of the boys at Camp Roberts and will be on hand as special guest on "Liar's Day." Frank's tall whoppers on the radio earned him the distinction.

G—Gladys Robinson, wife of actor Edward G. Robinson, is seriously ill in a Glendale sanitarium.

H—Hedy Lamarr has been discovered by actor John Loder and wow!

I—Iлона Massey is setting hearts thumping in New York, especially Georgie Jessel's.

J—Jane Withers will enroll at U. C. L. A. next semester.

K—Karen Verne is expected to marry Peter Lorre any minute if she isn't already his bride.

L—Loretta Young is so happy because husband Tom Lewis is now a Lt. Colonel. Lt. Col. Lewis's duties concern overseas entertainment for the boys.

M—Martha O'Driscoll doesn't care who knows she loves Bill Lundigan. Or is it Mrs. Bill Lundigan by now?

N—Nelson Eddy's first trip to the Universal commissary (Nelson will make "Phantom Of The Opera" for this studio) had all the waitresses begging for autographs. The way the women go for that man!

O—Orson Welles has discovered Maria Montez, which was inevitable.

P—Paul Henreid is slowly recovering his health after a six months' struggle with a nervous disorder due to his hectic experiences in Austria.

Q—Questions are being fired right and left at Mr. Steve Crane's military and marital status these days.

R—Ronald Colman and his wife have closed their Beverly Hills home and will rough it on their ranch for the duration.

S—Susan Peters and Richard Quine grow more and more serious.

T—Tony Quinn has been appointed entertainment counselor for all Spanish-speaking American soldiers and works at it day and night.

U—United Forces are giving daily thanks to Bette Davis for the warm hospitality at the Hollywood Canteen these winter nights.

V—Victor McLaglen's son Andy is the most disappointed lad in town. His 6'7" height is one inch over Uncle Sam's

"If I waited for a dinner date—I'd starve!"



Joan: The only dates in my life are those on the calendar... but the fellows stand in line to take you out! What's missing in my bag of tricks?

Alice: You *should* have plenty of come-hither, Joan darling. You have looks and personality, but one thing dims your lucky star—and you don't even know what it is!



Alice: That's the way underarm odor fools you, Joan—you can offend and *never know it!* Even with a daily bath, you can't be sure—that's why I use Mum!



(Later) Alice is right—and I'm through taking chances! From now on—it's a bath to remove past perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of future underarm odor.



Play safe with daintiness—every day, after every bath, use Mum! You'll like Mum for—

Speed—Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum! Can be used even *after* you're dressed.

Safety—Gentle Mum won't irritate underarms, even after shaving. Mum won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

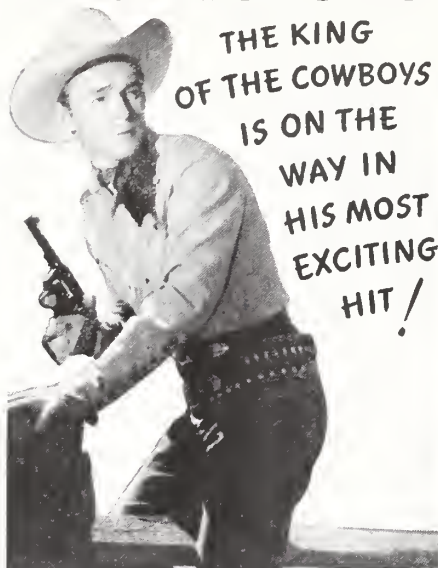
Sureness—Mum guards charm all during your business day or evening date. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women use it this important way, too.



It's a
BIG PICTURE

THE KING
OF THE COWBOYS
IS ON THE
WAY IN
HIS MOST
EXCITING
HIT!



**ROY
ROGERS**

in a picture as big
as its mighty set-
ting—filled with
action, laughter
and song!

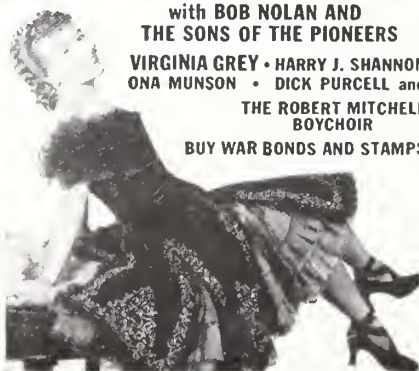
and **SMILEY BURNETTE** in

IDAHO

with **BOB NOLAN AND
THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS**

**VIRGINIA GREY • HARRY J. SHANNON
ONA MUNSON • DICK PURCELL and
THE ROBERT MITCHELL
BOYCHOIR**

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff



Chins get covered up for "Bataan Patrol"; wives grin and bear it. Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball (top); Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck

Army allowance and he can't enlist.

W—Wallace Beery and his Carol Ann are weekly visitors at the Canteen, Wally being the most ungraceful bus boy of the year.

X—Kisses to all our Hollywood boys who have been promoted in rank due to plain hard work.

Y—Young Hollywood is the only group in the film colony looking forward to the \$25,000 wage ceiling. It might mean big stars wouldn't be doing so many pictures; which would give the up-and-coming set their chance.

Z—Zorina has renounced films for the stage and will remain in New York in the future, we're told.

Bang—and It Was Love: Have you ever sat through a movie and watched the girl soundly slap the boy's face and two reels later dissolve in his arms? And have you thought "Phooey," as we have?

Well, never again for us, lads and lassies, for it does happen. It did happen, in fact, to Susan Hayward and John Carroll.

On the "Hit Parade Of 1943" set, where the incident began, the atmosphere be-

tween John and Susie was so chilly you could have cut a figure eight all over it. It remained that way until two days before the finish of the picture when Susie was called upon to smack Mr. Carroll's face, but good.

Something happened with that slap. The ice melted, the air thawed, Johnny stared at Susie, Susie stared at Johnny and boom—it was love.

From that moment until John left to join the Air Force the pair were inseparable. John fed Susan his famous spaghetti and still she loved him. However, the spaghetti seems to have cooled at this writing. Susan now stoutly maintains that the romance is off.

Feuds, Feuds, Feuds: While wars rage all over the map, minor Hollywood outbreaks continue to lessen the monotony of the home front. The greatest flare-up of all was Director Fritz Lang's one-man blitz against actress Anna Lee during the shooting of "Unconquered."

In fact, the fury of Mr. Lang's wrath grew to such alarming proportions his agent rose from a sick bed and set out for the stage where Mr. Lang was dressed

down to a degree below boiling.
 Some folk think the director's fury was aroused because Miss Lee and not his own girl friend was given the lead in the picture. Anyway, according to the studio itself, it was pretty dreadful while it lasted and Miss Lee suffered horribly but in silence.

The tension on the "Old Acquaintance" set grew more and more tense as Miss Miriam Hopkins, who started out so sweet and friendly, relapsed into the "same little lady type" that caused so much friction between Bette and Miriam in their former picture "The Old Maid."

Tears by the bucketsful were shed by Ida Lupino and Nancy Coleman on the "Devotion" set as the girls feuded and feuded and feuded. And over at Paramount a young starlet, who received the butt of the star's wrath, snapped back, "Well, I've got my youth, anyway." Whereupon the star returned to her dressing room and refused to emerge all that day.

Our Boys in Uniform: William Holden graduated in a Lieutenancy in the Air Force with wife Brenda Marshall at the Florida camp to look on.

Henry Fonda writes our own Hymie Fink from boot camp that he hopes to be home soon again on a longer furlough and Hymie can see how he looks then in his sailor's uniform. Bet Hank looks cute.

Clark Gable is now a full-fledged aerial gunner with silver wings pinned on by the Commander himself. If he isn't sent to Hollywood for propaganda films Gable will be in the thick of battle very soon. Dangerous job that of Clark's, too.

Tony Martin is a private in the Army stationed in Texas and seems to be very happy after his hectic troubles.

Roz Russell's husband, Lt. Freddie Brisson, has been transferred from Santa Ana and will probably not be present at the time of his baby's birth.

Lt. Richard Barthelmess has been transferred to Norfolk, Virginia, with a commendation for his excellent work.

Sgt. Gene Autry may do a stint in the film version of "This Is The Army" if it can be arranged.

Lt. Jimmy Stewart is now completing his four-engine flying course and will soon be a heavy bomber pilot ready for active duty in the midst of overseas war.

With the departure of John Payne to the Air Corps, Henry Fonda to the Navy and Tyrone Power to the Marines, Twentieth Century-Fox is almost a no-man's land these days.

Doug Fairbanks is still in England attached to Lord Louis Mountbatten's commando staff and Robert Montgomery is in complete charge of a unit himself, Cal hears.

Romance Notes: Folk feel if Eleanor Powell's mama would get herself reconciled to the fact Eleanor is a big girl now and old enough by several years to get married, everyone would be a lot happier all the way round—especially Glenn Ford.

George Montgomery is pleased as punch over his role of matchmaker. Over the telephone George told us how he'd introduced his sister Lyda to Jay Palermo, an olive oil manufacturer, and six weeks later they were wed. Not bad, George. Now how about yourself?

Universal's pair of hopefuls, Gloria Jean and Donald O'Connor, have been having a tiff, much to the studio's amusement.

**I give you 4 Aids
to Beauty
in Just One Cream!**

**My one 4-Purpose Face Cream
ends need for other face creams**

WOMEN who use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream don't need any other cream for the care of their skin. For just think! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream: (1) it thoroughly, but gently, *cleans* your skin; (2) it *softens* your skin and relieves dryness; (3) it helps nature *refine* the pores; (4) it leaves a perfect *base* for powder.

Helps these 6 skin troubles

Is your skin too dry? Do you have little lines due to dryness? Are the mouths of your pores distended by dirt? Do you

have unsightly blackheads? Is your skin a little oily? Is it rough and flaky?

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream quickly helps all these troubles—brings glowing new freshness to your skin!

Send for your generous tube

Mail coupon for a generous tube of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream! Try it and see how much smoother and fresher your skin looks after just a few applications.

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



LADY ESTHER, (81)
 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.
 Please send me, by return mail, a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of face powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____
 (Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)



**"Walking,
working *more...*
a girl must
suffer less!"**

MORE girls and women today use Midol. Walking, working more, they have turned to it for comfort—freedom to keep active when they always gave in to menstruation's functional pain and depression.

Try it. See for yourself, if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, how needlessly you may be suffering. Midol does more than relieve that familiar "dreaded days headache". It buoys you up from blues—and through the effective action of an *exclusive* ingredient, speedily eases spasmodic pain peculiar to the period.

Ask for Midol at any drugstore. Try it confidently; Midol contains no opiates. The small package contains more than enough Midol for a convincing trial—the large package lasts for months.

MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Young daters: Jane Withers shows up glamorously at the Mocambo to have dinner with soldier A. C. Lyles



Jinx Falkenburg will let nothing interfere with her marriage to Tex McCreary, former newspaper reporter and now a soldier in England, if he ever gets a leave of absence.

Jinx has found absence has really made her heart grow fonder.

Gossip on Garbo: What would the New Year be without at least one rumor of a "secret Garbo marriage?"

Oh, yes, the ghost of one cropped up the other day to the effect that the Silent One and her handsome diet expert, Dr. Gayelord Hauser, had secretly merged in a Connecticut town during the summer. It all tied in nicely, as it is known the couple had motored to Connecticut one day to escape New York's extreme heat. They had a narrow escape from injury in an auto mishap on that trip, too. In fact, Hauser didn't escape entirely. He was thrown against the windshield, striking his face with such force that it blackened his eyes and for days after his return to New York he had to hide behind a pair of dark glasses.

The trip to Connecticut was not the secret elopement it was reported to be,

however, for your Uncle Cal, the moment he heard the report, promptly sent one of his spies to the sleepy Connecticut town to check up. A careful perusal of marriage licenses issued during the year of 1942 showed that lots of people got married there—but La Garbo and Hauser didn't. Not even under the names of Greta Gustafson and Eugene Helmuth Hauser—their right names, you know. So when they said they were motoring to the country to escape the heat of the city and to enjoy the beauties of the countryside, they weren't kidding—this time.

Meanwhile, back in New York, there are other reports rampant to the effect that the Garbo-Hauser idyl, if not over, is definitely cooling.

Your old Uncle Cal was kept pretty busy, what with having one of his scouts trailing down to Connecticut when the ghost of Garbo's marriage first appeared. To say nothing of being kept busy in New York checking up on rumors, the latest having to do with the Glamorous One's return to the West Coast. Meantime, Garbo has returned to our town. Reports say she left the East with a smile, because

Young marrieds: Lee Bowman shows off his nice grin, his nicer wife on a let's-have-fun night at the Beverly Hills Hotel



her latest crush is also due out on the Coast at about the same time—and that Dr. Hauser doesn't even know who he is.

Wonder if this trip she'll spend as much time visiting the health bars and sipping carrot juice, or nibbling stalks of celery, as on previous visits when the handsome dietician was her constant escort?

Close Ups and Long Shots: Glamour town has settled down to a slow walk, emotionally and physically, it seems, as if the constant exodus of our leading men, stars, directors, designers, publicists, writers, electricians and cameramen, to the wars is just too much to digest all at once.

The entire trend of Hollywood has changed these days with "where to buy a lamb chop" supplanting yesterday's burning topic of "where to buy a tire." The increasing food and meat shortage has brought on a new social order. No one gives dinner parties any more. Good silver, china and linen have been stored away. The servant problem, with practically everyone doing his own work, has altered the social picture, with kitchen spreads the rage.

Invited guests are warned there must be no crashers or none of the usual bringing of extra guests for, of course, every bite of food is preciously counted and mentally divided equally among the diners. And, what's more, guests are expected to contribute. "I'll bring three eggs," one volunteers. "I have a quarter pound of butter," another offers.

The day Gracie Allen discovered two pounds of stew meat in the market called for a kitchen spread with stew the main hot dish, a green salad and butterless rolls completing the feast. Everything was placed on the kitchen table, everyone pitched in to help and guests served themselves. Paper napkins were passed around and everything kept as simple as possible.

These kind of shindigs are going on all over town and with them has come a return to simple pleasures. June Havoc gave a Saturday night farewell party for John Payne, who was about to leave for the Air Corps, and guests were asked to come dressed as their secret ambitions. Director Walter Lang telephoned June his regrets saying he had a house guest and couldn't come.

"Oh, it isn't an eating party," June assured him. "Bring your guest by all means."

The guest turned out to be Clark Gable, who wore his officer's uniform, which seemed to be a secret ambition fully realized. But what made the occasion memorable was the first glimpse of the old Gable since the tragic death of his wife, Carole Lombard, over a year ago.

As if inspired, Lt. Gable took over the party and led in the fun, lying prone on the floor to see how many bubbles he could blow or leading in some other equally simple game.

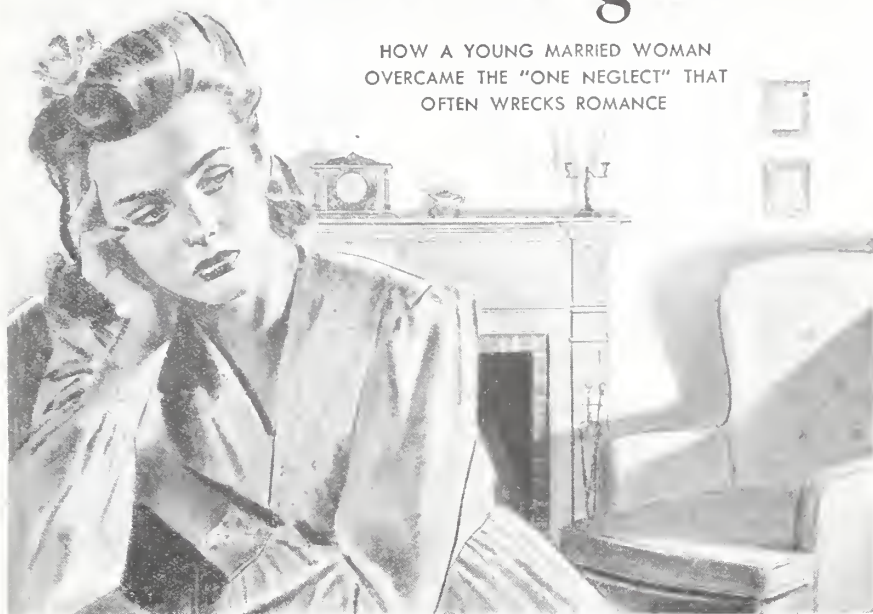
There hasn't been such fun in Hollywood in ages, with guests repairing to the kitchen for whatever pick-up bites they could find.

With the ever-present loneliness and heartaches for loved ones away from the home, Hollywood has become "Our Town" or "Your Town" or any other small town. And the feeling is good. It's comforting to know glamour folk are real folk in a crisis, capable of taking over the smallest duties or tasks without a word of complaint.

We think our boys "out there" will like the idea, somehow.

"I was a 'single' wife"

HOW A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN
OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT
OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE



1. Ours was the Perfect Marriage . . . at first. But slowly, gradually, a strangeness grew up between us. I couldn't believe Jim's love had cooled so fast!



2. One day, Miss R., a nurse from my home town, found me crying and wormed the whole thing out of me. "Don't be offended, darling," she began, shyly, "I've seen this happen before. Many wives have lost their husbands' love through their neglect of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."



4. Ever since, I've used Lysol. It's so economical, so easy to use, gives me such a wonderful feeling of personal daintiness. And—here's the *most* wonderful thing—Jim and I are once again happy as doves.



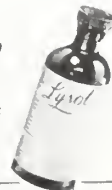
3. Then she told what she'd heard a doctor advise. Lysol disinfectant. "You see," she went on, "Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. No wonder this famous germicide is the mainstay of thousands of women for feminine hygiene."

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copyright, 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-443. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.



LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, do you know anything about those thingamajigs that many women use now instead of sanitary pads?

MARY: I certainly do. I use Tampax myself and if you don't I'll give you credit for less intelligence than I thought you had.

LOUISE: Well, of all things, Mary! You surprise me! I had regarded you as conservative about new ideas.

MARY: Right you are Louise, but this new form of sanitary protection, Tampax, is a real boon to us women and I'd be stupid not to use it.

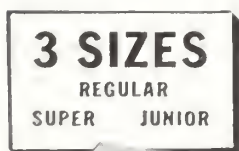
LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, is it true Tampax doesn't show, that you are not conscious of wearing it and that it eliminates other nuisances that go with the wearing of external sanitary pads?

MARY: It is all true, emphatically. It really seems too good to be true, but I now realize life can be worthwhile even at "those times" of the month!

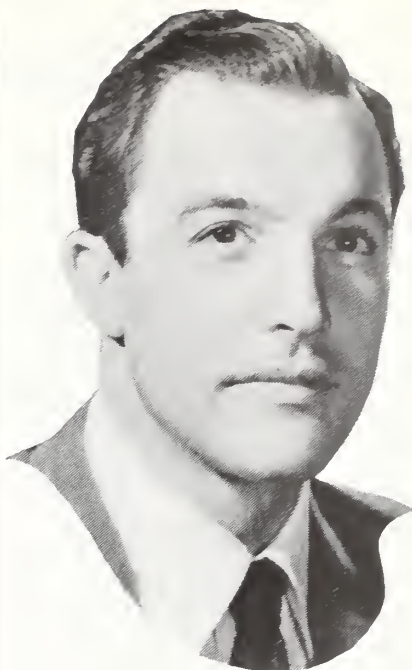
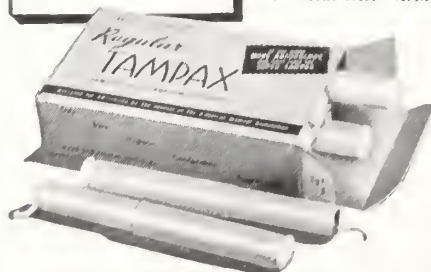
LOUISE: What started you on Tampax, Mary?

MARY: I have a friend, Jeannette, a registered nurse whose word carries great weight with me. She said she uses Tampax and so do many other nurses . . . She emphasized what a lot it means to women from both the psychological and the physical standpoints . . . and now most of the girls in my office swear by Tampax!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally and is now used by millions of women. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, no belts, no odor. Easy disposal. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a real bargain. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



One-dollar question on Gene Kelly gets a one-dollar prize answer

\$10.00 PRIZE
Buy More Bonds

BETTE DAVIS'S wonderful work at the Hollywood Canteen has brought joy to many a service man.

Unusual abilities of Hollywood actors and actresses have been used for the entertainment of men at Army camps all over the nation.

You can thank the stars for their efforts on Bond drives by putting ten percent of your pay envelope into Bonds.

Men are giving their lives for you; what are you doing for them?

Only the best in entertainment is good enough for the American soldier, sailor and Marine.

Remember Pearl Harbor!

Every Hollywood personality is doing his part. Are you?

Bob Hope is a perfect example of Hollywood effort.

Only you, and you, and you, can win this war.

Now is the time to join Hollywood in helping your husbands, brothers and sweethearts win the war.

Dorothy Lamour has, perhaps, done more than any other woman in the sale of Bonds.

Sign a pledge today for more Bonds.
Naomi Levinson,
Kilgore, Tex.

\$5.00 PRIZE
Celestial Body

THERE'S beauty in so many places:

In soapy bubbles, people's faces;
In spiders' webs so geometric;
In thunder's roar and flash electric.
There's beauty in a young child's smiling
Which overwhelmingly's beguiling.
There's beauty in a rainy day;
In clouded skies; in fields of hay.
Though you may say I'm most peculiar
—And I'll admit I'm out to fool yer—
I'll trade all these for an evening star
Astronomically known as—Hedy Lamarr!
Lt. Lake Barnes,
Ft. Eustis, Va.

Speak FOR YOURSELF

\$1.00 PRIZE
Cure? Sure!

I HAVE just seen "Springtime In The Rockies" and I feel more happy, hopeful and humorous than I have felt since before Pearl Harbor. Somehow, my old-standby sense of humor that for four decades carried me through the blackest hours more or less unscathed was lost somewhere on the War fronts these past twelve months.

What was worse, I didn't even realize what was really wrong with me until I saw my old stage favorite, Charlotte Greenwood, prancing and clowning in her own inimitably funny way through this gay and truly colorful picture. I let go and laughed until all the tenseness and war worries were completely shaken from my system.

And when the show was over and I stopped laughing at Charlotte, I started laughing at myself and at the family doctor who had been darkly hinting at a serious nervous breakdown. Thanks to Charlotte Greenwood, my old sense of humor is back on the job and I'll take care that it doesn't go A.W.O.L. again.

Beth S. Munson,
Joliet, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE
One-dollar prize answer

BRING out the welcome doormat; get all the girls and boys out for a big hip-hip-hooray rally; toot the horns; sound the whistles, but definitely!! Why all the noise and racket, you ask? Brother, that's a one-dollar question, but here's the answer: One velvety-eyed male by the name of Gene Kelly!

When Gene jumped off the train in a scene "For Me And My Gal," up jumped my heart, just as I know thousands of other female hearts all over the country must have jumped. I might further add I am not sweet sixteen with my first movie crush; but this does happen to be the first fan letter I have ever written in my whole life.

There's something utterly devastating in the merry twinkle of Gene Kelly's eyes that tells me we have a "find" who will not only be able to slay us in comedy roles, but serious ones as well. I might further add that I'm just a wee bit psychic in most things too. So let's not put him in the groove and keep him there, but let him oscillate, pets, oscillate! He can do it, I'll bet my last ten-cent War Savings Stamp!

Mrs. Pat Lee,
Middlesboro, Ky.

\$1.00 PRIZE
The Fight's On!

AFTER her superb "Mrs. Miniver," Metro played a dirty trick on lovely Greer Garson in putting her into the pseudo-psychological idyll of "Random Harvest." Not only is it the third amnesia movie I've seen this month but

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

is the least credible and, like January olasses, cloyingly sweet and slow-bouring.

Can you imagine anyone but a dope waiting years for her husband to recognize her? Since his memory could be restored by a knock on the head, why didn't she clout him a few with a rolling pin, the time-honored memory nudger or forgetful husbands? Or, being the refined type, she could have bought him course in Mnemonics.

Anyhow, I don't believe that any man could forget a girl like Greer Garson. Here certainly was some miscasting here.

Many have wondered why the New York critics passed up Greer Garson in "Mrs. Miniver" in selecting best of the year. Maybe it was revolt against "Random Harvest" and the dubious ethics presenting paid advertisements by famous but dollar-loving authors as supposed reading matter in various magazines (not Photoplay, to its credit). Greer Garson being linked with "Random Harvest" lost stature thereby. Once Metro destroyed two-times Academy inner Luise Rainer by follow-up of unworthy pictures. Are they trying to put down Garson before she has even inched her Oscar?

Don't be fooled by the terrific box office of "Random Harvest"; it is "Mrs. Miniver" the fans think they are going to see.

Thelma Snow,
Jersey City, N. J.

\$1.00 PRIZE

songs that remind me of movie stars

JEDY LAMARR: "Tangerine"
Lou Costello: "Mr. Five By Five"
John Payne: "Oh! Johnny, How You Can Love"
Dorothy Lamour: "Tropical Magic"
Betty Grable: "There Are Such Things"
Anna Turner: "Moonlight Becomes You"
Byronne Power: "Marines' Hymn"
Gene Tierney: "Green Eyes"
Three Stooges: "We Three"
Movie stars who are in the service of their country: "I'll Wait For You"
Jap: "The Skunk Song"

Anna Dobo,
Aliquippa, Pa.

(Continued on page 98)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.



Men in the armed services are buying more Pepsodent than any other brand. It takes over one-fourth of all we can make just to supply them. But they come first—and rightly so—even if the rest of us have to use Pepsodent more sparingly for a while.



The biggest number of civilian users in history want Pepsodent, too. But wartime restrictions limit production—so there's a temporary shortage. If you can't get Pepsodent right away—don't blame your druggist. Try again in a few days.

Keep your smile bright...but

DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT



1. MEASURE out only as much Pepsodent Paste as you need—about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch is enough. Squeeze end or roll tube from bottom. Save Pepsodent from washing down the drain by moistening brush before applying paste.



2. POUR Pepsodent Powder into the palm of your hand. Do not sprinkle it on the brush. Enough powder to cover a 5c piece is plenty. Then dab (—don't rub) moistened brush in powder to pick it up.



3. KEEP your tooth brushes serviceable by hanging them up to dry after use. Wilted, soggy tooth brushes are inefficient, waste dentifrice. Use a good tooth brush, take good care of it.



4. DENTAL science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those in Pepsodent. They are so safe, so effective, in fact, that only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your smile far brighter.

THE Shadow Stage

Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Excitement in the skies: John Garfield and Gig Young in "Air Force"



Gay nonsense: Dotty Lamour and Bob Hope in "They Got Me Covered"



Top teamwork: Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn in "Keeper Of The Flame"

✓✓ Air Force (Warners)

It's About: An American bomber, the Mary Ann, and her crew.

THIS is easily one of the most exciting air pictures ever filmed. From the moment the crew comes aboard for a routine peacetime flight and the giant four-motor job, known affectionately to the men as *Mary Ann*, lifts into the air suspense rides with them. They catch the tail end of the Jap attack at Pearl Harbor, are ordered to go to the aid of Manila via Wake Island and arrive at their destination with barely time to refuel for their first combat action with Jap Zeros.

John Garfield does an excellent job as the head gunner, embittered because of having been washed out as a pilot. Gig Young is personable in a not-too-spectacular part. Jim Brown deserves special mention along with George Tobias, John Ridgley and Harry Carey.

Also *Mary Ann*. It's really her picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Ceiling unlimited.

✓ They Got Me Covered (Goldwyn-RKO)

It's About: A none too bright foreign correspondent caught in a spy trap.

EVERYTHING from mud-pack treatments to going over Niagara Falls in a barrel has been crowded into this

amusing story starring Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. The result is a bit too much of a good thing. Bob is the far from brilliant foreign correspondent who is brought home from Russia after missing a scoop. He goes to Washington to visit his girl Dorothy Lamour, is tipped off to a spy ring. He detours to Niagara Falls on a phony honeymoon after a phony wedding; then dashes back to become embroiled with spy Otto Preminger, Philip Ahn and Edward Ciannelli in a beauty parlor mix-up. A lovely newcomer Lenore Aubert scores heavily.

Your Reviewer Says: No rationing on this fun and nonsense.

✓ Keeper of the Flame (M-G-M)

It's About: A woman and the reporter who sets out to crack the mystery of her husband's death.

MAKE no mistake—the learned critics will be combing their best selection of words to tell you that this picture is not up to the caliber of a Tracy-Hepburn vehicle. Which is true. But our bet is that the film will do all right despite these dire predictions.

The story deals with newshawk Tracy who in his effort to write the life of a national hero, recently deceased under tragic circumstances, finds himself blocked at every turn by the great man's young and beautiful wife. His investigations lead him to the door of a startling dis-

covery, but by this time love has entered to complicate the case further. A dramatic climax somehow fails to come off as dramatically as intended.

The first half of the film has all the magic of the Tracy-Hepburn duo. It is in the last part that the story gets heavy-handed.

Spencer Tracy gives his usual unforced performance, but Katharine Hepburn has certainly been seen to better advantage, though there are moments when she is indeed lovely. Margaret Wycherly, young Darryl Hickman and Richard Whorf are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Box-office jingle-jangle-jingle.

✓ The Amazing Mrs. Holliday (Universal)

It's About: A war orphan in love.

THE amazing *Mrs. Holliday* is Deanna Durbin who, in this picture, completes the business of growing up, thereby repressing some of that warm ebullience which has helped to make her one of the loveliest girls on the screen for our admission money.

Deanna, daughter of a missionary to China, pretends she married old Commodore Holliday (Harry Davenport) just before he went down with his torpedoed ship when this proves the only way she can get into the U. S. her eight

(Continued on page 19)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 19

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 103

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20

Entirely New Idea in Make-up



JERGENS "TWIN MAKE-UP"

two lovely make-up aids—in ONE box

to give you that young dewy-fresh look

IN A JIFFY, you've the loveliest make-up ever!

First, sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake that beauty experts are crazy about. Little skin flaws seem to disappear. Your face looks smoother!

Then, smooth on Jergens Face Powder in the heavenly new shade styled for your type of skin. How young you look! And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

This new Twin Make-up brings you your just-right shade of make-up cake *right in the same box* with your shade of face powder.

Only \$1.00 for this whole exciting new Twin Make-up! Look naturally-lovelier in an instant! Ask for Jergens Twin Make-up today! (Jergens Face Powder, alone, comes also in regular boxes at 25¢ and 10¢.) Made by the makers of your favorite Jergens Lotion.

\$2.00 Value for \$1.00

Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake
with matching Face Powder



• Boxed together, for the first time—
Both for \$1.00—less than many girls pay
for a make-up cake alone! Choose the pow-
der shade that lights up your type of skin;
your twin harmonizing shade in make-up
cake is right in the same box. (5 sets of
shades—one specially styled for you!) Get
Jergens "Twin Make-up" today!

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



Keep your nails pretty, for him. Make Dura-Gloss your ally in this, as so many thousands of smart girls are doing. Dura-Gloss radiates sparkling good spirits. Protects your nails and keeps them nice. Doing your nails is a big help when you're feeling tired, "all worn out." Each nail looks so brilliant and colorful, you feel proud and confident. Dura-Gloss contains a special ingredient, Chrystalline, that makes it stay on exceptionally long — at all cosmetic counters, 10¢.



10¢ PLUS TAX

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Dura-Cool

THE SHADOW STAGE

(Continued from page 16)

beloved war-orphan companions. Soon enough of course she finds herself in all manner of difficulties and head over heels in love with the late Commodore's attractive grandson (Edmond O'Brien).

The eight war orphans of many nationalities and ages are important to the action, supplying laughter and tears. It is to them Deanna sings.

Your Reviewer Says: Much of it will charm you.

✓✓ Shadow Of A Doubt (Universal)

It's About: The growing suspicion against a family member.

IT'S odd when you think of it, but the direction of this film is even better than the story. One becomes fascinated with the deft, brilliant leadership of director Alfred Hitchcock.

The very real little town of Santa Rosa, California, was chosen as the locale. Into its peaceful and beautiful midst comes handsome Joseph Cotten to visit his married sister, Patricia Collinge, and her family consisting of husband Henry Travers, a bank clerk, and her children Teresa Wright, Edna May Wonnacott and Charles Bates.

Between Teresa and Cotten exists a warm, tender bond. Then, slowly, eerily, suspicion creeps into Teresa's mind concerning her uncle, nurtured by his peculiar behavior with a newspaper item, his gift to her, a ring with another's initials, and finally the visit of two young men to the house, men whom she finally discovers to be detectives. And then the whole awful truth floods over her, almost costing her her life.

Macdonald Carey is a standout as the young detective in love with Teresa. Edna May Wonnacott, discovered by Hitchcock in Santa Rosa, is a natural youngster. Patricia Collinge is marvelous. Travis and his friend Hume Cronyn as the amateur sleuths are a hit. But it's Teresa and Cotten who outshine everyone with their wonderful performances. Or, wait a moment! Is it Hitchcock who in the end really steals the show?

Your Reviewer Says: Brilliant.

✓ No Time For Love (Paramount)

It's About: A girl photographer and a man of brawn.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is a high-powered photographer for a picture magazine who meets sand hog Fred MacMurray. Claudette, who had gone into a tunnel to photograph the men at work, is unable to get the big muscle and brawn lad out of her mind. So, when he is suspended from his job because Miss Colbert's picture reveals him in a brawl, Claudette hires him as an assistant in hopes she will get rid of her yen. Instead, Mr. MacMurray has a way of growing on one until—but you'll see how it turns out.

The story tries very hard to be excruciatingly funny but is only fairly so.

Your Reviewer Says: Purely escapist.

China Girl (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A newsreel photographer and foreign spies.

GEORGE MONTGOMERY is another of those brash unbelievably reckless Americans, a newsreel cameraman in Mandalay, who loses his job, gets involved with two Japanese agents, Lynn Bari and Victor McLaglen, and falls in love with Chinese Gene Tierney.

George excites plenty of sex appeal in a slightly incredible story. Miss Tierney has nothing to do but appear Oriental. This she does with all her might and main. The little tyke who follows George about is fetching.

Your Reviewer Says: A good little action picture.

✓✓ Forever And A Day (RKO-Radio)

It's About: An old house and the men and women who lived there.

THE story begins in 1941 when a young newspaper correspondent (Kent Smith), in England to cover the bombings, receives a letter from his father in the U. S. asking him to call at a certain London house, a relic of the family's estates.

The boy arrives at the old house as sirens warn of approaching Luftwaffes. He finds the cellar, converted into a public air-raid shelter, filling with a motley crowd. The woman in charge of the house turns out to be a beautiful girl (Ruth Warrick), also a descendant of old Admiral Trimble (C. Aubrey Smith) who in 1804 built the house.

While the air raid goes on she tells him the story of the house and all who lived within its thick walls. One generation after another moves across the screen with its own dramatic story.

Others in the incredibly brilliant cast

are Sir Cedric Hardwicke (who also produced it), Merle Oberon, Robert Cummings, Brian Aherne, Ida Lupino, Edward Everett Horton, Anna Lee, Charles Laughton, Reginald Gardiner, Victor McLaglen, Arthur Treacher, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland, Dame May Whitty, Claude Rains, Gene Lockhart, Anna Neagle. Also Roland Young and Gladys Cooper who contribute two of the beautifully moving performances.

Your Reviewer Says: Admissions paid for this picture will go to the war charity your town specifies. All the stars, writers, directors and technicians donated their services to make this picture memorable.

✓✓ Chetniks! (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The true story of Draja Mihailovitch.

RIGHT out of newspaper headlines comes this story of the brave Jugoslavia guerrillas who refused to be conquered by Hitler's hordes. Hiding in the hills with his men, Mihailovitch, leader of the guerrillas, played magnificently by Philip Dorn, constantly besieges the Nazi-held town where his wife and two children live under assumed names.

Stealing an Italian supply train, the guerrilla general marches into Nazi headquarters under a flag of truce with demands that his people be freed of the food blockade. Eventually his family are discovered and taken prisoners and Mihailovitch pretends to surrender to the Nazis. Instead, he surrounds and annihilates them, recapturing the town.

This is a thrilling, stirring story indeed and one to make the fight for freedom even more worthwhile. Anna Sten as Dorn's wife, Merrill Rodin and Patricia Prest as his children are very good. John Shepperd as Dorn's aid and Martin Kosleck the German Gestapo officer give polished performances.

Your Reviewer Says: A stirring film.

✓ Margin For Error (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The murder of a loathsome German official.

OTTO PREMINGER creates more genuine hatred as the German pre-war consul-general to this country than is healthily good for himself or those who hate him. Never have we loathed anyone so thoroughly. This same Otto Preminger, who also directed the film as well as acted in it, is indeed, a man of talent. His acting and directing of the Clare Boothe Luce story is better than the show itself, to our way of thinking.

Milton Berle as police officer Moe Finkelstein is, incongruously, detailed to guard the German consul. Through his influence Carl Esmond, the German's secretary, and Poldy Dur, the maid, become imbued with Americanism. Berle gives the performance of his career as the Jewish cop. His lines sparkle like icicles in the sun.

Joan Bennett is good as the German's wife who is suspected of her husband's

(Continued on page 99)

The Best Pictures of the Month

Air Force
Shadow Of A Doubt
The Immortal Sergeant
The Spirit Of '43
Forever And A Day

Best Performances

Joseph Cotten in "Shadow Of A Doubt"
Teresa Wright in "Shadow Of A Doubt"
Thomas Mitchell in "The Immortal Sergeant"
Henry Fonda in "The Immortal Sergeant"
Philip Dorn in "Chetniks!"
Otto Preminger in "Margin For Error"
Milton Berle in "Margin For Error"

"A CANARY'S SONG
IS SUNSHINE
THAT LIGHTS-UP
ANY HOME"



ANN RUTHERFORD

Starring in the 20th Century-Fox Production
"I ESCAPED FROM HONG KONG"

Are you longing for a bit of extra sunshine these dark and troubled days? Then buy a Canary—and let his happy song light-up your home!

Get a Canary today! Learn to talk to him, and have him answer you in song. You'll thrill to his cheery response that helps drive away care and makes you feel like singing, too.

FREE! Every lover of pets will want French's superb new book about Canaries, just off the press. Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail your request—with name and address—on a penny post card, to The R. T. French Company, 2532 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.



IN HOLLYWOOD

4 out of 5 Canary Owners
demand FRENCH'S BIRD SEED



Keep your Canary happy, healthy and singing! FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed your Canary FRENCH'S—today and every day!

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED
IN THE U. S.



Book that headed the list of best-sellers turns into a movie that heads the list of "musts": Pierre Aumont and Susan Peters in M-G-M's "Assignment In Brittany"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ **AMERICAN EMPIRE**—Harry Sherman—U.A. A Western in the grand manner, with Richard Dix and Preston Foster as partners who establish a huge cattle ranch in Texas that gradually grows Empirish in dimensions. Leo Carrillo is the rustler who steals their cattle until the final shoot-it-out sequence that is a piperoo. Frances Gifford is the beauty who plays Foster's wife. (Mar.)

✓✓ **ANDY HARDY'S DOUBLE LIFE**—M-G-M: Andy has three days left in Carvel before he leaves for college and during that time he gets himself engaged to two girls, gives a rubber check and helps his dad solve a case. Esther Williams is terrific in her swimming scene with Mickey Rooney. Ann Rutherford is back as Polly Benedict and the entire Hardy family is present. (Mar.)

✓✓ **ARABIAN NIGHTS**—Wanger—Universal: Beauty in gorgeous color overshadows story and cast in this fanciful, farcical Arabian nights tale about a Caliph of Bagdad whose brother usurps his throne for the love of dancing girl Maria Montez. But the real Caliph, Jon Hall, moves unknown among her friends, winning her love and regaining his throne. The desert scenes are magnificent. (Mar.)

✓✓ **ARMY SURGEON**—RKO Radio: Jimmy Ellison is a young surgeon in service during World War I, whose courage and devotion to duty is stressed to show the splendid work done by our doctors in war time. There's the usual tangle between Ellison and aviator Kent Taylor for the love of doctor-nurse Jane Wyatt. Depressing for real entertainment. (Feb.)

✓✓ **BEHIND THE 8-BALL**—Universal: The Ritz Brothers are back again, clowning and carrying on in this story about a couple of murders in the midst of a summer theater production, with the murderers turning out to be spies attempting to scare off the actors. Carol Bruce sings in her usual husky manner and Grace McDonald steps like fury. (Mar.)

✓✓ **BLACK SWAN, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power scores mightily as the reformed pirate who casts his lot with Laird Cregar and with the aid of Thomas Mitchell sets out to clear the sea of pirates, including George Sanders. Enamored of Maureen O'Hara who spurns him, Tyrone kidnaps her. It's colorful, romantic. (Jan.)

✓✓ **CASABLANCA**—Warner Brothers: Excitement plus when Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, who have had a romance in Paris, meet again in Casablanca. Ingrid's married to Paul Henreid, influential enemy of the Nazis, and Bogart turns out to be the only man who can save Henreid from Nazi captain Conrad Veidt. Superb. (Feb.)

✓✓ **CAT PEOPLE**—RKO Radio: Simone Simon succumbs to an inherited ability to turn into an evil cat destroying those around her. Kent Smith, her groom, Tom Conway, a psychiatrist who pays dearly for his help, and Jane Randolph who sympathizes with Kent, all suffer at the hands of Simone. (Feb.)

✓✓ **COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN**—Columbia: A powerful war document, with a Commando raid highlighting a gripping story realistically told. Paul Muni gives a socko performance as the Norwegian fisherman who first submits to, then actively revolts against, the cruelties of the invading Nazis. With him in the struggle are Anna Lee, Lillian Gish, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Mar.)

✓✓ **DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW ASSISTANT**—M-G-M: Surprisingly good entertainment when Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie acquires three new assistants, Keye Luke, Richard Quine and Van Johnson, to help solve the mystery of an amnesia victim, Susan Peters. (Feb.)

✓✓ **DR. RENAULT'S SECRET**—20th Century-Fox: Strange things occur in this little opus, what with men turning into animals, which is just what hap-

SHADOW STAGE

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pens to J. Carrol Naish under the hands of scientist George Zucco who has a secret formula. John Shepherd and Lynne Roberts have the romantic leads. (Feb.)

FALCON'S BROTHER, THE—RKO-Radio: George Sanders hews out of this series and his real-life brother, Tom Conway, takes over, but this latest of the series is only fair. The plot, involving spies and intrigue, has to do with a tip-off advertisement to the Pearl Harbor disaster in a national magazine. Jane Randolph, Don Barclay and Keye Luke roam around. (Jan.)

GALLANT LADY—P.R.C.: Rose Hobart, a woman doctor, is sent to prison on charges of a mercy killing and is forced to participate in a jail break. When she joins a country doctor, Sidney Blackmer, and then decides to marry him, her past is disclosed and much unhappiness ensues. (Jan.)

✓ **GENTLEMAN JIM**—Warners: For those who enjoy screened prize-fighting, this story of egotistical Jim Corbett who knocked out John L. Sullivan has plenty of entertainment. Alexis Smith is very good as the daughter of a rich San Franciscan. Errol Flynn makes a believable Corbett, and Ward Bond as Sullivan is outstanding. With Jack Carson, Alan Hale and John Loder. (Feb.)

GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, THE—RKO Radio: Radio's comic, Hal Peary, the *Great Gildersleeve*, finds himself forced to choose between a pursuing female, Mary Field, or the loss of his two wards, Freddie Mercer and Nancy Gates. There's a lot of gags and laughs and comic situations in between his troubles until they all work out well. (Feb.)

GREAT IMPERSONATION, THE—Universal: A dual role story again, with Ralph Bellamy an Englishman who looks so much like Bellamy the German that he is able to go to Germany, get secret plans and be sent to England as a German spy. All this time the English wife, Evelyn Ankers, becomes only faintly suspicious and it's Kaaren Verne, the German's sweetheart, who ruins the setup. (Mar.)

✓ **HAPPY GO LUCKY**—Paramount: Light-hearted and gay is this swell little movie with Mary Martin as a phony heiress in the West Indies using a love potion on millionaire Rudy Vallee which works so well she almost marries him. Dick Powell is Rudy's friend, Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken add to the merriment and Sir Lancelot, the Calypso singer, is new and different. (Feb.)

HENRY ALDRICH, EDITOR—Paramount: The irrepressible Henry is accused of arson when he hints of sabotage in his high-school paper and building after building is set afire. But of course he traps the real culprit. Jimmy Lydon as Henry, Charles Smith as Dizzy, and Rita Quigley as the girl friend are right in there pitching. (Jan.)

HIDDEN HAND, THE—Warners: Practically everybody gets killed in this potpourri of gore when an elderly woman fakes death and burial to test her dreadful relatives, and in the testing no less than five corpses litter up the story. Craig Stevens, Elizabeth Fraser and Ruth Ford are unfortunate enough to be cast in this one. (Jan.)

HITLER'S CHILDREN—RKO Radio: Showing the ruthless Nazi indoctrination of German youth, this takes a German boy, Timi Holt, trained for the Gestapo, and his German-born American sweetheart, Bonita Granville, and carries them through the conflict of New Order versus human decency. Both Tim and Bonita give good account of themselves in the tragic business. (Mar.)

✓ **ICE CAPEDES REVUE**—Republic: Thrills on ice, with Ellen Drew a farm girl who inherits her uncle's ice show and starts injecting new life into the performances. Several of the skating numbers are terrific. Richard Denning is the romantic lead. Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna furnish the nonsense, and skaters Vera Hruba, Mergan Taylor, Jackson and Lynam and Phil Taylor provide the thrills. (Mar.)

✓ **I MARRIED A WITCH**—The Cinema Guild-U.A.: Veronica Lake is the determined witch who returns with her father, Cecil Kellaway, to he-devil Fredric March, who's about to marry Susan Hayward and run for Governor. But Veronica falls in love with March, to the dismay of Kellaway, and the result's fantastic but fun. Robert Benchley is March's droll pal. (Jan.)

✓ **IN WHICH WE SERVE**—U. A.: Noel Coward wrote, produced, directed and acted in what is probably England's finest war film to date. It tells the story of a British destroyer from its inception to its final death struggle at the hands of a Nazi sub. Clinging to a life raft, the half-dead survivors remember their homes and the events that made up their lives. It's pure artistry. (Mar.)

✓ **JOURNEY FOR MARGARET**—MGM: Robert Young is brilliant as the American correspondent in London who meets orphaned William Severn and Margaret O'Brien at the rescue home of Fay Bainter and takes them home to America. Both the children are wonderful, and the experiences of English children orphaned and homeless will touch your heart. (Jan.)

JUNGLE SIREN—P.R.C.: A silly, stupid little number, this one, concerning Nazi agents at work amongst jungle tribes in Africa. Buster Crabbe and Ann Corio, the former strip-teaser, are the leads, but neither has a chance to be very good. (Jan.)

(Continued on page 93)

Hearts high!

Until V-Day, be beautiful

and dutiful... with

"Bond Street" Beauty Preparations (for you, by Yardley!).

They are worthy associates of a great perfume!



"BOND STREET" PERFUME: An intriguing fragrance of endearing charm... \$2.50 to \$13.50.

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act your age

BY GLORIA MACK



When beauty gives—and takes: Teresa Wright

the 30's

- This is the age of your glory; the age when men have admitted they find a woman's beauty at its most fascinating stage. Make the most of it.
- Your face has learned how to express many emotions. It is now alive. It must be kept facile by creaming and creaming again.
- Your throat is your special care. Creams overnight will keep it soft; pads soaked in astringent and bound under your chin will guard against the slightest touch of flabbiness.
- The pancake make-up is your boon. It gives you the perfect grooming, assures that the slightest flaw in your skin will be completely under cover.
- You'll use eye cream around your eyes for the little laugh wrinkles that are charming while they're little, disastrous if too deep.
- For the little lines around your mouth, you'll use this exercise: Puff out your mouth, one side at a time, alternately for a few minutes each day. Astringent follows, patted along the lines, then a lubricating cream.
- Your hair will always be sleek and shining; you'll count the minutes spent before your dressing table as minutes of beauty insurance.

- This is the age when to be natural is to be pretty.
- It is the era of soap and water used gently. Your face is soft, your skin is coming into its first beauty; be careful not to break down its tissues by scrubbing too hard.
- If your skin is a bit dry you'll use a light face cream, applying it ever so gently.
- Your powder will be light; you'll dust it over your face. Your lipstick will be light too.
- You'll brush your hair constantly until it's bright and shining and you'll keep it that way with frequent shampoos. If you're caught on an exciting emergency date you'll use a special dry shampoo to be sure that your hair is never without that soft fragrance.
- Your eyebrows you'll leave alone, except for a very occasional plucking if they're too too bristly, but you'll always use an eyebrow brush to give them a graceful curve.
- You won't be bothered by the teen-age acne bugaboo because on your shelf you'll have a special medicated cream that will be a quick cover-up.
- This is an age of natural beauty you will never possess again. Don't cover it up; guard it carefully; learn to know that people will always look at you in these years with envy.

teens to 20's



When beauty is natural: Linda Darnell

20 to 30's

- This is the on-the-fence period when the beauty of the teens can be nurtured into more mature beauty; or when nature can begin to take its toll unless it is carefully watched.
- You will, therefore be careful that your hours are not too late; that your careers do not take too much from you.
- Relax, and relax again every chance you get. Keep that first fresh look in your eyes by constant use of eye lotion.
- Rouge will be your helpmate after a devitalizing day.
- Astringent will bring back the rosiness of the teens to your face. You'll use it after every cleansing-cream treatment.
- You'll use more powder now, patting, not rubbing it in, until every bit of your face—and neck—is covered.
- You'll watch your hair-line, keep it clean and well-defined by rubbing it with cotton soaked in toilet water after every make-up act.
- You'll walk with your chin up because this is the age when you make or break your beauty when a chin held high means less wrinkles, less worry, more beauty to be yours forever.

When beauty is in its glory: Mary Astor





*"Her proud head topped with shining hair
Gives her charm beyond compare"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



SO EXQUISITELY FEMININE, yet so practical, too . . . this up-swept way of handling shoulder-length hair! Glamorous enough for evening wear, yet suitable for active war-work days, because it's easy to keep trim and neat! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to be alluring to men, see that it's always shining, lustrous . . . sparkling with glamorous highlights! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob you of this thrilling beauty advantage!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neat-

ness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!



*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene. Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre -
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner



"The man who killed my husband . . . now he wants to make love to me! I am a woman . . . my house is lonely . . . my arms are hungry . . . but my heart remembers! Soon — there will be one less of this horrible horde!"

John Steinbeck's
**THE MOON
 IS DOWN**

A heart-stirring picture
 told with a power and
 fury that will leave its
 fire in your heart forever!

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • HENRY TRAVERS • LEE J. COBB • DORRIS BOWDON • MARGARET WYCHERLY
 Directed by Irving Pichel • Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson

A
20th
 CENTURY-FOX
 PICTURE

Mrs. Ginger Briggs

They had seven dates together—and then Jack Briggs proposed.

That was the beginning of a marriage so unusual that

Hollywood will never see its like again



that church at one o'clock in the morning Ginger Rogers and Jack Calvin Briggs were married with a double-ring ceremony.

Not until the next day did Doctor Albert Edward Day, pastor of that church, know that "Virginia Katherine McMath, born in Independence, Missouri" whose eyes had filled with tears as he said, "until death doth you part" was Ginger Rogers of the films. The license had been taken out three days previously in the town of Santa Monica and, oddly enough, no one had recognized Ginger's real name.

After the ceremony, the bride and groom, radiating happiness, drove through the early morning to the Players, Preston Sturges's restaurant out Beverly Hills way, where a few friends were gathered. Then on they went to the house of Jack's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Katz, where Ginger's mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, waited.

The wedding cake was cut and passed among the close little circle and then the bride and groom left for a three-day honeymoon at her hill-top home.

Ginger and Jack Briggs met first on the evening of September 30th, 1942. Three o'clock that afternoon Ginger, completing her last scene for "Once Upon A Honeymoon" at the RKO studios, rushed home to dress and catch the five o'clock train for San Diego (Continued on page 70)

Said one Hollywoodian of Ginger and Jack together: "I never saw anyone look so longingly at anyone in my life." Above is picture proof

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

At ten minutes after twelve there was sudden excitement. "She's coming," someone called and a minute later the train was in and Rubin was guiding a tall lad in a Marine uniform to the car and the girl who waited.

Over the bridge and into the quiet town of Pasadena the car rolled. It paused before the First Methodist Church, dark except for the faint glimmer of candlelight in a far window.

They mounted the steps and opened the door. The minister advanced to meet them and in the solemn hush of

IT WAS eleven o'clock in the evening when a car swung up before the entrance of the Union Station in Los Angeles. A young man got out and entered the station. He was back in a minute. "Train's late," he told the girl in the car, as he climbed in beside her. And so began Ginger Rogers's wait for Jackie Briggs, the twenty-two-year-old lad who was that night to become her husband.

The bride-to-be was nervous. Several times she removed her brown glove to bite at a red polished nail. "How late is it now?" she asked over and over of Eddie Rubin, her friend of years, her buffer, her alter ego, employed now as a talent scout at RKO.

Nervously she flicked at the spray of white orchids, ordered by the groom, which were pinned to her brown suede bag. Occasionally she adjusted the tiny veil of her sable-tipped hat or smoothed her trim brown wool suit.

A porter whistling "Mr. Five By Five" strolled by, peered into the gloom of the waiting car and went whistling off. People strolling up and down restlessly waiting for that train and other trains noticed the car also. But none equalled in restlessness the girl who waited in the car's gloom while the clock ticked off a quarter, a half and finally an hour.

What you don't know about the



Your first chance to find out about their quarrels—their marriage plans—the danger they're facing

WE WERE sitting in the comfortable lobby of the Langdon Bridge Club in Hollywood, where the experts among cinema bridge players meet nightly for a quiet game. George Raft had a bad cold and wasn't anxious to cut in and I'd finished a couple of rubbers.

One after another people came by—Mae Sunday, that fabulous friend of stars who probably knows more about Hollywood than any living woman, Herman Mankiewicz, famous writer, a Marx brother or two, and automatically each of them said, "Hello, Georgie, how's Betty?"

Each time, Georgie's face lit up like Broadway before the dimout and he said, "She's wonderful, thank you. She's still doing a tour of the camps, but she'll be home soon."

Probably at some time in your life you've been the victim of a really first-class common cold, when your head feels like a baked potato and all your bones ache like a tooth. If so, you know that there exists no less romantic moment. Love, at such times, is usually just another of life's minor annoyances. I mention the unromantic cold of the very romantic George Raft here only because, having seen him in the past with Virginia Peine and Norma Shearer, I became convinced by the way he reacted, cold and all, to the very name of Betty Grable that this was it.

Finally he offered to drive me home and as we went along the quiet street of that lovely town called Beverly Hills, I said, "Will you please give my love to Betty?"

Betty Grable-George Raft Romance

BY

Adela Rogers St. Johns

I worked at Paramount when she was there and I liked her so much. She's a very real person, that girl."

Probably I should have had better sense, because George needed to take his cold home to bed and I had work to do. For having mentioned Betty, we sat for a long time under the trees in front of my mother's house and I listened. Listened to a man in love with his eyes wide open. To a man who for years has desired above all things a home and a real wife and children. To a man experienced beyond most men in the ways of women and in all the variety of emotion which we carelessly lump under the one word love.

I thought to myself, Betty Grable is a very lucky girl. Oh, I know she is the most popular girl on the screen today. I know she hits a new high in box-office and that she has beauty and youth and ability. But she's lucky just the same because she is the last love of a man with an enormous capacity for love. And that is every woman's desire—to be a man's last love.

THEN I thought, too, that George Raft is very lucky, because he is the first love of this girl who has not been emotionally conquered before and, of course, every man wants to be a girl's first love. For it had always been plain enough that Jackie Coogan, who is a nice kid but has never grown up, was never man enough for the dynamic, versatile, life-hungry girl who is Betty Grable. I think no very young man could hold Betty.

But in George Raft she has found a man who will offer her more variety than any other one man I can think of—and a great deal of real wisdom besides.

When I went in the house, I felt a little sad. We have had a good many love stories of all varieties in Hollywood. That's natural, (Continued on page 90)



Sometimes the little dancing star of Fox's "Coney Island" wants to keep right on dancing—and sometimes George doesn't. Result—a rift, but what that rift really does to their romance is something Betty and George have told only to writer St. Johns

My Own Super-duper-dilly



Hedda
Hopper



James Stewart: The guy with something Hedda would like most all other men to have



Greta Garbo: A "uniform" theory on her



George Brent:
We'd say so too



Two-score
George
Sanders:
i.e., he gets
scored on
two Hopper
points



Donald Duck will start squawking about Hedda; another big male star may, too



Ann Harding: A bow to her for the long hill she climbed



Bette Davis: She had to fight hard to accomplish it

BEST all-round man in Hollywood:
Again Clark Gable, because he was over age and was told by Washington he could do more good by remaining in Hollywood than going to war. Which wasn't good enough for Mr. Gable, so he started at the bottom and when he graduated from being a private into a second lieutenant at Miami, Florida, he made the finest speech he's ever made. That one came from the heart and wasn't dictated by any \$5,000-a-week writer putting words in Clark's mouth. He's since become an expert gunner and may be at this very moment overseas in combat duty or en route, because he believes the only way to save this country is to fight for it.

Best all-around woman in Hollywood:
Bette Davis, who started the Hollywood Canteen against many odds, and she's had tough going. Because it wasn't producer-inspired, she's had to fight for all the co-operation she's gotten. Yet, singlehanded, the Canteen is selling Hollywood to our soldiers as no other Hollywood endeavor. But it wasn't created for that purpose.

It was created to bring cheer, friendliness and a little entertainment for boys who are thousands of miles away from home, who are lonely and sick at heart.

Most popular woman:

Dame Rumor, because no one is powerful enough to unseat her.

Least popular woman:

The Truth—because it generally comes out.

Most entertaining man on the screen:

Bob Hope, because he isn't afraid to take a crack at anything or anybody, including himself. He rides all fantasies, fancies and phobias—even trots out his own when he can't find others.

Most entertaining man off the screen:

Gregory Ratoff, when he's being serious.

Hardest worker (male):

Kay Kyser, by all odds.

Hardest worker (female):

Marlene Dietrich—and someday the

whole story about that can be told.

Thinks he is (male):

Orson Welles.

Thinks she is (female):

Roz Russell.

Busiest leading man in Hollywood:

The Stork.

Most likely to succeed during 1943 (male):

Roddy McDowall. At least, he's the only one we're sure will be here at the end of the year.

Most likely to succeed during 1943 (female):

Margaret O'Brien.

Most likely to fade out during 1943 (male):

Spencer Tracy.

Most likely to fade out during 1943 (female):

Katharine Hepburn.

Done most for Hollywood:

Director John Ford.

8

Academy Awards

With apologies to the dignitaries who have just awarded the Academy Oscars, our own Hedda comes up with a bubbling brew of bows and boos

new face is
titled to a
new type
comment—
and Diana
Arrymore
certainly
fits it here



Red Skelton: Well, remember Hedda's opinions aren't necessarily Photoplay's

Bird's eye view of the busiest Hollywood leading man: Mr. Stork



BY

Hedda will get plenty of back talk from Spencer Tracy's followers



She'll also get plenty of cheers from the Zorina side of the story

Hedda Hopper

Done Hollywood most:
Charlie Chaplin and Errol Flynn.

Done herself the most harm:
Frances Farmer.

Does herself the most good always:
Paulette Goddard.

Among the men:

Handsome: Bob Taylor. The man hasn't yet been born to beat that profile.

Thinks he is: John Sutton.

The prettiest: Wally Beery.

Most brilliant: Noel Coward.

Laziest: Bing Crosby and George Sanders.

Happiest: Charlie McCarthy.

Kindest: Jean Hersholt.

Among the women:

Most beautiful: Still Hedy Lamarr.

Thinks she is: Ninety-five percent of the town's female population.

Prettiest: Teresa Wright.

Best hostess: Joan Bennett.

Best legs: Now you've got me! I never look at other women's. But I think it's a tie between Betty Grable and Dietrich.

Most talked about: Lana Turner.

Most talked against: Jean Arthur.

Talks most: Miriam Hopkins.

Says most: Ginger Rogers.

Most generous: Bing Crosby.

Wisest man: In handling his career, Gary Cooper—and, I might add, a regular guy.

Wisest woman: Myrna Loy.

Best performances in last year, male or female:

Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager."

Greer Garson in "Mrs. Miniver."

Teresa Wright in "Pride Of The Yankees."

Noel Coward in "In Which We Serve."

Agnes Moorehead in "The Magnificent Ambersons."

James Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Most overrated performance: Norma Shearer in "Her Cardboard Lover."

Best actress: Greer Garson.

Best actor: Alan Ladd and Humphrey Bogart.

Best dressed man: Jimmy Stewart. He was the first one to go into uniform.

Knows he isn't and doesn't give a hoot: Bing Crosby.

Best dressed woman: Janet Gaynor Adrian.

Thinks she is: Gene Tierney. She's married to a designer, too.

Most likely to remain a bachelor: Edgar Bergen. Nobody wants to adopt Charlie.

Most likely to remain single: Greer Garson.

Most likely to be married:

Male: George Brent.

Female: Hedy Lamarr.

Biggest gloom: Every star in Hollywood on the Ides of March, otherwise known as income tax time.

Biggest bluffer: Every producer in town. (Continued on page 87)

Hedy Over Heels in Love

First you won't believe it. But
read this about Hedy and
John Loder and be convinced

BY JANET BENTLEY



It was Christmas Day at the Hollywood Canteen and hundreds of lonely, homesick soldiers milled about, hungrily absorbing the warmth and cheer of the place. Among the tables a handsome bus boy carried his trays of coffee and sandwiches while over in a far corner a beautiful woman sat autographing the books she had brought as gifts for the boys.

The long line grew in size as the woman bent over her work. "Mayn't I help you?" the bus boy asked of the lady. "There seems to be considerable traffic here."

Hedy Lamarr lifted her head and smiled at John Loder. "Please," she said and the Englishman opened and passed the books while Hedy signed.

For several days Bette Davis had frantically telephoned at least fifty stars trying to find one not joyously tied up with family plans on Christmas who might appear at the Canteen. In all Hollywood she found only two—Hedy and John—the two loneliest people in town. The most beautiful woman and one of the most charming men had no place to go, no ties to claim them on that Christmas Day.

"Do you come here often?" John asked at the finish of their stint. "And will you have dinner with me before we both come again?"

And so began the romance that close friends feel may be the end of a

long search for happiness for both of them.

They came into each others' lives at a psychological moment. John had been married twice and twice the marriage had ended in divorce. Disappointment, disillusionment and bitterness had haunted him. On her side, Hedy's heart had been badly bruised. No one could deny that the actress had been greatly attracted to George Montgomery, the manly but unsophisticated Montana kid who knew nothing of the social graces to which Hedy was accustomed in her continental swains. Despite their difference in background, Hedy loved George and would have married him, friends claim, if a bitter quarrel hadn't separated them.

Far, far from being the "ball of fire" movie-goers picture her, Hedy is a simple person, seemingly unmotivated by purpose or plan. To this fundamental side of her George, whose interests revolved largely around ranch life, appealed. He dominated her physically and she flourished under the novelty, for it was indeed a novelty to this beautiful woman.

For example, at the home of a friend one night Hedy sat at George's feet listening to the fun and chatter about her, while he punctuated the conversation by frequently kissing the top of her head. Presently George suggested they leave.

"I don't want to go. I'm having fun," Hedy protested.

Without a word George lifted her in his arms and walked out. It amused Hedy.

Yet even during this hectic romance, she turned for real compan-

ionship to one man alone in Hollywood—her former beau John Howard. John, a quiet, easy-to-know lad, expressed those qualities that Hedy herself possessed. There was no show about Howard. The quiet comfortableness of the man appealed to Hedy. When he left Hollywood for the Navy she missed him terribly.

It was then, during her New York Bond tour, that Hedy resolved to do something about herself and her loneliness. Perhaps new smart clothes would help, inasmuch as her Hollywood dirndls and peasant-type clothes were not calculated for formal dates. (Continued on page 78)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

- ★ *Cary Grant:* Now appearing in RKO's "Mr. Lucky"..... page 31
- ★ *Deanna Durbin:* Now appearing in Universal's "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday"..... page 34
- ★ *Anne Shirley:* Now appearing in RKO's "Bombardier"..... page 34
- ★ *Hedy Lamarr:* Now appearing in M-G-M's "White Cargo"..... page 35
- ★ *Ginger Rogers:* Now appearing in Paramount's "Lady In The Dark"..... page 35
- ★ *Judy Garland:* Now appearing in M-G-M's "Presenting Lily Mars"..... page 38
- ★ *Alan Ladd:* (Lost civilian portrait) in Paramount's "China"..... page 39
- ★ *Betty Hutton:* Now appearing in Paramount's "Happy Go Lucky"..... page 42

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Can Grant

THE "GET" GIRL



Hollywood listens to Skolsky with awe; you'll listen to him with ah's. Presenting the first of his exciting new series—an exposure of the Cover Girl this month, Gene Tierney

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist



GENE TIERNEY privately calls herself the "Get" girl.

Her full name is Gene Eliza Tierney and the initials spell "get." Also, she has a driving ambition and generally gets what she wants.

She went to exclusive, fashionable schools and was supposed to be a debutante. Instead, she decided to become an actress.

She got her way.

She looked toward Hollywood and the movies and she got there. She declared that Count Oleg Cassini was the man for her and, despite all objections, she is a Countess, or, as she prefers, Mrs. Cassini.

We will look at her from the beginning and see how she got that way.

She was born in Brooklyn on November 20, 1920. For three generations the Tierney males had been waging a battle to keep their wives off the stage. But she accomplished what three generations of Tierneys couldn't do. George Abbott gave her the chance in "Mrs. O'Brien Entertains." Columbia gave her the first Hollywood contract. She gave Hollywood the air after six months of not facing a camera and returned to Broadway.

After she scored in the Broadway production of "The Male Animal" she was again signed for the movies. This time it took.

She is five feet five and a half inches tall, weighs 122 pounds, has reddish brown hair, and takes a cold shower every morning.

She's given to sudden screams of delight and surprise and indignation. In the midst of a quiet conversation, regardless of where she is, she will suddenly erupt at the top of her voice.

She comes to work on time and she leaves on time. She never complains and she isn't exciting on a set. Her dressing-room door is always open and she generally spends her waits between scenes reading a popular magazine. She is a good fellow on the set and, if everyone is laughing, she laughs. She generally is slow at getting a gag.

She is married to Count Oleg Cassini. They are known as "Big" and "Little Cassini."

This is the story of their romance: They first met at a dinner party given by Constance Moore and Johnny Maschio. She says that the Count was first attracted to her. "I was in a bad mood," says Gene. "We talked, but I didn't pay any attention. Then we danced. And then I wasn't in a bad mood any more."

While they were dancing, Gene paid attention to what Count Cassini was

saying. He told her that she was a lady, that she was the only lady he had met in Hollywood. She liked hearing that and she adored the way he danced.

FIVE months later, despite strong family objections, they eloped to Las Vegas and were married. She registered with the plane stewardess as "Miss Belle Starr" and after the marriage returned to work in the picture of that name.

Cassini, by profession, is a costume designer. He designs all her evening gowns. Shortly after they were married, the Count applied for his citizenship papers. Gene was not allowed to testify as one of his witnesses, for the judge claimed that she didn't know him well enough. He is now Private Oleg Cassini of the United States Army and is stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he is attending training school.

Despite the fact that he designs her gowns, her wardrobe mainly consists of slacks and shorts. She doesn't like to get all dressed up. She runs about the house barefooted.

When she is working, she goes to bed every night at eight-thirty or nine o'clock. Saturday night is her night out. She doesn't drink or smoke. She loves to dance.

Her big hate is jitterbugging. She considers this "undignified." She also

She loves a big bed so she had one built in her bedroom



She is fond of dogs and has two, a Scottie and a police dog

She has an aversion to being called "dearie," "buddy," or "pal." She writes poetry secretly and when "Big" Cassini is especially nice to her, she lets him read a poem.

BEFORE he left for the Army, they purchased a house in Beverly Glen and immediately proceeded to remodel it according to their tastes. She loves a big bed and the one in the house was made right in the bedroom itself. The carpenter and cabinetmaker decided, after reading her specifications for the bed she wanted, that it was easier to build it right in the room than to knock down walls and doors to get it in after it was built.

On her off days from pictures, she haunts the Los Angeles and Glendale antique shops. She is particularly proud of a 200-year-old chest. She seldom carries money with her and often has to borrow money from the people on the set. She is a prompt payer-backer.

She's extremely careful around the house and hates to waste anything. She always has a fine salami hanging in the kitchen and for a midnight snack she serves slices of it.

She is not a big eater and a meal for her is often one cup of bouillon after another. Breakfast: Bouillon, orange juice and fresh fruit. Lunch: Bouillon, fish, tea. Dinner: Lamb chops, bouillon, more fruit and tea.

She is also fond of chili and beans. Coffee rationing doesn't bother her. She never drinks it, doesn't like it.

She is fond of animals and has two dogs, a Scottie and a police dog. She collects animals and at one time she had for pets a hawk, a thunderbird and a king snake. She once owned a rabbit given her by a magician.

She never cared much about Oley's going off with the boys for a good time and usually tried to be in on the party. She is very friendly and, with the people she likes, quite a little shy, but the surest way to win her is to speak well of "Big" Cassini.

She's a girl who likes to sleep in a different sort of garment almost every night. Sometimes she'll wear Oley's pajamas, sometimes her own, and sometimes a nightgown which Oley designed. She never sleeps in the nude.

She has a system for never remaining angry with her husband overnight. Next to the bedroom, they have a room nicknamed "The Mad Room." If one gets angry with the other, the angry one must go into this room. The Mad Room is decorated with photographs of them in loving poses and a phonograph with their favorite records has been placed there. They have never remained angry with each other overnight.

Now do you understand why Gene Tierney is a "Get" girl?



"Snack" salami hangs in her kitchen

She met Oleg Cassini, wed him in five months



Deana
Purbin



Anne Shirley





Looking natural in color for Hymie Fink: Anne Shirlev, Deanna Durbin, Hedy Lamarr and Ginger Rogers

WALTER PIDGEON

It's a shame! What's a shame? That

Pidge won't have the fun of seeing people's faces as they

read this "on the q.t." double-talk about him

Things we like about Walter Pidgeon

BY SARA HAMILTON

HE has no whipped-up, dreamed-up, beaten-down, warmed-over philosophy of life. For that we love Walter Pidgeon. He's too busy living life and being a human being to concern himself with an organized philosophy.

The fact that the things that bring a lump to the throat of any emotional, sensitive person bring a lump to his, too, endears the man to everyone. Like the time at Galt, Canada, when 8,000 children lined up to greet the actor on his Bond tour and suddenly burst into our national anthem. He choked up before everyone.

His humorous face and fine mouth that somehow draws and holds attention with its puckish good humor, his height of six feet three, his resonant voice are marked down on the right side of our ledger labeled Pidgeon.

His blue-black hair that grows into a natural widow's peak in front is so darned attractive. The fact that he's been called the best dressed man in Hollywood (and is, for our money) tickles him and us both, for when it comes time to buy a new suit he goes right down to Bullock's Wilshire and picks one off the rack. He's probably the only actor in all Hollywood who never goes inside a tailor shop.

We like him because he not only washes his own wool socks when he's traveling, but knows how, too. Just the proper amount of suds and so much rinsing. Once, on his trip, a reporter came up to his hotel room and caught Pidgeon deep in the heart of soap suds. Next day's banner lines read "Actor washes own socks." Walter can't understand the fuss.

It amuses us that he fancies himself lazy. He isn't. He only thinks it might be comfortable to be so. In fact, he's always getting himself ready for a good lazy time that never quite comes off.

He'll go up to his room after a day's work at the studio and take off his shoes first thing.

On go the slippers and off comes the coat and down goes Pidgeon in the nearest comfortable chair. Now he's going to be good and rotten lazy. Ten minutes later he's wandering around the house with a conscience slightly troubled around the edges. Maybe that errand should have been taken care of. Doggone it, he'll mutter, maybe he should have gone over there; and, of course, he goes. And that ends that day's effort toward the long-threatened physical disintegration.

He's terrifically conscientious, not at all bigoted and is highly amenable to suggestions regardless of his own plans or comfort. On his Bond tour (and oh, fellow citizen, how that ordeal reveals the true inner man) Walter would get himself comfortably ensconced in a chair, slippers on, pipe going, and announce they would skip the cocktail party. Fellow had a right to be lazy.

"Okay," Larry Barbier of M-G-M, who accompanied him, would say, "but I think we should have gone."

Three minutes would pass and there would be Walter in Larry's room. "You think it's important, eh? Well, let's get going. Man, we can't fiddle around like this."

So they'd go. And Walter, with his natural ability to charm totem poles into dancing a fandango, would simply melt the guests into Bond-buying butter balls.

HIS charm is far from the put-on-and-take-off-at-will kind. It's as much a part of him as his name, his voice, his eyes. It springs from the inner soul of this man born far away from Hollywood in the city of St. John, New Brunswick, Canada. There's still a radiating warmth that goes out from Walter to the people there who used to come into his father's general merchandise store to be waited on by Walter. He cherishes those earthy, homey memories and has never grown away from them. Like the apples. All the way back to (Continued on page 76)

ON THE SPOT



Things I don't like

about myself

BY WALTER PIDGEON

(As told to Sara Hamilton)

MY big feet. My double chin. The fact I'm lazy. Those things I don't like about myself. Can't quite see what I can do about any of them, though.

My habit of being painfully punctual isn't an attractive one, I find, for it somehow detracts from the intriguing feeling of suspense that comes from a man's being habitually or even occasionally tardy.

Laziness isn't good, either. Think of all the fun I'm missing playing long hours of tennis or golf. Fellow misses a lot of sport through laziness, I guess. Now take reading, for example. In that I'm lazy, too, for instead of methodically going into all the new books and magazines, I buy a digest and get everything in one sitting.

Not having any superstitions doesn't add color to my studio biography exactly. In fact, I regret all around I'm not one of those colorful fellows chockful of bright tales and adventurous pasts that make good copy. I must be tough on interviewers.

I even like to work. Hate time off between pictures that everyone seems to covet. When I am between pictures I like to get in the car, or did before gas rationing, and drive off by myself up the coast or through inland California. I enjoy spending a night in an auto court, getting up early and starting on my way. Kind of colorless vacation, but it's my type. Shouldn't confess it, I guess, but I like the idea of kids asking for autographs; that justified my wanting to keep on with the *Nick Carter* detective series. Argued at the time they were good for me and by George the way the kids got to know me proved I was right. When the kids begin recognizing a star, he's on his way up.

There's a lot to be learned about this autograph business, I've discovered in my travels. Once on a trip through the East my train pulled into a station about eleven o'clock in the evening and I was routed out of bed by a studio publicist who said a group of autograph fans was waiting on the platform. Putting on a bathrobe I stepped out. Sure enough, there they were. It didn't make me a bit mad, but it did leave me puzzled when several of them begged me to sign three times. I spoke of (Continued on page 77)



Gail Parland

Alan Ladd



What marriage has



taught me

Some candid self-criticism

showing how a wife should (and shouldn't!)

act in that dangerous "first year"

BY

Maureen O'Hara

Starring currently in Twentieth Century-Fox's "The Black Swan"



Man behind this marriage story—Maureen's husband, Hollywood director Will Price

A YEAR of marriage has taught me much and has changed me in many ways. Now that my husband is away in the Marine Corps I look back on that year and realize just how much it meant. But was it marriage alone, or my husband, former director Will Price? To be exact, I feel sure it was marriage to Will.

I hope I don't sound self-satisfied when I say this, but I truly believe marriage has taught me more than some other brides-of-a-year because I *wanted* it to.

Think back to your school days. You didn't learn anything you didn't want to. Nothing can be taught and have any effect unless the pupil is willing and eager to learn. The same is true of marriage.

You see, ours is not what sometimes is labeled as a "typical Hollywood marriage." Will and I didn't enter into it lightly; we planned it for more than two years. We don't believe in divorce. When we took our vows, it was a *real* marriage, for ever and a day.

So, you can understand why Will and I, even though we are in the picture business, have a marriage more like that of any young couple in Youngstown or Tampa or Prairie Center. It isn't just a Hollywood interlude for us. It's for keeps.

Nor was it just because I am Catholic that I knew our marriage

was forever. Will and I have known that from the moment we fell in love. We've never had any other thought. We love our home. We want children. As a result, our marriage means more to us than those of some other Hollywoodians. We've worked harder at making the adjustments which any couple must make.

One of the first things marriage taught me was dependence. Not the clinging-vine variety, but dependence on the happiness of another person, the warming joy of sharing life in all its funny facets with someone you love. Living for him, getting a large share of your happiness through his.

Before I was married I was very independent. I didn't need other people. I was never bored by myself and often preferred to do things alone. Some people thought I was "snooty." That wasn't true. Rather, I had never been dependent on outsiders. From my earliest childhood I had few friends, because my brothers and sister and I were so close we didn't need outside friends. I never quite outgrew that and when I came to Hollywood I was still very independent.

But too much of that attitude isn't good, either. With each succeeding year of such a tightly aloof existence—sufficient unto one's self—one grows more and more self-centered. Life is much fuller being shared with some-

one else, as I've learned since I've been married.

In that same period of complete independence before my marriage, I suppose because I *was* leading that aloof existence, I was painfully quiet. I don't know precisely what was wrong with me. Perhaps it was actually shyness. I wasn't afraid to assert myself, but I felt alone. At parties I used to sit in corners. I seemed tongue-tied. I didn't make friends easily.

Now my friends tell me how I've changed. I don't put on acts, but I join in whatever fun or conversation is going on and people think I'm gay! I've certainly lost my reticence. It's easier for me to make friends. I've learned assurance.

I've absorbed these things from Will. He is kind, jolly, has a warm personality and a wonderful sense of humor. He's a normal, well-balanced human being, who enjoys people and parties and night clubs, but also loves his home, garden and fireside, a quiet evening with good books and music. Sharing life with him has rounded out that old tightly bound existence I had.

I've learned, too, that marriage is the final phase of growing up. A woman hasn't reached real emotional maturity until she is married, until she has shared the joys and responsibilities and occasional heartaches of married life. (Continued on page 88)

Patty Hutton





What she's saying is going the rounds of Hollywood. What she's doing—well, just read and let her do it. A one-two sketch of Betty Hutton

BY DEE LOWRANCE

Star-Spangled Blonde

THE cute little thing, standing alone in the center of the night-club floor, was strictly on her own so far as the customers were concerned. She was going to sing—and maybe, above the din of chinaware, cutlery and human voices, the audience was going to hear her. Or so they thought; to the little singer there was no “maybe” about it.

Suddenly the customers were startled into silence by the sounds that bellowed out of the slender throat of the girl on the dance floor. Not only were they startled, they were enchanted. The applause was thunderous and the “Blonde Blitz,” otherwise known as “Bobbin’, Throbbin’ Baby Tornado”—and, oh yes, Betty Hutton—was in.

Not immediately, you understand. Because she had to blast her way out of the night-spot trade into the Broadway musical dress circles and right into the spotlight of the big hit, “Panama Hattie,” before Hollywood caught on and came calling with a contract.

From that moment life on the Paramount lot became weird, wild and Hutton. It began when Betty showed up to do her first day’s recording on “The Fleet’s In,” and the sound mixer stared stupefied as Betty’s athletic voice took over the scales. It continued when she hit her first lens and Betty’s pretty pan went into its mugging routine. How it ended is now a matter of history told in the aforementioned Paramount’s “The Fleet’s In,” “Happy Go Lucky” and

currently in “Star-Spangled Rhythm.”

So much for the Betty that gets on the celluloid. The real Betty, the private-life lass, is a little harder to find. Her poise is astonishing in one so young until you discover that she’s battled for a living since she was a tiny kid singing for pennies on the street corners of Battle Creek, Michigan. Her mother and father and sister were her family and their love for each other was all the more poignant for its background of grinding, aching poverty.

Her diploma from the College of Hard Knocks made Betty one of the most candid, outspoken and realistic lassies to grace Hollywood. She won’t kid you and she never kids herself.

They used to stop you on your way around town with “Have you heard Dottie Parker’s latest?” That was in pre-Hutton days. Now they demand: “Have you heard what Betty Hutton said today?”

IT WAS a long, hard climb to stardom that Betty made and it has left her with a definite philosophy of life.

“Just a rule,” she said, caught for a free moment on the set of her next picture, “Miracle Of Morgan’s Creek.”

“It’s a simple rule,” Betty explained. “The old do-as-you-would-be-done-by. If you’re good at your work, try hard, work like anything with everything in you, and don’t double-cross anyone, you’ll get ahead. Years ago I learned that if I do anything bad, or am mean on purpose, I always get

paid back in the same coin—and not long afterwards. It’s really very simple. As long as you aren’t selling yourself a bill of goods, you’re okay. I play the game by those rules.”

Betty’s big news then was that she was in love. Not exactly the first time, she admitted. The object of her affections was Perc Westmore of the famous cosmetic family. She wore his ring for a time, flashing it gaily at all within range.

When Perc went off to the Army she spent her nights at the Hollywood Canteen. Her life was secure, she and Perc were not to be married until the war was over. Meanwhile she was having the fun of being really and truly engaged in a town where engagements, being scarce, are gay and envied periods in a star’s life.

Then came the change. Perc, discharged because of ill health from the Army, arrived back in Hollywood. He wanted to be married right away.

“For the first time in my life,” says Betty, “I was faced with the problem of deciding whether I was really and truly in love. Though Perc is one of the finest men I have ever known, I didn’t believe that we were ideally suited to be Mr. and Mrs. so we decided to call it quits.”

You see—that’s Betty—candid and with a reasoning mind. The gal’s good and she knows what’s good for her. What a combination to discover in the person of one of the brightest of bright new stars!

THE END

The Remarkable Andrews



His first name's Dana and he has nine lives. Now, if you're still up to it, here's the rest of the confusing, amusing Andrews picture

BY HOWARD SHARPE

A FEW months ago, when it became apparent that Tyrone Power wasn't kidding about joining the Marines and Hank Fonda simultaneously visited an enlistment center on serious business, Twentieth Century-Fox discovered Dana Andrews. This makes the ninth, and he hopes the last, time this has happened to him during the past three years. "As a matter of fact, I'd long since resigned myself to being Hollywood's perennial discovery," he says. "I figured it wasn't such a hard life. I suppose you'd call it a break, the way things are going now, but I'd a little rather have made it on my merits rather than for the obvious reason."

It seems that first Mr. Goldwyn, and then Mr. Zanuck at Twentieth, formed a habit of calling him in after every picture he made and saying, "This is it, son. You're in. You're our next big star." Inevitably, after about seven months layoff, they gave him another supporting role, whereupon the critics en masse said nice things about him and the call to the front office came through on schedule. The routine continued from 1939, when he made "The Westerner," until 1942, when he made "The Ox-Bow Incident."

He is thirty-one, looks about twenty-two, and is a husky six-footer with a clean-cut Irish-Scotch face.

His personality is as modern as 1943, as American as Mississippi and Texas and California. He thinks of all three States as home. If you happen to be wearing a zoot suit when you meet him you'll find him solid, Jackson. "Give me some skin," he'll say, sticking out his hand. "Make me know it. I'll stow it, or put it in my vest and let it rest—" and so on, the way it's being done this week. Contrariwise, if you happen to have retained your sanity, he'll slip that terrific Stokowski recording of Bach's Toccata and Fugue on the phonograph and, thus stimulated, begin telling you about himself. . . .

DANA'S father, Charles Forrest Andrews, was a Florida preacher who had married a girl with the unlikely and enchanting name of Anice Speed. When, on New Year's Day thirty-one years ago, their son was born, it was obvious that some balance must be established in the matter of family nomenclature; the child, after a good deal of imaginative thought, was therefore christened Carver Dana Andrews.

He dropped the Carver as soon as he could, which was when he eventually left home and went to work. He was the third of thirteen children—not so objectionable a situation as it sounds, since Mrs. Andrews managed well, if by the skin of her teeth,

on a minister's meager salary. Being the most vital of the pack, Dana let himself be guided by a devouring curiosity rather than by his father's teachings and in consequence was known as the town bad boy wherever the family moved. He was the town bad boy, furthermore, and there's no use trying to obscure the fact.

When he was thirteen he had an idea, got a friend to go in with him, charged a suitcase at a dry goods store where his father had an account (this was in Uvalde, Texas), filled it with groceries, which he also charged to his father, and rode to San Antonio atop a boxcar in freezing weather. The planned rendezvous with the friend, who had all the clothes for the expedition with him, did not come off and a somewhat chastened Dana was forced to phone his father collect three days later, asking to come home.

The Reverend Andrews, for once, did not whale the tar out of his problem child. Instead, he thereafter respected him as an individual, with a mind of his own.

Between this time and 1930, when Dana hitchhiked to Hollywood to be a movie star, he worked successively as a beekeeper, theater manager, butcher's boy, plumber, bank teller, bookkeeper, salesman, accountant and concrete-pipe maker. It was his job at the Huntsville "Life" theater that gave him the (Continued on page 81)

Admiring Dana, as is a good portion of the movie-going audiences of America right now, are his wife Mary, his baby daughter Kathryn, his nine-year-old son David



As one actor to another: The spaniel learns tricks from Dana, now getting handclaps for "The Ox-Bow Incident"

HOLLYWOOD SERVICE FLAG

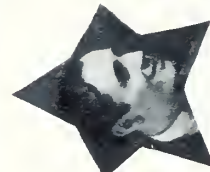
"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom . . ." Abraham Lincoln



George Brent



Richard Barthelmess



William Bakewell



Roscoe Ates



George K. Arthur



Lew Ayres



Gene Autry



Russell Arms



Herbert Anderson



Hardie Albright



William Haines



Richard Greene



Clark Gable



Doug Fairbanks Jr.



Bramwell Fletcher



Henry Fonda



Leif Erikson



Frankie Darro



Roland Drew



Richard Denning



Robert Cummings



Robert Cornell



Macdonald Carey



F. Bartholomew



Tom Brown



Don Briggs



Louis Hayward



Jon Hall



Dan Dailey Jr.



Huntz Hall



William Holden



Peter Lind Hayes



Stirling Hayden



Owen Davis Jr.



Alexander D'Arcy



Phillips Holmes



Jackie Coogan



Donald Crisp



Alan Curtis



Bruce Cabot





Tim McCoy



Ray Middleton



Raymond Massey



Victor Mature



Wayne Morris



Burgess Meredith



Richard Ney



David Niven



Laurence Olivier



William Orr



George O'Brien



Edmond O'Brien



Tyrone Power



Robert Preston



John Payne



Gene Raymond



Buddy Rogers



Gilbert Roland



Cesar Romero



Ronald Reagan



Craig Reynolds



Jackie Searle



Robert Stack



Robert Sterling



James Stewart



Robert Shaw



Craig Stevens



Lyle Talbot



Frankie Thomas



Lee Tracy



Robert Wilcox



Henry Wilcoxon



Rudy Vallee



Douglas McPhail



John Shelton



Sid Silvers



Melvyn Douglas



Grant Withers



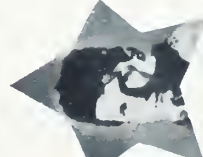
John Beal



Robert Coole



Richard Quine



Gabriel Dell



Guinn Williams



Van Heflin



Broderick Crawford



Gordon Jones



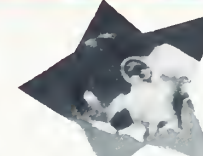
Tony Martin



Sterling Holloway



Wesley Barry



Fritz Feld



Jack Briggs



Buddy Pepper



George Holmes



Richard Arlen



Glenn Ford



William Tracy



John Carroll



Russell Hayden



Eddie Albert



Lewis Howard



Portrait of a Best Dressed Woman

Three guesses as to who she is—and they're all right! It's Roz Russell, stepping out in real life to step up your reading fun



Proof positive that she "walks erect, briskly and with a long stride": Roz caught promenading with lieutenant-husband Fred Brisson

SHE walked off the envied winner in last month's Photoplay style poll by having seven famous designers choose her as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood for 1942.

She hopes and expects her baby to be a girl.

She has stubbornly refused to let the movies pluck her eyebrows.

She has a very special passion for the ancient and honored game of dice called "crap," and she attended Barnard and Columbia colleges where, of all things, she majored in Theology.

She is a vegetarian and has a large desk in her bedroom which is inevitably cluttered with papers.

Her name is Rosalind Russell.

She continually postpones answering letters, never has had a chauffeur, and calls all snobbish women "Lady Marys."

She has never had the measles or mumps. She dislikes zoos, coloratura sopranos and parlor games. She always has trouble keeping the seams of her stockings adjusted.

She is the most intelligent woman this writer has ever encountered in Hollywood. She is constantly misplacing her keys, is very fond of Russian rye bread and pumpernickel, and is unanimously adjudged a "good guy" by everyone on the set.

She never wears a corsage.

She has three brothers in the Army and considers one of her best pictures her newest, RKO's "Flight For Freedom." She always answers the telephone herself.

socially. She is ambidextrous.

She votes at all elections and has never yearned for snow in Beverly Hills. Her nicknames for her father and mother are Dad and Mud. She has black hair and dark brown eyes.

She never gets seasick or airsick and her most treasured possession is a gold inkstand presented to her by the crew at Warner Brothers. Her father, James E. Russell, was a lawyer.

She was one of seven children—three boys and four girls—and she insists that temperament is only bad temper. She is proud of her skill in crocheting.

Rosalind Russell wears a nightgown in bed and considers procrastination her worst fault. She can never remember the license number of her car.

She loves argumentation.

She is a fairly good cook and, paradoxically, being a vegetarian, prefers cooking meat. She never wears girdles.

She has never been a Girl Scout, hasn't slept soundly for years, and sincerely believes that motion pictures have had a strong influence on American cultural development.

She takes sunbaths but never gets tanned. She would rather see a sad movie than any, and she got a Bachelor of Arts degree at college.

She wore dental braces for three months when she was twelve.

She likes avocados and dislikes buttermilk. She was married in the fall of 1941 to Fred Brisson, actors' agent, now a lieutenant (*Cont'd on page 83*)

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Her wedding ring is a plain, wide gold band. She likes baked beans but without pork, and if she were not an actress she would have earned her living as a clothes buyer. She was born on June 4, 1912.

She eventually wants to have two children.

She is an unashamed romanticist, very fond of pilsener beer and always washes her hair in the shower with tar soap.

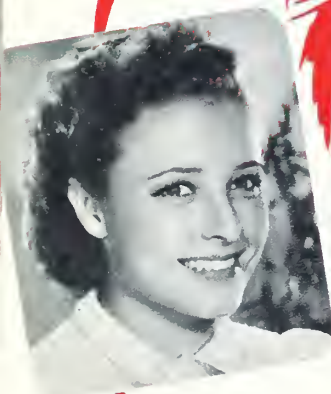
She likes pearls and has an aversion for hill-billy music and is always punctual in business but never

I'd Like To Have a



Alexis Smith says •

"I've always been attracted to intellectually brilliant men. And so I've been an admirer of Noel Coward's. I've read most of his books and even when I was in school I often wondered what he was like. Unfortunately I haven't had the pleasure of meeting him, but people who know him quite well have told me about him. I think he'd be a perfect beau—very debonair—at once gay and serious. If I were gay, his sparkling wit, his subtle epigrams would make me feel gayer; if I were depressed, I'd act as I felt, wouldn't have to pretend, and there would be his serious side to keep company with. Even though I wouldn't be able to keep up my end of the conversation at all, just talking with Noel Coward would be a treat for me."



Laraine Day says •

"My choice is Mahatma Gandhi. He probably controls the minds of more people than any other man in the world. I'm very much interested in India and I've so many questions to ask Gandhi. I'd like to know why a few thousand men are able to rule a country of four hundred million people. I'd like to know why Gandhi tries to fast unto death to gain concessions from the British—isn't it rather childish of him? I'd like to know why little Indian girls of ten have babies and throw them into the ash can, or leave them on Mission steps. I know of a missionary who in three weeks gathered some thirty of these babies who had been abandoned by child mothers."

"I don't think Gandhi would be interested in Hollywood and a tour of the studios. I understand he hasn't seen a single American motion picture. So if I had a date with him I'd like to show him our ways of life by taking him to a few average American homes."

Betty Grable says •

"For the one date I'd like to keep my choice would be Vincent Sheean. He knows so much about what's going on in the world and I know I could learn a lot from him. He has been everywhere, met everybody and could tell me who and what's what, the personalities and real issues in the present war. Our country is so big, yet so many of us live in our own limited circle and are provincial. Mr. Sheean could give me a world-wide outlook."

"As to my share of our date—I'd like to take him to a night club here, dance with him if he wishes, show him around Hollywood, have him meet the outstanding personalities here and gain an insight into a great and important industry with a world-wide influence. I grew up in the show business, Hollywood is the only place I really know, so I couldn't talk about anything else except motion pictures. I'm afraid, though, I'd be pretty tongue-tied with him, but I'm sure he'd know how to handle a starry-eyed blonde."



Date With -

Department of Suppressed

Desires: Six Hollywood

stars break down

and confess their secret hearts

Eleanor Powell says •

"Courtesy and understanding, real kindness, a sense of humor and good stimulating conversation are the things I appreciate most in men. I'd like to go to one of these Army canteens with a comedian like Red Skelton putting on a show! I love social dancing, I really relax then, and I'd like to dance with a lot of buck privates. It has been my experience that Mr. Buck Private, U.S.A., is a good dancer, talker and fun to be with."



Janet Blair says •

"If I could choose a date I'd like to go out with J. Edgar Hoover. I met him recently when I was in Washington, D. C., and I think he is one of the most dynamic and interesting people I've ever met. I'd like to go to some place for dinner where the music would be soft and low so I wouldn't miss a word he said. I'd ask him a million questions about the exciting things he has done as G-Man No. 1. I'm terribly proud of the autograph he gave me—the first time I've asked for the autograph of any one."



June Havoc says •

"George Gay, of Squadron Eight in the Battle of Midway, is my choice. Remember—the Japs had shot down our planes one by one, and he was the last one. He knew it meant almost certain death, but he wasn't afraid, he had a job to do and he did it, thus helping save our fleet. Later, as the sole survivor of Squadron Eight, he wasn't willing to talk much about what he went through; his main concern was to visit the families of his killed comrades and comfort them as best he could."

"I think he is typical of our fighting men today. It's our way of life, our freedom from fear that produce George Gays, and I'm quite sure that ninety-nine percent of our men would act like him under similar circumstances. I'd like to take George home for dinner—an old-fashioned chicken dinner with hot biscuits. I'd wear my prettiest clothes, look very feminine and, unless he wanted to talk about the war, I'd like to make him forget it for a while. I'd play records for him, dance with him and maybe invite a few friends over to meet him. I'd like to treat him just as a friend of the family."



Drawings by Gene Wilson

Tough guy with a gentle voice, Brian Donlevy, who marched off to Mexico as Pershing's boy bugler, came home only to shoulder a gun in World War I, and who now employs past experience for a perfect performance in United Artists' "Unconquered"





A pretty little punster, known by some as Mrs. Aherne, by others as Livvie de Havilland's sister; loved by all as herself, Joan Fontaine. She had a genius rating at three, is using that genius now to divert America in Warners' "The Constant Nymph"

CARL
MUEHLER

Kiss me for luck



Doris's eyes were turned coldly away, but Phil had forgotten her. He saw only Betsy, standing there in her little white dress. When her song was over, he would go to her at once. . .

Most women would have thought as Betsy—that what had happened between her and Phil would be enough to hold a man. But how could it, in a romance like this?

By Henry and Sylvia Lieferant

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL MUELLER

The story so far:

IT was like no other kiss any man had given Betsy Bell, this kiss of Phil Jordan's. They were standing in the lobby of Mama Bosco's family hotel where Betsy lived, where Phil had brought her after their night's stint as entertainers at El Toreador, second-rate Hollywood night club—he, as one of the three pantomiming Jordan Brothers, she as something young and different in night-club singers.

He had whispered, "Kiss me for luck, Betsy," because tomorrow night was to bring him and his brothers Roy and Chet their chance at success. Philo Haney, the big Hollywood producer, was coming to the club, coming, as everyone knew, to spot talent for the movies.

"Thanks, Betsy," Phil had whispered. "I'll carry that for luck."

But the next night had come and gone, and it was a confused nightmare to the Jordans ever afterwards, for they remembered only that after Philo Haney had watched the whole show, he had chosen not the Jordan Brothers—but Betsy Bell, and carried her away to try for stardom.

Those next few weeks were a nightmare to Betsy, too—of interviews and cameras, of meeting Haney's rival producer, Anton Van Dirk, of being carefully groomed by Haney himself and as carefully chaperoned by the studio's appointed "aunt," Edith Pringle; of talking to crowds of smiling people, when there was only one man to whom she wanted to talk again.

Then, on the last night of her performance at the club—she had insisted on fulfilling her contract—sensing that it was up to her to make the first step, she had asked Phil to see her, to walk home with her again.

"I wanted to tell you what Mr. Haney said about you," she said. "He said you had a clever homespun line."

"Thanks, Betsy," Phil's voice was thick with dejection. "But you better

forget the Jordan Brothers . . . we go on to Frisco from here, then to Chicago for a few weeks, then maybe Kansas City. . . ."

The Castle Hill lounge was different from Mama Bosco's lobby. Phil tilted Betsy's chin upward. He looked long into her blue eyes; then, "Keep the way you are, Betsy, if you can," he said, "and good luck to you."

The elevator door opened. "Going up?" said the operator.

"The lady is going up," Phil said, and turned away abruptly.

Upstairs, in her room, Betsy threw herself on the bed. She felt her hat crunch. It didn't matter. She didn't have to worry over hats now. She didn't have to worry over anything, but she cried bitterly for something she had hoped would happen that evening and hadn't.

Now go on with the story:

BETSY felt like an adagio dancer who'd been thrown around by a regiment of partners. She and Edith had been moved again, not out to the Canyon, but to what was superciliously called a small eight-room house in Hollywood. They didn't need eight rooms, a houseboy and a maid, but that's what Mr. Haney ordered.

She was up at six every morning and into the pool by six-fifteen, with a swimming and diving instructor. Next came forty-five minutes of tennis with a tennis instructor and by that time she was so hungry that the skimpy breakfast of orange juice, toast with a dash of marmalade and coffee, brought to her by Carlos the houseboy, was merely a goad to her appetite. She didn't need to lose weight or watch her figure. There followed an hour with a horse and riding instructor and then the real work of the day started at the studio.

By the end of this first week of intensive grooming, Betsy had been photographed, examined and studied so much that she considered doing

some noble uplift work for guinea pigs in consideration for their plight. She'd walked and run, sat down and stood up, lounged on couches, stretched out on floors, climbed prop trees and fences, shaken hands, advanced to greet guests. Her face had been turned to the right, to the left; her chin tilted and untilted; her eyebrows arched and unarched.

True, the hands that touched her were extremely impersonal, the eyes that watched her were critical, the ears that listened to the trick sentences were tuned to find errors. There was nothing personal about it at all, nothing warm or human. She was lonely and unhappy, especially after the day of Phil's departure passed and he neither called nor wrote.

The more work was piled on Betsy, the faster the days flew and when a card came, forwarded from Mama Bosco, which said "Leaving Frisco for Chicago—Phil," she was still unhappily adrift.

That's all he ever said. "Leaving Chicago for Omaha—Phil." "Leaving Omaha for Kansas City—Phil," and once when Betsy walked out in the foyer and found Aunt Edith reading a card from him, she snapped, "I hope you don't think that's a love letter."

Edith said, "There's some talk of casting you soon. Watch your step now, Betsy, and don't get entangled."

THE small projection room was still dark, the six men within it still suspiciously silent when Anton Van Dirk spoke. "That isn't even a turkey. It's a turkey egg, never hatched, stinks to heaven and back. What do you think?"

"Yeah," somebody said.

"It's not funny," another added.

"And it's supposed to be," Van Dirk said. "We need a couple of hypos in that."

Young Marshall, an assistant director, gasped. "We got to have a picture cut and ready in six weeks. It sure needs a shot," he repeated.

"Humor," (Continued on page 72)

I've Been Lonely

BY

Juan Crawford

Star of M-G-M's "Reunion In France"



A provocative thought for all those women who have said good-by to someone very dear

WOMEN all over our land today, saying good-by to husbands, sweethearts and sons, are lonely. They're discovering also that work isn't the panacea for loneliness it always has been said to be; that it offers temporary relief only. For many women who are lonely are working as they never worked before. They've gone back to jobs as secretaries, bookkeepers, accountants and file clerks. They're in defense work, women's volunteers corps and even in the woman's army. They work until they are ready to drop, when this is necessary. But always when they stop working they find loneliness staring them in the face again.

The boys are lonely too. I've learned something about that when we've been fortunate enough to have groups of men from the Army, Navy, Marines and Air Corps at our home.

Loneliness isn't insurmountable, however. We can overcome it. I know. I've been lonely.

I remember the deep sense of being alone I experienced after Franchot Tone and I were divorced. Every woman knows that to have built a life around a man and then to have him no longer there, for whatever reason, necessitates a tremendous adjustment.

There was, besides, a situation typically Hollywood to add to my loneliness at this time. After Franchot

and I separated I went dancing once or twice with an old friend, Cesar Romero. Immediately I was seen with him my telephone began to ring. Would I go here? Would I go there? It seemed unreasonable I should be lonely with all the dates I might have had. But I happened to know half the boys who called me had no interest whatever in me as a human being. They merely wanted to see their names in the gossip columns. They were asking to see me not for myself but for whatever publicity value I had.

I've known other desperately lonely moments too. . . .

There were (Continued on page 80)

Tip-Toe Fashions

News in print as headlined by news-maker Janet Blair of Columbia's "Something To Shout About." Something to talk about in spring—and right through the summer—is her lapis blue silk crepe dress printed in white and black. A touch of rouching at the neckline and around the flared skirt, a hat of baku that's navy on top, grey-blue on the underside, and black patent accessories add up to something to be kept in mind

All Miss Blair's shoes are Paris Fashion and Connie shoes, available at leading stores from coast to coast



For sparkle appeal: A Connie black patent halter pump with high or midway heel. Also in navy blue polished leather



It's an old idea to have an all-round suit in your spring wardrobe. It's a new idea to have it of sand-colored gabardine and to wear with it a simple long-sleeved creamy silk blouse. It's a grand idea to forego the usual shoulder clip and to sport some gold butterfly clip earrings instead. Janet Blair does all three, turns into a fashion go-getter



Far on the job, and after: A Paris Fashion walled toe bow tie pump with stitch motif and mid-law heel. Turf tan or black polished leather, or black patent

A suit in a material a man likes with touches a woman loves is this grey menswear flannel boasting a feminine set-off of a softly pleated fine white linen frill around the jacket and at the sleeves. Janet pins dark red carnations on the grey, likes luggage tan in bag and pumps. This suit, the one on the opposite page and the dress from page 57 are from Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills



Famous classic: The "boomp toe" spectator, perked at tip and foxing. In antiqued turf tan, blue or black polished leather with high or midway heel

Prints to

1

Wear these and you'll be a

1. "Most men like prints," said Hollywood's Virginia Gilmore, starring in "The Chetniks" to reader, Ethel Snook. This, fresh as tomorrow, has a pleated skirt and a removable white vestee

Green, brown, red or black with white flowers. 12-20. About \$8.95.

There's a store near you that sells this Photoplay Star-Maker; you can buy it by filling in the coupon at the right

2. Happy perennial print suit with ruffled patch pockets, a crimson rose at shoulder
White on black, brown, grey, navy, powder blue. 10-20. About \$22.95.

2

3

3. Tie this draped skirt to suit your mood; it will always fall in soft slimming folds. The tassel design gives it gay action
Pink on black, white on navy, pink on navy, aqua on brown. 10-20. About \$17.95.
Want to know a store close by where you can buy this Star-Maker? See coupon

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

make you smart as a star

looked-after Easter lady. The model, reader Ethel Snook; style mentor, Virginia Gilmore

5. A dark-scrolled suit dress with tab: suggesting pockets and edging the sleeves

Black on aqua, red on navy, yellow on grey, gold on black. 9-15. About \$8.95.
A halo hat: Navy, black, brown, red, kelly green, toast. 21 1/2-23. About \$5.

For the name of the store nearest you where you can buy these Photoplay Star-Makers see the coupon at the right



4. "A shirtwaist frock you'll live in," said Virginia of this print with its smart four-leaf clovers, its built-in belt that's wonderworking; its inverted pleats in the sleeves for action. Its buttons look like pretty little white flowers; Miss Gilmore thinks Ethel will find out it's one of those compliment-catcher Easter outfits White on luggage, green or royal blue. 12-20. About \$8.95.



For your convenience in ordering these Photoplay Star-Maker Fashions

just send in this coupon to the Fashion Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. She will tell you, by return mail, the name and address of the store nearest your home where you can buy any of the Hollywood-approved fashions shown here.

I am interested in fashion numbered: 1 2 3 4 5

(Circle the number of the fashion or fashions in which you are interested.)

My name is.....

My address is (Street).....

(City).....

(State).....

★★★★★

PICTURE

A first look at a "first" film, "Forever And A Day," with fourteen stars and sixty-five other players giving their time free to make a magnificent "This is what we're fighting for" picture



This is the tale of a house founded by an indomitable admiral (C. Aubrey Smith). Built on the ruins of an ancient British fortress, it was, said he, to be a living house with "enemies at the gates and friends at the fireside; weddings and funerals and children playing"



The first wedding is that of Miriam Pomfret (Anna Neagle) to Bill (Ray Milland) son of Admiral Trimble. They are pledged to fight for freedom, to defend all that is decent in life. Bill Trimble meets death with Nelson at Trafalgar; his and Miriam's child is to be the next defender of the house—and the family in it.



A new mistress rules the house in 1845. She is Mildred (Jessie Matthews) great-granddaughter of the Admiral, who has come from India to reclaim a portrait and finds a home. She marries a distant cousin (Ian Hunter) and together they bring the family to Victorian glory



The old house watches as the little serving maid (Ida Lupino) and Jim (Brian Aherne), a poorer Trimble, emigrate to America where no one shall starve. Comes 1914 and the World War; the house is no longer a proud home but a second-rate boardinghouse



To it from America comes the son of Jim, Ned Trimble (Robert Cummings). He finds this house of fabled family glory a broken-down relic; but it brings him his life's happiness, for in it he meets receptionist Marjorie (Merle Oberon) who marries him. He dies in Flanders; Marjorie, with his family's money, restores the old house, makes it a home for . .



... their daughter Lesley (Ruth Warrick). In the midst of a Nazi raid which destroys all but the old foundations she meets Gates Pomfret (Kent Smith), American correspondent. It is for them to rebuild the house for a future of freedom, peace and happiness.

The Truth About Location Loves

—that happen when stars are working far away from Hollywood. Some are hushed up; others end happily. Here are the most exciting ones

By "Fearless"

Why wouldn't Anne Shirley date Eddie Albert after that episode on "Bombardier"?



Charlie Chaplin-Nancy Coleman datings were fast and furious until Nancy went away on "Edge Of Darkness." What happened there changed that romance status



On the right side of the location love ledger was the Ronald Reagan-Jane Wyman romance



WHEN movie companies go on location there are frequently love scenes which the camera doesn't record, because they aren't in the script. Sometimes stars stage them. Sometimes other members of the company. For, like business trips and summer holidays and tours and cruises, location treks are often set-ups for romance.

When a moon comes up over a lake or a mountain and a man and a girl are far away from the world of everyday reality X isn't the unknown quantity it is in algebra; it marks the spot for romance.

Some location loves last no longer than the trip itself. Some prove enduring enough to leave the principals humming "Thanks for the memory." Some resolve themselves into marriages, happy marriages many times.

Anne Shirley and Eddie Albert were only casual acquaintances until they found themselves in Albuquerque, New Mexico, for several weeks' work on "Bombardier." In a spot like

this you get tired of just working and looking at the Indian blankets for sale on every corner. However, it wasn't just boredom that made Annie and Eddie look at each other and no one but each other after the first few evenings under a New Mexican moon. It was that good old location love.

Annie and Eddie started dating steadily there and kept it up when they got back to Hollywood. Although matters took a turn for the cooler when Eddie shoved off for the Navy, there are those who claim that when Eddie hits Hollywood on a Navy leave these two might still increase the number of married couples who fell in love while on location.

Dan Cupid can be just as mischievous, just as much of a trouble-maker as those Gremlins RAF flyers are

always complaining about, unfortunately. He doesn't always perch on the right shoulders with his tempting, titillating notions. Several months ago a foreign actress who piques the imagination of all the boys and one of the movie colony's young and eager six-footers found themselves many miles from home. Every day they worked before the camera. But evenings they spent with separate groups; and very bored they were too. About the fourth night they met on their way to their rooms. Whereupon they didn't go to their rooms. They went for a drive instead.

At first the foreign star was merely trying to escape boredom and add another scalp to her belt. At first Broad-shoulders was only trying to escape bore- (Continued on page 95)

What should I do?

Your problems answered by Bette Davis

A great advice feature that pulls no

punches. Readers ask the outspoken ques-

tions; Miss Davis gives as candid answers

I N studying and answering the letters that you, the readers of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR send me, Miss Dudley and I were inclined to believe at first that women had a priority on the problems of life.

However, I feel certain that many men have troubles about which they would like to write and I can assure them that their letters, if published, will cause them no embarrassment as all identification will be removed. May I add that those letters that we have already received from men have been exceptionally interesting—as you will see from this month's sample.

DEAR Miss Davis:

I have read in PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR that you help people with their problems. Mine is a very serious one. I am a girl of eleven. I have recently found out by some letters I read that my mother has been going out with another man.

I would like to know if I should tell my father or keep the secret to myself.

Sincerely yours,

Suzanne H.

Dear Suzanne:

What you believe you have found out may or may not be true. However, you most assuredly have no right to discuss what you think you have discovered about your mother with your father.

In justice to your mother you must remember that you are only eleven and that your mother may have many reasons for not having taken you into her confidence yet. She may have planned to talk over her plans or her problems with you when you are a little older.

In your letter you did not explain how it happened that you were reading your mother's letters. I would judge

that she knows nothing about your prying into her affairs. There is an old saying that eavesdroppers never hear good of themselves; I think it is also true that those who pry never discover pleasant news.

It seems to me that the information you have is not rightfully yours. Also, you may have misunderstood what you think you learned. I would say that this is a secret that you must keep to yourself until you are much older, or until your mother discusses it with you.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Bette Davis:

You seem so sweet and down-to-earth in the answers you have given other troubled readers that I am emboldened to bring my puzzle to you.

Forgive the seeming egotism of what follows, but I must equip you with some knowledge of myself if you are to answer me truly. I have read somewhere that judgment is only as accurate as preceding information.

So then, to the details: I have fallen head over heels in love with a man fifteen years my junior. He is a young Naval officer and I have long been the widow of a man of great prominence in our state. My husband, who died after three years of marriage, when I was twenty-five, was fifteen years older than I. An odd coincidence, isn't it?

My interests (I am now thirty-seven) are all extremely young. I can dance until dawn and feel fresh the next day; I ride horseback with enough ability to have won several jumping contests; I have the means to keep myself exceedingly well-dressed and well-groomed. My health is of the best.

Can you tell me, please, if—from

your observations—there would seem to be any chance for happiness in a union between this man and myself. He is astonishingly mature for his years; I had judged him to be perhaps thirty-two or thirty-three when we first met. Not until he declared his love and asked me to marry him did I learn his actual age. My pride, at that moment, was too great to allow me to admit my age to him—he thinks I am about twenty-seven, as are my friends.

Would you, if you were I, tell him the truth, Miss Davis? And would you marry him?

Adelaide McM.

Dear Mrs. McM:

Yes, I believe you should tell this man the truth about your age. We all know that nothing based on a lie can survive. Wouldn't it be far better for you to give him this information in advance of your marriage than for him to learn the truth for himself from your friends later on?

If the difference in your ages matters a great deal to him, it is better to find that out at once. However, if it makes no difference to him, you have an excellent chance for a very happy marriage. It is well known that some men, particularly men who are mature for their years, prefer a woman of poise and experience. I have known of several cases in which the woman's being older than the man has been a contributing factor in a successful marriage.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am asking your advice, because—as an important member of the movie colony—you probably know best how



Writer Fredda Dudley (right) helps Bette Davis sort this month's mail

to handle one of your associates.

Eight years ago, when I was nineteen, I was the victim of an unhappy marriage. I have but one beautiful reality left of that marriage—my seven-year-old son.

I am still considered very beautiful at twenty-seven. Now, Miss Davis, my problem is this: Four years ago, while I was lying in a hospital with a nervous breakdown, I heard a voice on the radio that seemed to be speaking directly to me.

The voice belonged to a famous bandleader-actor, who has made several pictures since that time, and of course he's a bachelor. I wrote to him while I was in the hospital and to my surprise he answered. We kept up a correspondence until four months ago when a relative of mine, who is the mother of grown children and past forty, attended one of this man's broadcasts and pretended she was I. To her it seemed like a very clever prank.

She laughed afterward and said this young man was astounded, so that he could hardly speak. Heaven only knows what he thinks. He probably feels that all my letters were lies and since that night I haven't heard from him.

I feel lost, because, you see, I am in love with him. I'm a sentimentalist and I know he is, too, but how can I clear up this horrible mess without letting him think I am running after him?

Unhappily yours,

Jean W.

(Continued on page 66)

After the appearance of my first column I received a great many letters asking if my column had been "listed" — I should like to assure each person who writes to me — your letters are read by me — I select those for answer which I feel are representative of the problem I am dealing with in the next issue. I don't have time to completely edit my material or publications. Photoplay-Movie Mirror has given me Fredda Dudley to help me.
Bette Davis

THE letters of your fellow-readers were chosen by Miss Davis to be answered this month personally through this magazine. Send your letter to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. She will read it and, if it presents what seems to her to be a universal problem, she will give you her honest opinion here. All names of persons are changed.

Dear Mrs. W:

It seems to me that you don't need to worry about this man's thinking that you are running after; after all, when you wrote your first letter to him, you indicated that you were interested in him to the extent that you would make the first friendly overtures.

There are a great many charming instances in which intense romances have existed entirely in letters between two persons. George Bernard Shaw's love affair with Ellen Terry was carried on totally by mail; Elizabeth Barrett corresponded with Robert Browning long before they met. So, obviously, you need not apologize for having exchanged letters with this man.

I imagine that you are a little embarrassed at the thought that when you write and tell him the truth of what happened—as you surely should—he is going to realize that you must have told your relatives a good deal about your corresponding friendship. That is where you made your mistake—in telling too many other people about the letters.

However, you will be doing the man a great favor, it seems to me, if you will again write and explain exactly what happened.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Bette Davis:

Here is my problem: I am eighteen years old and am married, but I have been separated from my husband for four months. During this time I have been corresponding with a boy I knew and went with before I married. I am very much in love and he loves me also.

He doesn't know I am married and I haven't told him because he wants to get married on his furlough which will be soon.

I get a check from my husband every month and my mother depends on it. My husband is willing for me to get a divorce, but my mother is against it.

Should I get a divorce and marry Bill against my mother's will, or should I tell him I am married and call it off?

Charlene M.

Dear Mrs. M:

Under ordinary circumstances, I believe all of us should respect our mothers and defer to their judgment.

However, in your case, I think your mother is grossly unfair and is behaving in a manner that may ruin three lives.

Unless your mother is an invalid, she should make some move to take care of herself and let you live a normal adult life, making your own decisions.

As for the boy with whom you are in love, it seems to me that when he comes home on furlough you should tell him the whole truth. If he loves you as much as you think, he will be willing to wait for marriage until you can get this other situation cleared up!

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

For six years I've lived and breathed Bette Davis—and everything connected with her. Lately I've had a brain storm. Although life isn't quite as exciting and fascinating as it could be, I don't think I'd have the courage to run away. But if I were ever invited any place by anyone—oh, happy day!

Since you receive so much pleasure in being president of clubs and committees wouldn't you get even more pleasure out of sponsoring a club from which you could invite at least one member a year to Hollywood?

Gertrude L.

Dear Miss L:

As a matter of fact, I have long considered the possibility of bringing one new person with stage experience and screen ambitions to Hollywood each year.

However, I have now given up all hope of sponsoring this Hollywood trip for the duration. In the first place, the Government needs all available transportation space for essential war purposes. In the second place, Hollywood is now a very busy place and no one has time to devote to a guest.

But when the war is over, I hope to be able to work something out along these lines.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

From the time I was eight years old when I was picked by my teacher to speak a little piece about Lincoln, I wanted to be an actor. My father and mother tried to knock the idea out of my head and I was even forbidden to go to the movies, yet the more they tried to stop me, the more determined I was to continue. The family needed financial aid so I had to go to work and forget the idea of going to college. I consoled my-

New Rave Dept.

You've been writing us about a lad who has just made his first splash in pictures. He isn't Hollywood's tallest actor—or its handsomest. But—say you—he's got something. And we agree. So

Next Month

we're going to bring you a fascinating fireside view of

Gene Kelly!

self by attending the University Extension a few evenings a week and spending the other few with an amateur little theater group. After a few years I organized my own company and for six years have been turning out four or five plays a year.

Two years ago I fell in love with a very pretty girl and we were married. We now have a ten-week-old son who means everything in the world to us and for whom I want to work my fingers to the bone. Anxious to do my part in helping our country, I applied for Volunteer Officer Candidate School but was turned down for lack of a college education and advised to stay with my family because of the boy's age and my wife's health. I have learned from the doctor that she will never be well again even though she is now up and around.

I've been debating with myself and toying with the idea of taking a chance in seeking employment in the studios next February if things don't change too harshly. I'm saving a little extra money to tide my family over until I can

land a job. Perhaps I would have a chance in the stenographic department since I operate a stenotype at a rapid rate. Someday I might even get a chance to do "extra" work.

Please don't be angry with me for taking this liberty, but being the genuine person you are, I'm sure you'll see my point.

Roger K.

Dear Mr. K:

I agree with you that you have a problem and it seems to me that you are approaching it in the right way. There is an old bromide, "Nothing ventured, nothing hath," which surely applies to your case.

You have been wise in saving up money enough to take care of your family obligations during your absence and I think you might as well take a chance in California. After all, it isn't as if you were coming out here with only the hope of getting into pictures immediately; you are a capable court reporter, so your secretarial work must be of the best. Although you feel that this secretarial work has put you in a rut, it will stand you in good stead while you are getting acquainted with your new environment.

Considering your prolonged stage experience, your energy and ambition, who knows what might happen? The trip, I should think, would be worth trying. The best of luck to you.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

Just two weeks ago I met a very good-looking air cadet at a dance. Afterward I let him take me home. I asked him if he had a special girl at home or off somewhere and he said, "No," and asked me why.

I told him that I would like to hear from him when he went back to the "field." He said he would like to hear from me, too.

Well, he asked me what I was going to write him in my letters and I said, "What do you want me to say?"

He drew me up to him and kissed me. He asked me, "Now do you know what I want you to say in your letters?" Then he kissed me again.

Then he whispered to me that he loved me. He told me three or four times how sweet I was.

Well, he got my address before he left and said he would write the very next day, but I have never received a letter, card, or anything from him. I don't suppose, now, that I ever will. Do you think I did or said something wrong? I love him, I know.

Miss Davis, boys just don't go around telling every girl they meet they love them, do they? Or do they? Won't you please try to help me?

Yours truly,

Jane S.

Dear Miss S:

There is a verse from Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" that I think may fit your case:

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so.

But let them go.

And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny."

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

The End



BARBARA IS ROMANTICALLY LOVELY with her wide-apart eyes, serenely parted hair and white, flower-like skin—but she's also *today's* American girl, energetically at work 6 days a week in a big war plant!



LUNCH-BOX INSPECTION at gate of the plant where Barbara works as a calibrator on sensitive instruments. She is wearing the blue coverall and safety snood designed for the employees. "We love the outfit," she says. The saucy blue snood is mighty becoming to her bright, soft-smooth face.



"MY SKIN needs special care these days. Snowy-soft Pond's is my favorite cleansing Cream," says Barbara.

SHE'S ENGAGED!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



BARBARA'S RING—is charmingly feminine, a sparkling solitaire set with a small diamond either side, in a delicately engraved platinum band.

BARBARA SHEETS, captivating young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sheets, is engaged to Joseph V. Mellor—uniting two well-known Long Island families.

"Joe expects to be in the Army very soon," Barbara says, "so I'm more than ever glad I have a war-production job to do."

Even though she works hard for long hours—she finds time to keep pretty. As

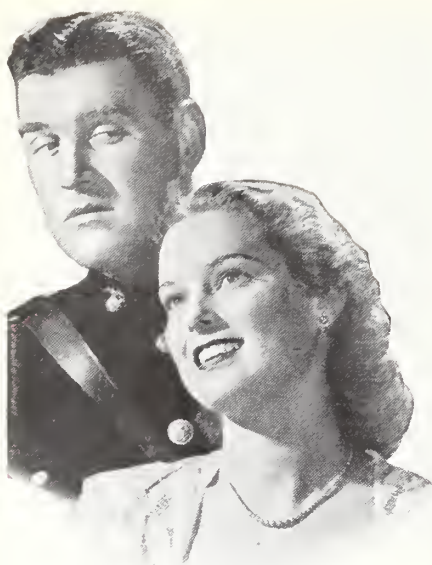
Barbara says, "When you get up at 6 a.m. and work all day with only ½ hour for lunch—your face deserves a little pampering. And—it's lovely how a Pond's Cold Creaming makes tired skin feel."

She slips Pond's over her face and throat and gently pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well. "Rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues it off again. This every night without fail—and

"for daytime slick-me-ups, too," she says.

Use this lovely soft-smooth cream yourself. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. William F. Dick use it—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream. All sizes are popular in price . . . at beauty counters everywhere. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



Are you careful about **SCALP ODOR?**

Some women never think of the possibility of scalp odor. They do not realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that oily hair absorbs unpleasant odors. To be sure, make this test: check up on your hairbrush, your hat, your pillow.

There's an easy way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up." Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This scientific shampoo, which contains pure, medicinal pine tar, not only cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly, but also leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. You never need worry about a "nasal close-up"!

PACKERS
Pine Tar
SHAMPOO



Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, mud-diness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores.

**Golden Peacock
BLEACH CREME**
25 Million Jars Already Used



Blind Date!

Take a chance, take a glance—and

discover amazing newcomer O'Shea



You meet Michael O'Shea here; you greet him for the first time on the screen as the burlesque comic in "Lady Of Burlesque"

YOUR first thought when you see him cavorting around with Barbara Stanwyck in "Lady Of Burlesque" is, of course, going to be about his new-type face. It's Irish-American, it's something new and different for the screen. It belongs to Edward Francis Michael Joseph O'Shea, who started blooming, true to his shamrock ancestry, in Hartford, Connecticut, on St. Patrick's Day in 1906.

Then you're going to start thinking about the guy himself, this ambitious, music-loving, crisp young actor who hit Hollywood from the Broadway stage hit, "The Eve Of St. Mark." Well, he's a tall guy with a long story.

At twelve he was holding down a farmhand job; at fourteen, although he couldn't read a note, he was beating out the drums in a band; and a few years later he was a bandleader himself.

The small towns liked him and his band a lot; the big city let him get lost in the shuffle.

Whereupon Mr. Try-for-it O'Shea tried out in the theater, couldn't get a break, fixed himself up as a bellhop instead and

proceeded to travel back and forth—first class, of course—across the ocean on the big Leviathan.

His next tempestuous step took him up before a microphone. He loved radio; radio loved him.

He made time and money appearing in "We The People," "Myrt And Marge," on Kate Smith's program and on "The March Of Time." Came "The Eve Of St. Mark" and the dawn for Hollywood in the person of producer Hunt Stromberg who spotted Michael strutting his inimitable talent across the Broadway footlights, went backstage, took a postcard out of his pocket and tied the happy O'Shea up with a Hollywood contract.

Michael's tied up with another contract, too—a marital one, in which he signs himself over, blue eyes, wavy brown hair, vivid imagination and all, to one Grace Watts, formerly of Hartford. The two riders on the contract are small ones—Ed Junior and Barbara Jane. The four of them live happily in Hollywood looking at the world through rose-colored glasses since that's the way the world—and you—are going to be looking at them.

Rosalind Russell

IN RKO-RADIO'S "FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM"



★ It creates a lovely new complexion



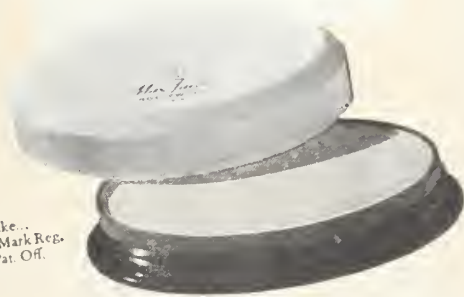
★ It helps conceal tiny complexion faults



★ It stays on for hours without re-powdering

Make up in a few seconds...look lovely for hours

You'll really be surprised how easily and quickly you can create lovelier beauty with Pan-Cake Make-Up. As you apply it, you'll instantly see a new, flattering complexion...beautiful in color, smooth, and flawless. Hours later your make-up will still look fresh and lovely...and you'll marvel that you haven't had to re-powder. Originated for Technicolor pictures, Pan-Cake Make-Up is the popular fashion of the day.



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Buy U. S. War Bonds—\$4.00 will buy a steel helmet



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Can successfully in BALL IDEAL fruit jars—the jars that save metal for war! This jar, preferred for years by many experienced home-canners, has a “no-stretch” spring steel wire clamp. The glass top lasts as long as the jar. Extremely easy to seal or open.

New BALL Glass Top Seal Jar: Another reliable jar using less metal and rubber. Glass lid, rubber and metal screw band form a perfect seal at top edge of jar. Band should be removed after 12 hours and re-used.

Buy Glass Top Seal closures for Mason jars you have on hand. Easy to use—no puncturing to open.

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FREE! The BALL BLUE BOOK—complete instructions and 300 tested canning recipes. Fill in coupon on printed leaflet from a carton of BALL jars, mail it to us for your free copy. If you do not have the printed leaflet, send 10c with your name and address.



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Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned \$474.25 while taking course. Mrs. K. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned \$1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Easy payments. Equipment included, 44th year. Send coupon now!

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name _____ Age _____

City _____ State _____

Mrs. Ginger Briggs

(Continued from page 25) where she was scheduled to appear at a Bond rally that evening.

As usual, Eddie Rubin accompanied Ginger on this short journey. Instantly they arrived he got in touch with his friend, a former young RKO star, Jack Briggs, who was in the Marine boot camp near by and invited him to dinner.

Throughout the meal, however, she showed no more than casual interest in the tall, young man. She was, in fact, politely distant.

The next day Jack wrote Ginger a note of thanks, telling her how much he had appreciated her letting him tag along. That was all. He didn't say that all the time he had been making pictures at RKO, he had been very much in awe of her, the biggest star on the lot. He didn't tell her, either, that one day as he had passed her he had said to a friend, "Gee I sure could go for her, but of course she wouldn't look at me." His note was very formal, very proper.

GINGER didn't answer immediately. It was, in fact, several weeks before she sent an acknowledgment, mentioning something about his dropping over any time he was at the studio.

His response was practically instantaneous. He was coming up to Hollywood on a twenty-four-hour leave and could he see her. This time her answer was prompt—yes.

A photographer who snapped Ginger and Jack dancing together during that leave remarked to his editor, "If I didn't know better I'd say Ginger Rogers was in love with that boy. I never saw anyone look so longingly at anyone in my life."

Then and there things began changing. Then and there Phillip Reed was out of Ginger's life. Everyone had thought this was a serious romance too; and no wonder. Ginger and Reed had been seen dancing at the Mocambo with their lips pressed tightly together, a sight startling even to blasé Hollywood.

While Phillip began to wonder what had happened to Ginger, there were two young ladies who were puzzling over the mystery of what had become of tall Jackie Briggs. These two were respectively Bonita Granville and Martha O'Driscoll, who had seen plenty of Jackie.

For a year Jack had had a crush on Bonita. But since his very best friend, Jackie Cooper, had the inside track there he had patiently played second fiddle. Then gradually a break between Cooper and Bonita had widened. "Now's young Briggs's chance," Hollywood said. But Bonita, making "Hitler's Children," had, in the meantime, fallen hard for Tim Holt, her co-star in that picture. It was while Briggs hoped Bonita would recover her heart and her balance and turn to him that he met and began squiring pretty and popular young Martha O'Driscoll.

However, there had never been a week after Jack left Hollywood that he hadn't written Bonita or a time when he'd come to town without telephoning her. Until that night when Bonita and a friend wandered into the Palladium to dance and saw him with Ginger Rogers!

Amazed that Jack had not telephoned her when he'd arrived in town and surprised to see him with Ginger, Bonita went over to greet him. Instantly she drew Jack into conversation. He had just turned twenty-two, hadn't he? How did he like being twenty-two? Why hadn't he telephoned?

Ginger sat silently, so silently Bonita finally became aware that something was

wrong. "Well," she faltered, "perhaps we'd better be going." And when there was no urging that they stay, Bonita and her friend left, puzzled, wondering what had happened that they didn't know about to this young Marine and to Ginger the love-em-and-leave-'em-girl.

THREE days after Christmas, Jack Briggs, again in Hollywood on leave, wandered into the RKO publicity department wearing a bewildered expression. "Hello, Jack," a woman publicist said. "Did you have a nice holiday?"

"Did I? Brother!" The Marine almost reeled. He was, in fact, right out of this world and no wonder. The day before, after exactly seven dates with Ginger, he had asked her to marry him and she had consented. Only, of course, the studio didn't know that until later. They did, however, both know and wonder about the change in Ginger. For, suddenly, during the month of December, Ginger snapped out of the aloofness that had become part of her for the past few years. She was preparing for her Paramount role in "Lady In The Dark" and using her RKO dressing-room at the time; RKO and Paramount being next-door neighbors. Each morning she had come early and, to the amazement of every one, she had completely discarded the heavy, gloomy, moody music that always accompanied her dressing for gay, light, popular tunes . . . tunes that young people were whistling and dancing to. Undeniably there was a new gaiety about her.

The secret came out several weeks later when Ginger admitted her engagement, saying: "He's everything I've ever dreamed of. A six foot two, brown-eyed man, intelligent, understanding and with a sense of humor. A real American!"

Ginger's "real American" was born in the tiny village of Quakerstown, New York, but moved to Schenectady when he was six and then, a few years later, to New York City where he attended Public School 69 and DeWitt Clinton High School, later enrolling at Rhodes Preparatory School. All through school his athletic prowess ran parallel to his dramatic ability. After a turn in the eastern straw-hat circuit he began his dramatic studies in earnest with the excellent coach, Cecil Covelly, and eventually won a role in the second company of "The Man Who Came To Dinner." An RKO talent scout saw him and signed him pronto, without the usual formality of a test. While Ginger was working up to an Academy Award and going from one reported romance to another, young Briggs, unnoticed by her, worked in a small role in her picture, "Tom, Dick And Harry." In the end, however, it wasn't any of those boys who got Ginger. It was Jack—who had worked unseen under her shiny little nose. It was, in fact, only in Jack's last picture, "Bombardier," that he had any chance whatever to show what he could do.

He's a charming lad, young Briggs, clean-cut, poised and well-bred. He is hep to the lingo of youth, loves good bands, delights to roar with laughter over some joke with Jackie Cooper. Briggs also was one of the first actors in Hollywood to enlist in the Marines.

How, after the war, Jack Briggs will adjust his youthful qualities to the older, wiser ways of Ginger, who has already reaped the highest awards of her profession and been twice married, remains to be seen.

Meantime, Ginger is Mrs. Pvt. Briggs, Marine wife. And make no mistake—she'll do a good job of it!

The End

“I will
take good care of
the things I have”



Kalamazoo tells you how to make your cooking and heating equipment *last longer*



Gas Burners and Electric Burners work best when clean. Don't let food boil over. Free clogged gas burners by running pipe cleaner or hat pin through holes. Electric coils can be kept clean by

brushing after coils have cooled but don't use a wire brush or any tool that may chip unit and require replacement.

Broilers. Clean after every use. Grease heated a second time not only permeates food but discolors broiler. Trim excessive fats off meat before broiling, and avoid spatter. Use mild cleanser in removing burned food.



Tops are porcelain enamel. Don't put hot foods or ice cold liquids directly on them. Wait until after range has cooled before cleaning—then wipe with soapy water and dry cloth.

To avoid stains, remove acid such as lemon juice or vinegar immediately before it has a chance to dry and spot.



Heaters. Over-heating of your unit is often responsible for cracking and warping of cast iron parts. Don't let clinkers accumulate in grate. Remove ashes frequently—otherwise heater efficiency is reduced.



Ovens. Wipe after every use. If racks should tend to rust, sandpaper and rub with salad oil. Rusting in ovens can be prevented by opening door a few minutes before actual use to let steam escape. Repeat after use to prevent condensation inside.

Furnace Rules: $\frac{1}{8}$ " of soot in radiator may cut heating efficiency 25%. A burned out smoke pipe is a fire hazard. Always take clinkers out from the top. Don't allow ashes to accumulate in the ash pit. Fluctuating temperatures waste fuel.



MILLIONS of women have taken this pledge

Three cheers for you, Mrs. America, and all the things you're doing at home to help win the war. You're Betsy Ross, Barbara Fritchie and Molly Pitcher, reborn. You're a real fighting American.

Without bugle or roll of drums you're in stride with the march to victory—you're setting the thermostat at 65°, saving money to buy bonds, serving less meat, keeping the children well, turning off lights and radios, defrosting the refrigerator, doing Red Cross work, saving metal, taking First Aid, sharing cars, writing letters—anything, everything to win.

Yes, America is tied to your apron strings—and proud of it.

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QUALITY LEADERS SINCE 1901

they're gonna do. They want you tomorrow to start testing for it."

Betsy leaped up, turned a handspring, but a bad one and came down with a thud. "You're sweet, Joe, to bring me such news. You're sweet."

For a while after Joe left, Betsy lay on the floor rigid and pale. She tried a set of leg exercises, but that wasn't any good. She knew Phil and Doris were hearts aflame. She'd seen it enough in the gossip columns, but hearing Aunt Edith say so had stopped something inside. Of course Phil could have his pick now. What would he want with a Betsy Bell who hadn't started yet?

BEFORE the first picture was shown, the Jordans' option was picked up and they were signed for a second.

Doris's voice over the wire was smooth and soothing. "I've heard the news, darling. You're not too important to take me out tonight, are you?"

It was funny, and really looked pre-arranged, though it wasn't, the way the three brothers always managed to turn up in the same night spot.

Tonight it was "The Golden Door" and Chet and Lorna sat at a conspicuous table arguing, conspicuously of course, because Lorna did everything that way.

"I have enough money in my own name," she was saying. "I don't want to wait for years, until I'm old. At least if you were getting a chance in the team, maybe you'd get somewhere. We wouldn't have to wait anyway."

"You don't want me to work at all," he said.

"No I don't. I want you to play with me."

This was only one of many discussions, but each time Lorna's arguments sounded more convincing and alluring.

"You're my girl, Lorna, honest," he cried desperately.

"If you care about me, you'll be willing to be married after this second picture, and go away," she insisted, closing the clasp of her wrap. The finality of that snap frightened him.

"Lorna, wait a minute, honey. Look darling—please. It's Phil—Roy and me—we can't let him down. He needs us."

"I see. He's the extra, so you have to carry him along. Well, he's a big boy now. You'd better find a job he can do by his own little self," Lorna retorted.

Roy in a far corner, his face toward the door so he could see and be seen, was also on the spot. The full deep tones of Wilma's voice always stirred Roy.

"I'm getting an audition at the Metropolitan in the spring, Roy. Why don't you come along?"

Roy, having never been to the opera, envisioned himself standing on the stage of the Metropolitan enthralled an audience. "You ought to see how things are, Wilma. I can't do it."

"So you have to talk to your brothers, too! What are you afraid of? You carry the team. I don't want to marry all the Jesting Jordans," she burst out. "You might at least try to do something on your own. Sam Kent can get you that spot on the radio. It's only one night, but at least you'd know how your voice goes over."

"And now," Doris Foster was saying to Phil, "your brother Roy is running out after what's-her-name. She's angry, too."

The amusement in her voice gave him a superior feeling, for Doris wasn't running away from him. She wasn't angry. Sometimes he wanted to run away from the pain her loveliness brought him, but without that pain he'd have been half



White Clear Through!

Pale sunlight, sifted through sheer white curtains . . . filling your home with powdered gold . . . banishing winter's warmed-up mustiness . . .

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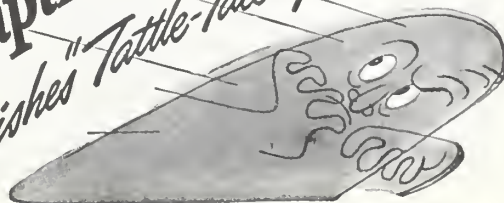
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Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





THE ALLURE THAT MEN REMEMBER...

is hidden in the perfume of April Showers Talc! This is the fragrance that appeals to men...lingering on you after your bath...all through the precious hours of a date...like a magic veil! Let April Showers perfume whisper its allure, tonight...to the man you love. *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

April Showers Talc



CHERAMY perfumer
Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

a man. Without the fire she kindled, he'd have been only half alive.

She closed her eyes lazily, opened them to gaze at a distant point. "Let's talk about when your name is up in lights. Can't you see it—Phil Jordan in Something-and-Something..."

"There'll never be a Phil Jordan up on the marquee," he said. "It's The Jordan Brothers! All together or none."

PHIL really believed what he had said. Although the second picture was started in obvious discord, he saw no real trouble, even that night he idly turned on the radio, in time to hear Roy Jordan introduced—that singing zany of The Jestling Jordans. He was merely astounded that Roy hadn't spoken of it.

The way Roy walked in that night, Phil and Chet knew he'd been a sensation.

"What's the idea," Phil demanded, "going behind our backs?"

Roy pulled himself up haughtily. "A man's got a right to try out his voice."

Chet didn't say anything. He sat with his face between his hands, thinking. If Roy could do this, why couldn't he do what he wanted, what Lorna demanded?

Roy's defiance meant less the next day, when word began to arrive that "Moon Out Of Cheese," their first picture, was rolling them in the aisles. Every telegram from an exhibitor mentioned the Jordans. Excitement had already crept through the studios when the brothers left and was mounting by the time Phil came to Doris to dine with her.

The telephone rang constantly through dinner. Phil the hit of the team. Crowds in lobby talking of Phil.

Doris flung her arms about his neck with splendid impetuosity. "You're a hit, Phil. Oh I knew you'd do it!"

He kissed her long and ardently, until she broke away breathlessly.

The telephone rang. When he came back he was taut. The muscles of his jaw worked before he spoke. "There's talk about a personal appearance at the Paramount in New York."

Here is Success, boys. Here she is!

BETSY was beginning to wonder whether Haney really had faith in her or whether he was just unwilling to admit he had made a mistake. She had been feeling for days, now, that she was ready to go before the camera for a picture, not just for tests. They were beginning to cast the minor roles of "Wish On A Star." She had been promised the feminine lead in that

She was so sure this morning, when she saw Joe Dennis getting out of his car that night, that he was bringing the news that her real work was to start. Instead he was telling her something she didn't want to believe. She couldn't believe it.

"I don't understand!" she cried. "They promised me the big part."

"Glenda Hepworth got it."

Edith Pringle came over and pulled up a chair. Almost there was softness in her voice. "But they're offering you something in it, Betsy. It's a chance."

Betsy knew she was caught. She had

to take what was offered, but even before she had her first session with the director of "Wish On A Star," she was convinced that there would be no better parts. Of course, Edith was right. That was a way to begin—a long series of bits, then slightly better parts—it was a living, anyway. But they were breaking their promise, giving her the bum's rush.

The part to which she was assigned confirmed this. "Add it all together," she pointed out to Aunt Edith, "and there isn't eight minutes on the screen. Oh I don't want to talk like a regular ham—but is there really anything I can do with it?"

Aunt Edith had to admit there wasn't much, but they could try.

BUT before the picture was released, there came another morning when Joe Dennis sat at the edge of a chair and Aunt Edith stood behind her, and she was trying to comprehend what her agent was saying.

"What do you mean you talked to Van Dirk? I'm under contract to Atlantic."

Joe was rummaging through his pockets. He finally brought it out—a letter and a check. Betsy read and reread the document. It was funny reading your own death sentence... the general opinion after her tests... not satisfactory... the bit in "Wish On A Star" did not warrant further training... not good policy to keep her under contract for such small roles...

"They've—let me out?" she said finally "Paid me off?"

Joe shifted uncomfortably. "Look Betsy, that'll keep you a long time, till the next break. You got your clothes and there's other studios."

The check was made out to Joe. Betsy returned it to him, then swung round on Edith Pringle. "You knew this was happening all the time."

"I suspected it, Betsy," the woman said quietly.

"And you didn't tell me."

"I might have been wrong. You did your best."

"Oh not yet. My best is coming, she retorted grimly, marching out of the room.

MR. VAN DIRK, the girl at the first desk said, was not available. Would she care to leave her name?

"I have an appointment with him," Betsy lied. "It was made privately."

The girl's hairline brows were lifted. She reported that into the telephone. She reported back to Betsy. "Mr. Van Dirk can't be found to check up on that."

"Let me wait in his office."

"Well—"

Van Dirk was, of course, sitting at his desk, and waved Betsy to a chair. "How's every man's first sweetheart?" was his greeting.

Unhurried, Betsy sat down, crossed her ankles demurely. "I lied to get in to you. I'm telling you, so you won't blame anybody."

"It's a compliment when a lady lies to see a man."

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their problems, their loves, their adventures

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

"Or a danger," Betsy laughed.

Van Dirk was looking at her queerly.

"You told me once to come to you—" she began.

"Or words to that effect," he amended.

"Haney never did put you in a picture, did he?"

"Yes—it's not released—just a bit."

She never knew how it happened that she began to tell him the whole story. She remembered vaguely that he asked questions, innocent ones, not so innocent after all because he drew out of her what he wanted.

"You're young yet," he said finally.

"Maybe some time in the future we'll be doing your kind of picture—"

If Philo Haney didn't want her, Van Dirk didn't.

DORIS FOSTER had finished work on her latest film. Van Dirk and the others at Excelsior had no opinion of it, no belief concerning its effect. They could only hope that by one of those miracles known but unexplained in Hollywood or elsewhere, she would at least earn her long and expensive training.

At any rate, she was free to do the night spots for a time, and on the night before the premiere of the Jordan's second picture, "Sashay Round Your Partner," she and Phil were celebrating. It was not one of the smartest places, but Phil had a sudden desire to go to a quiet place and enjoy Doris.

The floor show was on. Phil and Doris gave no attention to the band, to a juggler who used only eating paraphernalia, to a girl who swung everything from the National Anthem to her hips. Then the band was playing an introduction which sounded vaguely familiar to Phil. He looked up sharply to see Betsy standing before the microphone. The sight of her gave him a turn, reminding him of how completely he had forgotten her and how much had happened since he had last thought of her. She was going to sing—here. Why, that must mean that nothing had come of Haney's interest. *She was back where she had started* and he was sitting on top.

Betsy began to sing. Her number was one which, ironically enough, she had sung the night Haney had singled her out. Phil wondered if she had seen him, wondered if she hadn't, and suddenly felt a desire to crawl away or get up and sing beside her. She wore a short white silk dress with a wide sash, a big pink bow in her hair.

The song was concerned, appropriately, with her dressing for Sunday school, her walk to church, the minister, the bold boy who tries to undo her sash. That well-bred impudence was still there, even more well-bred and pointed.

"She's different," Phil said enthusiastically. "She's a real performer now."

Doris had been watching him as he watched Betsy. "Somebody you know, darling?"

"Betsy Bell."

"Betsy Bell—Betsy—oh yes, I remember. Haney picked her up. A flop before she began, wasn't she? You know her well?"

"We worked in the same show . . . I'd like to see her a minute, Doris. I'll be right back."

And abruptly Phil was on his feet.

One chance in a hundred that Phil and Betsy would meet again in Hollywood—and this was it. One chance in a thousand that they would find again the emotion that had been between them—and this was it, too. Continue this unusual love story in *May Photoplay-Movie Mirror*.



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Walter Pidgeon on the Spot (Things We Like about Walter Pidgeon)

(Continued from page 36) Canada he talked of the wonderful St. John apples and maple sugar he remembered from his boyhood days. He even mentioned them over the radio his first night there. His hotel room was crowded with the apples and maple sugar when he got back. He packed them in his pockets and bag and carted them everywhere he went.

His charm lies, too, in the fact he never forgets an old friend. One such is E. C. Leslie who occupied the adjoining bed in a Canadian hospital room during the last war where Walter lay an invalid for eighteen months when he accidentally got squeezed between caissons. He's never lost track of his sick-mate. When Leslie passed through town on his last trip, it was a genuine blow to Walter to learn that they could have only a short while together due to train connections.

You see, if you expected a sophisticate, you were wrong. Mrs. Miniver's husband is perhaps the most real, most natural man in Hollywood.

He remembers people's names. "The Fraziers were charming to us," he'd remark, "let's send them some flowers and a gift to the children," and he'd remember their names, each and every one of them although he had met them only once.

His easy naturalness is felt the minute he enters a room. It gets a dull party going and keeps a good party alive.

Three young women of the W.A.A.C.'s were delegated to drive Walter from one spot to another in Canada. But that wasn't the end as far as he was con-

cerned. They must come in to tea. Be made to feel his gratitude.

We like the way he calls his daughter "Little Pidge." We like the way he keeps his private life private. He and Mrs. Pidgeon spend most of their free time in Santa Barbara with friends. We like the way he never forgets a friendly gesture and how gladly he leaped into a small bit (a half day's work) in the picture "The Youngest Profession" because the director, Eddie Buzzell, gave him his first chance at Universal. That was after Walter made his second entrance into movies with the determined stand not to sing.

And sing he hasn't, although he does so very well. In fact, it was Fred Astaire who, after hearing Pidgeon sing at a party one night years ago, insisted he do something with his music. Not caring much for the banking job he had, Walter tried out for a role in an Elsie Janis show. He got it. He wasn't a terrific hit in the act with his highbrow songs, but a man named Berlin, Irving Berlin, dropped around later at Walter's hotel and said, "Look, I've got a song I haven't been able to sell. You take it and use it." It was only that unforgettable air that goes:

"All alone, I'm so all alone
For there's no one else but you."

We like the way he speaks of his brothers, the doctor in Boston, the businessman in Toronto, the sister Mrs. Raoul Walsh in Hollywood. We like his little sort-of-hidden sense of the ridiculous.

Once while waiting off stage in an anteroom to make a speech the phone

rang on the table near him. He answered it, although he was in a strange city and knew no one. The party at the other end wanted to know if Walter Pidgeon was going to be there that night.

"You mean that eminent American actor?" Walter asked. "That star of 'Mrs. Miniver'?" That great thespian of Hollywood? Yes, certainly he'll be here, but between you and me I don't think he'll be much good!" And all to himself he had a little chuckle over it.

Not by so much as an iota has Hollywood touched him. We remember his saying once, not bitterly, but with a touch of pity for Hollywood and its snobbish silliness, that no, he hadn't been asked to a certain party.

"You see," he said, "I'm only a feature player and that person's a star and that doesn't quite make me eligible as a guest."

We looked at him. Handsome, well-bred, charming, a gentleman with a wide acquaintance everywhere. Somehow we were able to see Hollywood through the eyes of a tolerant, understanding gentleman for the first time. It did us good.

Today he's a star. Human, kind, understanding, charming, urbane and yet simple—in other words, a man among men doing a job and doing it well in the oddest town in the world.

He never brags, splashes, goes places to be seen, wears odd Hollywood garments or makes odd Hollywood comments.

Women are crazy about him. Walter doesn't mind in the least. He likes them, too.

THE END

Walter Pidgeon on the Spot (Things I Don't Like about Myself)

(Continued from page 37) this afterwards and asked why it was. I was informed that the kids could exchange three Walter Pidgeons for one Mickey Rooney. It seemed a fair enough deal.

I REGRET only mildly (I confess to this) the inconveniences caused others through the loyalty of fans. The incident that happened to my brother in Toronto is an example. I had telephoned ahead I'd be there that evening for dinner and somehow the word got around and those people I never see but love, the motion-picture fans, began ringing the doorbell and (good for them) kept it up all day. Finally at six o'clock the maid could bear it no longer and, throwing off her apron, resigned.

"I can't stand it," she said, "the doorbell ringing all day with them kids wanting your brother's writin'."

That suits me right down to the ground. The maid would probably have gone into a defense plant, anyway.

This six feet three of me can be a boring nuisance. On our recent trip I found it impossible to compact it into a railroad berth. Either my knees would be under my chin or my feet out the curtains. As a result I spent half my time sitting up in the lounge car.

I confess I like to bewilder audiences a bit. Like the story I told a Canadian audience about the bewitching young lady I had flirted with at dinner the night before. She was sitting at a table near by with another attractive miss and I found it completely impossible to keep my eyes off her. As I told the story I could see the look of amazement on

the faces of the men and women before me. A married man flirting around and talking about it publicly had them completely bewildered. I went on with the story and told how finally my companion and I induced the young ladies to join us at our table. I told how I'd anticipated a big evening later on and how terribly disappointed I was when the girls announced they'd really have to leave us. They had to be in bed at eight o'clock because, they explained, they were only eight years old themselves and, as my own beauty, whose name was Susan Holman, said, if her mother Vivien Leigh who was in London knew she'd stayed up past bedtime she'd be annoyed.

The audience took it big, of course. Up to that point they'd been ready to walk out on me. I regret I haven't the words to describe the charm and vivaciousness of Miss Leigh's beautiful daughter. There will be an irresistible beauty a few years from now.

I enjoy a rib on a friend. Maybe that isn't so kind, either, but I had the laugh on Larry and Leo Dolon, head of the Dominion Tourist Bureau, who next day were walking near the school when Miss Leigh's daughter and little friend came along. "Oh, Mr. Pidgeon must still be here," they cried. "There are his two servants."

I never let Larry or Leo forget that one for a minute.

I CONFESS none of us recognized the power of "Mrs. Miniver" while we were making it. We knew it was a good picture. And while we're talking about

it, I don't mind being referred to as *Mr. Miniver* in the least. With Greer Garson such an attractive *Mrs. Miniver*, who would?

Reluctantly I confess to a bit of sentimentality in one direction—my make-up box. It's battered, worn, glued together and frayed around the edges, but I hold on to it for two reasons. It was my first make-up box and it was given me by Miss Elsie Janis. Good enough reason for any man. Offhand, I can't think of any other sentimental weaknesses.

They tell me I'm a finger twister orator; that all the time I'm delivering a War Bond plea, I'm practically twisting my hands off behind my back. Well, it's those in front I aim to please and what goes on behind my back doesn't count.

There have been several aspersions cast upon my appetite, a point I'd like to take up here. I'm not going to make any apologies, if that's what has been hoped for. I enjoy three hearty meals a day with pie for dessert and fruit between meals. I've been called the champion cake-eater of our times and I'm proud of the title. Cake and I are compatible and that's that.

In a way I regret I'm a chain smoker, but I vary cigarettes with a pipe. Come to think of it, the smoking habit did result in an unexpected pleasure. The day after my meeting with little Susan Holman she presented me with a cigarette lighter as a memento of our meeting and a treasured souvenir spoon came from her little friend. Gifts from such lovely young ladies are to be cherished.

THE END

THREE HOLLYWOOD FAVORITES

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BETTER TASTE...

PEPSI-COLA

...BIGGER DRINK

Hedy over Heels in Love

(Continued from page 30) So she purchased a gay new wardrobe and fortified herself for another fling at life.

Orson Welles came first on the new schedule. He had repeatedly asked her to dine with him. An immediate friendship sprang up between her and Joseph Cotten, for to know Orson is to know Joe. Their friends, in turn, welcomed the beautiful Hedy into their bright and shining circle.

Then the old lazy habits began to fasten themselves on her again. One by one her new friends gave up the struggle.

"We like her, think she's a grand girl," they said, "but we simply will not put up with her not showing up for dinners at all or coming in hours late with no notice." And, believe it or not, neither would Orson. "She's beautiful, but I'm weary of never getting to dinner until eleven o'clock and then having to go home at once," Orson is reported to have confessed. Or maybe Hedy felt keeping up with the intellectual Orson just not worth the effort.

AND so at this crossroads of their lives Hedy and John Loder found each other. Their first formal dinner led to simple ones at Hedy's home. A little fearful at first lest this would turn out to be another front-page romance, Hedy was delighted to find John hated publicized romances as much as she. In fact, the day after a Lamarr-Loder item appeared in a local column a producer stopped John and congratulated him, suggesting it was a lucky publicity break for the actor. John committed the unpardonable sin in Hollywood. He denounced the producer up and down and made an enemy.

The life of John Loder has been a strange one. Finally slated for what looks like permanent success after his roles in "Old Acquaintance" and "Saratoga Trunk," the Englishman has had a life of heartaches and disappointments highlighted by moments of hope, success and happiness.

Marriage has always meant something sacred and wonderful to him. "When I was sixteen I commenced thinking about the time when I would have a home of my own," he said. "Our country place outside London was my dream. Nine months in a German prison camp during the first world war only served to intensify that dream. So at the close of the war I married the Swiss girl with whom I had fallen in love. We took the small son who was born to us over there and went back to London.

"In those days success seemed to be something worth striving for. I've always found that when you have happiness in your home success comes with little effort," he said.

John's first Hollywood venture was under the auspices of Jesse Lasky. It wasn't a successful one. His Swiss wife became so homesick that he had to send her and his son back to her family in Switzerland. Two years later he gave up and followed her. But by this time separation had made them total strangers. The thought of living together was embarrassing to both. By mutual consent his wife got a divorce.

It was when he was called to Paris to make a picture with Boyer that he met the girl who was to become his second wife. It was her simplicity, as well as her beauty, that attracted him. She was dressed in a plain shirtwaist and skirt and he mistook her for a script girl.

"Don't be silly," Boyer told him, "that's Micheline Chevel, who is playing the lead opposite Jean Gabin."

Right from the start it seemed as though they had always known each other. When she laughingly said, "I intend to marry before I am twenty, which will be in four months," he lost no time in pointing to himself and smiling, "How about me?"

They were married in June. This time John was determined nothing should mar his marriage.

"I will be the perfect husband," he assured himself. "This will be the perfect union." Thus every wish of his wife's was abundantly granted. And when John learned a baby was on the way, it seemed as if this time surely his dream would be realized.

But hard times struck the English film companies. War was in the air. When an offer came from Paramount in Hollywood John dared not leave his wife and baby girl behind him. The war finally broke and Mrs. Loder yearned openly for her homeland. Once again John found himself with a wife pining for her European family.

To make matters worse his Paramount contract did not work out. From their Beverly Hills home they moved to smaller, more modest quarters. Hardship was no help to their wavering marriage and again recriminations started. The contract at Twentieth Century-Fox gave them new hope and both eagerly tried to recapture their lost happiness.

It was no use. When Loder left Fox, they decided on a separation and a divorce which gave his little four-year-old daughter to Micheline.

For months after their separation John went nowhere and saw no one. He was completely embittered and disillusioned.

"There are things I should like to tell my seventeen-year-old son over in England," he said not long ago. "I should like to help him understand how very important it is to choose the right mate. Help him to realize a successful marriage is the foundation for all that is worth while in life. Men all over the world are searching for love and happiness, but few are fortunate enough to draw their lucky numbers."

HAS John Loder at last found his "lucky number" in Hedy Lamarr? We think so for several reasons. In the first place Hedy had long ago recovered from the unpleasant memories of her two marriages. It's only the recent romances that have hurt, and a hurt heart is one that is open to solace.

Twice before they had met in Europe for brief moments. The first time was six years ago, and Hedy was married then to her first husband and John to his first wife. The meeting was casual. They met the second time in Hollywood. This time Hedy was married to Gene Markey, John to his French wife and again the meeting meant nothing. Now, in the three languages they both speak, they love to recall memories of their lives in so many European countries. Neither cares for large groups of people and both declare they'll share their evenings with only their few friends, including the Conrad Veidts, the Ray Millands, Ann Sothern and Jerry Asher, whom they both like.

That anyone can extract pleasure from simple, homey things intrigues this man, whose hope of ever finding happiness, especially in Hollywood, had been lost. For instance, the large pencil circles drawn around newspaper notices of Hedy's favorite radio shows and hung over the radio as a reminder amuse him. And there's to be no talking during the Fred Allen show or the Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Take It or Leave It and Information Please programs. These are Hedy's favorites and from them she extracts almost childlike pleasure.

An expert rider, he has revived Hedy's interest in riding.

But no longer does she affect the bright satin cowboy shirts she wore during the George Montgomery courtship. They now ride at the far end of the Riviera polo fields, unnoticed by others.

In Hedy, John has found a woman who lives gracefully and comfortably, whose simple interests and love of quiet home life have struck a deep, responsive chord in him. A woman not burning up every second of life trying to make Hollywood pay off.

In John, Hedy has found dependability, a man who firmly but charmingly says, "Now we shall leave for dinner," and sees to it that they do. A man who knows how to advise her, help her, share her quiet hours.

No wonder the glow in their eyes is almost unbelievable.

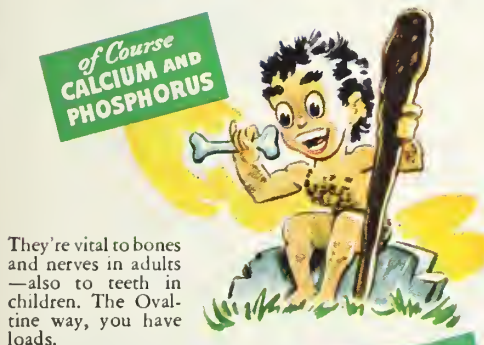
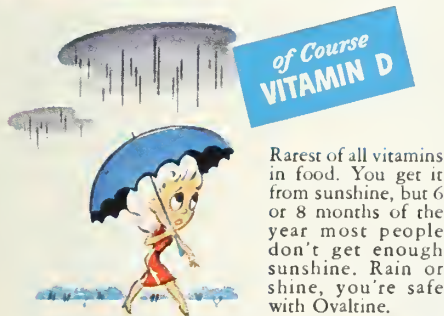
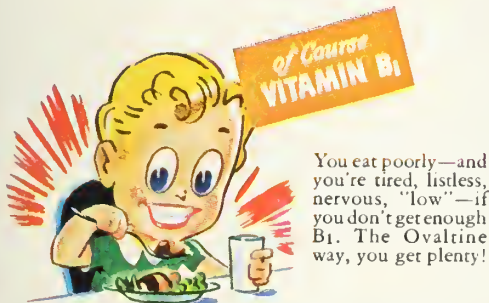
It's a glow that comes straight from two lonely hearts; hearts that are fairly sure that at last their dreams may come true.

The End.



Orson Welles spared nothing while he was wooing Hedy Lamarr; he followed the same technique when he gave the whole-truth reason why they broke up

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THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

I've Been Lonely

(Continued from page 60) the two long months I spent at Stevens College when the girls did not want me in their sorority because I was working my way.

There have been times when I've been lonely in a group because those around me seemed to know so much more than I.

There have been moments when I've been lonely simply because I was alone and had nothing to do.

But I am not lonely any more! And this isn't because I'm now happily married. I conquered my loneliness while I still was alone. It would be exciting if I could say something dramatic occurred to take my fear of loneliness away. But it was only a trifling thing.

One evening, looking over old snapshots, I found a picture of myself at eight years of age, sitting on the steps of our house back in Oklahoma. This picture reminded me of a time when our

postman discovered me dreaming on those steps and I explained I was thinking how I would be a dancer and an actress when I grew up.

He nodded approvingly. "It's good to dream," he told me. "When you dream a thing it is half done."

He was so right!

I realized that evening, for the first time, that the hours I had spent dreaming on those old porch steps had helped me determine what I wanted from life.

"This fear of loneliness I've acquired," I warned myself, "is depriving me of the time alone I need to dream and be acquainted with myself. If I don't dream, if I'm not acquainted with myself to know what I want from life, I can't possibly progress."

Even as I was thinking this my attitude was changing and I was beginning to regard solitude as an opportunity for personal growth to be cherished. The first half of my battle against a fear of loneliness was won right there.

The second half of my battle took longer. But it became easier all the time. For the more hours I spent alone the better acquainted with myself I became. The better acquainted with myself I became the more new interests I discovered. The more new interests I discovered the warmer and fuller my life was. The fuller my life was the clearer my perspective. The clearer my perspective the more keenly I realized it isn't by having people around that you banish loneliness ever; that it's by being right with yourself.

We're right with ourselves only when we spend enough time alone to know ourselves, the manner of person we want to be, and exactly what we want from life; and when we go on from there to bring all these things to pass.

With all my heart I bless the little girl I used to be. She served me well in actuality and in memory.

THE END

Do you wear "Natural" powder?

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The misty shell-pink softness of this new "Natural" gives your skin a new look! A delicate transparent glow—exquisitely blonde . . . tender . . . but radiantly alive!

Pond's new Dreamflower "Natural"—so different from heavy, chalky, ordinary blonde powders—makes your skin look fair, but never "powdery" or faded. Try this frailest, sweetest new Dreamflower shade soon!

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NATURAL—for pink-and-white blondes RACHEL—for cream-ivory skin
ROSE CREAM—peach tone for golden blondes DUSK ROSE—for rich rasy-tan skin
BRUNETTE—rosy-beige for medium brunettes DARK RACHEL—for dark brunettes

At Beauty Counters Everywhere

The Remarkable Andrews

(Continued from page 45) impetus toward Hollywood. Sound had come in, and the little movie house's owner could not afford the expensive Vitaphone equipment. Dana was assigned the task of faking necessary sound effects, such as the roaring plane motors in "Wings" or the thud when something fell. Watching the same pictures over and over, he grew bored with the stories and began analyzing techniques of the players. "My gosh," he decided finally, "anybody could do that. Why, I could do it—"

He had finished grade and high school in Uvalde and was majoring in economics at Sam Houston College, Huntsville. He got his degree, worked hard for two years, saved \$1,000 and then, in a perverse mood brought on by a goodbye-for-ever battle with a current girl friend, went to New York and dramatically spent it all on a two weeks' bust. It was 1930 before he screwed up enough ambition to think of Hollywood again.

BY that time he was chief accountant for a large corporation in Austin, Texas. Then, one afternoon, he was sent for and told his work had earned him a raise.

"I appreciate that," he told his boss, "but I'm resigning."

"May I ask why?"

"I'm going to Hollywood."

"I wouldn't do that. My son tried it, and nearly starved to death."

"Thanks," Dana said. "I may not get anywhere in Hollywood, but I won't starve. Not even nearly."

This was excellent as bravado, but not as prophecy. A year later he was driving a bus in San Fernando Valley, for eight dollars a week.

He lived a couple of lifetimes, emotionally, during the next twelve years. He knew success and failure; he fell in love, married his girl, had a son. Only a little over a year later, in 1935, he sat beside his wife in a hospital and watched her die, and with her their second child—and in despair he believed that his God had forsaken him. His responsibility to David, the first-born, whose existence depended on him saw him through the dark months that followed. Then, because Dana was young and youth forgets pain easily, he lost himself in work and in time found love again.

Janet Murray, his first wife, whom he had met at the Van Nuys Amateur Little Theater, had encouraged him to take singing lessons. A businessman named Stanley Toomey financed him. Furthermore, Toomey had found an agent and arranged an audition.

"Good voice, well-trained," the agent commented. "Can you act?"

"No."

"Better learn," said the agent. "Come back when you have."

Still with Toomey's backing, Dana went to Gilmore Brown's Community playhouse in Pasadena and started there as a spear-carrier during the Shakespeare festival. After that Brown gave him a part in "Paths Of Glory," whereupon three studios—M-G-M, Paramount and Warners—called him for tests. Convinced that the big break had come at last, he called Toomey and told him to get ready to start realizing on his investment.

Toomey got his first installment three years later. Then it was Goldwyn money, not Paramount or Warners or M-G-M money, that Dana remitted. Goldwyn began paying him \$150 a week in 1939,

found nothing for him to do and let him go back to the playhouse for another twelve months. They were important months, since he spent them falling in love with Mary Todd, a gay young blonde comedienne. They were married that November, and she brought him luck—not long afterwards Goldwyn cast Dana in "The Westerner," "discovering" him (at the preview) for the first time.

Then began the succession of pictures in which, nine times, Dana was discovered. After his first test with Director Willie Wyler's wife he was showered with compliments and given a small part in "The Westerner." With its release, Goldwyn told him he was the fair-haired boy of the lot, promptly sold half of his contract to Twentieth Century-Fox. There, he was given a small role in "The Sailor's Lady."

Upon seeing the rushes of that one, Alan Dwan rushed to Darryl Zanuck with the good news that he had signed a terrific new personality. "Fine," said Zanuck. "We must use him."

They gave him a small part in "Lucky Cisco Kid." His producer and everyone else connected with the picture raved about his performance. "Your next picture will be the works," they told him.

Six months later they gave him a bit in "Tobacco Road." And—but is this routine getting a little monotonous? It was to Dana, anyway.

Seven months after that he got the usual small role in "Belle Starr," and more raves; and then the break in "Swamp Water," after which everyone assured him he was really a star, now. He went into "Ball Of Fire." The critics all gave him the same "discovery" treatment that Alan Ladd got when "This Gun For Hire" was previewed.

Seven months later . . . oh, well, he made "Berlin Correspondent," and "The Ox Bow Incident," and "Crash Dive," and people congratulated Zanuck on "the great Andrews property."

Zanuck said, "Have we got him?"

"Half of him," his lawyers told him.

Tyrone and Fonda were packing to leave. "See if you can buy the rest of his contract," Twentieth told Dana's agent.

The agent shook his head. "I've already seen Goldwyn. He wants me to buy your half for him."

THE new Andrews house in San Fernando Valley, fruit of a raise developing from the fourth discovery, was completed just under the line drawn by the Federal Housing Authority, when it froze building of nonessential private dwellings for the duration. It has therefore a breathless and slightly unfinished feeling about it, accentuated by the bareness of the living room so far as furniture is concerned. The bar-library, on the other hand, is complete—an indication of its owner's congenial nature.

The Andrews household is redolently new-married, noisily lived-in, full of young moderns and their offspring. Mary clatters in the kitchen, ripping the pages from cookbooks with one hand and snatching endangered steaks from the too-hot broiler with the other. In one corner of the library Dana shouts at an interviewing columnist above the blare of the radio, before which nine-year-old David sits in tense adoration of "The Lone Ranger." From the nursery, the new baby's indignant bellowing enlivens the general symphony and just outside on the lawn the family spaniel,

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Help your Government conserve fine metals...save your rouge and lipstick containers and buy refills.

barking at gophers, completes it.

On occasion, suddenly cognizant of his role as ruler of the menage, Dana seeks to restore order. He sticks his head out the window and silences the dog with a command; he strides to the kitchen, turning the radio down to a dull roar on his way, consoles Mary by throwing the steaks—or rather, the charred embers of steaks—into the garbage receptacle and unearthing a can-of-something from somewhere; he proceeds to the nursery, where he picks up the baby. . . .

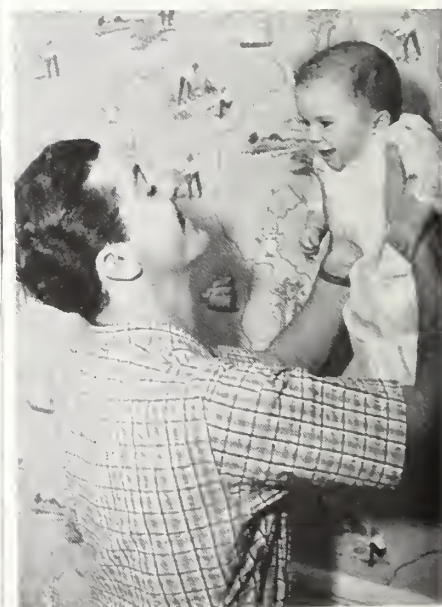
Thence his voice bellows forth. To his aid Mary gallops, fearing the worst; and it is the worst. She ooped on me!" cries Dana, in amazement and fury. And while the can-of-something, left heating in a pot without water on the stove, explodes to the kitchen ceiling, Mary accepts the now-contented, cooing Kathryn while Dana pounds upstairs to change his shirt.

Outside, the spaniel has resumed his frantic war on the gophers. David, having heard out the "Lone Ranger" program with his ear to the loud-speaker grill has turned on the "Ellery Queen" mystery hour and is comfortably curled in a chair in the next room, listening to it.

It is not always so, of course. There are periods when David is at school, Mary has the baby on a visit to the pediatrician and the spaniel is off wooing a near-by Great Dane ("In the true Andrews spirit," remarks his master proudly), and at these times, in the unwonted silence, Dana works in his garden. It is a very young garden, spotted with drooping or already dead experiments, but it is going to be all right. The badminton court, of course, turned out to be in the path of a little gale which regularly swoops across it from a declivity in the near-by hills—and a windbreak of cypress would spoil the view—but the lawns are already things of beauty, except for a strip he missed when spreading fertilizer. The silver birches, you will be glad to know—and if you aren't, you will have to listen anyhow while he reassures you—have survived the recent dry spell and show promise of having rooted nicely in their new environment.

So, it appears, has Dana Andrews in his.

THE END



Two "Remarkable Andrews"—Dana wooing infant daughter Kathryn, Kathryn turning glamour gal for Papa

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Portrait of a Best Dressed Woman

(Continued from page 49) in the Army Air Corps.

She likes horseback riding but is always falling off. She chews gum and doesn't believe in fortunetellers. She is inordinately fond of cheeses, including Limburger, and her favorite colors are blue and yellow.

She sleeps on her right side.

She speaks bad French.

She believes environment infinitely more important than heredity. She never has dieted, and writes letters on the typewriter, using two fingers.

She likes banana splits and waited two nights at a local jitterbug emporium for a glimpse of a zoot suit. She can ride a bicycle, is an expert bridge player, and she lives in a two-story, white-brick English house in Beverly Hills. Her father is of Irish descent, her mother of Irish, English and Scotch.

She never fails to talk a traffic cop out of a ticket, once having even made one cry. She has never bitten her nails.

She smokes an average of two packs of cigarettes a day and vociferously objects to her husband's being unshaven around the house.

She is a brilliant conversationalist and is one of the most war-active women in the motion-picture colony. She will eat anything with an "i" in it.

ROSALIND RUSSELL expects her baby in April.

She always takes her shoes off whenever she gets a chance and she admires most the quality of sensitivity in men. She flunked in chemistry.

She derives special pleasure in watching basketball and ice hockey. She prefers fox trot to any other type of ball-room dancing. She has never worn glasses.

She considers "Trouble For Two" her worst picture, never uses a cigarette holder, and thinks the most beautiful architectural feature she has ever seen is the famous copper doors in Perugia, Italy.

She is very fond of cracked crab with hot mustard.

Her father never spanked her but her mother did. She invariably finishes anything she starts. Her childhood idol was Eddie Rickenbacker.

She always wears earrings.

She has never been in the New York Aquarium.

She plans to quit pictures "when she is a hundred and twelve years old." She eats a good breakfast, usually in bed.

SHE dislikes wearing slacks and opines that good taste is not the result of education. She had a bad case of claustrophobia.

She never as a little girl believed in fairy tales, her natal city is Waterbury, Connecticut, and she has never changed the color of her hair. Her mother was a schoolteacher.

She always cries at sad movies.

She was outstanding at school in Latin, English and Theology. She hates watching lacrosse games and considers the Champs Élysées in Paris the most beautiful street in the world.

She never reads the comics.

She always has flowers in her bedroom, her clothes preferences lean toward tailored suits and frocks, particularly spectator sports. She is exceptionally well-informed on world affairs.

She is determined that her baby will

"Yep, he fell for these hands on the Sweetheart Shift!"

"Smooth and pretty after using **HINDS**—that **HONEY** of a lotion!"

Me—I'm helping win the war on the production front. But, say, grease and grime were tough on my hands—till I started using Hinds Honey and Almond Cream *before and after* work. Its skin-softeners help guard against ground-in dirt. And my hands wash up soft and pretty as can be!

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EFFECT LASTS! Hinds skin-softeners help protect skin through work and soapy-water jobs.

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Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps!

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- 2** They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.
- 3** They pay you back \$4 for every \$3 you put in, at the end of ten years... this is interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.
- 4** You may turn them in and get your cash back at any time after 60 days. The longer you hold them, the more they're worth.
- 5** They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in value. That's a promise from the financially-strongest institution in the world: The United States of America!

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not be named after any relatives.

She has a wire-haired terrier whom she calls Crumbs because his predecessor who died was called Crackers. She is five feet, six and a half inches tall. She is always self-reliant, never drinks wine and never reads publicity about herself.

Rosalind Russell admires most, above all living public figures, Chiang Kai-shek. She attended Marymount School at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. She weighs a hundred and twenty pounds and nurtures a secret desire to sing. She was married in the Santa Ynez Mission at Solvang, California.

She always has trouble spelling.

SHE always whistles or hums the latest tune she hears. She doesn't like chop suey and she likes to talk and be doing things and is seldom still. Her first professional appearance was with a tent show playing summer stock at Lake Placid in which she enacted the lead in "This Thing Called Love."

She was born in a heavy granite, three-story house which looked so much like a church that once a rabbi wanted to buy it. She is affected by high altitudes.

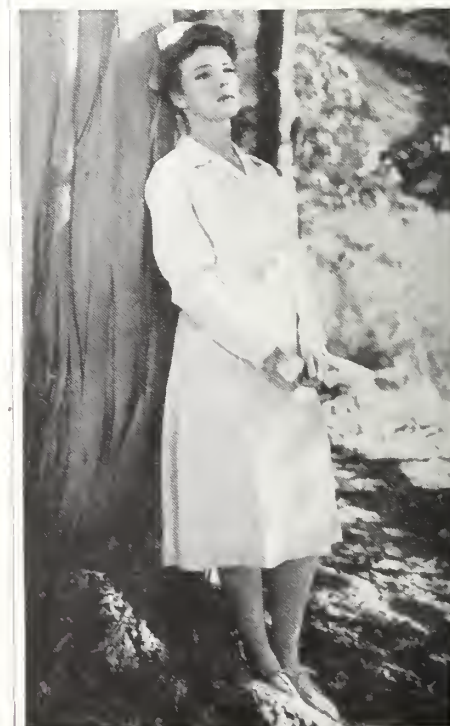
She confesses to being stubborn about admitting her mistakes.

She doesn't indulge in any gardening hobbies and thinks the courage of women their most admirable quality. She hides her self-consciousness under a bravado of uncommon intellect. She walks erect, briskly and with a long stride.

She is always taking notes of things she would like to do and she always suffers stage fright on the stage but not in the movies. Her only prescription for staying slim is eating so much of the main course that there is no room left for sweet desserts.

She awakens when working promptly at 5:30 without the aid of an alarm clock which she detests. She doesn't like walking in the rain.

She always goes out between the acts for a smoke. She is forthright and frank



A "welcome back to Hollywood" to Elissa Landi, who returned West after a long absence to play a young American doctor in "Corregidor"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

in press interviews, and spends more time in her attic than any other room in her house.

Her only recollection of a blotch on the family escutcheon is "a couple of great-uncles who drank too much." She is an astute collector of early American antiques.

She designs many of her own gowns, swims with an overhand stroke, and prefers entertaining small groups. She is actually a good pianist, claims to play badly and displays a fine knack for interior decoration.

She doesn't like candy.

She and her husband call each other by their proper names. She is lucky at gambling and is never deceived by people. She is fond of corn-on-the-cob.

She plays a fair game of tennis and was declared by the voice teachers of America to have "the best voice on the screen." She would rather live in California than anywhere else in the world. She never goes to the Russian Ballet, likes hot seasoning, and opines that she most enjoyed strolling in St. James Park, London.

SHE has no aversion to cigar-smokers in her home, thinks "His Girl Friday" her best picture, and definitely believes in matrimonial vacations.

She is a particular admirer of the great modernist painters, Gauguin and Manet, never keeps her husband waiting and likes the smell of delicatessens and horses.

She was once lost in Brooklyn.

She plays golf in the low nineties and has an excellent library of controversial books and children's stories. She made a complete tour of Europe as a young girl during school vacation. She has had her tonsils out and is very fond of poetry.

She is the proud possessor of three marines by John Whorf, famous American painter, and usually retires about ten when she is working. She seldom plays the piano for company, prefers playing when alone and invariably pounds at "Clair de la Lune."

She doesn't like detective stories, attends symphonies and violin recitals and made an astounding record at school in Waterbury in basketball and baseball due to her efforts to keep up with her brothers. Her first Broadway appearance was with Mady Christians in "Talent" and she believes radio has unquestionably raised the average appreciation of music. She reads the headlines of a newspaper first and then turns to the second page which she digests thoroughly.

She has never eaten snails in the marketplace in Paris and her first screen role was in "Evelyn Prentice" with William Powell and Myrna Loy.

Rosalind Russell was for years the classic bachelor girl of Hollywood and whenever asked about marriage, she would say: "I have no special type of man in mind. If I tell you I'll never marry an actor, I may wind up by marrying one after all. But I know one thing—when it happens to me—I'll know and I'll grab him."

She did.

And now, if you
want Roz's private
tips on how you can
be a best dressed lady
in a best dressed land
Turn this page!

ANNE SHIRLEY

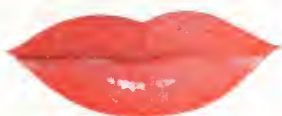
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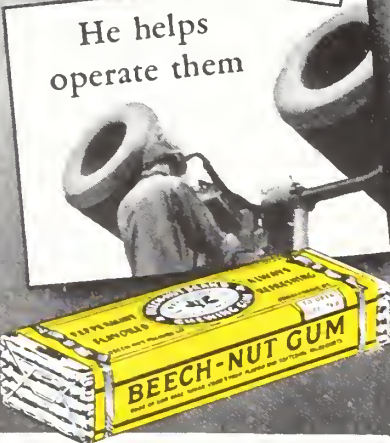
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with the red oval*



Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman

Rosalind Russell
tells *You* how
to be a fashion-first lady

I WAS not born the best dressed woman of Waterbury, Connecticut, much less of Hollywood. They tell me I was slightly on the pink side and slightly wrinkled. Then, for years, I rumbled my clothes and my hair. I was somewhere in my teens when I looked twice in the mirror. After a long inspection, I decided I had better get rid of the gadgets and frills and pull myself together. To my way of thinking, the basis of true chic is that "pulled together look." I loathe that hue and cry of some women who "have no time" to tuck up loose ends of their hair, straighten their stocking seams, remove that smudge of lipstick. How long can these few gestures take? Hardly a minute. Of course, all this goes for naught if one's posture is not all it should be. No matter how smart the outfit, how meticulous the details, poor posture ruins the entire effort.

I should like to interrupt myself by saying that I am indeed delighted that the designers for our industry have voted me the best dressed woman in Hollywood. But frankly, I find myself a trifle shy about issuing any pronouncement on good grooming. As I have been requested to do this, however, and I am indeed thrilled with the decision of the judges, I shall get on with it without further apologies.

"That pulled together look," that is the phrase I am going to harp on. Hollywood, as you well know, is famous for pretty girls. But frankly, not many of them possess that marvelous, positively essential "pulled together look." Many of them have features so beautiful they are out of this world, but insist upon diffusing them with ringlets, gadgets and junk. Actually, I think it far wiser to look severe rather than frilled up like a birthday cake.

Being pretty is neither the point nor enough. Being well and looking distinguished is the thing. These are good days to practice doing without. As a matter of fact, it is downright bad taste to have too many changes in wardrobe and superfluous gadgets. Dressing on a budget actually gives us a better chance to look smart because we must plan carefully. It demands that we place emphasis on durability and practicability. In this way we must refrain from high-style effect, fads and luxury fabrics which tend to spend the greater portion of their lives at the cleaners. However, in buying inexpensive clothes on a well planned budget (as a bulk of our money should certainly go to buying Bonds), be care-

ful to buy clothes that are big enough. Be smart, buy a larger size and have it altered to fit you trimly and comfortably. Any article of clothing should be loose from the waist up. It should fit comfortably on the body, not be plastered there. It should never pull against the chest, the diaphragm, or the back. Never begrudge the money you spend on having clothes expertly fitted. I would rather have two costumes fitted meticulously than six which droop at the hemline, pull across the middle, or hug over the shoulders. Speaking of shoulders, I am definitely against the football type. A limited amount of padding is all right, if one's hips are on the broader side.

The length of any skirt is of the utmost importance. Do not decide with every costume you wear that a certain length is correct. For instance, with a straight pencil-line suit skirt, the length should be at least an inch longer, as the skirt cannot fail to pull up when you sit down. There is nothing uglier than this exposed "about the knee" look. Gored skirts can be shorter. They are not only more youthful in style but do not tend to pull up.

I am still, and always will be, in favor of the good basic black dress. I like the idea of wearing a fresh flower, an informal flower, preferably, such as a tuip with the leaves turned back. Again I am against the little pin, the rhinestone clip, the cluster of artificial flowers to brighten it up.

STOCKINGS in these war days are a problem, to be true, but we might as well learn to take rayon, our immediate source of hosiery, and make the best of them. They can be flattering if one is careful of the color. The dull sheer high twist even vie in appearance with the nylon, now little more than a memory. Also a high gauge rayon stocking, being more flexible because it has more stitches to the inch, will fit better.

Hats, ah hats, they are most important. A hat should, and can be, the most attractive part of our costume, rather than something that stands out like the proverbial sore thumb. Above all, a hat should be flattering, not "cute." Avoid what I call heavy hats; they snow you under. Avoid sassy hats; they are unladylike. Avoid tricky hats; they are tiresome. A simple hat with a brim is safest. If you use veiling, don't use too much of it. Have it neatly tied on, pinned up in back, not dripping down over the shoulder.

Good grooming, chic, smartness, whatever you want to call it, is based on being, looking and keeping clean. Start there, simplify your wardrobe, unload the fluff and junk, watch your posture and you will have that "pulled together look."

My Own Super-duper-dilly Academy Awards

(Continued from page 29)

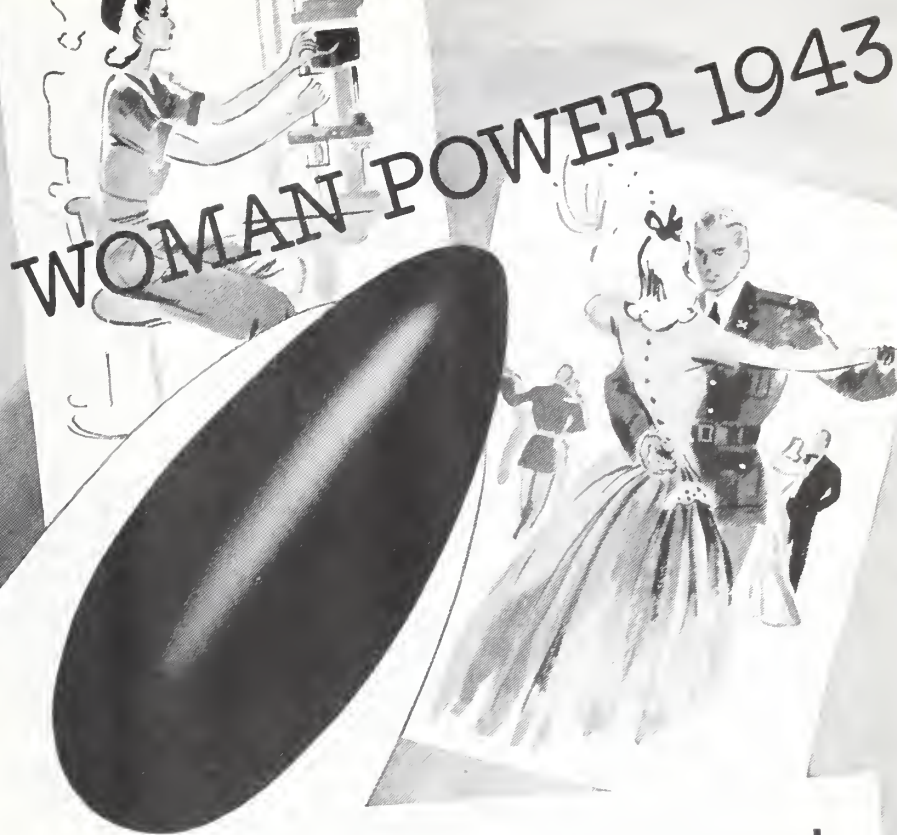
- Best picture of the year:**
"Yankee Doodle Dandy."
- Worst picture of the year:**
"Tales Of Manhattan."
- Most successful marriage in Hollywood:**
The Cecil B. De Milles.
- Most desirable bachelor:**
How can we tell? Uncle Sam grabs 'em first.
- Treats fans best:**
Barbara Stanwyck.
- Treats fans worst:**
George Sanders.
- Can't take a joke:**
Brian Aherne and Donald Duck.
- Can take a joke:**
Monty Woolly, Kay Kyser, Cary Grant, Humphrey Bogart, Sidney Greenstreet, Jack Benny, Billy Gaxton and Tommy Mitchell.
- Best sense of humor:**
Leon Errol, Billy Gaxton and David Niven.
- Thinks he has:**
Red Skelton.
- Has had warst break from Hollywood:**
Zorina.
- Best lover:**
For the third time, Charles Boyer.
- Best laver off screen:**
George Raft, if you can believe what he says.
- Thinks he is:**
John Carroll.
- Most delightful child of star:**
Margaret Sullavan's daughter Bridget.
- Most annoying child of star:**
Diana Barrymore, a chip off the old block.
- Biggest surprise personality of the year:**
Lassie in technicolor, in "Lassie, Come Home."
- Worst Boner of the year:**
Lana Turner's marriage.
- Biggest comeback star:**
Ann Harding in "Mission To Moscow."
- Best canteen workers:**
Bette Davis, Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Marlene Dietrich, Dinah Shore, Betty Hutton, Veronica Lake, Anita Louise, Greer Garson, Judy Garland, Mary Martin, Ann Sothern, Anne Shirley, Deanna Durbin, Irene Dunne.
- Best Band seller:**
Dottie Lamour.
- Waman the armed forces see least af:**
Greta Garbo.
- Man the armed farces see most af:**
Bob Hope.
- Best bred:**
Dame May Whitty.
- Snaattiest:**
Madeleine doesn't live here any more.
- A star's finest personal passession:**
A good reputation.

WHO ARE HOLLYWOOD'S TEN BEST HUSBANDS?

Here's your chance to
make your own list, then
get the lowdown from

Hedda Hopper

In Our May Issue



Your War-Busy Hands can be Lovely if you follow the easy Cutex Method

On your knees on the nursery floor or flat on your back under a bomber—you're the new national glamour girl.

When you *do* get a night off, your hands are going to look as fascinating as though they never saw a wrench or an oil can or a scrubbing brush.

30 Cutex minutes a week . . . keeps your fingers leisure-lovely-looking and fools every Axis spy in town. No trick at all for 1943 woman power!

6 Ways to War-Lady Fingers

1. Whisk off old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover.
2. Deftly shape nails to a rounded oval with Cutex Emery Board and soak fingertips in warm soapy water.
3. Apply soothing Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover with cotton-wrapped Cutex Orange Stick. Now it's easy to press back cuticle. Wipe away dead, loose cuticle.
4. Dip in clear water and whiten with Cutex Nail White Pencil or Cream under nail tips.
5. Flow on Cutex Polish Foundation and Cutex Polish. (2 coats for that professional look). Hairline tip for longer wear. Now—Cutex Overcoat for speed drying.
6. Massage cuticle and fingertips with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Brittle Nail Cream.

All these luxurious Cutex products come in 10¢ sizes (plus tax). Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil also in economical 35¢ size (plus tax).
Northam Warren, New York



CUTEX



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The new Odorono Cream *is!* It contains an *effective* astringent no other leading deodorant gives you . . . stops perspiration and odor up to three days.

Get wise! Get ahead! Get Odorono Cream! 39¢ (plus tax) for a big, big jar.

The Odorono Company, Inc., New York

NEW ODORONO CREAM CONTAINS AN EFFECTIVE ASTRINGENT NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

MAY PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR ON SALE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7TH

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the May and subsequent issues of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will appear upon the newsstands at a slightly later date than heretofore. PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR for May will go on sale Wednesday, April 7th. On that date step up to your newsstand and say "A copy of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR please," and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.

What Marriage Has Taught Me

(Continued from page 41) Now I know that any happiness I had before marriage was only two-dimensional, with no depth.

When I was only fourteen, people would not believe that I was not older. I had the poise and mannerisms of an adult. Emotionally I fancied myself grown-up, too. But I wasn't, until I was married and reached real emotional maturity.

DEPENDENCE, which I mentioned before, is so akin to other things in marriage that it is difficult to decide where one stops and another begins. There are tolerance, understanding, patience and unselfishness. All of them must be learned and put into practice to have a happy marriage, with wife and husband mutually dependent on each other.

There are those inevitable "little things" to learn. From observation of other couples I had seen that little disappointments, small misunderstandings can be pyramided into major issues and eventually cause serious trouble or even divorce.

When I was married I told myself, "This must be a success and I must make it one! It's up to me to see that the little things are never allowed to become important, to cause misunderstandings."

What I call "little things" include adjusting one's time. Or being considerate and leaving a party early although one would like to stay, because one's husband must be at work very early. Or staying home when one wanted to go to a movie, because one's husband is too tired to go out—and doing it graciously. Or dressing to please one's husband. I'm happy I learned the last quickly, for Will has wonderful style sense and in considering his taste in clothes, I find I'm more smartly dressed now than before my marriage!

Those are very little things, but if not given adequate thought, without proper adjustments by both wife and husband, they can develop into disaster.

Will has made just as many concessions as I have. Don't imagine he hasn't.

I remember the birthday party I had for Will just after we moved into our new home.

I was working on a picture and should have gone to bed by ten o'clock. I was dreadfully tired, but I kept thinking of Will's fun, so I stayed up. The party was wonderful, but Will, thinking of me, kept watching the clock. Promptly at eleven he made a fine little speech to our guests and told them to go home because it was time for me to go to bed!

MARRIAGE has taught me how really important unselfishness is. When I was going to the hospital recently for a very serious operation and even the doctor wasn't too encouraging about it, I learned exactly what it meant.

Will was starting his first job as a director, after having been a dialogue director for several years. It was his big chance, for which he should have had a mind uncluttered by any worries. Despite that, I seemed to fill his mind completely. He came to the hospital every night, when he was dog-tired, and stayed until he was told to leave.

The only unselfish thing I could do for him, in return, was to have the right attitude, to be reassuring, to be interested in his work rather than in my temperament or pain or health. You see, I was

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DENT'S EAR DROPS

thinking of Will, he was thinking of me!

In direct contrast to dependence, marriage has taught me independence, too. That is not contradictory. I mean independence in business and in dealing with people.

Before my marriage I had eight discouraging months in pictures. But Will helped me regain professional assurance which I had lost. He didn't do it by empty compliments or pats on the shoulder but by proving to me that I could do things. After "How Green Was My Valley" he made me believe I could repeat a success. I fared well in "Ten Gentlemen From West Point" and in "The Black Swan." I'm sure I would not have acted so well without Will's encouragement.

WE bought our own home recently and it's just as important to us as the first home-of-our-own of any young couple. And just as carefully budgeted.

The money Will had saved for a planned wedding trip to Honolulu, which we couldn't take because of the war, we used for the down payment. But until we found just the house we wanted, we lived in furnished apartments. Now we have the fun of creating our own home.

Marriage has taught me a very special kind of patience too—in not interfering in Will's problems.

The most natural instinct in the world is for a wife to rush into her husband's affairs, with advice and urgings and criticisms. If only women would realize that husbands must work out their own problems! We can help in morale, with encouragement and understanding. But we must keep our fingers out of the problem pie!

For example, Will wanted to go to war, on real combat duty, ever since Pearl Harbor. When first he talked about it, I was miserable. What wife isn't, even though she knows how vital it is that every man do his duty? But I managed not to let him know how I felt.

Will couldn't go, at first, because of family obligations. Now he has worked out his financial arrangements and since early December has been in the Marine Corps, training in "boot camp" at San Diego. Soon he will be assigned to regular combat duty.

I'm very proud of him, and I know I did not hinder him in his desire to serve our country in the way he wanted to serve. When he left for training I was adamant in saying there was to be no publicity about it. He didn't want any and I didn't want him embarrassed or handicapped in any way by having a "movie star wife."

OUR year or happy marriage might also be called an introduction to valor for me, because I know I can face this separation from Will, while he is in service, with head and heart high.

We have had our wonderful year together, during which we learned dependency on each other. We have shared a real home, have had time really to know each other and make all the necessary adjustments. It won't be like separation for couples who have known only a few days or weeks of hasty war marriage. While Will is away and I'm alone, we will both have something very precious to remember—and to look forward to, again.

Marriage has taught me how complete life can be, the life for which we are now fighting. Perhaps that is why, along with Will, I have complete faith in the outcome of the war, for our country and for us.

THE END



Zero hour

CAN THIS BE YOU glued to your bed . . . wishing you could count today right out of your life? The day that was to have been all yours . . .

You've dreamed how it would be . . . you, proud and sure of yourself . . . dedicating the Camp's new "Day Room" that your gang worked so hard to furnish. Then the Prom with Dick. And a War Stamp Corsage for every girl . . . your own special idea!

But right now you'd trade a ton of triumphs for an ounce of confidence! Other girls manage to keep going on these days . . . why can't you?

Then in bursts your forgotten house-guest . . . and you pour out your woes. "Looking for sympathy?" she asks. "That won't help— . . . but Kotex sanitary napkins *will!* Because they're more comfortable" . . .

Rise and Shine!

That's how you learned that Comfort and Confidence and Kotex go together!

Because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . a lot different from pads that only feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And Kotex does things for your poise, too. For *this pad, alone*, of all leading brands, has flat, pressed ends that don't show because they're not stubby. And for still more protection, Kotex has a 4-ply safety center—and no wrong side to cause accidents!

Now you know why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads *put together!* It's the modern comfortable way to keep going—every day!

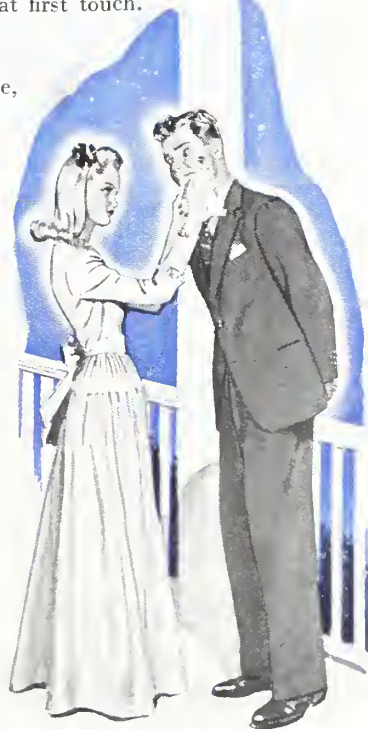
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★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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(from a letter by B. K., Seattle, Wash.)



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(from a letter by M. T., Snowden, N. C.)



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(from a letter by
J. H., Chillicothe, Ohio)



(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

NOW I 'MEMBER—ONLY KLEENEX HAS THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX!



The Grable-Raft Romance

(Continued from page 27) because its population is made up of very emotional, temperamental, imaginative people. But I felt that this was like Clark Gable and Carole Lombard; this was right.

Yet between them stood what seemed then an insurmountable barrier—George's marriage to Grace Mulrooney Raft, with whom he has not lived for fifteen years, but who is still legally his wife and who for years has refused to set him free.

As Betty Grable's mother, the popular and extremely wise Lillian, said to a friend, "I like George. I couldn't like a man better. He's been wonderful with Betty. But I naturally can't be too happy about a continued romance with a man who cannot marry her. No matter how much they love each other, in the end it will bring unhappiness to them both."

GEORGE told me that night how much he and Betty want to marry. I don't think I ever heard more real hunger in a man's voice. Because, you see, for all the hard-boiled characters he has played, for all his underworld background and his birth in N. Y.'s storied "Hell's Kitchen" and for all his wild enthusiasm for sports and night life, George Raft is distinctly a marrying man. That's one of the things people don't know about him.

Lovely Virginia Peine, of Chicago, is now married to Quentin Reynolds, Collier's war correspondent, and her five long years as George Raft's love life are no doubt things of the past. So I do not think she will mind if I quote a very close friend of hers who during those years said to me, "George loves Virginia, sure. But not any more than he might love half a dozen other girls. The thing that holds him is her little girl Joan."

If you will remember, there was a good deal of surprise when the devotion of George Raft and Norma Shearer became well known to Hollywood first and then to the public. But the really fascinating angle of this romance to me was not its principals but Norma's children. People in Hollywood who pretended to be shocked because Norma was mixed up with a man who played gangsters never knew that the greatest hold George had on Norma was the fact that her children worshipped him.

Whatever broke up the Raft-Shearer romance—and in my humble opinion what broke it up was that they were never really in love—it was Norma's children who felt the worst about it.

WHEN George talked about Betty Grable, I realized that here was a love that took in the whole of love, that they were suited to each other and that George now saw in the future the home he had dreamed and the children of his own he has always wanted.

"It says," George commented, in that almost hypnotic speaking voice which I think has been responsible for much of his success, "that your prayers get answered when you pray right. Sometimes, when they don't get answered, you think maybe after all it's a—a delusion. But then you find out afterwards that Something or Somebody somewhere knows what's best for you in the long run."

I took those words of George's to mean that all these years he couldn't get his divorce were now regarded by him as maybe a good thing after all. For he might have made a mistake; he might not have waited for Betty Grable.

There have been a good many stories about quarrels between them, quarrels

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Now in a bonny Easter box

ITS FRAGRANCE LASTS

caused by jealousy, the difference in their tastes and ages.

Quarrels can scar and mar and bring unhappiness, but they never separate two people who care enough to want to stay together. And what you must know is that none of these quarrels has amounted to a hill of beans.

So far as jealousy between them goes there is this fact to be considered. Betty has made dozens of tours of Army camps and every time there has been the loud echo of applause that has reached back even to Hollywood—and George Raft. George, so far, has not been able to get into service. He told me, very quietly, that try as he would he hasn't been able to pass his physicals. Certainly that might make any man feel pretty badly when his girl is often in contact with admiring uniformed men; make him want to keep her more to himself.

But as for professional jealousy—well, this is Betty's big year. She is the top woman among the ten great box-office attractions; she is the darling of the men who are fighting for us all over the world. Yet I know that George appreciates her success even more than she does, wants her to have it, wouldn't even think of asking her to retire when they can marry.

THE difference in some of their tastes?

That's true enough. George is, for instance, an inveterate card player—a really fine bridge player among other things. The game bores Betty. Betty likes to go places and see things—so does George, up to a point, then he wants to stay home quietly. "But," says Betty, "those things don't have anything to do with love. Mutual tastes and all that are fine but they're just substitutes for the real thing. If you really love anybody, everything else takes care of itself."

Still, she's a temperamental girl, in some ways. Quick to flare up, quick to anger, and likely, on occasion, to get annoyed if things don't happen the way she wants them to. George has a system about that. He gets out of range. When he thinks the right moment has come, he goes back—and Betty has forgotten all about it.

So that quarrel that Hollywood was apt to build into a mountain, is really only a molehill, vanishing as quickly as it appeared.

There is also this to think about when the subject of Raft-Grable rifts comes up. It's tough when two people love each other like that and cannot marry. It's unnatural, at best. All the problems and irritations which now encompass them would be smoothed out if it were possible for them to adjust their lives, their time, their work under one roof.

They realize that fact; and that George and Betty will be married if he is freed I can tell you is a positive fact.

WILL he ever be freed? The horizon is brightened now. It looks hopeful that at last those conditions which have kept him tied to his wife who for so long has been a wife in name only might be met.

The story of George Raft's marriage to Grace Mulrooney is a difficult one to tell, and one about which for many years he has been very reticent. Almost anything he said could sound wrong—ungallant—unkind. Almost anything he did or anything he revealed would have elements of sheer disaster for him. She is his wife. She has refused him a divorce for many years.

Why? To the average mind that is the instant question.

Mrs. Raft has never explained her position. If anyone knows why she re-

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"Royal Crown Cola's best by far.
For busy folks it's sure a treat,
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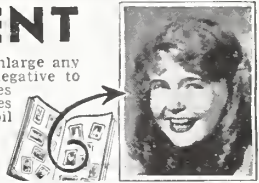
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is too difficult, afraid that the
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natural lustre—afraid, most of
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of most used spoons and forks.

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fused to grant the man to whom she has
not been an actual wife for fifteen years
his legal freedom, it hasn't ever been
made public.

There are, of course, many theories.
Some people say and have reason to be-
lieve that it is a matter of financial
demands on her part that have been
higher than George could meet.

But now, as I write this, the greatest
thing in the world has happened to him.
Maybe it didn't look important to this
greatest of Hollywood living love affairs
when the ruling was handed down by the
courts that Reno divorces are now valid
not only in Nevada but in every state in
the Union. Heretofore a Reno divorce
might backfire if one resident lived in
New York and children by a second
marriage or a second wife might have
a vast amount of trouble, might suffer
disgrace and later might have everything
taken away from them.

That time is over. Now it is possible
for George Raft to go to Reno and get
a divorce and know that his remarriage
to Betty will be legal in every sense of
the word. And another thing has hap-
pened. Salary ceilings have hit Holly-
wood. Whether the \$25,000 ceiling goes
through or not, all Hollywood stars
will pay taxes which cut their incomes
to the bone.

So, if the difficulty with Mrs. Raft has
been financial, there is now a possi-
bility that it can be straightened out,
because there is a surety that only a cer-
tain amount of his earnings will be left
to George Raft and therefore he could
not possibly fulfill any great demands.

THAT he hopes to get this divorce now,
either by an arrangement with his wife
on the money question, or in Reno, is
the truth. It is his first thought. And
it is Betty's.

No use saying that if he doesn't get it,
the Grable-Raft romance will last. It
won't. It can't. We all know that. The
friction of such a state must increase,
the resentment against fate itself must
narrow down to resentment against each
other, the unnaturalness must find vent
in unhappiness that will finally destroy
any love, no matter how great.

Betty Grable is the normal American
girl. She knows about things, she's full
of mischief—but she's essentially as clean
as steel. Behind her are ancestors who
believed in marriage—in self-control,
self-denial, self-discipline.

From the first day they met—a good
many years ago—there was a spark be-
tween these two. George took her home
from their first date and said, "I'm going
to wait until you grow up, Betty." A lot
of things happened after that—several
years of them. But the spark was always
there. They met again and danced to-
gether and laughed together—and knew
that they had never really lost sight of
the knowledge that somewhere, some-
time, they'd meet again and mean every-
thing to each other—or at least between
them lay that possibility.

Simple, really, this story.

The thing I wanted to write that you
don't know about George Raft and Betty
Grable is simple, too. Hollywood has
been pretty free in its use of the word
love. It's built up a lot of big romances.
It's laid stress on big love affairs. It has
even, for the purpose of publicity, spon-
sored love affairs that didn't exist. Some-
times it seems as if it had cried wolf
so often that—well, that when a real
love story comes along we have trouble
in recognizing it.

You're seeing a real love story now:
George Raft and Betty Grable.

The End.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 21)

LADY FROM CHUNGKING—P.R.C.: Anna May Wong pretends affection for a Jap general in order to obtain secret information which she relays to two American Flying Tigers, Rick Vallin and Paul Bryer, who use it to bring back other friends to annihilate the invading forces. It's pretty well done and Harold Huber's playing of a Jap scoundrel is outstanding. (Feb.)

✓✓ **LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-THIRTY**—20th Century-Fox: Ida Lupino is the crippled daughter of Monty Woolley, a has-been actor given to ineptitude, who needs her desperately. For years she's watched over him, sacrificing her life to his, until she meets musician Cornel Wilde, and must choose between him and her father. Therein lies the terrific emotional struggle. (Feb.)

✓ **LUCKY JORDAN**—Paramount: Alan Ladd is again the tough but appealing guy who tries to "hx" his draft board but is inducted in the Army. He goes A.W.O.L., runs into a Fifth Column spy ring and aids in their capture. Helen Walker plays the Canteen waitress, and Marie MacDonald and Sheldon Leonard keep the action moving. (Feb.)

MADAM SPY—Universal: A silly, ridiculous story, this one, with Constance Bennett married to newspaper correspondent Dan Porter, who suspects her of being a spy. She isn't, of course, but a lot of time and film are wasted on the whole thing before Dan catches on. (Mar.)

MAN IN THE TRUNK, THE—20th Century-Fox: When pretty Lynne Roberts, dancer, buys a trunk, she finds the remains of a body inside, and Attorney George Holmes tries to exonerate his convicted client by proving his innocence through the skeleton in the trunk, who obligingly comes back as a ghost to aid in the exposure of the real culprit. (Jan.)

MOONLIGHT IN HAVANA—Universal: Allan Jones is a discharged ball player who can sing only when he has a cold, and when a manager of a traveling group of entertainers hears him warbling he signs him up. From there on it's everybody's show, with pretty Jane Frazee and Marjorie Lord in a tussle for Jones's affections. (Jan.)

MOUNTAIN RHYTHM—Republic: The Weaver Brothers take a long-promised vacation to California and then forego the restful life to recruit the student body of a snooty boys' school to help harvest the land of a departed Jap. Everybody pitches in and raises old Ned. (Mar.)

✓ **MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH**—Paramount: Fay Bainter plays *Mrs. Wiggs*, and her brood of children are Carolyn Lee, Betty Brewer, Mary Thomas, Carl Switzer and Billy Lee. Vera Vague as *Miss Hazy* and Hugh Herbert, head of a matrimonial bureau, are priceless. You'll enjoy all the homey, laughable and tragic events of the *Wiggs* family. (Feb.)

MUMMY'S TOMB, THE—Universal: Lon Chaney's the mummy who's been kept alive through the ages and transported to America to kill archaeologists Dick Foran and Wally Ford who disturbed the mummy's tomb years before. John Hubbard and Elyse Knox are the romantic leads, and it's a scary little number. (Jan.)

✓✓ **NAVY COMES THROUGH, THE**—RKO: Radio: A swell service picture, this one, with George Murphy as the disgraced officer who enlists as a plain seaman under the command of Petty Officer Pat O'Brien. Max Baer and Jackie Cooper stand out as sailors, Desi Arnaz and Frank Jenks add pep to the maneuvers, and Jane Wyatt is very good as the nurse. Carl Esmond is a hit as the sailor-musician. (Jan.)

✓ **NIGHTMARE**—Universal: Murder and espionage in England, with Brian Donlevy as the American who renders a service to Englishwoman Diana Barrymore by taking a corpse out of her home and ends up in a country house fracas with Nazi spies. In spots it's excellent, and Gavin Muir is a smooth newcomer. Henry Daniell is the corpse. (Feb.)

NIGHT MONSTER—Universal: Practically every one gets killed when mystic, cosmic, yogi monkey business creeps over the estate of Ralph Morgan where scarey Bela Lugosi is the butler. Housekeeper Doris Lloyd, chauffeur Leif Erikson, Yogi Nik Aster and several doctors are all suspects. Irene Hervey is the pretty psychiatrist, and Fay Helm the sister who thinks she's crazy. (Jan.)

NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A—Columbia: Loretta Young and Brian Aherne are a young married couple who move into an apartment building that houses all the victims of one blackmailer. Of course, someone has to get murdered in their apartment, and the place is full of strange characters wandering around mysteriously. (Mar.)

NORTHWEST RANGERS—M.G.M.: Jack Holt takes over the care of two boys orphaned by an Indian massacre. One grows up to be Bill Lundigan who becomes a North West mountie and the other turns out to be James Craig, a gambler and a baddie. When Pat Dane wins the love of both men, excitement pops in all directions. John Carradine is good as a rival gambler. (Feb.)

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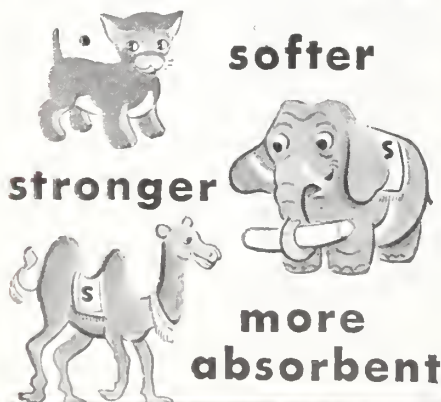


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✓✓ **ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON**—RKO-Radio: Ginger Rogers, ex strip teaser posing as a socialite in Austria, marries Walter Slezak, Hitler's secret agent, and finds herself in one collapsing country after another. When American radio commentator Cary Grant convinces her that Slezak is a traitor, she runs away with Cary. Most of the film is terrific, but part of it drags; nevertheless you'll enjoy it. (Feb.)

✓✓ **ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING**—United Artists: An honest, straightforward chronicle of six R.A.F. flyers who are forced to bail out over occupied Holland and are helped by the Dutch Underground to make their way back to England. The English players, unfamiliar on this side of the ocean, give performances which are as simple, convincing and moving as the story itself. (Jan.)

✓✓ **OX-BOW INCIDENT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: A slice of life served raw is this story of what happens when man takes justice into his own hands. In a small Western town, a posse rides out to avenge murder and cattle stealing and hang Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn and Chris Pin Martin, only to discover the lynching was an irredeemable error. Henry Fonda is the rancher who swerves to the side of justice. (Jan.)

✓✓ **PITTSBURGH**—Universal: John Wayne, an ambitious coal miner, goes overboard in arrogance and ruthlessness, deserts Marlene Dietrich for social Louise Allbritton and finally meets his comeuppance and regeneration in defense work. Randy Scott is Wayne's partner who finally gets the girl. It's all as familiar as an old shoe. (Mar.)

✓✓ **POWERS GIRL, THE**—Charles Rogers-U. A.: A good little musical this, boasting Benny Goodman's orchestra, Anne Shirley and Carole Landis as sisters, Dennis Day and his songs, and George Murphy as the boy both girls want. For the story, there's the timeworn theme of the big sister who wants a career more than anything and the meek little sister who wants nothing but George Murphy. (Mar.)

✓✓ **RANDOM HARVEST**—M-G-M: The first half of this important picture is truly great and Ronald Colman as the war victim who escapes an asylum and is befriended by show-girl Greer Garson has never been finer, but the latter half becomes sadder. Miss Garson, of course, is magnificent, and Susan Peters and Philip Dorn register strongly. It's a screen event, so don't miss it. (Feb.)

✓✓ **REUNION IN FRANCE**—M-G-M: Showing the life of the Nazis in Paris, this has Philip Dorn as the loyal Frenchman presumably pro-Nazi, and Joan Crawford his fiancée who leaves him when she thinks he's a Nazi. When she befriends R.A.F. flyer John Wayne and tries to help him escape, surprises pop all over the place. Reginald Owen and Albert Basserman add to the suspense. (Feb.)

✓✓ **ROAD TO MOROCCO**—Paramount: Another Bing Crosby and Bob Hope laugh riot, with the two boys stranded in Morocco where Bing sells Bob to a sheik, and then manages to locate him in Dorothy Lamour's boudoir. But Dorothy's sheik lover, Anthony Quinn, finds out about the boys, and from then on it's a series of calamities that will have you howling with laughter. (Jan.)

✓✓ **SCATTERGOOD SURVIVES A MURDER**—RKO-Radio: John Archer, newspaper man, is accused of murdering two old lady recluses, and when more relatives are bumped off the ensuing commotion involves Margaret Hayes, reporter, Wally Ford, rival newsman, and *Scattergood*, played as usual by Guy Kibbee. It's not up to the usual standard of this series. (Jan.)

✓✓ **SEVEN DAYS LEAVE**—RKO-Radio: Army private Vic Mature has seven days leave in which to meet and marry a certain girl, so he can collect his inheritance. Lucille Ball is the girl who spurns Vic's gall and then falls for it. Freddy Martin furnishes the swell music, Peter Hayes and Ginny Simms will wow you and the whole picture is a lot of fun. (Jan.)

✓✓ **SEVEN MILES FROM ALCATRAZ**—RKO-Radio: Convicts James Craig and Frank Jenks escape from Alcatraz and take refuge in a lighthouse. When at dawn upon them that the keeper of the lighthouse is relaying messages to the Nazis, they manage to trap the heads of the spy ring, a procedure that's pretty exciting. Bonita Granville is the keeper's daughter and Cliff Edwards and George Cleveland do good jobs. (Feb.)

✓✓ **RHYTHM PARADE**—Monogram: All about a singer about to debut in a big time show who keeps a baby in her dressing room, which stirs up a terrific hornet's nest. The famous Florentine Gardens in Hollywood with its M.C., Nils T. Granlund, is reproduced on the screen. Ted Fio Rito's orchestra, Gale Storm, Robert Lowry and the Mills Brothers head the cast. (Mar.)

✓✓ **SILENT WITNESS**—Monogram: Frank Albertson, a criminal lawyer for a Black Market, is in love with Mary's Wrixon, a beautiful investigator for the District Attorney. But no sooner does Frank remedy than he is accused of murdering the D.A. Bradley Page. When all else fails to clear

him, a talented police dog steps in and exposes the killer. (Mar.)

✓✓ **SILVER QUEEN**—Sherman-U. A.: Priscilla Lane, who's engaged to a heel (Bruce Cabot) travels West to become a gambler in order to pay off the debts of her father (Eugene Pallette). She wins, but sends the money to Cabot, who crosses her up, leaving the whole mess to be straightened out by George Brent, who finally wins Priscilla. It's a good Western. (Feb.)

✓✓ **STAND BY FOR ACTION**—M-G-M: Good war stuff, off the beaten path, about how four men take over a destroyer. At sea they pick up a cargo of babies afloat in a lifeboat and eventually meet with a Jap battleship, a meeting that ends in exciting combat. The men are Charles Laughton, the Admiral; Robert Taylor, a cocky naval lieutenant; Brian Donlevy, a Commander; and Walter Brennan. (Mar.)

✓✓ **STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM**—Paramount: All the Paramount stars are in this lavish musical—Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard, etc. It tells how a telephone operator at the studio, Betty Hutton, in love with sailor Eddie Bracken, gets Victor Moore to pretend he's an executive when Eddie and his shipmates visit Hollywood and the stars put on a revue for the boys. You'll enjoy it. (Mar.)

✓✓ **STREET OF CHANCE**—Paramount: When Burgess Meredith gets hit on the head and wakes up to discover he's been an amnesia victim for over a year and is wanted for murder, he undertakes to unravel the mystery himself, with many surprising results. Claire Trevor plays a maid and Adeline DeWalt Reynolds a paralytic. (Feb.)

✓✓ **STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE**—Universal: A college jive band moves out West to a dude ranch in this little number and finally manages to land a radio show. The music is hot, the kids hep, the songs lovely, and the dancing good. Among those present are Mary Healy, Richard Davies, Leon Errol, Grace McDonald, Ozzie Nelson and Shemp Howard. (Feb.)

✓✓ **TRAITOR WITHIN, THE**—Republic: Don Barry is a truck driver whose wife, Jean Parker, is jealous of the heroism accredited to the town mayor, Ralph Bellamy. Her jealousy leads to blackmail and Don, who has gone up the ladder on the blackmail money, eventually finds himself behind bars on a murder charge. (Mar.)

✓✓ **THAT OTHER WOMAN**—20th Century-Fox: Pretty secretary Virginia Gilmore pursues her architect boss, James Ellison, who intrigues her with his disinterest. When Grandma Alma Kruger advises Virginia how to trap Ellison, the scheme works but not in the way expected, Janis Carter is cute as the persistent huntress. (Jan.)

✓✓ **THUNDER BIRDS**—20th Century-Fox: Informative, entertaining and colorful is this story about the training of English, Chinese and Americans at a desert flying school. Preston Foster, the instructor, and English student John Sutton are both rivals for the affections of lovely Gene Tierney, but all the players take second place to the interesting flying sequences. (Jan.)

✓✓ **WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME**—Universal: Allan Jones as the soldier hero who secretly rejoins old friends to avoid Marla Shelton and gets accused of being A.W.O.L. does some of his best work in this very good little musical. Jane Frazee is the singer. Evelyn and her magic violin scores a solid hit, but young Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan all but steal the show. (Mar.)

✓✓ **WHISTLING IN DIXIE**—M-G-M: When Red Skelton, a radio crime detective, and his assistant, Ann Rutherford, go down to Georgia to help Diana Lewis, they find themselves involved in a phony murder mystery with one silly, ridiculous incident following another, leaving the audience wild with glee. Rags Ragland, George Bancroft and Guy Kibbee swarm over the place. (Feb.)

✓✓ **WHO DONE IT?**—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, soda jerks who want to be radio writers, try out for a job at the radio station only to run headlong into a murder. Nazi agents horn in to mess things up and the boys' amateur sleuthing almost leads to their own arrest. The routines are bewhiskered and it's corny, but we dare you not to laugh. (Feb.)

✓✓ **WRECKING CREW**—Paramount: All about the men who tear down buildings, with two friends, Richard Arlen and Chester Morris, taking on a job together and ending up on a wall ready to tumble to the ground six stories below and no way to get down. Jean Parker is the girl. (Feb.)

✓✓ **YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER**—Columbia: Romance in rhythm, with Fred Astaire an American dancer in South America. He meets Rita Hayworth, who thinks he's in love with her and falls in love with him, but Fred wants only to dance in her father's night club. The two stars' dancing numbers are marvelous, Adolphe Menjou is very good as Rita's father and Xavier Cugat's orchestra gives with some fine numbers. (Mar.)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

The Truth about Location Loves

(Continued from page 63) dom while he amused himself thinking how envious the boys back home would be if they only knew. But that was only in the beginning.

They became so torchy, these two, that the happiness of many people was threatened. We're glad to report, however, that Broad-shoulders, being essentially a right guy, recovered from his yen for the foreign star, who still has a yen for him.

THERE'S Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman on the right side of the love ledger.

"Brother Rat" very definitely was a turning point in their lives. It brought them professional success and personal happiness. On location at the San Diego Military Academy, when day and work were done, they used to stroll along the Coronado beach. In the beginning—the first night—they did this because they had nothing better to do. Soon—by the second night—they knew in all the world there was nothing better to do. That was 1938, but neither Jane nor Ronald has had eyes for anyone else since then, except—during the last year or two—their Maureen Elizabeth.

Stirling Hayden and Madeleine Carroll fell in love on location during the filming of "Virginia" and reached the marriage-talk stage when they trekked to Nassau for "Bahama Passage." The conversation ended in a secret Massachusetts wedding.

Not so long ago a certain Hollywood star, now happily married, who possesses a demure but potent beauty and an emotional curiosity which isn't demure at all, found herself high up in

the Sierras with a certain star with whom any girl well might dream of being snowed in somewhere.

Snow is beautiful but monotonous.

The tales that came down from the mountain where these two were encamped with their company—only they long since had forgotten there was anyone else on earth—furnished better conversation than Hollywood dinner parties had had for too long. Many parties really were given so the crowd would have an opportunity of talking this over. And if we're to do a thorough reporting job we must admit there frequently was a decidedly greenish tinge in the eyes of the gossiping diners.

This romance survived the return to civilization only for a brief time. The man was about to be divorced, but legally was not yet free. So it proved difficult, in a town where four hundred newspaper and magazine correspondents do a pretty good job of seeing all and knowing all and telling almost all, for this man who is one of the town's greatest and best loved and this girl who is one of the town's wittiest and prettiest, to meet. And any romance depends upon opportunity as well as desire.

ONE of the loveliest girls in Hollywood nearly cracked up because of a location love. In fact, that love well may account for her tendency to flit from one man to another, enjoying each gentleman for whatever wit, charm, good looks, dancing grace or brilliance he has to offer but refusing to take even the most ardent declaration seriously.

For the Romeo of this location love proved less constant than the girl, in her ardent innocence, expected him to be.

Anyone with any knowledge of men and women could have prophesied what was going to happen when these two set off together. He was a man of experience, with a great love of beauty, with the same quick appreciation for a rich, soft voice or a gentle curving mouth that he knew for Beethoven's Seventh or the clear gold of sherry under candlelight.

She came directly from a small town. But she also stemmed from a family at home in the capitals of the world, distinguished for their achievement and their patronage of the arts. Consequently her response to the things he knew and loved and talked about—and to him—was immediate.

When these two returned to Hollywood, rumor having preceded them, the girl was too overboard to listen to the inferences with which friends tried to warn her. For while many admired this actor's charm, few believed it was in his make-up to be true to any woman. That, after all, hadn't been his history.

This romance lasted longer than the most optimistic dreamed. But when, at last, the girl realized the man would love again as he had before, she was more truly desolate than even her friends guessed. It took time, a long holiday, and the new horizons and interests this offered before she found her way to the perspective and courage that finally saw her through.

"I know now," she is able to say, "that he was not to blame. I simply misunderstood the emotion he offered. It was pretty bad for a time, but at least it taught me to make allowances for a man's tendency to overstatement when he's away from home and the daily rou-

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time and responsibilities which usually limit him... also to make allowances for my tendency to lose track of reality at such times.

"Location trips, like any trip, are dangerous. I sometimes suspect this is what Homer meant in his Odyssey when he told how sailors shipwreck themselves "listening to the songs of the sirens."

MAUREEN O'HARA was a beautiful, shy kid, fresh over here from Ireland, when she went out in the Valley on location for "The Hunchback Of Notre Dame." The first few days the company spent out near Sherwood Forest, a country as romantic as its name, Maureen was lonely for the few friends she had made in Hollywood and more than a little homesick for her friends and family back home in Ireland.

Then the dialogue director, one Will Price, whom she had met briefly in Hollywood, arrived. He loved the way Maureen made language sound like music. She loved the warm admiration in his eyes. When work was over they went for long drives in the hills. They drove with the top of the car down, with the night sky and the moon and stars for their canopy.

When they returned to Hollywood it was the same. Maureen never went out with another man and Will never went out with another girl. And before they were married, down in Mississippi at St. Mary of the Pines Convent, they had a long, old-fashioned engagement to make sure they weren't being tricked by any romantic mirage.

Monterey where the sea pounds against a rocky coast and the wind twists the dark cedars into fantastic shapes was the backdrop for an episode in "Edge Of Darkness," starring Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn. It also was a backdrop for the love scenes Nancy Coleman and Tonio Solwert (previously Helen Hayes' leading man in the theater) thought up all by themselves. Had the romantic moments Nancy and Tonio staged in their personal lives been in the picture it's extremely likely they would have stolen the glory from the stars.

After Nancy returned from Monterey she saw Charlie Chaplin, with whom she previously had dated steadily, only a few times. And that, my dears, is all there is, there isn't any more. Search the world over and you won't find anyone more fascinating or spellbinding than Charlie; but the powerful pull of a location love was enough to break up Nancy's dating with him.

AN OFTEN-TOLD story insists Joel McCrea and Frances Dee first met when they worked in "The Silver Cord." They met before that, under a big green and blue sun umbrella, beside the sea. And they gazed at each other archly and ardently at the behest of a studio cameraman who was shooting publicity pictures.

In those days Joel and Frances were a couple of kids who still had their names to make.

When work was over that day Joel and Frances dived into a big green swell, foam-fringed, and came up into the sunshine again side by side, seeking each other's clear bright eyes.

Joel would have liked to date Frances but, having heard tales of another man, he held back. Frances would have liked to encourage Joel, but having heard tales of the big stars who sought him, she held back too.

However, the next time they met, at a gorgeous estate at Santa Barbara where

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they were put up while a sequence for "The Silver Cord" was filmed, their reticence diminished as their propinquity increased.

"I've been to see you in pictures several times," Frances admitted to Joel. "And I've decided you're lazy. You don't take the trouble to analyze the character you play, to discover what he's really like, what he would eat, what he would do for recreation, what he would be likely to think, how he probably would talk . . . if you did I think you might go far."

She made her interest in him very evident.

"Do you study and analyze the characters you play?" Joel asked, making it just as evident that her interest pleased him. For had a girl who didn't intrigue him gotten after him like that he undoubtedly would have gone away and stayed away. Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett—none of the famous beauties Joel had squired ever had dared talk to him like that.

Joel learned soon enough that Frances was one of the most conscientious, hard-working girls in Hollywood, that she analyzed the smallest role with which she was entrusted, and studied hours with a coach. He learned, too, that he adored her. That was in 1932. The following year they were married in a little white church in Westchester. They now have the two sons they dreamed about. And, one of the three richest families in pictures, they live in simple country elegance on a Valley ranch where they entertain friends so outstanding in the social and political worlds that Hollywood would be impressed no end, if Hollywood knew. However, Joel and Frances have never tried to impress Hollywood.

CONSTANCE BENNETT and Gilbert Roland met on location for "Our Beters," not long after Connie had married the elegant, aristocratic Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, generally called "Hank." However, at the very sight of sloe-eyed, velvet-voiced Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonso, who had trained in his native Chihuahua, Mexico, to be a matador like his father before him, Connie forgot everything else, including her fondness for her new title of Marquise.

The first Hollywood knew that these two were seeing each other was when an eagle-eyed reporter discovered Connie hiding on the floor of Gilbert's roadster. Following this exposure they went about quite openly, to Hollywood Legion fights, to previews, to tennis matches. Connie and a large entourage were once reported about to embark for Honolulu where she was supposed to be keeping a rendezvous with Gilbert. But when news of this expedition leaked out it was cancelled.

Finally, however, Connie's denials of a divorce from the Marquis, who had taken off for the South Seas to film a picture she financed, grew fewer and weaker. And after about eight years of romancing, during which Connie and the Marquis were divorced, she and Gilbert married. Unless every sign fails, no location love has ever evolved into a happier marriage.

Now that Gilbert is in service Connie, with their daughter, has deserted Hollywood to follow him to Florida and live from day to day, just another war wife.

That scamp, Dan Cupid, will get you when you go off on location if you don't watch out! Ask anyone in Hollywood.

The End



A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn
by Maria de Kammerer

Too busy for Beauty? You Need a *Satin-finish* Lipstick!

Says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee



ARE YOU one of America's super-busy women? Are you often even too busy for beauty? Yes? Then you owe it to yourself to try one of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks...lipsticks that, once on, STAY ON!

Only Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks bring your lips such exquisite grooming. Not too moist, not too dry. The glorious Tangee shade of your choice seems to FLOW on to your lips...keeping them flawlessly smooth far longer than you would dream possible.

I suggest you let one of our SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks spare you much anxious wondering about the state of your make-up! I suggest, too, that you wear the special rouge that matches your Tangee Lipstick...the special shade of Tangee's UN-Powdery face powder that matches your complexion.



NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade,"... always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

TANGEE

SATIN-FINISH



Lipsticks



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LIBERTY—glory of nations
Protect them both...

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AND STAMPS

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The Moist Heat of an **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** pack goes right to work to relieve the painful symptoms of a bruise, sprain or muscle injury. It eases the pain—helps reduce swelling—speeds recovery.

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ANTIPHLOGISTINE, a ready-to-use medicated poultice, is also effective in relieving the symptoms of **COLDS**—tightness of the chest, muscular soreness and cough.

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Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

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Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 15)

\$1.00 PRIZE
Dual Dawn

OF COURSE, you'll say "Where have you been?" when I tell you that I've just seen Alan Ladd and William Bendix for the first time and I think they are excellent. Mr. Ladd is slick, sleek and handsome. In spite of his slight build, he carries himself so erect and has such smooth movements that I foretell his stardom in the very near future.

As for William Bendix, he's a gem. A real diamond in the rough. In one scene in "The Glass Key," his bewilderment at finding that he had just choked his "boss" by sheer brute strength is reminiscent of "Of Mice And Men."

Here are two men who are not only entirely dissimilar from one another, but very different from the usual run of actor.

I thoroughly enjoyed the story, treatment and action of "The Glass Key."

Lydia Lord,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

REGARDING Jean Brown's letter about the Misses Grable, Hayworth and Turner—I'm sorry to predict their gradual drop to obscurity by next year! What do they possess that the average chorus or burlesque girl doesn't have?

We soldiers see too much of "chorus cuties" . . . that's why our choice is the older, talented and appealing actresses like Ida Lupino, Greer Garson, Rosalind Russell, Anne Shirley, etc.

Pvt. Jack Barr,
Fort Jackson, S. C.

I'VE just seen Judy Garland in "For Me And My Gal." Frankly, I'm wondering if I received my money's worth: when I think of Judy's splendid singing, it's "Yes!" When I think of Judy's acting, it's an emphatic "No!"

Could it have been the director's fault? Or wasn't the part really meant for her? Or is it true that Judy can't really act?

Whatever it was, I hope someone takes Judy under his wing and sets her on the right road.

Mrs. Julia C. Ames,
Berlin, N. H.

IN OUR opinion some mention should be made of Turhan Bey. The handsome captain in "Arabian Nights," the mysterious waiter in "Unseen Enemy" and the daring high priest in "The Mummy's Hand" were only a few of the parts that have convinced us he is deserving of better ones.

Considering the fact that we have lost so many of our male stars, let's give this young Turkish refugee a chance!

Jean Langworth,
Gloria Grover,
Detroit, Mich.

ONCE again filmdom has brought to the screen another truly great picture. The finesse that always characterizes Walter Huston's acting; the charm and simplicity of Joan Leslie; the voice and grace of Irene Manning; the masterful, all-round performance of Jimmy Cagney, all tend to make "Yankee Doodle Dandy" a mighty tribute to a great American—one who will live on in the hearts of the American people.

Pvt. R. A. Lawrence,
Fort Jackson, S. C.



**NO
DULL
DRAB
HAIR**

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, **LOVALON** will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
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3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, adarless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try **LOVALON**.

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25¢ for 5 rinses
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40-page **FREE BOOK**—tells facts about **Fistula, Rectal Abscess, Piles** and other rectal and colon disorders; also related ailments and latest corrective treatments. Thornton & Minor Clinic, Suite 405, 926 McGee, Kansas City, Mo.

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FREE CHART



Don't "lose your head" when it feels "stuffed up"—act wisely as thousands for 68 years have done . . . use **HALL'S TWO-METHOD TREATMENT**. This famous treatment loosens thick, sticky secretion, helps clear up phlegm-filled throat and nasal congestion or money back! Use the expectorant and the soothing Nasal Ointment. Ask your druggist. Send for **FREE Vitamin and Health Chart** today. F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 44, Toledo, Ohio.

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(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease **PSORIASIS**. Apply non-staining **Dermol**. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermol** is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10¢ (stamps or coin) for generous mail bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Give Druggist's name and address. Print name clearly. Sold by Lippert and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. **LAKE LABORATORIES**, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 4204, Detroit, Mich.

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Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 19)

murder. Oh yes, he dies, goody, goody. Preminger is right out of this world in his role.

Your Reviewer Says: Laughter, hatred, horror.

✓✓ The Spirit Of '43 (Disney)

It's About: Donald Duck and the Income Tax.

DONALD DUCK works in a defense factory and does he chuckle over his greenbacks. Even as he chuckles, however, Scotch Duck comes along and, taking Don's arm, implores him to save. Don, impressed, puts away his money. But it begins to burn his pocket. Whereupon Zoot Suit Duck appears and urges Don to spend his money, to have a good time and worry about income taxes later. "Spend for the Axis or Save for Taxes," says the narrator. For this Walt Disney-Donald Duck short subject was produced especially for the Treasury Department.

"It's your taxes, my taxes, our taxes that run the factories," the narrator announces while the most fascinating submarines, tanks, flying fortresses, pursuit ships and battleships you've ever seen—all of them executed in the most imaginative Disney manner—parade across the screen.

In the end Donald Duck gives Zoot Suit Duck a swift kick that sends him right through the swinging doors of a saloon. And these doors, incidentally, ingeniously form a swastika.

Your Reviewer Says: It's fun paying off for Uncle Sam.

✓✓ The Immortal Sergeant (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The quiet heroism of a group of soldiers in the Libyan wasteland.

COULD it be that our emotions swayed our judgment in this heart-piercing story of a small band of straggling British soldiers lost in the Libyan desert? We think not, for, looking back, we find ourselves unable to forget the performance of Henry Fonda, a bewildered, shy, young Canadian corporal who, upon the death of his sergeant, Thomas Mitchell, leads the remnant of his little band back to safety after a triumphant victory.

Hard-bitten and harder boiled is Mitchell as the sergeant whose voice after death (which renders him immortal) urges Fonda on. Fonda's role is tailor-made, one he can be proud of as his last contribution before enlistment.

Maureen O'Hara, the girl Fonda loves (the courtship is related in flashbacks) and almost loses to Reginald Gardiner, has little to do but looks so beautiful.

Allyn Joslyn, Reginald Gardiner, Melville Cooper, Bramwell Fletcher and Morton Lowry play the soldiers. The sandstorm effect is particularly interesting.

Your Reviewer Says: A man's movie women will love.

✓ Johnny Doughboy (Republic)

It's About: Movie kids who put on a Victory show.

HERE'S Jane Withers's first picture since her exodus from Twentieth

PERMANENT WAVE



JUNE LANG

Glamorous Movie Star praises CHARM-KURL. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

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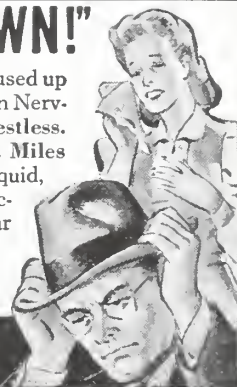
"I've Got Troubles of My OWN!"

DIDN'T SLEEP last night—a hard day ahead and "she" had used up all the Dr. Miles Nervine. Dr. Miles Nervine helps him when Nervous Tension makes him Wakeful, Irritable, Excitable and Restless.

Perhaps it would help you. Why don't you try it? Get Dr. Miles Nervine (Liquid or Effervescent tablets) at your drug store—Liquid, 25¢ and \$1.00, Effervescent Tablets, 35¢ and 75¢. Read directions and use only as directed. We guarantee satisfaction or your money back.

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Now Mother's
Hair is Lovely
Blonde, Too!



New 11 - Minute Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blondes everywhere use BLONDEX, the new 11-minute home shampoo made specially for blondes. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out glorious golden highlights. Safe even for children's hair. Costs little to use. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

Century-Fox and, we are happy to say, cheers are in order. Jane, at least, has a picture part worthy of her talents and goes to town in a big way in a dual role, if you please.

Jane plays both the role of the movie star, tired of being cast as a child on the screen, and a youngster from Nebraska, who has won a contest as Jane's closest double. When such former kid stars as Bobby Breen, "Spanky" McFarland, Robert Coogan (Jackie's brother), "Alfalfa" Switzer and Cora Sue Collins yearn to put on a Junior Victory Caravan show for the servicemen, they appeal to movie star Jane to help. But the star is in hiding from her studio in a pout. That's when her fan double takes over and persuades Jane to help.

Jane's own discovery, Patrick Brook, is a juvenile worth watching. He's talented, good-looking and strictly hep. The music has a "cute" flavor and everything about the show is all to the good.

Your Reviewer Says: Johnny Dough at the box office.

✓ Silver Skates (Monogram)

It's About: Romance on blades.

MONOGRAM's first A production is a really fine movie, one of the best skating revues yet produced. The work of ice star Belita is show-stopping and the clowning of Frick and Frack on ice a riot. Nothing has been spared in sets or performances to make this a fine bit of entertainment. Tenor Kenny Baker, formerly of the Fred Allen air show, who pretends love for Belita to keep her with the show, sings engagingly. Patricia Morison as Baker's real heart and owner of the show is so good.

Belita's skating partner, Eugene Turner, along with tiny Irene Dare and Danny Shaw are marvels on ice.

Your Reviewer Says: Worth the money and worth your time.

Laugh Your Blues Away (Columbia)

It's About: A scheming social - minded matron whose plans go blooey.

OH, DEAR, what is this about, anyway? The beautiful Jinx Falkenburg kept getting in the way of the fragile plot to such an extent we had little or no idea of what was going on. That's how strongly the young lady registered.

Isobel Elsom plays one of those silly matrons who tries to marry off her son to the daughter of a visiting millionaire and hires twelve guests, among them Bert Gordon and Jinx as phony Russians, to impress her victims. Nobody was impressed, especially not the audience. Douglass Drake does some good work.

Your Reviewer Says: See this and get the blues.

✓ The Crystal Ball (Cinema Guild-U. A.)

It's About: Two women and one man.

DEARIE me, how gay, how lively we are this evening. Sprightly dialogue flies around like pin wheels, sending off sparks in all directions.

Paulette Goddard, fresh in New York, is befriended by soothsayer Gladys George who helps her join up with Cecil

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Relieve CONSTIPATION!

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MAY PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR ON SALE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7TH

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the May and subsequent issues of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will appear upon the newsstands at a slightly later date than heretofore. PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR for May will go on sale Wednesday, April 7th. On that date step up to your newsstand and say "A copy of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR please." and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.

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WHEN you are suffering from Headache, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Pains or Functional Monthly Pains, you not only feel uncomfortable—you look uncomfortable. Why don't you try **Dr. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS** for prompt relief? Regular package 25c. Economy package \$1.00. Read directions. Use only as directed.

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10 Days Trial
SEND NO MONEY. War conditions make supply limited. Write today.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 18-T, Jefferson, Iowa

Kellaway in a shooting gallery. And then Paulette gets those wide blue eyes on Ray Milland, who accompanies Virginia Field to the crystal ball gazer, and determines to take him away from Fieldsey. Boy, oh boy, does she! William Bendix as Milland's chauffeur is terrific. In fact, the entire picture abounds with good performances—especially that of Miss Field.

Your Reviewer Says: We foresee a good laugh coming to you.

Cinderella Swings It (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A homey philosopher who puts over a stage-struck singer.

MY, MY, how Scattergood Baines wanders out of his territory. For instance, what's he doing putting on a U.S.O. show in order to help Gloria Warren win a place in a New York show and even guiding her from classical to jive music? It's not like Scattergood to be so ubiquitous. It mixes us all up. Guy Kibbee, as usual, is Scattergood. Leonid Kinskey plays the music teacher.

Your Reviewer Says: We didn't think too much of it.

Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour (Paramount)

It's About: The boy eternal goes to Hollywood and returns home a glamour lad.

HENRY, played as usual by Jimmy Lydon, wins a magazine contest that takes him to Hollywood where he has lunch with movie star Frances Gifford. Henry is also photographed kissing the star and returns home to find himself a sought-after glamour boy. When Miss Gifford makes an appearance near Henry's home town he escorts her to the high-school dance and whewie!

Henry's father keeps trying to run for the candidacy of the Welfare Commission all through the thing, but what chance has poor old dad, played very well by John Litel, against Henry? Charles Smith is Dizzy and Gail Russell is the town belle.

Your Reviewer Says: Dizzy is right!

Quiet Please, Murder (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: Murder in a library.

GEORGE SANDERS is a thief of rare editions which he reprints and has sold by his aide, Gail Patrick. A library guard is murdered during the theft and, with the entrance of German agents, complications set in and so do more murders. Rigor mortis set in with us, despite the fine acting of Sanders. Yoi, what a mixup!

Your Reviewer Says: Put back that book, buddy.

✓ Three Hearts For Julia (M-G-M)

It's About: A woman musician and her loving husband.

ANN SOTHERN is a member of an all-girl orchestra who resents the sudden and prolonged absences of her foreign correspondent husband Melvyn



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Captivating
GLAMOROUS...



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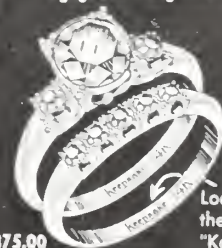
TRADITIONALLY, through five decades, genuine registered "Keepsake" Diamond Rings have graced the hands of America's loveliest brides. The "Keepsake" Certificate of Registration and Guarantee, and the nationally established price on the tag are assurances of quality and value. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler... from \$50 to \$2500.



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Please send the book "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding", with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings", illustrations of "Keepsake" Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

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PMM4-43

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Douglas. That Mr. Douglas is merely pursuing his duties fails to daunt Ann. But Lee Bowman and Richard Ainley, both smitten with Annie and her violin, sway her into deciding against continuing her marriage to Mr. Douglas, who has ideas of his own on the subject and brings the entire silly proceedings to a pretty little finish.

Marta Linden, fellow violinist, is so very good. Felix Bressart, the guest conductor, who nearly swoons when he discovers his musicians are all women, is priceless. The music, incidentally, makes good listening.

Your Reviewer Says: Monkeydoodles set to music.

Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon (Universal)

It's About: The famous detective who again foils Axis spies.

DEAR me, how *Sherlock Holmes* does get around. In this episode we have the famous sleuth, played as usual by Basil Rathbone, and his faithful friend, Doctor Watson (Nigel Bruce), blocking Nazi agents in their attempt to steal the four separate parts that make up the whole of a secret bombsight belonging to the British.

The deciphering of an involved cryptic code, revealing the whereabouts of the secret weapon, is an interesting highlight.

Lionel Atwill, as usual, plays the enemy.

Your Reviewer Says: Give it the needle, Watson.

Eyes Of the Underworld (Universal)

It's About: A police officer with a past.

WENDY BARRIE, a secretary, is in love with her boss, police chief Richard Dix, a widower with a little son, Billy Lee. When Dix gets after "hot car and tire" racketeers they threaten to expose the fact the officer himself has a prison record. Miss Barrie and Don Porter, special investigator, foil the crooks and clear Dix of the charges.

Lon Chaney is a standout as Dix's faithful chauffeur. He really makes that bit add up to a hundred.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing new has been added.

Kid Dynamite (Monogram)

It's About: The Dead End kids who go at it again.

AS USUAL, Leo Gorcey is a bully and a poor loser to Bobby (long hair) Jordan who eventually turns on Gorcey and beats him to a pulp, saving us the trouble. Gabriel Dell and Huntz Hall are all over the picture. Pamela Blake and Bennie Bartlett are mixed up in it, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Roll over and play dead, kids.

✓ The Meanest Man In The World (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A nice guy who pretends to turn mean.

JACK BENNY and his ever-faithful Rochester are always good for a laugh and, true to form, in this noticeably short movie they reap, if not hearty guffaws, several healthy chuckles. It could have been bigger, better and funnier, but it isn't, so what?

Benny is a small-town lawyer in love with Priscilla Lane and honest to the point of starvation. At the instigation of Priscilla's father, Matt Briggs, Benny goes to New York to reap success. He's a flop until Rochester hits on the idea of Benny's getting himself publicized as the meanest man in the world and immediately success hits him on the head.

Edmund Gwenn is wasted in a bit role. Anne Revere and Margaret Seddon are fine actresses. Rochester, as usual, is very funny.

Your Reviewer Says: A funny demitasse

Truck Busters (Warners)

It's About: Battle between independent and organized trucksters.

THE independent truck drivers, led by Richard Travis, resist the efforts of Don Costello and his mob of organized racketeers to run them out of business. Instead, they run the audience right out of the theater. Travis nearly gets killed, someone stepped on our new hat and a woman behind us ate peanuts all through the fight scenes.

Your Reviewer Says: If we didn't get paid for this—

HOLLYWOOD SERVICE FLAG

Late Additions



George
Montgomery

A tribute to Hollywood men in uniform is found on pages 46 and 47 of this issue. Just before Photoplay-Movie Mirror presses began to run, these men, too, became members of the armed forces.



Jack Holt

The first Hollywood star to give his life for his country was Phillips Holmes, pictured on page 46.



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Cast of Current Pictures

AIR FORCE—Warners: Pilot (Capt. Michael A. Quincannon), John Ridgely; Co-Pilot (Lieut. William Wagner Williams), Gig Young; Bombardier (Lieut. T. C. McMartin), Arthur Kennedy; Navigator (Lieut. M. W. Hansen), Charles Drake; Crete Chief (Sgt. R. L. Huter), Harry Carey, Asst. Crete Chief (Corp. B. B. Weinberg), George Tobias; Radiator Operator (Corp. Gustave Peterson), Ward Wood; Asst. Radio Operator (Pvt. Henry W. Chester), Ray Montgomery; Aerial Gunner (Sgt. J. B. Winick), John Garfield; Pursuit Pilot (Passenger) (Lieut. T. A. Radin), James Brown; Major Mallory, Stanley Ridges; Colonel Willard Robertson; Commanding Officer, Moroni Olson; Sgt. J. J. Callahan, Edward S. Brophy; Major W. G. Roberts, Richard Lane; Lieut. P. T. Moran; Bill Crago; Susan McMartin, Faye Emerson; Major Daniels, Addison Richards; Major A. M. Bagley, James Flavin; Mary Quincannon, Ann Doran; Mrs. Chester, Dorothy Peterson.

AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY, THE—Universal: Ruth Kirke, Deanna Durbin; Tom Holliday, Edmond O'Brien; Timothy, Barry Fitzgerald; Henderson, Arthur Treacher; Lucy, Esther Dale; Commodore Holliday, Harry Davenport; Karen, Frieda Inescort; Louise, Elisabeth Risdon; Edgar, Grant Mitchell; Dr. Kirke, J. Frank Hamilton; Rodney, Christopher Severn; Elizabeth, Yvonne Severn; Anna, Milla Rich; Vido, Vido Rich; Mari, Diane Dubois; Pepe, Billy Ward; Teddy, Teddy Infuhr; Winifred, Linda Bieber; Chinese baby, Michael Chann; Jeff Adams, Gus Schilling; Ferguson, Jonathan Hale; Maid, Marie Osborne.

CHETNIKS—20th Century-Fox: General Draja Mihailovitch, Philip Dorn; Lubica Mihailovitch, Anna Sten; Alexis, John Shepperd; Natalia, Virginia Gilmore; Colonel Brockner, Martin Kosleck; General von Bauer, Felix Basch; Major Danilov, Frank Lackteen; Nada, Patricia Prest; Mirko, Merrill Rodin; Captain Sazo, Leroy Mason.

CHINA GIRL—20th Century-Fox: Miss Young, Gene Tierney; Johnny Williams, George Montgomery; Major Weed, Victor McLaglen; Captain Fifi, Lynn Bari; Flyer Jones, Alan Baxter; Jarubi, Sig Ruman; Shorty, Myron McCormick; Entertainer, Ann Pennington; Chinese Boy, Bobby Blake; Flyer Haynes, Tom Neal; Dr. Young, Philip Ahn; Japanese Officer, Chester Gan; Major Hirati, Allen Juang; Japanese Colonel, Paul Fung; Japanese Officer, Kam Tong; Desk Clerk, Lal Chaud Mehra; Sergeant, Beal Wong; Mrs. Foo, Oie Chan.

CINDERELLA SWINGS IT—RKO-Radio: Scattergood Baines, Guy Kibbee; Betty Palmer, Gloria Warren; Sally Burton, Helen Parrish; Tommy Steuart, Dick Hogan; Vladimir Smittin, Leonid Kinskey; Butch and Buddy, Billy Lenhart and Kenneth Brown; Pliny Pickett, Dink Trout; Hipp, Willy Best; Brock Harris, Pierre Watkin; Ed Potts, Lee "Lasses" White; Clara Potts, Fern Emmett; Lem, Ed Waller; Madame Dolores, Kay Linaker; Secretary, Christine McIntyre; Tap Dancer, Grace Costello.

CRYSTAL BALL, THE—Cinema Guild U.A.: Toni Gerard, Paulette Goddard; Brad Caranough, Ray Milland; Jo Ainsley, Virginia Field; Madame Zenobia, Gladys George; Biff Carter, William Bendix; Pop Tibbets, Cecil Kellaway; Foster, Mary Field; Dusty, Frank Conlan; Mr. Martin, Ernest Truex; Mrs. Martin, Iris Adrian; "Lady With A Pekinese", Mabel Paige; Mrs. Harlan Smythe, Regina Wallace; Leonard, Peter Jamieson; Brad Caranough's Secretary, Faye Helm; Government Investigator, Don Douglas; Stukov, Nestor Paiva; A Waiter at Stukov's, Sig Arno.

EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal: Bryan, Richard Dix; Betty, Wendy Barrie; Benny, Lon Chaney; Jason, Don Porter; Mickey, Billy Lee; Finch, Marc Lawrence; Merlin, Ed Pawley; Clancy, Wade Boteler; Gelscy, Gaylord Pendleton; Thomas, Lloyd Corrigan; Principal, Emmett Vogan; Kirby, Joe Crehan; Donald, Sunny Bupp.

FOREVER AND A DAY—RKO-Radio: Gates T. Pomfret, Kent Smith; Asst. Hotel Manager, Reginald Gardiner; Sparin, Victor McLaglen; Cobby, Billy Bevan; Second Watcher, Arthur Treacher; Lesley Trimble, Ruth Warrick; Curate, Herbert Marshall; Admiral Trimble, C. Aubrey Smith; Stubbs, Edmund Gwenn; Bill, Ray Milland; Mrs. Trimble, Dame May Whitty; Cobblesick, Gene Lockhart; Miriam, Anna Neagle; Pomfret, Claude Rains; Mildred Trimble, Jessie Matthews; Simpson, Reginald Owen; Dexter, Ian Hunter; Hardwick, Charles Laughton; Dabb, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Bride, Anna Lee; Son, Patric Knowles; Sir Anthony, Edward Everett Horton; Lady Trimble-Pomfret, Isobel Elsom; Julia, June Duprez; Augustus, Wendell Hulet; Jeremy, Ida Lupino; Jim, Brian Aherne; Marjorie, Merle Oberon; Mrs. Ismay, Una O'Connor; Major Garraway, Nigel Bruce; Mamie, Elsa Lanchester; Blind Officer, Robert Coote; V. A. D. Girl, June Barringer; Roland Young; Mrs. Barringer, Gladys Cooper; Ned Trimble, Robert Cummings; Captain Martin, Donald Crisp.

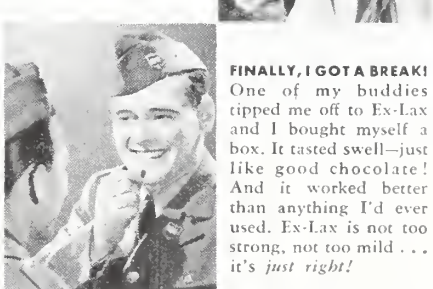
HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR—Paramount: Henry Aldrich, Jimmy Lydon; Dizzy Stevens, Charles Smith; Mr. Aldrich, John Lel; Mrs. Aldrich, Olive Blakeney; Phyllis, Michael Diana Lynn; Hilary, Dane, Frances Gifford; Virginia Lowry, Gail Russell; Mr. Bradley, Vaughn Glaser.



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JOHNNY DOUGHBOY—Republic: *Ann Winters, Penelope Ryan, Jane Withers; Oliver Lawrence, Henry Wilcoxon; Johnny Kelly, Patrick Brook; Harry Fabian, William Demarest; "Biggy" Bigsforth, Ruth Donnelly; Mammy, Etta McDaniell; Jennifer, Joline Westbrook; and Members of the 20 Minus Club.*

KEEPER OF THE FLAME—M-G-M: *Steven O'Malley, Spencer Tracy; Christine Forrest, Katharine Hepburn; Clive Kynard, Richard Whorf; Mrs. Forrest, Margaret Wycherly; Geoffrey Midford, Forrest Tucker; Dr. Fielding, Frank Craven; Freddie Ridges, Horace McNally; Orion Peabody, Percy Kilbride; Jane Harding, Audrey Christie; Jeb Richards, Darryl Hickman; Mr. Arbutnot, Donald Meek; Jason Richards, Howard da Silva; Piggot, William Newell.*

KID DYNAMITE—Monogram: *Mugs, Leo Gorcey; Glimpy, Huntz Hall; Danny, Bobby Jordan; Wycoff, Gabriel Dell; Ivy, Pamela Blake; Scruto, Sammy Morrison; Beanie, Bennie Bartlett; Skinny, Dave Durand; Stoney, Bobby Stone; Mrs. McGinnis, Daphne Pollard; Klinkhammer, Vince Barnett; Glendick, Henry Hall.*

LAUGH YOUR BLUES AWAY—Columbia: *Pam Crasford, Jinx Falkenburg; Boris Rascolnikoff, Bert Gordon; Jimmy Westerly, Douglass Drake; Mrs. Westerly, Isabel Elsom; Mr. Westerly, George Lessey; Mrs. Conklin, Vivien Oakland; Mr. Conklin, Dick Elliott; Priscilla Conklin, Phyllis Kennedy; Wilfred, Robert Greig.*

MARGIN FOR ERROR—20th Century-Fox: *Sophie Baumer, Joan Bennett; Moe Finkelstein, Milton Berle; Karl Baumer, Otto Preminger; Baron Max Von Alvenstor, Carl Esmond; Otto Horst, Howard Freeman; Frieda, Poldy Dur; Dr. Jennings, Clyde Fillmore; Solomon, Joe Kirk; Fritz, Hans Von Twardowski; Saboteurs, Ted North; Elmer Jack Semple; J. Norton Dunn; Kurk Moeller, Hans Schumm; Captain Mulrooney, Ed. McNamara; Coroner, Selmer Jackson.*

MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Richard Clark, Jack Benny; Janie, Priscilla Lane; Shufro, Rochester; Frederick P. Leggett, Edmund Gwenn; Mr. Brown, Matt Briggs; Kitty Crockett, Anne Revere; Mrs. Leggett, Margaret Seddon; Wife, Helene Reynolds; Husband, Don Douglas; Mr. Chambers, Harry Hayden; Mr. Billings, Arthur Loft; Judge, Andrew Tombes; Farmer, Paul Burns.*

NO TIME FOR LOVE—Paramount: *Katherine, Claudette Colbert; Jim Ryan, Fred MacMurray; Henry Fulton, Paul McGrath; Hoppy, Ilka Chase; Darlene, June Haver; Roger, Richard Haydn; Sophie, Marjorie Gateson; Kent, Robert Herrick; Dunbar, Morton Lowry.*

QUIET PLEASE, MURDER—20th Century-Fox: *Fleg, George Sanders; Myra Blandy, Gail Patrick; McByrne, Richard Denning; Kay, Lynne.*

Roberts; Martin Clearer, Sidney Blackmer; Palsen, Kurt Katch; Miss Oval, Margaret Brayton; Hollis, Charles Tannen; Mr. Walpole, Byron Foulger; Vance, Arthur Space; Benson, George Wolcott; Webley, Chick Collins; Stock Boy, Bud McCallister; Gannett, Bud Geart; Stover, Harold R. Goodwin; Detective, James Farley; Policeman, Jack Cheatham; Housewife, Minerva Urecal; Husband, Bert Roach; Rebuscu, Paul Porcasi; Lucas, Theodore von Eltz.

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—Hitchcock Skirball: *Young Charlie, Teresa Wright; Uncle Charlie, Joseph Cotten; Jack Graham, MacDonald Carey; Joseph Newton, Henry Travers; Emma Newton, Patricia Collinge; Herbie Haskins, Hume Cronyn; Fred Saunders, Wallace Ford; Ann Newton, Edna May Monacott; Roger Newton, Charles Bates; Station Master, Irving Bacon; Pullman Porter, Clarence Muse; Louise, Janet Shaw; Catherine, Estelle Jewell.*

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET WEAPON—Universal: *Sherlock Holmes, Basil Rathbone; Watson, Nigel Bruce; Chorlton, Kaaren Verne; Moriarty, Lionel Atwill; Lestrade, Dennis Hoey; Peg Leg, Harold DeBecker; Dr. Tobel, William Post, Jr.; Mrs. Hudson, Mary Gordon; Muelker, Paul Fix; Brown, Robt. O. Davis; Sir Reginald, Holmes Herbert; Brady, Harry Cording; Kurt, Phillip Van Zandt.*

SILVER SKATES—Monogram: *Danny, Kenny Baker; Claire, Patricia Morison; Eddie, Frank Feylen; Lucille, Joyce Compton; Hayes, Paul McVey; Doorman, Donald Kerr; Mrs. Martin, Ruth Lee; Maid, Ruby Dandridge; Belita, Belita; Kotrina, Irene Dare; Billie, Danny Shaw; Ice Specialties, Eugene Turner, George Stewart, Jo Ann Dean; Tom, Henry Wadsworth; Clerk, Jack Rice; Frick and Frack by themselves; Ted Fio Rito and His Orchestra and Candy Candido.*

THEY GOT ME COVERED—Goldwyn RKO: *Robert Kittredge, Bob Hope; Christina Hill, Dorothy Lamour; Mrs. Vanscu, Lenore Aubert; Fauschheim, Otto Preminger; Boldanacco, Edward Ciannelli; Gloria, Marion Martin; Little Old Man, Donald Meek; Sally, Phyllis Ruth; Nichimuro, Philip Ahn; Mason, Donald MacBride; Helen, Mary Treen; Mildred, Bettye Avery; Lucille, Margaret Hayes; Laura, Mary Byrne; Holtz, William Yetter; Faber, Henry Guttman; Gypsy Woman, Florence Bates; Hotel Manager, Walter Catlett; Vonescu, John Abbott; Red, Frank Sully; Mussolini, Joe Devlin.*

THREE HEARTS FOR JULIA—M-G-M: *Julio Scabrook, Ann Sothern; Jeff Scabrook, Melvyn Douglas; David Torrance, Lee Bowman; Philip Barrows, Richard Ainley; Autou Ottoway, Felix Bressart; Moy Elton, Maria Linden; John Girard, Reginald Owen; Mattie, Marietta Canty.*

TRUCK BUSTERS—Warners: *Casey Dorgan, Richard Travis; Eddie Watkins, Virginia Christine; Jimmy Dorgan, Charles Lang; Pearl, Ruth Ford; Limcy, Richard Fraser; Dave Todd, Michael Ames; Police Captain Gear, Frank Wilcox; Bonetti, Don Costello; Al Wilson, Rex Williams; Joe Moore, Bill Crago; Scrappy O'Brien, Monte Blue; Tim Shaughnessy, Bill Kennedy; Stephen S. Gay, William B. Davidson; Andy Panopulos, George Humbert; Babe, Peggy Diggins; Marie, John Harmon; District Attorney Danton, John Maxwell; Mack, Glenn Cavender.*



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Get Camay and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Give up those improper cleansing methods. Once you change to Camay... you'll see dry flakiness, oiliness, roughness lessen.

Feel the softer, *smoother* touch of your skin. Be faithful to Camay... day-by-day, you'll see your skin is lovelier... till new beauty is yours!



YOU... and the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

You do this:

—IF YOUR SKIN'S DRY!

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—IF YOUR SKIN'S OILY

Twice daily, use Camay lather—with a rough cloth. Concentrate on nose, chin. Rinse warm. Splash cold—30 seconds!

—IF YOUR SKIN'S NORMAL

Lucky lady—risk no soap less mild than Camay. This twice-a-day beauty cleansing just suits you.



Camay does this:

—LEAVES SKIN SM-O-O-TH!

Camay's mild lather helps smooth away that dry flaky roughness. Leaves skin fresher, softer-textured.

—HELPS SKIN LOOK CLEAR!

For Camay's *thorough* cleansing reduces oiliness. Leaves your skin looking more radiantly fresh and clear.

—EVEN A LOVELIER COMPLEXION!

Day-by-day, the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, based on skin specialists' advice, wakens your skin to more sparkling beauty.

"How happy I am that I followed the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Camay's mild lather—twice daily—works wonders for me. My skin has never been so lovely. I've never been so happy," says Mrs. A. T. Perrin, Woodside, N. Y.



Trade Mark
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Smile,
Plain Girl,
Smile..

...the Crowd will follow a Lovely Smile!

Let your smile win you friends and happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HEART, plain girl—and smile! The popular girl isn't always the best-looking one. Charm and personality take as many bouquets as beauty—and a bright, flashing, heart-winning smile can be your talisman to charm.

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a shy, timid smile—that fades almost before it's born. But a big, appealing smile that turns heads, captures hearts—that's an invitation to romance!

For that kind of a smile you need

bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. But remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on *firm, healthy gums*.

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If there's ever a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums, helps them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



A hit attraction—that's the girl with a sparkling smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile lovely!

Start today with



Product of
Bristol-Myers

IPANA and MASSAGE



Playing at the Astor Theatre, the motion picture showcase of Broadway, is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film that—even as we go to press—is shaking the grapes on the vine with tremulous excitement.

It has a big title—"The Human Comedy"—and it is a big picture.

No—it isn't a "Gone With The Wind". It's physically smaller but humanly larger. It isn't about who kissed who or who stole the papers.

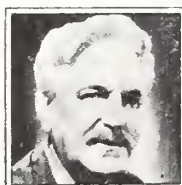
It's about people—real people—human people—American people—all people.

Involved are adventure, romance, feeling, beauty, decency, understanding and all the words like that in the thesaurus.

This leads us to that curious phenomenon of the arts—William Saroyan who wrote "The Human Comedy".

He is the man who baffled and entertained Broadway with such unusual plays as "My Heart's in the Highlands", "The Beautiful People" and "The Time of Your Life". "The Human Comedy" is better than all his plays, better than all the Saroyan stories.

Clarence Brown produced and directed the film with loving care. He says that the picture is inherently his best. Clarence doesn't boast. He meant that the picture's content inspired him.



Mickey Rooney gives an artist's performance as Homer Macauley, the messenger boy. Frank Morgan as Willie Grogan, the telegraph operator, is perfection itself.

One could tell about the entire cast; tell about every single episode in the film. It's that interesting and true.

May we suggest that you write this column a letter after you've seen the film. We hope it is playing in your town today so that we'll hear from you soon.

Someone once criticized the films for not giving the true picture of the best side of American life. We'd like to hear from that chap after he sees "The Human Comedy".

We laughed—we cried—we cheered.

Even a lion is human.

—Lea



PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

MAY, 1943

VOL. 22, NO. 6

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COVER: Veronica Lake, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Dangerous Curves Ahead!

Lana
TURNER

"Cinderella came
out from behind her
soda counter! She'll
look adorable in
satins and sables!"

Robert
YOUNG

Slightly
DANGEROUS

WITH

WALTER BRENNAN

DAME MAY WHITTY • EUGENE PALLETTE • ALAN MOWBRAY

Screen Play by Charles Lederer and George Oppenheimer

Based Upon a Story by Ian McLellan Hunter and Aileen Hamilton

Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

OF COURSE - IT'S
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER





Any Bonds Today?



Humphrey Bogart



Ann Sheridan



Paul Henreid



Ida Lupino



Dennis Morgan



Bette Davis



Gig Young



Olivia de Havilland



Errol Flynn



Joan Leslie

WAR has focused a bright spotlight on you, the movie-goer of America, revealing you not as a thoughtless, frivolous seeker of escape, but as a generous, eager American.

In the months since the tide of war engulfed our country, you movie-goers have been called upon for help by the USO, the Army and Navy Relief, the Infantile Paralysis Drive, the United Nations Fund, the March of Dimes, the Red Cross.

You—some 80,000,000 of you—responded with millions of your dollars. The nation quickly learned that when assistance was urgently needed, it could turn with confidence to you Movie-goers, Incorporated.

In March our Treasury Department, which holds the financial responsibility to save the war on the home front while our armed forces win it on foreign fields, completed the first full War Bond drive. Now America must be persuaded not to spend the \$15,000,000,000 in excess purchasing power that its citizens will have in their pockets this year but to divert a major part of this astronomical sum into the purchase of Bonds.

So the Treasury has come to you for your help in this drive. And it seemed to us that now was the time to pay the nation's respects to you and to make possible a reward for your unstinted generosity. That is why we have this to announce:

In co-operation with Warner Brothers studios, PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will send an 8 x 10 portrait of any one of the ten stars you see pictured on this page with an individually autographed message from the star to you, free of charge, to everyone who will buy one War Savings Bond (\$18.75). Of course, if you want more than one autographed picture, send your money for the corresponding number of Bonds.

For each one of you who buys a Bond to save your way to victory, PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR says: Simply fill out the coupon below, send it to PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, with your money order or check enclosed, and accept the congratulations of your editors and fellow Americans.

Fred R. Sammis

I Want A Free Autographed Portrait of

(fill in the name of any one—or more, if you're buying more than one Bond—of the 10 stars on this page)

SEND IT TO

..... (your name)

..... (your address)

Here is my \$ for United States War Savings Bond (or Bonds), to be issued to me by PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, an authorized agency of the Treasury.

Signed

A Movie-goer of America.

TAMARA WAS SEVENTEEN

This is a girl whom you'll be proud to know. Her story is told you now—



By

Charles Bofer

AS I looked back upon the momentous events of this war there is one thought that stands out vividly in my mind: We in America have been saved from the horror of falling bombs only because others in Europe and in Asia have suffered and fought valiantly, offering their lives that the entire world may be free.

Who can deny that today the people of Russia deserve a very special place in our hearts? For it is the Russian people who have broken the Nazi myth of invincibility.

Just think if you were Tamara Kalnina, the seventeen-year-old Russian girl who saved fifteen Red Army men, when an ambulance was bombed and set on fire. The ambulance driver was killed, but Tamara entered the burning ambulance fifteen times, bringing out a wounded man each time. Then, exhausted and covered with burns herself, she crawled to a field hospital for help. What if there she had found no tannic acid to treat her burns nor sulfa drugs to heal the wounded men so that they could return again to fight?

She does not ask for it—but Russia's Tamara needs our help. She needs the precious serums, the pain-killing drugs, the wonder-working vaccines and surgical instruments that can come only from America. It is these desperately needed medical supplies that Russian War Relief is sending—and seeds, too, to replant the earth, and concentrated food, warm clothing and milk for Russia's children—Tamara's sisters and brothers.

Let us give them some tangible evidence of our sympathy. By helping our Russian allies we are saving the lives of our own people—and we are hastening the ultimate victory!

*The Name
of their Love
was Mary Ann!*

HOW THEY LOVED HER
AND HOW PROUD OF
THEIR LOVE THEY WERE
—THE NINE MEN OF
THE FLYING FORTRESS
CALLED 'MARY ANN'...

"As whopping a story
as ever you're likely
to see!"

—NEW YORK TIMES

Presented by
**WARNER
BROS.**

in the
entertainment
standard of
"Yankee Doodle
Dandy" and
"Casablanca"

AIR FORCE

"WILL BE ONE OF THE YEAR'S TEN BEST!"
LIFE MAGAZINE

JACK L. WARNER Executive Producer

NOW SHOWING NATIONALLY

PRODUCED BY

HAL B. WALLIS

THE PLAYERS INCLUDE: JOHN GARFIELD
GIG YOUNG • HARRY CAREY • GEO. TOBIAS
ARTHUR KENNEDY • JAS. BROWN • JOHN
RIDGELY • SCREEN PLAY: DUDLEY NICHOLS

HOWARD HAWKS

PRODUCTION



Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Plural into singular: Judy Garland, separated from Dave Rose, grins and bears it at Ciro's with Bud McTaggart and Bob Sterling; while Dave sings professional love songs to Dinah Shore at the Hollywood Canteen

Proboscis gets a permanent: The famous Hope profile is, with the help of Dorothy Lamour, consigned to cement fame forever



THOUGHTS in Passing: Too bad Mary Martin, who has departed for New York and a play, was so disappointed in her movie career . . . It's good to see Luise Rainer back again. Luise is on the Paramount lot making "Hostages" . . . Wonder what the fans will think of Nelson Eddy as a brunet in "Phantom Of The Opera?" . . . Bob Hope's nose prints in the forecourt of the Grauman's Chinese Theater will surely please the tourists, if we ever have tourists again . . . Cesar Romero and Phyllis Brooks seem an unlikely combination somehow . . . Odd that that actor who so neatly typifies the average American carries his liquor so badly as to be horizontal most of the time . . . Just what is Jackie Cooper's Army status anyway? . . . If you only knew the real reason for the recent separation of that Hollywood couple and the secret man in her life you'd scream out loud . . . We love the sign Kay Aldridge has on the door of her motel, "Nobody allowed in without a wedding ring" . . . Too bad the friendship between Maureen O'Hara and Martha O'Driscoll had to be broken up first time the two appeared in "The Fallen Sparrow." The feud began over who got which scene.

Romance Lane: Kay Kyser seems to have forgotten all about Ginny Simms since lovely Georgia Carroll came into his life. They say it's nearing the ring stage . . .

The tall, dark and beauteous Gail Patrick is also a daily visitor at the bedside of Freeman Gosden (Amos of the Amos and Andy team) who is ill in a hospital. These two seem to possess a warm friendship, but Gail says it ends there. Friends think differently . . .

They say Tommy Dorsey is the object of Pat Dane's affections and Pat's plenty "booful" and alluring . . .

Susan Peters may be Mrs. Richard Quine even before you read this. Susan, up for an Academy Award for her performance in "Random Harvest," nearly broke her heart over Phil Terry before he married Joan Crawford. And now little Susan is about to become a Joanie Crawford of the screen in her own right.

(Continued on page 8)

"I HAVE A HUNCH I'VE STARTED SOMETHING"

says

Hunt Stromberg

THE first few pages of Gypsy Rose Lee's "THE G STRING MURDERS" convinced me that here was something new in screen material. The farther I read, the more excited I became. The story had pace, excitement, and a robust humor. Above all, it had colorful characters that were made to live on the screen. The burlesque background was different, intriguing, and lustily alive.

Wait till you hear her sing "Take it off the E-string, play it on the G-string".



Newcomer to watch
MICHAEL O'SHEA
as the Burlesque
Comedian

SO I've made the picture and you'll be seeing it soon under the title "LADY OF BURLESQUE".

THE mystery murder plot has something of the quality that made Nick and Nora Charles your favorite people in "The Thin Man." When I produced that picture I had a hunch you'd want more "Thin Man" pictures—and you did. And now when you see Barbara Stanwyck as Dixie Daisy I think you'll want more of the same. Also there's a newcomer named Michael O'Shea who looks like a find to me. As a matter of fact, there are three or four who'll bear watching.

OF course every producer gets enthusiastic about his latest picture—but please take my word for it—"I have a hunch I've started something".

MURDERER'S ROW?



HUNT STROMBERG presents

BARBARA STANWYCK

in

*Lady OF
BURLESQUE*

with **MICHAEL O'SHEA** and

J. EDWARD BROMBERG • CHARLES DINGLE • FRANK CONROY
GLORIA DICKSON • MARION MARTIN • IRIS ADRIAN • VICTORIA FAUST
PINKY LEE • FRANK FENTON • JANIS CARTER • EDDIE GORDON

Directed by **WILLIAM A. WELLMAN**

A HUNT STROMBERG PRODUCTION • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

THEY'RE COMING SOON TO
YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

TIME MAGAZINE RAVES ABOUT
GYPSY ROSE LEE'S BOOK:

"...lurid, witty... rich show business vocabulary and stage door gags... builds up to a hair-raising climax."

MUSIC...MYSTERY...MURDER!

Are You His DREAM GIRL



Your fighting man will remember the silky smoothness of your coiffure, the bewitching dash of your saucy ringlets. His heroine has no lanky locks, unruly wisps, or disordered curls to vex his military eye.



DeLong Bob Pins will keep your coiffure in order. With reasonable care, *they'll last indefinitely.* Use them adroitly, for the duration.

Strong Grip Won't Slip

One Does the Work of Several



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

★ ★ ★

Cary Grant tries out some favorite Grant jokes on the Hollywood Canteen guinea pigs before he springs them on our armed forces in England...



... Jinx Falkenburg gets Captain Keith Birkem in her corner, jokes all his worries away

Linda Loves Pev? The status of the Pev Marley-Linda Darnell romance is a puzzler. It's more than that, really. It's an issue, with those who say it's the real thing pitted against those who pooh-pooh it as a serious romance. Cal, who was prominent among the "pooh-pooh" group is about to bolt his party for the other side, despite the fact Miss Darnell herself has told us most emphatically it's not serious. But who races down to the depot before dawn's early light to greet Pev after a sojourn to the East? None but little Linda.

Who sends her flowers and messages when she's ill? Pev. And although the cameraman is twice her age their tastes are mutual. Linda likes to sketch, is interested in painting and art. So is Pev, who, incidentally, has been married twice before.

But here's one clue to the reason Cal believes Linda really cares. The art of "doodling" or the habit of drawing strange figures or markings while one is conversing on the telephone or listening to a lecture is a sure indication of the subconscious mind, so we're told. And Linda's subconscious works over-

time, for all her doodlings result in dozens upon dozens of little sketches—all of Pev Marley's face.

So, there you are.

Close Ups and Long Shots: Of all the epidemics that have swept over Hollywood (and heavens knows it has had its share of plagues) the strangest is this almost unanimous rush to altars of women in their comfortable thirties or forties with younger grooms—much, much younger in certain cases.

This special trend began with Jeanette MacDonald's marriage to Gene Raymond several years ago and has marched merrily on to the recent marriage of Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs, the twenty-two-year-old Marine. In between we have Barbara Stanwyck's marriage to Bob Taylor, the Tyrone Power-Annabella wedding, the marriage of Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden, the blendings of Norma Shearer and Marty Arrouge and Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson, on to the Joan Crawford-Phil Terry marriage. As soon as her divorce from Roger Pryor is final Ann Sothorn will probably wed younger Bob Sterling.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



DO YOUR BEST . . . AND

Be at your Best

THESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job—housewife, office employee, war worker—give it all you've got . . . do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life also. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best always. Look your neatest. Be your sweetest. Swap a smile for a tear. Trade a laugh for a frown. Don't let down. Keep smiling. Keep going. That's the way the boys at the front would like it.

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a

thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive test record against America's No. 1 health problem, the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath) when not of systemic origin.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo:

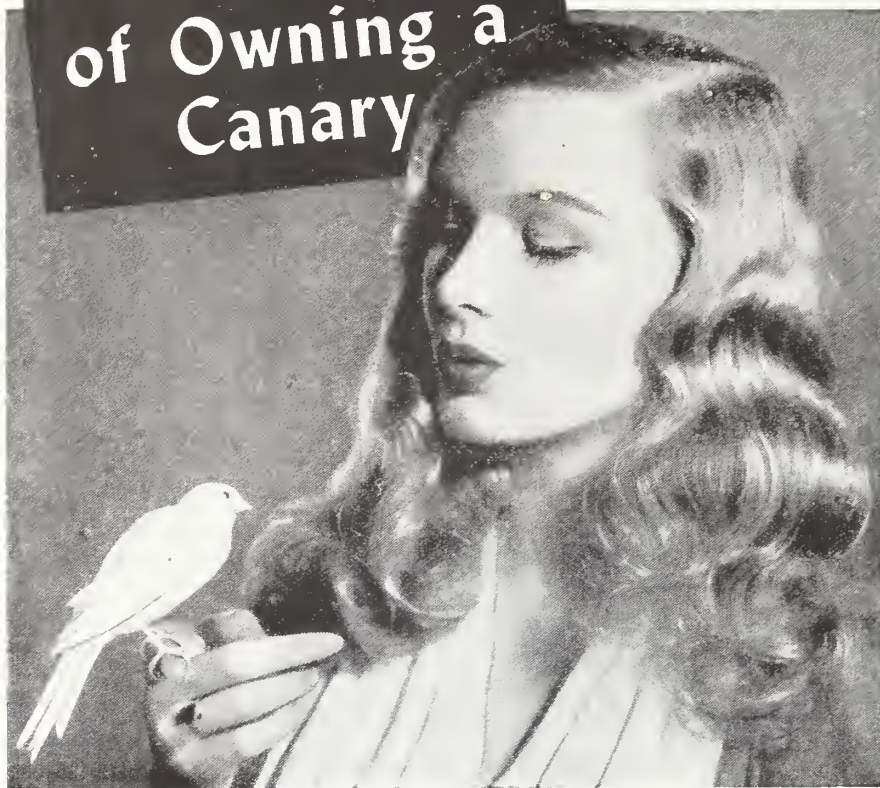


LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for Oral Hygiene

ATTENTION PLEASE: If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste you're missing something!

LET HOLLYWOOD'S STARS
LEAD YOU TO
**The Joy
of Owning a
Canary**



VERONICA LAKE Starring in "STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM" a Paramount Picture

More and more, the stars are taking canaries into their hearts and their homes. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby *sensation*! Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting spirits anew with his enchanting song.

A canary takes but little care, and gives matchless hours of loving companionship. Follow the lead of the Hollywood stars, and let a canary keep your heart buoyant amid the worries of these trying times!



Every lover of pets will want French's superb new book about Canaries, just off the press. Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail coupon with name and address.

SEND FOR **FREE** BOOK ON THE JOYS OF CANARY OWNERSHIP

MAIL THIS COUPON

THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY
2538 MUSTARD STREET
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send me "Keep a Song in Your Home" FREE

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Paste on penny postal card and mail)

OWN A CANARY—THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS

now of the Air Force, and Greer Garson still carries with her that license to wed the lad who played her son in "Mrs. Miniver," one Richard Ney.

The amazing (or maybe it isn't so amazing) thing about these marriages is that nine times out of ten they turn out happily while the younger women who marry men nearer their age find only unhappiness. Myrna Loy's marriage to the more mature Arthur Hornblow ended in divorce. Barbara Stanwyck was younger by several years than Frank Fay, but their marriage brought her only unhappiness. Ginger Roger's marriage to Lew Ayres ended in divorce as did Ann Sothorn's to Roger Pryor, both men being but a few years older than their wives.

So what's the answer? According to a famous psychologist, who begs to be nameless, the psychology of the sexes is rapidly undergoing a change and these Hollywood marriages are but an indication of this amazing transformation, with Hollywood pointing the way, as usual.

In Grandpa's day it was the man who approached age apprehensively. Then slowly but surely, it became apparent it was the woman who yearned more openly for perpetual youth. All over the world and almost overnight beauty parlors sprang up as well as establishments dedicated to the preserving of the body beautiful.

Hollywood women, who are among the most beautiful in the world and certainly the best groomed and most carefully preserved, have had the courage to take the initiative in this new trend. Physical attraction, of course, is a motivating factor, in some cases, but this time it's not Grandpa with his sly love affairs on the side who is doing the gallivanting.

Women today are cleaning up the "other woman" angle. Marriage with youth is making it all a more sane, sensible and certainly a more moral arrangement. So why shouldn't these lovely, intelligent women seek their mates among those whose minds are as young and healthy as their own?

Cupid Speaking to the Boys in Service: Ann Miller, heart-free and lovely, who spends all her spare time at Army camps, has gone back to brunette. Prefer her as a blonde, boys?

Betty Hutton broke her engagement and is looking around again. No crowding there, fellows.

Cupid clipped Carole Landis in London. But that won't interfere with her visit to camps in America very soon.

Dorothy Lamour, a steady visitor, is hardly recognizable, according to the boys at the Hollywood Canteen, without that sarong.

Eleanor Powell, who taps out Morse code messages over the radio to the Signal Corps lads, may marry actor Glenn Ford, and then again—

Frances Gifford, who folks say is the loveliest girl in all Hollywood, has no better-half and does answer letters. Write to her in care of M-G-M.

Hedy Lamarr is not only in love with John Loder but the U.S. Army and Navy lads and, oh yes, the Marines.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Ilona Massey, who divorced Alan Curtis, says she has a date with you at the New York Canteen.

Judy Garland is so blue and heart-sick since the failure of her marriage to Dave Rose. Why not write her, fellows?

Katharine Hepburn is coming back to Hollywood for another of those Spencer Tracy things.

Lana Turner, who will make no more pictures until after her baby is born, needs a bit of heartening cheer, too, since her annulment from Steve Crane. Get out the pens, boys.

Martha O'Driscoll, blonde and a cutie, says she's engaged to no one. Her heart belongs to the boys in the service. Hurry!

Nancy Coleman, Warners' hopeful, should be on your list of coming stars. Sure, she's still single.

Olivia de Havilland gets stars in her eyes every time Lieutenant John Huston gets a leave. Brace yourselves.

Paulette Goddard is looking for a permanent spot to park her heart. Any suggestions?

Rita Hayworth announces she's pretty sure to wed Vic Mature right after her divorce is final in May. Mrs. Mature has already received her decree in Reno. Sorry, fellows!

Sheila Ryan, who has visited almost every camp in America, wants to know what to do for measles. Yep, she's got 'em.

Tyrone Power went through Marine boot camp like a trouper. The Marines like him fine. He's now in Officers' Candidate School.

The United States is so proud of its Hollywood citizens, who give more thought to you boys than they do to themselves.

Vera Vague, whose voice is heard via Bob Hope's radio show, is not only a grand person but is good-looking. Or did you know?

X are the kisses sent by all of us in Hollywood to all of you doing such a grand job.

Zorina will haunt any soldier's dreams on request as she did in "Star-Spangled Rhythm." See that picture if you can, boys.

Miss Durbin on War Widows: We chatted with the beautiful Deanna Durbin on the Universal lot recently and Cal was once again amazed at the mature dignity of the present Mrs. Vaughn Paul, who told us how she and Vaughn, a lieutenant in the Navy, had worked out a plan of keeping both herself and her husband as happy as such circumstances allow.

"The hardest part of two people's being separated by the war," she said, "is that they aren't growing older together. They are liable to find, when they are reunited, that they have grown too far apart. But I believe there is a good remedy for this—long and frequent letters. I write Vaughn every day and I tell him about everything in my life. Our letters become a sort of chart, or diary, whereby we will keep abreast of each other in our mental change and growth."

Deanna believes if the wife of an absent fighting man is the type who

"All the Men at this Party are Snobs!"



Carol: Nonsense, Mary! They're genial lads, and you're pretty enough and peppy enough to have them begging for dances! You deserve the limelight, Pet—and I can help you get your share, in one easy lesson!



Mary: Underarm odor! But I bathe every day!

Carol: A bath is only intended to take care of past perspiration, Mary! Use Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor to come!



Mary: Wallflowers like me are often made by trusting a bath too long. Never again for me, when speedy Mum will keep me safe for hours!



MARY, MARY—
GIVE ME YOUR
ANSWER
TRUE-OO!

— TO HERSELF —
ED'S GETTING TO BE A
REGULAR STEADY NOW—
SINCE I'M KEEPING
COMPANY WITH MUM!

YOU'LL like Mum—for SPEED—takes only 30 seconds. For SECURITY—Mum prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration. For DEPENDABILITY—Mum keeps you dainty for hours to come! . . .

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable—prevents embarrassment.



Irresistible AS HE DESIRES YOU



THAT IRRESISTIBLE SOMETHING

IS Irresistible PERFUME

So the man of your dreams may find you even more enchanting, wear Irresistible Perfume . . . a heart-catching, head-spinning fragrance, as lasting as it is lovely. Spicy, stimulating, it brilliantly blends the sauciness of youth with exciting sophistication. In SCENT-imental Mother's Day package.

10c at all 5 and 10c stores



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer . . . s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r . . . 10c



Shoulder to shoulder at the Mocambo: Walter Pidgeon gives Toni Lanier a charming earful of after-dinner talk

Eye to eye: Veronica Lake impersonates Veronica Lake for Bert Whitely who impersonates V. Lake in "This Is The Army"



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

likes to go out and have fun with close male friends of her husband, she should.

"I am that type of girl," she told us, "and as long as I keep Vaughn posted on what I am doing and he doesn't object it is better for me to live this way to keep as happy as possible. When I am happy I impart the same spirit to him.

"It is all a matter of looking at life squarely and being honest with yourself and others," she said. "What more can one do? For girls who don't feel the same as I do, or who don't enjoy the complete trust of their husbands, some other solution always can be found if the rule of honesty is applied."

Deanna also has one of the most reasonable answers we have ever heard to the old theory that married people are held together by one great mutual interest.

"Vaughn and I have a thousand little things to write about, but we have no big interest in common. Sometimes, if a couple is too mutually interested in one thing they become so absorbed in that other interest that they develop differences and neglect each other. And they finally don't get anywhere—except in each other's hair."

As usual, Cal came away pleased

as anything at the common-sense philosophy of this girl of twenty-one.

Of All Things! We've had a letter from Gracie Allen who wonders if we'll be kind enough to insert the following in our column. It's Gracie's letter to the men in the service and she's sure they all read PHOTOPLAY and will see it, or maybe, she suggests, friends will send it on to a soldier in camp. Remember, Cal, who is happy to oblige, has no part in this. This is strictly "Allen's Alley." So now for Gracie's epistle:

Dear Soldiers:

It's so nice to hear that a member of the Allen family finally has a collar-and-tie job. But sometimes it tires Cousin Willie cleaning all that harness and tying the cavalry horses up for the night.

That book of camouflage Cousin Willie sent home to mother is certainly coming in handy. We camouflaged the wheat cakes at breakfast this morning and Father ate the grand piano and had already started pouring maple syrup on Grandma before he located them.

And what it's done for our maiden Aunt Mary! I remember how when even a robin red breast whistled at her

she used to chase the poor bird for blocks. Well, we camouflaged her to look like Dorothy Lamour and all the boys are after her now.

Now that horses are becoming fashionable again, we think it will be a good thing for our maiden Aunt Millie who looks so much like a horse. Yesterday as she walked by the drugstore corner, she was whistled at.

Previous to that, Aunt Millie hadn't been whistled at since the Johnstown flood, when a drowning man tried to attract her attention.

Cousin Milky, who is a Hollywood actor, joined the Navy this week. He's in the diving service, but Milky is such a ham he sent the diving suit back to his tailor in Hollywood to have the shoulders padded.

I tell you all the Allens are geniuses. Even the Mayor and the city council say that. In fact, they think we are so important that they are having a big sign painted on the roof of our house saying, "This is a very important and vital defense industry." For some reason or other, the sign is written in Japanese with a big arrow pointing to my bedroom. I don't get it.

All my love and write soon,

Your own,

Gracie Allen

It's "Miss Turner" Again: "Are you awake, Mrs. Crane? This is the day."

The nurse walked over to the bed and looked down at the tiny blonde figure.

"I'm ready." The voice was small and hoarse with illness. "But I wish I didn't have to go through this. Oh, how I wish I could live these past years over!"

And with that Lana Turner, she of the flame and fame and youth and thoughtless good times, rose from her sick bed and with her mother faced the judge, seeking annulment from her husband, Steve Crane, who wasn't really her husband at all, his divorce from his first wife not having been final at the time of the marriage.

Lana told how they'd been married last July 17, in Las Vegas, Nevada. And well does Cal remember, having been routed out of bed in the early hours after midnight by a friend telling us Lana and Steve were preparing to elope. Then everything was laughter, fun and excitement.

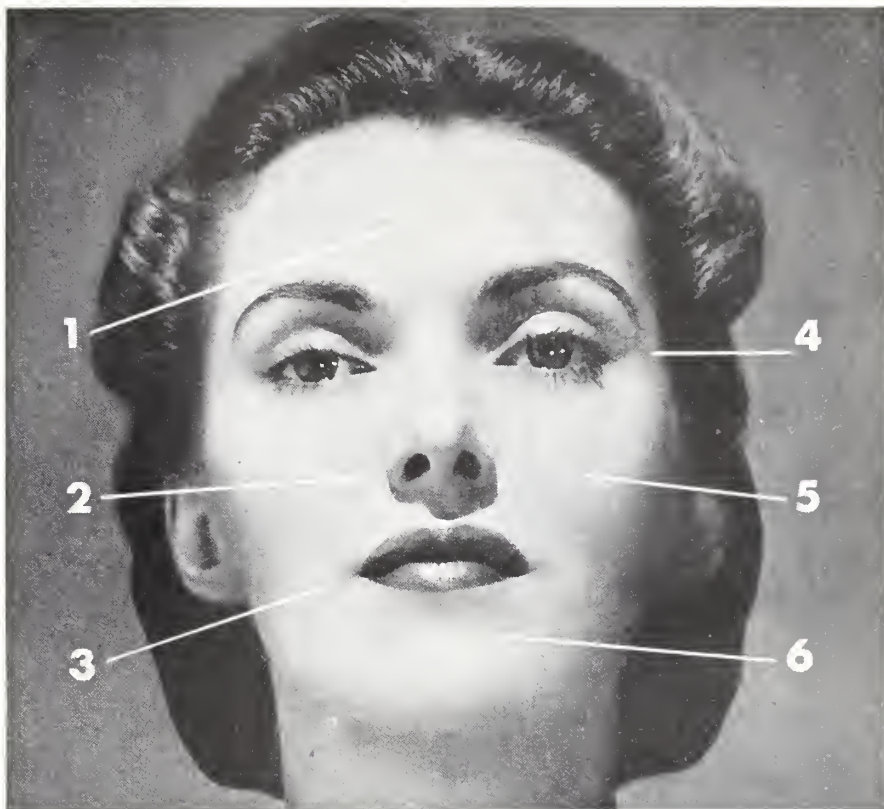
And now this girl born to the heights and the depths, who stood before a judge, was bearing a child to the man she thought she had legally wed.

"I sometimes wonder," her mother told a friend, "if there is any laughter left for Lana. She's gone through so much and paid so dearly for her few years of success."

"Did you later find out that he had been married and that the divorce obtained by his first wife had not become final?" the judge asked.

"Yes, I did," Lana said, her voice low and shaking. And the annulment was granted.

Custody of the unborn child was given Lana by the judge and by California law the annulment in no way affects the legitimacy of the child. Its father was given right of visitation



Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

1 Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?

2 Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?

3 Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?

4 Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?

5 Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?

6 Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

Women say this new-texture powder makes their skin look years younger!

THERE'S a thrilling *new-texture* powder that helps end the 6 "face powder troubles" listed at left.

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's *made* differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES*. And this hurricane method makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—makes the shades richer. Lady Esther Face Powder helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles. *Try it!* See how it gives instant new freshness to your skin—makes it look younger and lovelier.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and find the one shade that's most flattering to your skin.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER



LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (85)

Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)

"Follow Me"

(SUIVEZ MOI)



You lead the conga line at USO dances. You organize bond drives, scrap drives, charity drives. Your whole set follows your lead! Your perfume is, obviously, Varva's "Follow Me" ...the fragrance that beckons, leads, lasts!

Parfum, \$1 to 15. Eau de Toilette, \$1 to 4.50
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, \$1

Bath Powder, \$1
Bubble Foam, \$1



"Follow Me" by

VARVA

THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

Varva, Inc., 19 W. 18th Street, New York City

after its birth.

Asked if she intended to remarry Crane now that his divorce is final, she said, "I have nothing to say to that."

But, as usual, the headlines spoke for her, for a few nights after the annulment Lana agreed to meet Steve for dinner in order to talk things over. He was anxious, even frantic, to remarry Lana who was almost persuaded.

When Steve appeared at Lana's door Monday she agreed to take a drive and finally consented to go home and pack her bag for another elopement. Crane waited outside, only to have Lana reappear after a few moments and say, "Steve, I just can't go through with it."

It was then Steve Crane once again plunged Lana into the limelight. He swallowed innumerable sleeping tablets and sped away in his car up a near-by road.

A few moments later neighbors in the vicinity heard Crane's outcry as his car shot off the cliff. Its descent was halted by rocks and dense underbrush and, as the coupe stopped, its headlights pierced the night directly toward Lana's residence.

Crane was rescued from the car by the neighbors, who took him into their home. Shaking and near collapse, Crane said:

"It's all over. I've made enough trouble. Please, please don't tell anyone about it."

Then he was taken to the hospital.

Lana, who expects her baby in four months, was taken by her mother into seclusion.

And so, another chapter for little Turner. What next, Hollywood wonders, for it's all too evident now fate has no easy path in store for Lana.

They Meet Again: He was rounding a corner in San Diego when suddenly he bumped right into his best friend. With a whoop and holler they were at each other, pumping hands for dear life. Tyrone Power and Hank Fonda had met accidentally on their day's leave.

They were able to get one small room at a hotel and through the noise of the shower Marine Power called out his adventures in boot camp to Seaman Fonda who was busy shaving a beard. And then arm in arm they were off to tackle a steak before reporting back—each to his own and different unit.

"We didn't talk Hollywood at all," they said. . . .

It was early morning in Guadalcanal when Lieutenant Robert Montgomery accidentally ran into Naval Commander Gene Markey, former producer and ex-husband of Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr.

With much back-slapping the two friends retired to a quiet spot to talk. Both Montgomery, who is serving on a destroyer, and Markey have seen much action.

"But you know, we talked little of Hollywood," Markey reports. "We just talked of the war."

Hollywood This Month: The quality that gives Hollywood its irresistible fasci-

It's a
BIG PICTURE

**JOE'S A TWO-GUN COWBOY NOW
— BUT JUDY'S GOT HIM LASSOED**

JOE E. BROWN

JUDY CANOVA

CHATTERBOX

with

**ROSEMARY LANE
JOHN HUBBARD
GUS SCHILLING
ANNE JEFFREYS
GEORGE BYRON**

and

**THE MILLS BROTHERS
and SPADE COOLEY and
HIS BOYS**

**BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS**

SONGS!

"The Guy From Albuquerque"

"Why Can't I Sing a Love Song"

"With My Concertina"

"Sweet Lucy Brown"—and more

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

nation is its contrast. Contrast in people and the things they do. Take that elaborate fashion show put on by director Mitch Leisen of Paramount Studios for the press and stars. The clothes were those worn by Miss Ginger Rogers and members of the cast of "Lady In The Dark" and Paris itself was outdone by the lavish, gorgeous and expensive swank.

The mink frock worn by Miss Rogers in the picture and modeled by a stock girl would have cost exactly \$25,000 if Paramount had bought the skins. Instead, they rented them.

Yet, immediately following the stuffed-plush elegance, two of the lovely models rushed to the bus in order to get home in time for their babies' bedtime feeding. One especially lovely beauty hurried out of her beaded gown to ride the street car to the hospital where her husband lay ill. It takes all her earnings to pay his bills.

Ginger, who was scheduled to model but didn't, appeared long enough to make her apologies and then drove home alone to telephone her Marine husband. Ray Milland, handsome, debonair, charming, took a last look at the golden dream sequence and then turned to Cesar Romero (waiting for Phyllis Brooks, who modeled also) and moaned of the night before: he'd spent the entire night, it seems, nursing a sick hen. Ray's hens had been sent to him from Oregon.

To top it off, Mr. Leisen, instigator of all the pomp and circumstance, hurried from the show to the Philharmonic Auditorium to see the ballet. Only he didn't see it. There was only sixty cents in his pocket. He'd forgotten his wallet.

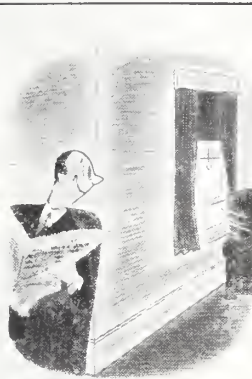
Slacks and sables, glamour and housekeeping, allure and dishpan hands, New York and Glendale, gardening and night clubs, laundry and romance, baby's croup and private planes, divorce and love, chicken coops and rambling mansions, tractors and town cars, sable scarfs and cotton prints, five a.m. risings and five a.m. retirings. It's all Hollywood and all of it belongs to everyone in it. City of Contrasts, that's Movietown.

Hit a High C's to the Movies: If you can sing, the odds are at least five to one that a winning soprano voice will land you a film contract faster than a male baritone, even with the shortage of male actors.

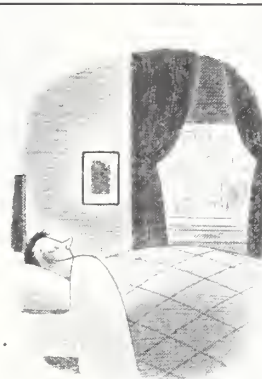
Right now Hollywood is in the midst of a musical cycle which is almost without precedent in opening opportunities. In fact, supply and demand for feminine vocalists far outstrip that for males, leading directly to the conclusion that feminine opportunities almost completely eclipse those offered the opposing sex.

Lavish musical productions now offering new hope to singers are "Phantom Of The Opera," with Nelson Eddy and Susanna Foster, a Universal production; Twentieth-Century Fox's "Coney Island"; Paramount's "Star-Spangled Rhythm"; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Broadway Melody"; and Sol Lesser's "Stage Door Canteen."

These easy rules help keep colds away



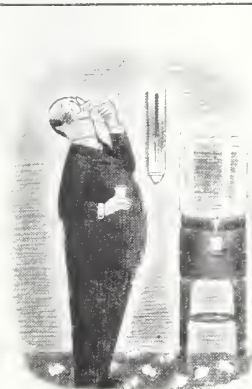
1 Stay out of drafts



2 Get plenty of rest



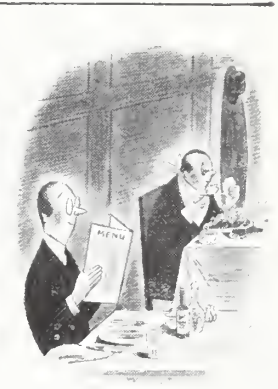
3 Dress warmly



4 Drink liquids often



5 Take a warm bath
after chilling exposure
— then cover up



6 Eat right—keep regular



7 Guard your throat



...and gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly—millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. Get a bottle of protection today.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Arthur Murray Dancers
Say "Active Women Need
These Action Girdles"

Real-Form
GIRDLES OF GRACE



Despite rubber limitations Real-Form
Maschel Knit Girdles and Panty Girdles
are almost as good as the pre-war
variety! Knitted of Lastex and DuPont
rayon... fashioned to fit with perfect
control and comfort. Guaranteed non-
run, won't roll or "hike up". Small, me-
dium, large, extra large \$2.50 to \$5.

*Send 10c in coin or stamps for Arthur Murray Dance Book
Real-Form Girdle Co., Dept. P, 358 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



Close shaves for
two Hollywood
heroes: Left: Ty
Power shows off
his Marine bob
to Sgt. Hayes...

... Hank Fonda
gives Charles
Martin a look at
his smart Navy
coiffure and
new spring hat



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

But please don't write to Cal about this. Write to studios direct or make a record of your voice. And good luck!

The Spirit Haunts: Inside the bleak, cavernous structure known as the Phantom stage at Universal studios, the strains of the opera "Martha" rose from the throats of forty men and women. They were seated in folding chairs on a bare stage, surrounding a grand piano at which sat a small, middle-aged man. He was playing chords with one hand, directing with the other.

As he beat out the tempo with rising and descending arm, his shadow, magnified and distorted, did a dance on the walls. A single arc light on a floor stand near the piano sent spluttering rays into remote recesses in the catwalks a hundred feet above.

What was taking place wasn't a scene for a movie thriller. It was merely a rehearsal, yet those gifted with imagination could conjure up ghostly implications.

The rehearsal was for the new 1943 version of "The Phantom Of The Opera," with Nelson Eddy, Claude Rains and Susanna Foster and it was being worked out on the very stage where, nearly two decades ago, the late Lon Chaney Sr. had immortalized himself in the title role. Glancing again and again at the weird and magnified re-

flection on the wall, Nelson Eddy spoke to the musical director, William Tyroler. "What does that remind you of?" Nelson asked. "I know," the musical director answered. "I've watched it all morning. It seems as if Lon himself had come back and were here with us. He loved this 'Phantom' picture best of all. I know because, you see, I was musical director on that production, too, nineteen years ago."

The shadow leaped and danced; grew in size and hung on the wall in grotesque form as the director moved his arms.

Nelson stared a long time. "It's all right," Tyroler finally said. "If we, even in imagination, can keep Lon with us throughout this production we've got a hit."

And Nelson agreed.

He'll Top His Path Across Enemy Lines! Grace McDonald, Universal's cute little blonde, received a package from her brother, Ray, formerly of M-G-M, who is now in the Army.

The box contained his will, keepsakes and other belongings.

A note was enclosed.

"By the time you get this, I'll be somewhere, headed for battle with the Japs," Ray wrote. "I'm sending you all of my personal belongings—all except my dancing shoes."

"Maybe Ray plans on using the shoes to tap-dance across the Jap lines," Gracie said with pride. But there were tears in her eyes as she tried to smile.

(Continued on page 18)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Busy?—Stay lovely, too!

Here's how ... 3 Ivory beauty recipes ...
for 3 complexion types



WAAC OFFICER . . . TYPE: Height, 5' 7";
weight, 129; eyes, blue; hair, honey-blonde;
SKIN, fine-textured, tending to be DRY.

"I have precious little time to fuss with my face these days. Yet I know my skin has never been lovelier.

"Goodness knows my new routine is simple enough. Just gentle Ivory lather, a soft washcloth, and lukewarm water. Then I pat on a little cold cream, for my skin is naturally dry.

"It's sensitive, too. That's why I love pure, mild Ivory. It obviously contains no coloring or medication or strong perfume that might irritate my skin.

"'Velvet-suds' Ivory certainly has helped give me a glorious new complexion!"



HAT DESIGNER . . . TYPE: Height, 5' 5";
weight, 118; eyes, gray-green; hair, titian;
SKIN, creamy, with both DRY
and OILY tendencies.

"My face is oily down the middle; dry on the sides. No soap seemed right for both areas . . . until I tried Ivory.

"The dry, sensitive areas that used to balk at strongly scented soaps, respond beautifully to Ivory's 'babying.'

"And with lots of mild Ivory lather, I can safely concentrate on the oilier areas like hairline, forehead, nose, and chin.

"Now my complexion looks so marvelously fresh and smooth.

"I think too many women judge a soap by its price. For my money, Ivory could be worth a dollar a cake!"

99⁴⁴/100 % pure . . . It floats.

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

HOMEMAKER . . .

TYPE: Height, 5' 3";
weight, 112; eyes, brown;
hair, chestnut;
SKIN, olive, tending to be OILY.

"I was afraid to give my oily skin vigorous soap-and-water cleansing.

"But when Doctor advised Ivory Soap for bathing the baby, I thought, 'If Ivory's that mild, I'll try it!'

"It's perfect! A fingertip massage with lots of Ivory's safe, mild lather makes me feel as if I'd had a facial.

"I don't hesitate to give my face a thorough Ivory cleansing as often as 3 times a day. And my complexion's getting lovelier all the time!"



Look lovelier . . . use pure, mild IVORY . . .
the soap advised by more doctors
than all other brands together!



The very Newest Make-up!

JERGENS

"TWIN MAKE-UP"



In one box, now . . . 2 make-up aids to give that young, "Velvet-Skin" Look

A LOVELIER new complexion in 2 jiffies!

1. Sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake. Instantly your complexion looks more flawless—smoother!

2. Fluff on Jergens new Face Powder in the flattering shade styled for you. Suddenly, you look young, "alive". And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

For the first time—in this new Jergens "Twin Make-up"—your right shade of make-up cake is in the same box with your powder shade. Just \$1.00 for both.

*\$2.00 Value
for \$1.00*

Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake with matching Face Powder

Twin Shades . . . in one box. Both for less than many girls pay for a make-up cake alone! Ask for Jergens "Twin Make-up" today. Select the powder shade that "does things" for you; your twin shade of make-up cake is in the same box. 5 sets of shades. (Jergens Powder, introductory sizes, 25¢, 10¢.)

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Oddments: John Loder's seventeen-year-old son, Robin Lowe, is quitting Eton to go into the British Army. In the last war John himself left Eton to join the Army and became Britain's youngest combat officer. He won the rank of Captain before the war was over. And now he's Hedy Lamarr's special boy friend. Incidentally, Mr. Loder's real name is Lowe . . .

Walter Abel's long siege of anxiety is over. A letter from the son he hadn't heard from in weeks reveals the lad arrived safely in Africa. He's with our American Army there . . .

The unlucky-in-love boys are dining together these nights—Dave Rose and Jackie Cooper. Dave lost Judy Garland and Bonita Granville told Jackie she no longer cared. Too bad, boys . . .

Laird Cregar, determined to take off forty pounds, is in the hospital to see it's done right. While there he's editing his mother's book, "Make Me A Child Again" . . .

Donna Reed kept her engagement to make-up artist Bill Tuttle so secret not even her parents knew until the day of the wedding . . .

At the President's Ball when Mrs. Roosevelt told Edgar Bergen that people in England thought Charlie was real, Charlie piped up, "They don't think I'd work for seventy-five cents a week if I wasn't a dummy, do they?" Now even Eleanor isn't sure . . .

Looks as if Henry Fonda will become a naval quartermaster instead of a gunner. He scored ninety-eight on his mathematical examination when he enlisted, stating he preferred gunnery. But his age, thirty-seven, is a factor against him. The quartermaster job, however, will also take him to sea and into some action. How these boys do long to be in the thick of things!

Music Hath Fatal Charnis: He just couldn't resist those drums. Several weeks ago Mickey Rooney and his wife Ava Gardner were enjoying the music at the Palladium together and suddenly there was Mick at the drums and Ava standing alone. But not for long. With great dignity that failed to hide her rage she strode from the room.

"Well, the drums finally won, I see," a bystander remarked and, sure enough, next day Ava announced that once again they had separated.

It was this same state of affairs that broke up the long-standing romance of Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. Bonita simply grew beyond the drum-beating, table-hopping kid stuff that made up Jackie's life. No girl, they tell me, can survive the rivalry of a set of drums, a rival that leaves them sitting alone in a cafe, while the best beau goes to town on the down beat.

Perhaps now that Ava seems fairly well launched on her career and has been loaned by M-G-M for the lead in Monogram's "Ghosts In The Night," her alimony requirements may be less demanding than the last time.

Anyway, Cal sympathizes with both Ava and Mickey.

Last call as a civilian: Glenn Ford, who's just joined the Marines, takes best gal Eleanor Powell out for a last-time date



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The Skeltons—Act III: The Red Skelton divorce was a riot of confusion, with everything in reverse. "Unlike most men," Edna, Red's wife, told the judge, "my husband went out late and came home early—early in the morning."

"And what excuse did he make?" the judge asked.

"He told me he was waiting for the traffic signal to change at Sunset and Sepulveda Boulevard," Edna said.

Red sat outside the courtroom door while the proceedings were going on.

"Did you get it?" he asked, leaping toward Edna as she emerged. They then proceeded to go to Edna's office while she hammered out new gags for Red's show.

Even Red's studio is puzzled as to whether or not the pair mean it.

Incidentally, the girl who has claimed Red's attention lately is Muriel Morris, a model.

Hollywood's Handsomest Lieutenant: "Hey, what's your name, pal?" The induction station was crowded and the fellow had turned with his question to the man behind.

"Spangler Brugh," came the answer.

"Say, did anyone ever tell you you

look like Bob Taylor, the movie star?"

"Yeah, lots of times," grinned Spangler Bob Taylor Brugh and went on to pass his Snyder test with an average that hadn't been touched in months. In fact, in every department including the mechanical aptitude test, Bob proved to be the valedictorian of his group. And now he's a Naval Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Air Corps and the handsomest Hollywood man in uniform.

It was seven-thirty in the morning when the telegram from Washington addressed to Lieutenant Spangler Arlington Brugh was delivered to his home. Bob was at breakfast. Like a flash he was up the stairs calling, "Barbara, Barbara, I'm in, I'm in!"

While waiting for his call, Bob may do the picture "Russia" for M-G-M. Once called, he will proceed to Corpus Christi, Texas, for four months of advanced flying before dem golden wings decorate his uniform. Bob's age (thirty-one) keeps him from combat duty but he is eligible for either the Ferry Command or as an instructor.

His fans, his friends and all Hollywood wish him only the best as they send yet another movie star on his way to freedom's fight.



Cesar Romero, one of the No. 1 escorts on the Coast, dates pretty Frances Robinson, in a pretty bonnet, for dinner

Names You Know!

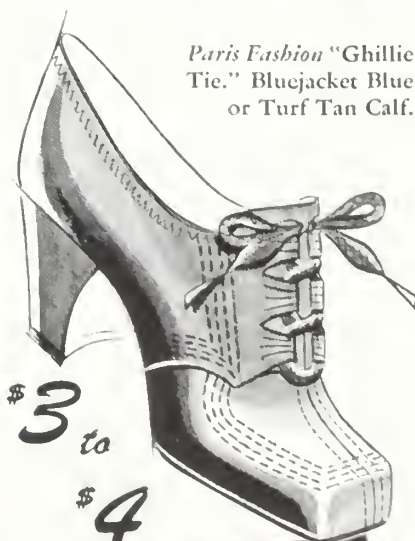
Shoes You Love!

Connie "Kiltie Pump."
Bluejacket Blue,
Black or Turf Tan
Calf.



\$5 to \$6

Paris Fashion "Ghillie Tie."
Bluejacket Blue
or Turf Tan Calf.



\$3 to \$4



WOHL SHOE COMPANY · ST. LOUIS

FIBS
Kotex Tampons
COST LESS!



ONLY 20¢ a package—and with Fibs you can be free as a breeze. Slip into slacks, shorts or even a swim suit with nobody the wiser. Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection . . . no pins, pads or belts . . . no chafing, no disposal problem.

**ONLY
FIBS
ARE
QUILTED**



"QUILTED"—to avoid danger of cotton particles adhering to delicate tissues—to prevent undue expansion which might cause pressure or irritation. That means greater comfort and safety! And Fibs have a smooth, gently rounded end for easy insertion!



20¢ a package

(Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

From Watertown, Massachusetts, comes a one-dollar request for more Teresa Wright, less of other people—with names named!



Speak FOR YOURSELF

\$10.00 PRIZE
"Clip Your Lip"

I LEARNED a valuable and much-needed lesson from a movie "short" the other day. I had not realized that I had been careless and loose in my talk about relatives and friends in the armed services and I would have been indignant if anyone had warned me to be more careful. But this picture brought the facts home to me in a way that I shall not forget.

Just a sentence from a worker in a factory, as he sipped a cup of coffee in a restaurant; just a word of explanation to his wife—"I scratched my hand loading a truck with valves," and the spy behind the counter relayed the information that a fleet of trucks was starting down a certain highway and only heroic work by the F.B.I. and the police saved trucks and drivers from destruction!

Of course, there are signs everywhere warning against giving information to the enemy, but somehow they do not "pack the same wallop" as do screen pictures.

Give us more of these warning "shorts" and more of us will learn to keep our mouths shut!

Elizabeth Cosgrove,
Muskogee, Okla.

\$5.00 PRIZE
A Husband Like Gable

SINCE the picture "San Francisco" I've raved about Clark Gable to my husband. Half in jest, half serious, I admired along with a million other women. The only difference being, I expressed my admiration to my husband.

Then came "Gone With The Wind" and I became more enthusiastic. When I jestingly remarked that I'd never kissed a man with a mustache, what did my husband do but suddenly start sprouting a little fuzz above his upper lip. That should have stopped me. But, no, womanlike, I became overwhelmed with enthusiasm when my idol of the screen so bravely faced his adversities and enlisted in the Army. Then, as you've probably guessed, I not only opened my mouth too often, I put my foot in it! My husband went out

and enlisted! Now, too late, I realize that I've had a very special Clark Gable of my own for nine years and I was too busy worshipping afar to recognize him.

Can you suggest any way that I might tactfully let a certain soldier know that I'm no longer interested in mustaches and that I wouldn't have him any way in the world except the way he is?

Mrs. S. M. Sneed,
Washington, D. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE
"Dear Hollywood"

I'D like to see:

1. More musicals like "Orchestra Wives," a picture with a band. (We hep cats like 'em!)

2. More of new actresses who can act!—Teresa Wright, Greer Garson and Ingrid Bergman.

3. Less publicity about some starlets who only have looks and no acting ability.

4. Less of pictures like "Iceland." Is it like that in Iceland?!!!

5. Less of Sonja Henie's skating. It's wonderful, but monotonous.

6. Less of pictures like "Somewhere I'll Find You." Too many kissing scenes—mush!

7. Less of Lana Turner and Betty Grable, and those terrible musicals with Betty, John Payne, Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda.

8. Olivia de Havilland in a picture that will win her the Academy Award. She's a real actress and deserves it.

9. More pictures like "Mrs. Miniver," "The Invaders," "Mr. V." and "In Which We Serve."

Lillian Dunton,
Watertown, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Ginger On The Fire

I'M through with Ginger Rogers, once and for all. She needs a spanking and I'd like to be the one to give it to her!

To me Ginger was always a schoolgirl wearing middy blouses, living through the week for week ends, dancing at a pavilion on the lake Saturday nights, sipping gooey

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

sundaes at the corner drugstore Sunday afternoons and stalling in class Monday when she hadn't studied the lessons. Doing all the things I've done myself and that I've dreamed of doing. She was my ideal of the typical lovely young American girl.

Now she spoils it all by marrying a man younger than herself. Ginger is only thirty-two, certainly not old enough to justify her conduct. Plenty of attractive men in Hollywood and elsewhere of a suitable age to be her husband have something to offer. But does she marry one of them? No! She robs the cradle!

A movie star has a right to a private life. Yet she also has an obligation to her public—to keep her personal dignity. I know I speak for others, too, when I say—no more Ginger Rogers for me, thank you!

Katherine K. Woodley,
Shreveport, La.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Movieland

WHEN the dear old world is all awry,
And life's a perfect peeve,
Let's take a trip to movieland,
The land of make-believe.

Where the heroes all have waistlines,
And the heroines all have limbs,
And a chorus of blonde angels
Dance dances and sing hymns.

To youth, they bring the replica
Of glamorous today;
To age, they bring the memory
Of a vanished yesterday.

For all, they knit the warp and woof
Of sorrow's "raveled sleeve"
So, let us hie to movieland—
The land of make-believe.

George M. Powell,
Jacksonville, Fla.

\$1.00 PRIZE
The Winner

HOLLYWOOD today is a city possessing abundant talent and fantasy. This is clearly represented in its fine actors and actresses and its remarkable achievements. But Hollywood also has that precious spirit of patriotism and that is why I am writing
(Continued on page 103)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Place do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

**"Just 30 extra seconds
and I'm *Fragrantly Dainty*
for hours"**



"HOW MANY GIRLS realize, I wonder, how their popularity can be wrecked by body staleness? It took me months and months—lonely months—to learn my lesson. Now it takes me just 30 extra seconds to stay fragrantly dainty for hours. Watch:



"FIRST, I dry my body gently after my bath—just patting the places that might chafe."



"NEXT, I powder Cashmere Bouquet Talcumall over my whole body. Thirty extra seconds . . . yet it clings to me silky-soft as face powder and dries up any moisture I missed. There I stand, delicately perfumed all over . . . Now I know why you call it—the fragrance men love!"

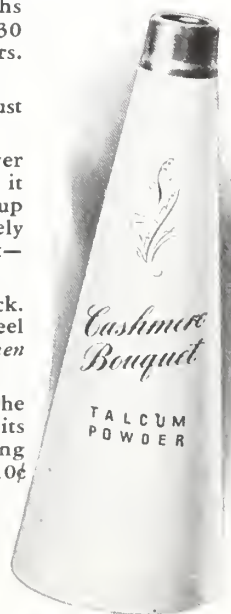


"NOW my girdle—lingerie—stockings and frock. No chafing later; Cashmere Bouquet's silky feel stays on all evening. And so does the fragrance men love—to keep me fragrantly dainty for hours!"

Cashmere Bouquet is a body talcum of highest quality—the largest selling talcum powder in America. You'll love its haunting fragrance and clinging softness. Make alluring Cashmere Bouquet your daintiness secret. Available in 10¢ and larger sizes, at drug and toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



THE Shadow Stage

Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Magnificent milepost: Mickey Rooney, Rita Quigley in "The Human Comedy"



All-Negro hit: Rochester and Ethel Waters in "Cabin In The Sky"



Smash story: Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray in "Flight For Freedom"

✓✓ The Human Comedy (M-G-M)

It's About: The effects of war on a small-town community.

HERE is one of the finest human documents ever to appear on the screen. To some it may seem a bit disconnected and vague to the out-of-focus point, but delve deeply enough and you will discover a magnificent message of man's understanding for his fellow man.

War reaches into the town of Ithaca, California, and into the very heart of the Macauley family. The eldest son, Van Johnson, is called to arms and Mickey Rooney, the second brother, takes on the job of night telegraph boy to help the fatherless family. At camp Mickey's brother meets young John Craven who has been raised in an orphanage and through him the soldier finds a home.

James Craig, manager of the telegraph office, and Frank Morgan, the old telegrapher, are so wonderful. Mickey, subdued and calm, gives a great performance. Little Jack Jenkins, as *Ulysses*, and the whole cast are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: A milepost.

✓✓ Cabin In The Sky (M-G-M)

It's About: The faith of a wife in her wandering man.

ETHEL WATERS and Rochester, in company with an all-Negro cast, bring to the screen a classic of Negro folklore

embodying all the superstitions and quaint philosophies, as well as the terrific faith of the Negroes. With the aid of Lena Horne, the temptress who is constantly luring Rochester from his ever-loving wife, Miss Waters, this duo of artists take on importance as definite screen personalities.

Such important entertainers as Louise Armstrong, Rex Ingram, Willie Best, Kenneth Spencer and many others highlight the story. Lena Horne is particularly outstanding as *Georgia Brown* who pays for her sins with a single act of repentance. Rochester never once steps out of his character of *Little Joe* who only makes Heaven by a hairbreadth. Miss Waters, who sings delightfully, is an artist to her finger tips and Rex Ingram an impressive and convincing *Satan*.

Fans, of course, will go for the music of Louis Armstrong in a big way.

Your Reviewer Says: A hit novelty.

✓✓ Flight For Freedom (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The heroism of a woman flyer.

WITHOUT maudlin sentimentality or unnecessary heroics comes this story of a woman who yearned to be a great flyer and achieved her purpose. Rosalind Russell is sincere, womanly and honest in the role so similar to the life role of Amelia Earhart. Fred MacMurray, the brilliant flyer who wins her heart and

then walks out on her only to return too late, seems so natural and genuine. Herbert Marshall, who taught Rosalind to fly and who wins her promise of marriage, is also outstanding.

The story has our Government petitioning Amelia to carry out a difficult mission in the Pacific. She gives her life for that mission. The picture raises speculation as what actually happened to Miss Earhart who disappeared so mysteriously in the Pacific.

The story never lags, never loses interest and brings home its message in simple and straightforward strokes. Our only criticism is the bad photography, so unflattering to Miss Russell.

Your Reviewer Says: A fine piece of storytelling.

✓ Idaho (Republic)

It's About: A lad who exonerates his father-in-law.

WE think you'll enjoy this Western because it adheres more to the modern West and because it boasts Roy Rogers and Smiley Burnette, the people's choice. There is a certain element of restfulness about a Western (or maybe it's pure escapism) and this one trades the usual noises, shootings and chasings for the more up-to-date story of a reformed judge who is framed by certain of his old playmates because he is determined to rid his community of vice and gambling. Aid is (Continued on page 98)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 102

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 108

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 70



*To win his heart, campaign with care
Arm yourself with shining hair!*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



DAY OR NIGHT, for work or play, you'll love this adorable but practical new hair-do! The braids (made from back hair, parted in center) are two parts hair and one velvet ribbon. Bow is separate. Hair washed with Special Drene.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

If you want his eyes to linger lovingly on your hair . . . If you want his fingers to smooth it tenderly . . . then keep it alluringly shining, lustrous! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of glamour!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing. Easier to comb into smooth,

shining neatness. If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings.

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let the beauty magic of this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

A STORY FROM THE HEART OF AMERICA ...TO THRILL AMERICA'S HEART!

America's best loved best-seller comes to the screen! The mighty story of fierce dreams, proud courage, fighting love in today's West! Great as the red-blooded, warm-hearted people who inspired it!

Mary O'Hara's **MY FRIEND FLICKA** IN *Technicolor*

40,000,000
hailed it in
REDBOOK
READER'S DIGEST
and as a runaway
best-seller!

with
RODDY PRESTON RITA
MCDOWALL • FOSTER • JOHNSON

Directed by HAROLD SCHUSTER • Produced by RALPH DIETRICH
Screen Play by Lillie Hayward • Adaptation by Francis Edwards Farago

20th
CENTURY FOX
PICTURE

It looks like love!

They look like love, too, when they look at each other—Dorothy Lamour and Captain William Howard, the newest, gayest and most provocative duet in Hollywood



BY
ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

Date night at the Mocambo: Dottie beamed; the Captain looked proud; the spectators buzzed aloud

DOROTHY LAMOUR is happy again. Those who love Dottie—and there are plenty of us in Hollywood and close to the Hollywood scene who do—and have watched her fight her way clear of heartache on more than one occasion are glad. We're as sure as you can be of anything that Captain William Ross Howard is the reason.

Unless you have qualities which Dorothy doesn't possess it's not too easy to find happiness as a glamour girl. A glamour girl, among other things, needs to be pretty hard-boiled and as satisfied to live on the surface and forswear earnestness and sincerity and roots as the gentlemen who warm their little egos at her bright flame. Dorothy, in spite of her silky hair, her slumbrous eyes, her sarongs and her throaty voice is basically as unsophisticated and friendly and homey as a kitchen apron. We do not mean Dottie doesn't enjoy sweeping up her hair in an eye-compelling pompadour, wearing something shimmering and form-fitting, pinning orchids on her shoulder and dancing at the Stork Club or Mocambo or Ciro's. She loves it! But, mark this, she's paid well for doing this, paid with draughts of loneliness and disillusionment. Then she's picked herself up and gone out to

be hurt all over again. No matter how much a girl learns she can only temper her nature; she cannot change it entirely.

No wonder, remembering her heartaches, that Dottie retreated when a friend introduced her to Captain Howard at Arrowhead Springs. Almost in the same minute they met and murmured polite little "How do you dos" there was warm brightness in his eyes.

He was stationed at near-by San Bernardino and had visited the hotel with some fellow officers. They dined and danced in the evening and she wore his gardenias in her soft brown hair. The next day she visited his camp and sang songs for the boys.

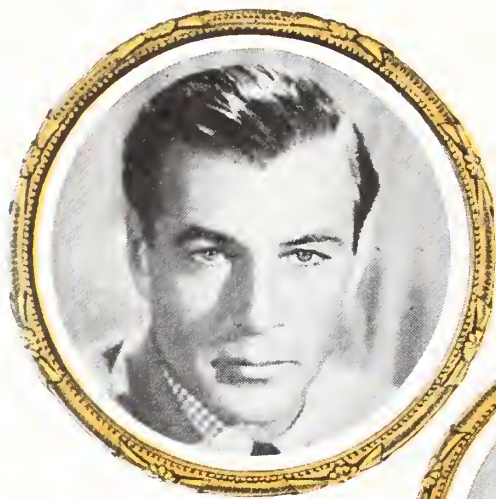
Life quickened for both of them. You knew that watching them. But whenever he said anything sweet Dottie laughed. And whenever her emotions threatened to go into one of those delirious upswings she said to herself, "Easy! . . . You ought to know by this time what comes of this sort of thing. Just once be smart!"

All too soon he had to go back to his station. Dottie stayed on at the Springs. She took baths in the caves up in the rocks. She swam. She played tennis. She rested—after weeks of work and Bond tours and camp shows rest was

her reason for being there. She had tea with this one. She danced with that one. Very deliberately she built a calm surface over the Howard-inspired fancies with which her imagination had begun to tempt and tease her. Surely, among other things, she thought how different he was from some of the men she has known. For Captain Howard doesn't need a glamour girl on his arm to build up his ego. He's always stood on his own feet, made his own way, just as he's doing now in the Army Air Corps. His good looks are the strong distinguished kind. He's about thirty, a wonderful age. And down in Baltimore, speaking socially, he very definitely belongs.

DOROTHY should be rather adept at laying a casual surface over a dramatic private life, heavens know. She's done it before. When her romance with Greg Bautzer, now in the Balloon Division of the Navy, dragged to a miserable close she covered up the many-faceted unhappiness which times like this bring with work and war work and dates she didn't care about at all. Until finally, when frantic wires and letters began coming from Bautzer in the East, her friends were glad to observe that she now (Continued on page 80)

The Ten Best Husbands IN HOLLYWOOD



Gary Cooper: He's married to Sandra Shaw; they have an ideal working arrangement



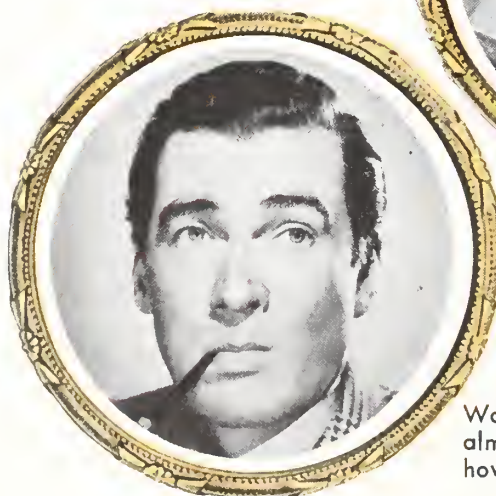
Joel McCrea: He was shy till he met Frances Dee. She rang the wedding bell



Joe E. Brown: His Silver Wedding idea proved the perfect husband point



Fred Astaire: When people meet his wife they know why he acts the way he does



Walter Pidgeon: He and Ruth almost divorced, then found how to make a go of it

WHEN Photoplay asked me to do a story about the ten best husbands of Hollywood, I tackled it with fear and trepidation. After all, who knows what a perfect husband is, unless you've had one? You might consider yours the model of everything that's wonderful, and your best friend consider him a boor. Anyway—here goes.

No. 1: Charles Boyer, the perfect lover on the screen. And his wife Pat tells me he's ditto off. Says she, "He's never given me the slightest cause for jealousy. When we were married, I was acting, which was all right with Charles. If a career made me happy, he wanted me to continue. But I soon discovered my talent wasn't the kind that makes stars, so decided I'd be much happier being Mrs. Charles Boyer than Miss Pat Paterson."

They have a beautiful home overlooking the lights of the city (which are pretty dim now). They each have their own quarters and interests. Pat spends a great deal of time at the VACS Canteens, located inside Ft. MacArthur. And Charles built a lovely building for French refugees—writers, artists, musicians. And when he's not at the studio, he's helping them with their problems and trying to find work for them.

The Boyers' social life is very slim and, since the war, almost nonexistent. They have a few friends in to dinner occasionally, but to my knowledge have given only two big parties in all the years they've lived here. Charles's mother lives with them or, rather, in a special cottage of her own on the estate. She, too, likes her freedom and her own friends. As far as I know, there's never been even a hint at domestic trouble in the perfect lover's married life.

No. 2: Cecil B. De Mille, who gets top billing not only for the years he's been married to his same wife, Constance, but because of their happiness throughout the years. I asked Constance why. She said, "He has imagination, consideration, understanding, humor. All life to him has been a great adventure. He brings

You might be able to guess the names of the perfect Adams anyway. But never could you guess why these ten got the gold rings on the West Coast marital merry-go-round

BY *Wedda Happer*

those qualities home to me, too."

When Cecil started making pictures, that was like pioneering in the days of the wild and woolly West. Constance was as interested in the new adventure as he. He did all his acting at the studio—never brought any grievances or ill nature home.

When he became interested in his leading ladies, which he always did, Constance was the first to entertain them. She gave parties for them and kept on giving parties for them. She considered them a new hobby, just as any other interest he might have.

She said, "I'll never forget when he started making pictures like 'Don't Change Your Husband' and discovered for the first time women's underwear. He got so excited about all those pretty things you would have thought that up to that time ladies had never worn underwear."

"He does everything hard—he lives hard, he plays hard. Some men never tell women anything about business. Cecil certainly never discussed his with me."

Cecil and Constance now have six grandchildren and their youngest son Richard, who's just twenty-one, will soon be equipped for the armed forces.

No. 3: Bing Crosby, father of four sons. He and Dixie have had their ups and downs. Several times it's been reported they were on the verge of a separation. Nothing ever came of it and I don't believe it ever will. I imagine Dixie has some lonely moments, because Bing has so many outside interests, what with golf, pictures, radio, personal appearances, his race track (when it was running), making records. Even without marriage, that's a full life. And naturally doesn't leave him much time to plan for Dixie, so she has to make her own friends and practically her own social life.

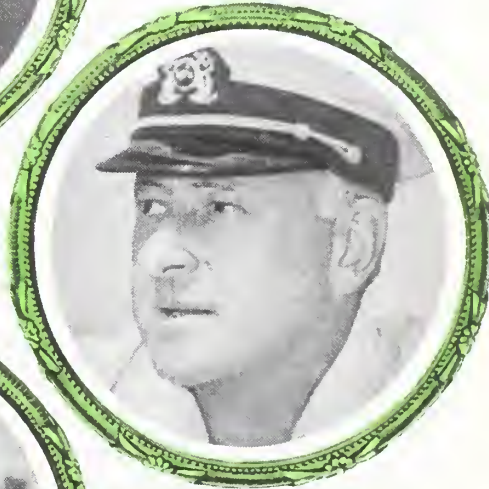
Bing doesn't go in for that at all. He's happiest with a few old cronies on the golf course, or sitting in a corner swapping songs and stories. And a wife can get pretty tired of the same story or songs when they've been done over and over again. But, deep down (Continued on page 78)



Charles Boyer: Perfect lover on screen; off—but let wife Pat tell it



Frank Morgan: He still kids blondes — and Mrs. Morgan still isn't fooled!



Cecil B. De Mille: He gets top billing because of what wife Constance says



Don Ameche: What she did for him may have something to do with what he says



Bing Crosby: His wife, may have lonely moments, but one thought tides her over

The Truth About HOLLYWOOD'S

As the males get fewer, the women stars become—of necessity—more desperate.

John Payne and June Havoc (below) gave Hollywood a last look at a type of romance that is now passing



THE wails of the motion-picture moguls have been long and understandably loud over the alarming exodus of their eligible male talent from films into the ranks of the armed forces. But their anguish is as nothing compared to that of Hollywood women.

When the Robert Taylors enlist in the Navy Ferry Command or the John Paynes depart for the Air Corps, you may think it's tough because you won't see them for a while in pictures. But what do you suppose it does to the professional and emotional lives of the Hollywood home-town girls? The no-man situation here, which was always bad, is now desperate. Today a top woman star must fight to get a man for her pictures, fight to get a sweetheart and—if, indeed, she's lucky enough—fight even to get an escort for the evening.

Even the wolves have gone. Bruce Cabot is in the Army Air Force. Franchot Tone is married. Howard Hughes, that old reliable, is more interested in making planes than escorting film-star beauties to this and that night club. Rudy Vallee is in the Coast Guard. So is Victor Mature. Besides, Vic was snatched by Rita Hayworth months ago. All in all, handsome young men are getting more rare in Hollywood than a piece of good steak. And much less tender.

It used to be one man to every five females. Now it has practically whittled down to Louis Shurr, the agent, for the whole of Hollywood! You see him one night with one glamour girl. The next night it's another lucky one who listens breathlessly to the Shurr small talk. And in between times Louis lunches with any one of a dozen admiring females.

He's plump, he's bald, but to the eager-eyed ladies he's tops as an escort.

The girls are positively delirious when the telephone tinkles and Shurr's purr at the other end asks for a date. But, don't get the girls wrong. "Loeee" has the reputation of being kind, gentle and reliable, and a godsend to some of the younger film aspirants in the matter of getting them studio jobs.

Marlene Dietrich snatched Jean Gabin when he first came here and took him back after his infatuation for Ginger Rogers had

When the man famine set in, Maria Montez made no bones about telling the whole world her long-kept secret



MAN-SCRAMBLE

A spicy picture of the charming wiles some have used to get their man

cooled. In the old days Marlene would not have had to enter the fight so openly. But these are the new days.

New indeed! An actress you know well invited a young man to dine with her at seven o'clock. He arrived at eleven. Now, in the days when men were more in evidence, the star would have given the unpunctual man a severe talking to—if she had talked to him at all. But this time she smiled angelically and said something about the dinner's being spoiled of course, but that didn't matter the tiniest bit, and that she could soon whip up another one!

But even a girl as attractive as Dinah Shore is not too plentifully supplied with beaux, for all that she's the favorite singer of the armed forces, the adored of the Hollywood Canteen. "I thought there weren't many men in Nashville, Tennessee," Dinah said recently. "But here!"

Still, she is a little more fortunate than newcomer Louise Allbritton. Dinah at least had a big rush from George Montgomery. And she does get dated by Jimmy Stewart when he is in town. But Louise, who is a lovely blonde from Texas, says, "My father keeps calling me from Texas. He is worried that I'll be an old maid because there are no men here to date me!"

In any town, under any circumstances there are always a few girls who can take care of themselves. Paulette Goddard is one of these. The current shortage of men almost caught her with her date book down. A little while ago Paulette was heard bewailing the lack of men to Jinx Falkenburg. "If this goes on," said Paulette, "I can see where at forty I'll be an old woman with nothing to do but sit by the window and polish my jewels!"

Miss Goddard's past life and loves have been the subject matter of many Hollywood conversations. The mystery of her marriage to Chaplin, her friendship with Anatole Litvak and her frequent journeys to Mexico have made Hollywood wonder what will she do next. So what has she done? She's gone into business with Burgess Meredith commercially (they bought a bike shop) and romantically, if Lt. Meredith has his way, that jewel-polishing time won't come to pass for many a day. Thus Paulette escapes the blight.

(Continued on next page)

Joan Fontaine used to be a quiet little thing, but this situation turned her into something quite different. That's how she got Boyer for "The Constant Nymph"



by
"Fearless"



George Reeves comes on the Hollywood scene as the hero for heroine Claudette Colbert in "So Proudly We Hail." She found him herself—and the way she did it is another story

Maria Montez is another such girl. In the days when men were plentiful Maria was seen in every smart spot with eventually the entire roll call of male desirables.

The famine set in. Maria made no bones about telling the world her heart belonged to her English captain fiance, now in a German prison camp. Some unkind observers pointed out that this was merely a face-saving device to cover up the lack of eligible men on her list. In that case, they'll do well to keep their eyes on Jean Pierre Aumont, soon to be seen—and long remembered—in "Assignment In Brittany." For once more Maria has scored against the field. Aumont first fell to the lucky lot of the ladies at the Metro lot. And they did their best. But with little more than a gracious nod he has made his way over to the Montez colors. They had a wonderful romp together when they were recently in New York at the same time on tours. Trust Maria!



Livvie de Havilland: Will she end up "Mrs." or remain in the ranks of the ladies-without-men?

CINGER ROGERS suddenly awakened to the fact that there were few unattached men left in Hollywood and that if she wanted one to call her own she'd have to hustle and find him. For a while she toyed with the idea of marrying Philip Reed, but he was apparently not the answer to her maiden's prayer. So she went more than a hundred miles, to the Marine base at San Diego, to fall in love with Jack Briggs and hear an honest-to-goodness "Will-you-marry me?"

Olivia de Havilland's spot in this normal picture is quite a different story. Livvie's dilemma is not that she hasn't got a man but that the number-one gentleman in her life is not free at the moment.

In the old days when men were more plentiful than they are now, she set her cap, and a pretty cap it is, at Jimmy Stewart. Livvie adored him openly; he liked her; but the end was only separation. Then she went about with millionaire Howard Hughes. But Howard then was a playboy first, foremost and last. Jock Whitney (then between marriages) was next for Olivia. He liked her, but apparently the important question was never asked. And then, on her home lot (Warners) she met the brilliant young director John Huston, married but separated from his wife. If this marriage does not come off, it will be a body blow to Livvie.

With most of the unmarried men in the fighting services, the publicity romance is practically dead. Hedy Lamarr was linked briefly with Jean Pierre Aumont, but it was pretty obvious that they did not care two buttons for each other and the "romance" lasted about two weeks. Hedy, by the way, seems genuinely in love with John Loder and thanks her stars that

she is now one of the lucky few with a beau she can call her own.

The last splutter in publicity romances was furnished by John Payne and June Havoc when they appeared together in "Hello, Frisco, Hello." June made a pretty good job of it, too. The light in John's eye was no mere polite glow. And recently when John made a quiet trip into town, they had all their dates far from the click of news cameras. But don't lay any bets that theirs is one of those forever matters.

The predicament of the women stars here is even worse from a professional viewpoint. There just aren't enough men left to go around for the thirty to fifty odd pictures each studio has to make a year. You should see the big-shot actresses scramble for the few remaining eligibles.

Katharine Hepburn would like Spencer Tracy for every picture she makes here. She's had him for two already and wants him for the next. But fun is fun and Metro needs Spencer to support some of the other girls.

Joan Fontaine, who used to be a quiet little thing, is now vociferous in demanding important leading men for her films. For "The Constant Nymph," Joan invited Director Edmund Goulding to lunch and showered him with arguments as to why she would be good for the part opposite Charles Boyer. "But the girl must be a weak, undersized, puny thing with freckles," Goulding told Joan. He looked a little closer at her and shrieked, "By heavens, you're the girl!"

Claudette Colbert has the French woman's aptitude for making the best of things and she says that if she cannot get a man with a big name for her

pictures, she'll take a good-looking unknown with personality. It was she who chose George Reeves for her opposite in "So Proudly We Hail." She sat in the projection room and looked at thirty tests of unknown young men. Reeves's test was there by mistake. But when Claudette saw his face, she shouted, "Stop, that's the man!"

Betty Grable tried to wheedle Fox into getting George Raft for her next film. She succeeded with the studio but failed with Raft, who was afraid he would have to play second fiddle in the picture and wasn't willing to risk his romance for top billing.

Marlene Dietrich has always liked young men in her pictures, although an old-timer like Menjou could show her off to better advantage. But Marlene would rather appear desirable to a young man than the best veteran actor in the business.

Talking about Menjou, when the shortage of actors first became apparent, a producer said to Adolphe, "It looks as though you older guys will come back to films."

"If we do," replied Menjou, "it will be the first time that some of the leading ladies have played with men of their own age!"

The End.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

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L. E. Power

What Annabella is doing while Ty Power is away in service won't keep her from being lonely, but it will save her from self-pity



Women Who Wait

If your man is away "out there" you are waging a private war of your own. If you're behaving like these Hollywood wives, that war is already won!

BY *Adela Rogers St. Johns*

I HAVE never been one to subscribe to the theory that Hollywood actresses are just like other women; that Judy Garland might be the little girl next door and that Hedy Lamarr has the same domestic tastes and Claudette Colbert the same temperament as your neighbor. Having lived in the cinema capital a great many years I am inclined to believe that screen stars are different or they wouldn't be screen stars.

But on my last trip out there after war had laid its hand upon us, I found that the vast and mighty demands of our country in these days of battle have gathered us all into a wave of kindred emotion that seems to me a very touching thing.

On the train somewhere between Chicago and Kansas City I got to talking in the dining car with a quiet little woman whose eyes showed the shadow of recent tears. She had been to the eastern seaboard to say good-bye to her husband. With an apologetic little smile that asked pardon for her weakness she said, "I wanted him to go. I'm very proud of him. But—that can't change missing him, can it? I kind of hate to go home. We've had a tough time paying for our house these last five years and we did it all together and painted the kitchen and—you know. Now—it seems so empty without him. Of course I'll carry on—but there's no use pretending it isn't hard to do."

And out in Hollywood Brenda Marshall said to me, "What could make anybody think that an actress doesn't miss her husband just the same as any other woman? Of course our lives are busy—and what is called colorful. But—the home Bill and I built together is just as empty as any other home and I haven't been able to have dinner in the dining room since he left for camp. Dinner was always the happy get-together after the long day, the time when we were both just full of things to tell each other and now—somehow I'd just rather take a tray into another room."

Her husband, William Holden, is with the Army Air Corps.

Up in Canada, where I went to see my oldest son get his wings in the RCAF, I stayed in a delightful old hotel and I kept hearing the small-talk of a very young baby next door. I went calling and discovered the pretty dark wife of a lad who had also just graduated and won his coveted "overseas posting." She sat there holding her six-weeks-old son, prepared to go back to her home somewhere in Minnesota, and she said, "I'm so glad I've got the baby. You know how it is. It keeps you from being too lonesome—he does look like his daddy, doesn't he? I'll be so busy taking care of him that it won't seem so long until Ted comes home."

And out in Hollywood, dark-eyed Sue Carol, married to the new star

Alan Ladd, said the other day, "Of course Alan and I wanted a baby. So we are having one and I thank God for it. While Alan's away in service the baby will keep him close to me all the time. I'll be so busy taking care of our baby when he comes that it will help keep me from being too lonesome. Alan and I have always been very close—he's a gentle, rather shy person even if he is a killer on the screen. We've been everything to each other since we married and now he's gone, as I would have him go, to fight for his country. I think it will be wonderful for him to realize I'm taking care of our baby. It will give him a sure sense of the future to look forward to."

Van Heflin is a lieutenant in the Artillery and his wife, pretty Frances Neal, is expecting their baby before long. When that's over she'll go back to work for Metro, but the first thing in her life will be Van's baby. An American home ought to have a baby in it, two people in love ought to have a baby—and wartime only takes a little more courage in that as it does in everything else. There doesn't seem much doubt that Van Heflin will see combat service—he's in line for it—and Frances knows it will be lonelier than anything when he isn't there to stand by while the baby's born. Lonely because she won't know he's outside pacing a hospital corridor and that she will have to miss that supreme moment when he (Continued on page 91)

ould a wife have a baby if her
usband is in active service? Van
and Frances Heflin have one idea...



... Sue Carol and Alan Ladd another.
They both equal the same thing—a
woman's best chance at happiness



Jeanette MacDonald accepted the supreme
challenge now, while her husband Gene Ray-
mond is far away fighting in England



In some ways what Maureen O'Sulli-
van is doing for husband Johnny Far-
row is the greatest sacrifice of all





*Carole
Landis*



*Marjorie
Reynolds*



Donna Reed

Easter Parade



Something worth "harping" about is small Kerry Kelly. Of the day she was born Gene says, "Boy, did I ham up the occasion!"

The hero himself—Gene looking pensive, liking what he's dreaming of—his past success in "For Me And My Gal"; his current role in "DuBarry Was A Lady"



GENE KELLY doesn't have the soulful eyes, thick wavy hair and football shoulders of a Hollywood hero, but he does have something vastly more valuable—an indefinable something, an electric quality which blanks out his lack of good looks and glamour. In many ways he is a brunet version of Fred Astaire with the same liquid grace and perfect timing in his dancing and the same shy manner, quiet bearing and modest mien.

Unlike Astaire, Gene is no fashion plate. Candidly he calls himself "a walking slum." Recently he threatened to go to a swank Hollywood premiere in a plain business suit because his own dinner jacket was stolen a year ago and he had refused to buy another. Tearfully Betsy, his wife, called Dickie Whorf, one of the Kelly pals, about the dilemma.

"Nuts," said Whorf. "I'll loan him mine."

So it was that Gene paraded in Hollywood high society dolled up in his best friend's finery!

Aside from being a heckava nice guy, Gene also is one of those provocative exceptions which proves the rule about the long hard road to success.

He has contributed a just share of ambition and work along the way but the really choice smiles of fortune always seem to land on him. For instance, he left college to start a one-horse dance school; two years later he was the head of a chain of such schools and netting around \$10,000 a year profit. He was an absolute unknown when he decided



Gene met wife Betsy when he was dance director for Billy Rose. She thought he was a bus boy; he thought she was a dream. Below: The luck of the Irish deserts him at a crucial croquet moment



to tackle Broadway; two days after reaching New York he had a featured role in "Leave It To Me," which was followed by three hit plays including "Pal Joey." He came to Hollywood devoid of the supposed essentials of handsome looks and personal glamour; his subordinate role in "For Me And My Gal" created such an instant sensation he was rushed into top roles in two top M-G-M pictures and then was handed the starring part opposite Kathryn Grayson in "Private Miss Jones."

Not bad for a young man who just has skimmed by his thirtieth birthday! Yet Gene, in all honesty, professes to view the achievements as ordinary and himself as less.

"I'm just Joe Average," he said. "I've got a wife, a kid, a car and a house. There's a million guys like me."

BLOODY noses and blacked eyes were Gene's earliest memories of life in his home town of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The same dancing which brought him fame was responsible. Done up in prim little Eton collars, with his hair slicked and his ears scrubbed pink, he was sent to dancing school once a week by his mother. She believed in little boys' learning the niceties of life.

"The route to school was lined with kids whose mothers held less aesthetic views," Gene said. "Invariably the divergent schools of thought clashed and I had to do battle on each of six corners to prove I was no sissy."

On one occasion Gene and his brother (who came under the same maternal dictum) were jumped by a gang of seven kids. That called for quick strategy since they were so badly outnumbered.

"G'wan!" Gene disdainfully answered the challenge. "We're going to a party with cake and strawberry ice cream and everything!"

"Oh yeah?" said the gang, preparing to let fly. "Prove it!"

"Okay," said Gene. "Follow us and see. Maybe we can hook you some of the eats." The gang fell in line. Keeping up a patter about the delights in store, Gene led the beguiled enemy to the door of the dancing school and safety.

"The Irish have a way of meeting things," Gene observed.

In other respects his childhood was that of the average American boy. His father, James Patrick Kelly, was a salesman and earned sufficient to guarantee his family of three sons and two daughters the usual comforts and a modicum of luxury. He shared a room on the third floor of the big red brick home with his younger brother Fred and it was cluttered with the usual paraphernalia and trophies of adolescents—pennants, stolen No Parking signs, cigar box hoards of junk and white mice in a shoebox. He had the usual succession of mumps and measles and the one outstanding accident which always throws the family into a panic. It left a slightly curving scar at the left of his mouth (Continued on page 94)

Has anybody here seen Kelly?
Sure and everyone has—and
did a double-take pronto.
That's no blarney; neither is
this all-about-Gene story

BY KAY PROCTOR

Rita Hayworth



Colorful salutes: To Rita Hayworth, now appearing in Columbia's "The Cover Girl"

Walter Pidgeon



... and to Walter Pidgeon, currently starring in M-G-M's "Madame Curie"

SHORT FOR RONNI

Tall — and true — story about a little girl with a big name, Veronica Lake, who's on the cover, in the money and out to win your heart



She takes excellent care of her hair

BY
SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

Off screen she loves pinafores and braids—and her husband Captain John Detlie whose pet name for her is Ronni





he is a good bookkeeper-budgeteer

She likes operas, symphonies

Her favorite meal is pepper steak

VERONICA LAKE'S real name is Constance Keane.

Producer Arthur Hornblow Jr. changed her name. He chose the Lake without knowing she was born at Lake Placid, New York, (and the date is November 14, 1919). He selected the Veronica from the name of a secretary, Veronica Grusling, without realizing that Constance Keane's mother is named Veronica.

She is five feet one and a half inches tall and weighs ninety-eight pounds. This makes her the shortest siren the screen has known from the days of Theda Bara to Hedy Lamarr. People expect a siren to be much taller, but she does photograph slightly taller than when seen in person. While Veronica was visiting New York and attending the theater, a woman commented audibly: "Hum, Veronica Lake, Junior!"

She is a natural blonde and always wore her hair with that long bob dangling over one eye. She didn't affect it to become a glamour girl. And about that hair: It's the most famous coiffure in the business.

Practically every radio comedian has had a gag about it. Fred Allen claimed a cop halted him for having only one headlight, demanding, "Hey, you trying to pull a Veronica Lake?" Tizzie Lish gave a recipe for Veronica Lake potato bread—made of one-eyed potatoes. It has even been a joke in pictures. Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett used it for a scene in "The Major And The Minor."

Recently some friends entertained a soldier. Veronica was in the party. She was dancing with him when another soldier in the place said, "Look at that dame! Who does she think she is—Veronica Lake?"

However in her next picture, "So Proudly We Hail," her famous hair goes decidedly up. She plays a U. S. Army nurse. Long hanging hair is against regulations and she must be authentic. Therefore her hair is parted in the middle and done up.

Off the screen she loves to dress in pinafores with her hair done up in pigtails. She never outgrows clothes and many outfits she wears were made by herself years ago. And, although she once won the title of "Miss Florida" in a bathing beauty contest, she has never been photographed in a bathing suit for publicity purposes.

She didn't want to be an actress when her family moved to Hollywood for business reasons in 1939. She didn't like the theater and seldom went to the movies. Her girl friend, Gwen Horn, however, wanted to be a movie star. Gwen answered a call at RKO for a girl to play a bit in "Sorority House." Veronica, who drove the car, went along. John Farrow, the director, insisted that she play a bit in the picture, too. From that day on, she wanted to be a movie star.

She played bits in a number of pictures. Directors would always say to her, "Get the hair out of your eyes." She would have to put up the hair before playing the scene. She wore the

hair over one eye for the first time in "Forty Little Mothers." "Let her do it," said Eddie Cantor to Director Busby Berkeley, "it'll help to distinguish her from the others."

THIS bit led to her getting a special screen test at Metro. The test played a number of projection rooms at different studios. She was signed by Paramount for a leading role in "I Wanted Wings" and from then on she was a star.

On the set she pays strict attention to work. She comes fully prepared and knows her lines and her part. She is not envious of other performers in the cast and she takes direction easily. She puts everything she has into her work.

She is married to Captain John Stuart Detlie of the camouflage division of the Engineer Corps, stationed in Seattle. She met him while he was in the art department at Metro and she was working at that studio. It was the haircomb that first attracted him to her.

When not working in a picture, she resides in Seattle with their baby, Elaine, to be near John. His pet name for her is Ronni and she has it lettered on almost everything she owns.

She smokes, but never has a match with her.

She takes especially good care of her hair. She brushes it fifteen minutes a day.

She eats prodigious amounts of food, but she (Continued on page 97)



Pauline Goodland

What Hollywood Thinks of Paulette Goddard

An "out in the open" discussion of the girl who has caused more undercover gossip than any feminine star

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

THE outstanding feature of Paulette Goddard is energy, energy expressed by vitality, ambition and drive. Sooner or later, almost everyone gets around to that in talking of Paulette Goddard.

Everyone knows her for that—and for her bright smile, her gaiety and her wit. After working in two pictures with her, Ray Milland claims there's nobody in films who can top her in repartee.

"Paulette can take it," says Ray. "And no matter what happens, she comes up smiling. Besides being the quickest witted woman I ever knew, she's the gamest. She took a terrific beating in 'Reap The Wild Wind.' She wore heavy costumes under those hot lights without a whimper. She was ducked in the water, mauled in the fights and knocked about in barroom brawls—and every time she came up smiling."

She's all girl to Bob Hope. He says: "To me Paulette is one of the most feminine stars in pictures. She may work her head off, sparkle with wit and be a pal on the set, but she can't make me take back what I said the first time I saw her."

What he said then was: "Paulette Goddard is the first real glamour girl I ever saw. I've heard about them, but she is it. She's got those lines and those sparkling eyes and all the things I heard about on Broadway."

The thing about Goddard that most impresses LeVaughn Larson of the Paramount wardrobe department, who has dressed scores of stars, is her sensitivity.

"Paulette never thinks of anything we are making up for her as something for herself," LeVaughn explains, "but always as something for the character she is to play. Although she has excellent taste in clothes, she will favor the same styles and materials that that character would select."

"That's probably because she is sensitive to the feelings of others."

"For instance, she was given a little stand-in who had never done that kind of work before. The minute this girl walked on the set Paulette sensed that she was nervous and felt out of place. So Paulette asked this girl into her dressing room, talked to her about the things she wanted to do and made her feel right at home. Now that girl is one of Goddard's most loyal champions."

Her name is June Kilgore."

June Kilgore's own side of the Goddard story? "She has such a good heart," said the little stand-in. "I'd been working for her only a short time when she gave me a dress. The last day we worked in 'Reap The Wild Wind' she gave me a beautiful knee-length red fox fur coat. I didn't know what to say and stammered over taking it, but she told me she had more than she deserved and felt I would appreciate it more than she would."

"She didn't give me those things because of anything I'd done for her, but just because she's generous. During the shooting of the picture 'Pot O' Gold' one of the girls complimented Paulette on the sweater she was wearing."

"The very next day thirty-two sweaters just like it, in different colors, were brought on the set. There was one for each (Continued on page 72)

Says Glenn Alden, make-up man for Paulette, "I've seen her heckle an interior decorator to save a dollar."



Women talk to their hairdressers; Paulette was no exception when she made a confidante of Hedvig Mjorud



A star's stand-in sees a side of her the public never guesses. June Kilgore, Paulette's stand-in, has a sweater girl story about Goddard that will surprise a lot of people in Hollywood



A GUY

BY ERNEST V. HEYN

went right on for three long months—with whooping cough!

You can judge people by the way they react to their physical handicaps. To me that whooping cough episode is the pay-off on Jo. Nothing can stop a man like that. Matter of fact, the experience left him with the same sort of trouble Bing Crosby has—"nodules" (I think that's the word) on his vocal chords.

During the show it was very painful, the constant coughing, the heart-breaking effort to make his voice heard in the last row of the gallery despite the constriction in his throat, that ever-present impulse to cough. But somehow it gave his voice a quality, and a certain agency representative was sure he'd discovered the great radio voice of the future. The agent had come to see Van Heflin, who played the other important male role, but he ended by wanting Jo. (Van Heflin did all right too.)

Jo agreed to come for an audition but secretly planned to put it off as long as possible, so he could take treatments to bring his voice back to normal. At last, several weeks later, he said he was ready for the test. It was arranged. Jo was delighted with his voice, quite free now of its whooping-cough rasp. And after it was over the agency man congratulated him, but touched his arm sympathetically as he said, "What's happened, Cotten—what has happened to your voice?"

Nodules or no nodules, he got the role opposite Martha Scott in the radio serial, "The Career Of Alice Blair."

YOU'VE read stories of boys and girls who became actors and actresses against the strident opposition of their conservative fathers and mothers. Well, Jo's parents couldn't be more conservative. There hadn't been an actor in either family, ever. They were good, solid-Southern, church-going people and when Jo was born to them in Petersburg, Virginia, on May 15, 1905, they probably dreamed that he'd go into law or maybe work for the Government as his father did. If anybody had told Mrs. Cotten that her boy was going to be a professional football player, a writer, an advertising salesman and an actor, she would have snorted and said, "Nonsense!"

But when the moment came, when Jo stood before her and said, "That's what I want to be, Mama—an actor," she didn't snort, she didn't even scowl. She said, "If that's what you want Jo, that's what I want too." And she proceeded to help him get what he wanted.

EDITORS' NOTE: When Major Ernest V. Heyn left his post as editorial director to go into the Army of the United States, he agreed, when time and duties permitted, to contribute occasionally to our pages. This is his story of a friend who happens also to be one of Hollywood's exciting new star personalities.

WHEN I was editor of magazines like this one, and especially this one, I had two rules for the folks who wrote the stories. One was to "get a human angle on the star, the basic theme of his life." The other was to "keep yourself out of the story."

And now here I am breaking the rules, one by one.

Well, not exactly. When I was asked to tell you about the man who's done so well for himself as the handsome menace in "Shadow Of A Doubt" and who has distinguished himself in varying degrees in "Citizen Kane," "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "Journey Into Fear," which he also helped write, it was because Jo Cotten and I have been friends for a number of years. (I spell Jo without the "e" because Lenore does, and Lenore certainly ought to know, since it must have been she who decided, when she

married him in 1931, how people like you and me were to spell it when Jo became famous.)

Friendship, then, is my excuse for the first person singular. And as for the human angle, I've done the next best thing to getting one—I've unearthed several!

For instance: It seems incredible, but Joseph Cotten played in the Broadway stage play, "The Philadelphia Story," opposite Katharine Hepburn, for twelve long weeks, eight performances a week, suffering from an ailment which he'd caught from Lenore's young daughter, Judy, and if it had happened to me I'd have been in bed!

Even though the other actors in the show had to treat him like a pariah and turn the other way, holding their breaths when he spouted lines toward them, to avoid catching his germs, he

CALLED JO

Wherein someone who ought to
know better breaks a lot of rules,
thereby giving you some news you
never knew before about Cotten



Jo found Lenore as a friend, kept her as his wife. Their home is unpretentious—and strictly private

Jo's predilection for acting was no secret to anyone in Petersburg. They had come to the high-school plays and seen him in all manner of roles. So it was no surprise to them when word got around that he was heading for Washington, D. C., to study in the Robert Nugent Hickman School of Expression. Of course, they were sure it would break his poor mother's heart to have him turn out this way—an actor, imagine it!

Jo studied hard at the Hickman School, trained his voice over the rivets that were being driven into the building of the Mayfair Hotel across the street from the studio and then went to New York to become an actor.

He tried, long and as energetically as he knew how, to get acting jobs in New York. The people to whom he had letters had left the city years before. So nothing came of his efforts . . . nothing except a sense of futility and hopelessness. The winter was cold and there was a boom in Florida . . . maybe there'd be something doing there and besides, what did he have to lose?

He borrowed some money from a dear friend and headed for Florida. He spent five years there . . . all kinds of jobs . . . selling advertising on a Miami paper . . . selling vacuum cleaners . . . acting in a little theater (you might have known it!) . . . but no real spark, no burning ambition.

At last Jo was twenty-five. The Florida boom was over, long since, and people were even getting used to the stock market crash, which was almost a year behind them.

Then a handsome blonde showed up, named Lenore. A marriage that hadn't panned out was behind her, but there wasn't a trace of bitterness in her. She

was gay and bright and understanding. And little Judy, her daughter, was enchanting. Jo was delighted with his new friends. Someday, somebody (not I) will tell you the really enchanting and dramatic love story of Jo and Lenore. Let me tell you just this: I've never seen two people who I thought belonged together as much as these two.

In the summer Lenore went to New York, leaving Jo in Florida. A strange new ambition touched him. The thing to do was to go back to New York and try again. Jo set out, without hope, but with the warming prospect of seeing Lenore practically any minute.

OF course they were married, when the unpleasant business of the divorce had been straightened out, and then Jo had to be a success in the theater, he absolutely *had* to.

And he certainly was—but almost a decade later!

One of the letters Jo had, when he came up North, was to Burns Mantle, even then a well-known and popular drama critic. (Today he edits an annual collection of the best plays of the year and reviews the theater for the *Daily News* which has the largest newspaper circulation in New York or anywhere, I guess.) Jo mailed that letter to Mantle and was invited to come and see him.

Mantle said, dourly, "You know, I really wonder how anybody ever gets on the stage."

And Jo answered in his forthright way, "I don't know. You're supposed to tell me."

Mantle laughed and gave him letters to John Golden and David Belasco, the

famous producers, but added: "Letters aren't any good."

The letter to John Golden is still one of Jo's treasures. He never used it. He's saving it, he says, "just in case. . . ."

However, he did send the letter to David Belasco and got an appointment.

"What do you want?" Belasco asked brusquely.

"I want a job in the theater," Jo told him.

"All right," Belasco said unexpectedly. "Come to work Monday."

Then followed a series of understudy roles—"Dancing Partner" for Lynne Overman and "Tonight Or Never" for Melvyn Douglas—and then nothing, just that same sense of futility that every hopeful actor gets used to, like a lame man to a limp.

Leah Salisbury, the play and talent agent, knows about that. The story of Leah and Jo is one I like—another of those "human angles" in Jo's life. You see, an agent is a gambler, a person who decides someone is good, then gambles hours and money and endless arguments trying to put that somebody over. Leah Salisbury decided that Joseph Cotten was a good gamble. Not that much ever happened to Jo to kindle her faith in him, but she just believed in him. She arranged all manner of appointments and plenty of readings and movie tests. Today you say to Jo, "Who tested you?"

And Jo answers, "Name anybody." Everybody tested him, even Howard Hughes, for the role that Ben Lyon later played in "Hell's Angels."

All through these years of occasional jobs in summer stock, or as understudy, or in some minor radio role, Leah always had (Continued on page 88)

Mistakes

I wouldn't make again...

In which we make five Hollywood stars "sing"—

i.e., speak up about their slip-ups

Joan Fontaine

Looking back over my past I regret that I missed many of the normal activities and joys of youth. When I see the things young people do, the fun girls of eighteen, nineteen, twenty, have at barbecue parties, sleigh rides, dances, I can't help envying them. In my younger days I was shy and afraid of people my own age. I hardly ever associated with them, didn't go to parties, movies, dances with them, but stayed home reading heavy books. My companions were older people—much older than I.

Not all the good books in the world, not all the knowledge one can gain from them, can compensate for the lack of these usual diversions in a girl's life.



I missed them and they have left a void in my heart. Today, I still long for those silly and wonderful things girls in their teens do. In some ways

I feel ten years older. The responsibility of coping with the right scripts, with complicated salary matters and the thousand and one big and small things connected with a career in motion pictures make a girl prematurely old.

A slight mistake may have serious, even disastrous consequences.

But in other ways I haven't grown up at all, I suppose, and I'd like to cut up with young girls and share in their fun. After all, one is young only once and parties and dates and dances, sleigh rides, picnics, camping, are an invaluable part of youth. I didn't have them—a mistake I wouldn't want to make again.

Joan Crawford

The mistake I'll never make again (I hope!) is going off the deep end of enthusiasm for a person with no appreciation of courtesy. Not very long ago, a mutual friend of my husband's and mine asked us to be nice to a girl who shall be nameless. We should have known better when the secretary rather than the girl herself called to announce her arrival in town. But we went ahead nevertheless. When we did see her we gave her the advice she asked for—mind you, she asked for the advice. She was discouraged. We tried to buck her up and we arranged for her to have a screen test.

However, tests are expensive for any studio and they are never made sight unseen. We asked her to come to the



studio on a certain day. Her secretary called to say she could not make it that day, but would the next. When she arrived the next day, I had a fa-

mous cameraman and a famous director there to interview her.

"Where am I to make the test?" she asked.

We explained that tests were not made without an interview first.

"Is that the reason you dragged me all the way out here—just for a silly interview?" she said, and walked off the set.

Helping people with common decency who are courteous enough to appreciate what you do for them is a pleasure. It's more fun for me to give a person a boost than for the person who receive the boost. But I'm careful from now on. Phil and I will only help those who really want and need our help.



Lynn Bari

One mistake I'm sure I'll never make again is to try to make an impressive "entrance." My first and last attempt was too humiliating. For this special occasion—one of my first dates, the first time I had been to the Cocoanut Grove and my first formal gown—I had bought a very special, extravagant dress, a red one, with a short train. I was making what I thought was a poised and regal entrance—deliberately late, because I had read about "entrances"—but halfway down the stairs I tripped, fell down the remaining stairs and landed on the dance floor.



I was dreadfully embarrassed but managed to say, "Maybe Mack Sennett could use me as a comic double."

All evening people passing my table

smiled sympathetically, or laughingly, or at least so I imagined. Afterwards I was sure that if I hadn't been wearing such a conspicuous red gown I might not have been so easily spotted as the girl who literally "tripped" down the stairs. Since then I've been much more conservative in my choice of clothes and I never try to make an "entrance." Before I enter any room in which a number of people are gathered, I stop and take a good deep breath and then make sure I know where I'm walking. And I'm usually one of the first guests to arrive.



Nancy Coleman

The greatest mistake I ever made was in allowing myself to be "pushed around." When I was on the road tour of "Susan And God" we played Los Angeles. At that time the search for *Scarlett O'Hara* was on and I was offered a test. I thought that meant going to the studio and having the test, but it wasn't so simple. I wore myself out making trips to the Selznick Studio in Culver City from Los Angeles in the afternoons and rushing back for the evening performance of our play. It went on day after day, through innumerable delays. The climax came when I sat in a producer's office for three hours, alone, just waiting. The producer had simply forgotten all about me.

I decided the fault was mine and made up my mind then and there that



from that moment on little Nancy would be the sort of girl who looked out for herself.

I lived up to my new resolution. As a result, when Warners offered me a contract I refused to sign unless the

contract stipulated that I should be given a test for the role of Louise in "Kings Row." That was the role I wanted to play and I didn't want to come out to Hollywood and find that someone else had been assigned to the role before I even had a chance to try.

And just recently I did some more looking out for myself. I had read the script of "Edge Of Darkness" and I knew I could play the part of the Polish actress. But everyone I spoke to about it said, "You aren't the type, Nancy." Even my agent refused to ask for that role for me. Instead of giving up I went to Director Lewis Milestone myself and pleaded for a test. He finally gave in and the result was that after he saw the test he agreed with me that I could play it.



Red Skelton

The mistake I'd never make again is to become a star. Before I entered pictures I was a clown in circuses or a judge of walkathons in carnivals—and most of the time I didn't wear shoes. I hate to wear shoes. I could sleep late, didn't have to go to night clubs and, above all, didn't need a car. I used to travel in box cars and let the railroad company worry about it—now I have to carry my A and B



ration books with me all the time.

Whereas before, Saturday night was good enough for me, now I have to

have a swimming pool. And I have to get some relatives. And have to write to Emily Post about the correct way of using forks—whereas the only fork I ever used before was when I pitched hay to the elephants. Now a valet wakes me up; before, a cop woke me up on a park bench. And now I've got to kiss the leading ladies. This being a Hollywood star is sure getting me down!



Kiss me for luck

By Henry and Sylvia Lieferant

The Story Thus Far:

THEY had known each other "when"—Betsy Bell and Phil Jordan, back in the days when they were both performers in a second-rate Hollywood night club, Phil in a clever pantomiming stunt with his brothers Roy and Chet, Betsy as the naïve little singer. For a brief moment, one evening, they had been close, too, when Phil had asked Betsy to "kiss me for luck" because the next night Haney, the big producer, was coming to hear the Jordan Brothers and that might mean that success was on the way.

But Haney had chosen instead little Betsy Bell and had carried her away to groom her for stardom, leaving the Jordans discouraged, disillusioned, with nothing ahead but dreary third-rate engagements in the sticks.

Success sometimes does a surprise act, though, and that's the way it had happened for the Jordans. For here they were now, called back to Hollywood by the producer Anton Van Dirk, called back to play in one picture, in two, pointed out as the new finds of Hollywood.

And little Betsy Bell, who had always remembered Phil, was a has-been, a girl who had been eased out before Success had even had a glimpse of her.

For Haney, after promising her the lead role in his new picture, had dropped her instead. There was no Phil for her to turn to—Phil was too busy squiring Doris Foster, the lovely blonde on whom her producer was betting, although she had not yet come through in any picture as a hit. She had beauty, a lovely ethereal beauty that had bewitched Phil, and she had intelligence, too, a cruel calculating intelligence that made her see she might go far if she rode along with that coming star of the Jordan team, Phil.

As for Roy and Chet—they were listening to the honied tones of their girls, Wilma and Lorna, telling them that they, not Phil, were the backbone of the act, begging them to break up the Jordan Brothers and try out on their own.

Phil sensed this a bit, but he still could not believe that there was any real discord among them. It was easy to forget their quarrels, too, when he was out with Doris. They had come to a small café this evening, where they might be alone, and the

floor show was on as they went to their table.

Suddenly the band was playing an introduction that sounded familiar to Phil. He looked up and saw, standing before the microphone, Betsy Bell.

Doris was watching his face carefully. "Someone you know, darling?" she asked.

"Betsy Bell."

"Oh, yes, Betsy Bell—I remember. A flop before she began, wasn't she? You know her well?"

"We worked in the same show . . . I'd like to see her a minute, Doris," Phil said. And abruptly he was on his feet.

Now Continue the Story:

HE knows her too well, Doris thought. He likes her too well. She spoke up suddenly. "Shall we go, Phil? I'm really very tired."

She seemed to droop before his eyes, to wilt like an Easter lily under a bright light. He felt contrite at having kept her out so late. He would send Betsy a note, now that he knew where to find her. He'd offer his help. . . .

The three brothers were in their apartment when the newspapers were delivered with the reviews of the second picture. Each sprang to open one. "Sashay Round Your Partner" was a success, if not the sudden bomb that the first one was. This reviewer didn't think it an unqualified hit, but "the brothers are still our choice for the best lunatics of the year." Every reviewer singled Phil out. "The middle brother, Phil, is easily the pivot of the team—"

"What about that fire engine sequence on my accordion? That wasn't anything, I suppose," Roy said. "Do I get a kind word for it?" Chet shrugged. "We're just spokes on the wheel."

Both of them had been hungry for separate publicity. Only Phil got any to speak of. But he hadn't wanted it. It didn't matter to him. He knew the boys were tops.

"I was a hit on that one shot radio hour," Roy informed his brothers. "They want me for more. Why should I neglect an opportunity for this?" and he waved toward the papers in disgust.

It was a long, long moment while Phil stared at his brothers. Jealousy was smeared all over Roy's sullen face. Chet sat with his feet on the sofa back, entirely indifferent. What goes on here, Phil thought. How can we work like this?

There is one time when a woman

must be courageous enough

to confess her love for a man

Was Betsy wise enough to know

when that moment had come?

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL MUELLER



"We're giving a damnsight more to the next picture than we ever gave," he decided. "You forget your radio until this is over."

Phil's hopes were not realized. The third picture was started with open wrangling, finished in active discord. Van Dirk recognized the lack of harmony and its danger, and perhaps for that reason finished shooting in record time.

The verdict of the projection room was "Stinko."

Van Dirk's verdict was as short and final. "Call their agent Sam Kent and tell him we're not picking up the Jordans' option."



Betsy came close to Phil, sat at his feet. Her eyes were wide and fearless. "There is a reason, Phil. Shall I tell you what it is?"

While he stood in the studio doorway talking to the script girl of other matters, having already dismissed the Jordans from his mind, the projection room telephone rang.

"Hi, Boss," cried the excited voice of an assistant camera man through the phone. "That Foster picture—you can chalk up another wow!"

"What's that?"

"Click!" Kovaler said. "The preview's over and the crowd's knocked out. Doris Foster's a hit, Boss. They're mobbing her in the lobby. She's with that Jordan fellow—the funny one—Phil. . . ."

Van Dirk hung up. "A miracle," he

laughed. "The well-known Hollywood brand." Doris Foster had at last justified the money spent on her. She was a hit.

It wasn't till late the next day that the message came from Sam that the Jordans' option was not to be picked up. At ten o'clock that night, Phil stepped into the apartment to hear the telephone ringing. He thought it might be Doris, just calling to say an extra good-night.

It wasn't good-night. It wasn't Doris. For the moment it looked to him like curtains. He sat frozen beside the telephone. Discord. That's what had done

it. The boys each fighting for a place in the sun, like kids. He'd have to pull them together now—get a fresh start. . . .

Phil called the bar and ordered drinks sent up. The boys hadn't come in yet. At one-thirty there was a knock. He wasn't expecting Success. She didn't come. A telegram had arrived instead.

Married tonight Sailing Hawaii midnight Promised Lorna give up career Three little Jordans cooking in a stew one got et then there were two. Chet

Phil almost couldn't comprehend this. It (Continued on page 84)

The Beautiful British

The lady is a symbol. Her name is Anna Lee. She is England in America—yours to know and cheer forever

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

UNIQUE is the word for Annie. She is blonde, blue-eyed, fragile of appearance and far lovelier than is necessary, even in glamour gummed-up Hollywood. You saw her first with Ronald Colman in RKO's "My Life With Caroline," which depicted her with no more brain than you could carry on the tip of a knife while riding a jeep at full speed. This was a gross libel, because the Lee lady is definitely on the cerebral side.

Her second picture was "How Green Was My Valley," in which she played Roddy McDowall's beloved Bron. After that came "Flying Tigers" in nurse's white, then "Flesh And Fantasy" and "The Commandos Strike At Dawn." But wait till you see her performance in "Hangmen Also Die!"

Now that you have the key to her identity, would you like the key to her life? It's the masculine department of the human race. Proof of this exciting statement will follow immediately.

Miss Lee (then known as Joanna Boniface Winnifreth) at the malleable age of ten was the only distaff member of a boys' school. It came about in this way: Her father was the rector at Ightham, near Sevenoaks, Kent, England, and he was also headmaster of the preparatory school. As there were no feminine educational opportunities located near by, Joanna was taught her lessons with the boys. Also, her hair was cropped exactly as theirs was and she wore the same school toggerly.

She played all the games—even to the English version of football—until one of the more embittered spinsters in her father's pastorate protested that this was shocking behavior for a little girl, particularly a parson's daughter. Miss Lee remembers to this day, with quiet wrath, her anguish at being kicked off the first team.

And, as it must befall each of us, Miss Lee's first daring adventure was inspired by a man. He was a gorgeous creature—a lion tamer in a circus. "As I recall him, (Continued on page 95)



Joanna Winnifreth who became Anna Lee, lovely to look at in "Hangmen Also Die!"

The Indomitable Dutch

The gentleman is an emblem. His name is Philip Dorn. He stands for Holland, for courage, for invincible hope

BY LEON SURMELIAN

FIVE sturdy boys were standing on the tower that was built out into the shipping waters off the Holland shore. With a shout the first boy dived off the tower. For a full minute the others looked on impassively, waiting for his head to come up beside a small craft a little distance from the tower. This was a favorite trick of their companion—to make them think that he was drowning. But when tiny bubbles began to appear on the surface close to the piles of the tower, the second boy plunged into the water. He, too, failed to reappear. The third youth went in after the second; then the fourth. There were now four ominous little streams of bubbles.

Cold terror gripped the heart of the fifth boy. Nothing but his indomitable will drove him into the sea after his chums. Straining his eyes in the murky depths he saw their four bodies, saw also the steel net which had caught them. If he could just summon enough strength to give it one good shove—there!

Slowly five heads reappeared on the surface. The fifth boy clambered out, hauled his companions onto the tower. Two were already turning blue. With the knowledge of those who live by the sea three of the boys worked quickly on the other two, administering artificial respiration. Presently the patients were breathing again. And the excited citizens of the little Dutch town proclaimed the fifth boy a hero.

That fifth boy? He was Fritz Van Dungen. You know him as Philip Dorn of Hollywood.

In real life Dorn looks like Gary Cooper, talks like Charles Boyer and his thinking has been definitely influenced by a Javanese holy man. All of this with a few minor differences, of course. For instance, he's six feet two, instead of Cooper's six feet four.

But he never convinced the estimable London ladies of that difference when they rushed up to him and said, "May we have your autograph, Mr. Cooper?" It seems Gary (Continued on page 82)



Fritz Van Dungen who became Philip Dorn, intense man of "Reunion In France"

SPEAKING OF GARFIELD

BY HIMSELF

A story such as this is a rare treasure. It has to do with the
heart, and the soul, and the mind of a man



Garfield, the actor,
giving a powerful
characterization in
Warners' "Air Force"



In front of the Garfield home, a simple, English-type house—John with Robbie, his wife, "the most important single element in my life," and their little daughter Catherine

"JOHNNY'S a changed boy," they say. "Garfield's different."

But I'm not. Something more exciting and a lot more important than that is happening out here. Hollywood is changing. The world is changing.

When I first came to Hollywood, I believed that motion pictures were the most powerful medium in the world. I wanted my share of the work to be an honest picture of America. Not hopped-up things built for the box office.

Back in those days they weren't making pictures like "Air Force." It's one of the first real examples of how Hollywood is changing. Howard Hawks told me the story one day in his office. I never saw a script. I never knew whether my role was a big one or completely unimportant. I only knew I wanted to be connected with this picture that couldn't fail to be great. Although the cast includes such people as Gig Young, Harry Carey, Arthur Kennedy, George Tobias, Jim Brown, John Ridgely, Faye Emerson, me—there's no star in the picture. The picture itself is the star. There is no magnifying of any personality. That's the right way to make a picture, I think. Subordinating the star roles to the action, to the facts.

At first I was pretty wide-eyed about it all. I remember the first Hollywood party I went to. Mike Curtiz took me. We were working late and dropped by after we finished. It was given at the Darryl Zanucks, in their stables. What a stable! Robert Taylor came up and spoke to me. Barbara Stanwyck went out of her way to tell me that she liked my work in "Four Daughters." I had

never been introduced to them. I thought Gee! We eat at drive-ins one night, my wife Robbie and I. The next night I meet Stanwyck and Taylor. I was thrilled. I wished it could be preserved, this starry-eyed stuff. Instinctively I knew—it's not in the cards.

Like became too easy. I didn't have to worry about where my next job was coming from or whether there'd be a next. I didn't have to worry about the rent or the laundry bills. I lost my drive, thought I was losing my objective. Disillusionment set in. Now I know that only the very young can be disillusioned. Because what you're disillusioned about are the surface things of life. As you grow up, you know that the structure underneath is swell and strong.

That's where Robbie has been the most important single element in my life. She's a sensible girl. She isn't affected by all the claptrap that affects me. It doesn't impress her or depress her. She takes the long view. Women like Robbie are like the earth. They can wait for things to germinate and then to grow. Kids are like that, too; my little Catherine, for instance.

So at the end of that first year I wanted to go back to New York.

If you've watched your mother die as I did. . . .

It was back in the days when I was seven, down in New York's lower East Side, a kid born to be a mugg or a gangster if ever a guy was. O'Flannihan, the copper, had to go to my mother, not once but many times, when things were missing from the

peddlers' carts. Well, I hadn't taken the stuff, but who was to say I hadn't, banana-snatcher from the cradle.

Physical illness killed my mother, no doubt. That's what the ambulance doctor thought, and that's what he wrote on the death certificate. But it may have been something else that killed my mother, that year I was seven. Worry, maybe. So anyway, she died. So you get the feeling you'd like to make something pretty fine out of yourself to make up for something you can never be sure about.

If you've ridden the rods, as I have, hobnobbed with hoboos, found them right guys, seen a pal fall between two freight cars and be crushed to death under the wheels, you find you've worked up an allergy for phonies, even on the stage or screen.

I remember what Angelo Patri told me that day I tried to run away from his school, jumped a fence and landed squarely in a flower bed. I expected trouble when he called me back. I didn't get it. For the first time, I didn't get it. Patri talked to me as I had never been talked to before. He made me see that flowers are tender, beautiful living things, to be cared for and protected. He gave me the idea that people are like that, too, and hearts, and ideals. And some of the things inside our own hearts and minds that we'd better not trample either.

But I didn't like any part of it. So I quit. I was running away from something again. It's always kid stuff to run away from anything.

I was running away again after my



John and Catherine getting cozy in a cozy spot—the den, filled with records and books. "I eat books," he says. "Trying to make up for the education that I didn't have."

first year in Hollywood. No one was sorry to see me go. No one inquired when I'd be back. Cagney told me later, "When you first came here, Garfield, you gave people the gifts of simplicity and naïveté. Then you took them back."

That's right, I did. I took them back. In their place I gave people suspicion and snarls and stuck that chip on my shoulder under their noses.

SO I went to New York, did a play, "Heavenly Express," put some of my own money into it, and it was a financial failure. I'm not sorry I did it. I had it in me, and it had to be done.

Then I got "hep." I woke up one morning and thought, "What have I been carrying on for?" It was like growing up.

What it comes down to is a word called Diplomacy. A word I'd never known. In the world I came from you said what you felt irregardless, and you said it out of the side of your mouth with your fists ready. But this is a different world. Here, you still fight for what you believe but you use the weapons of Peace, not War, that's the difference.

When we first came here, we bought an old, rusty light coupe of the vintage of '31; in fact, we arrived here in it. Well, my friends now make fun of my midget automobile, my concession to gas rationing. "The Cramps," they call it. I don't find it cramped. I've been spending my days in the tail of a bomber for my role of a gunner in "Air Force."

After the bomber, "The Cramps" is roomy as the land where the antelopes roam. I never wanted to ride in a limousine. But that's another way times are changing. With the boys riding bombers, who would want to ride in limousines today?

When we first came here, we lived in a two-room-and-kitchenette apartment and did our own work. Even that hasn't changed too much. We still don't own a house. We rent Helen Mack's place, a nice English house. It contains a bedroom, nursery, study, dining room, two baths and a banana tree in the back yard. Dessert at our house always consists of bananas in some form, either straight, soufflé, pie or jello.

I am having bookshelves built into the bathrooms. I eat books. Trying to make up for the education I didn't have.

My first big splurge after that surprise "click" in "Four Daughters" was to spend fifteen dollars on books. These included Stanislavski's "An Actor Prepares," Sigmund Freud, Irving Stone's biography of Jack London, a history of the motion picture, and a book of Goya prints. My favorite book of all time is Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe." I'd like to do it on the screen. Because it's my favorite theme, the struggle of the artist with his arch-enemy, the World. I also enjoy reading the Congressional Record. It is mailed to me by my friend Clifford Odets. When I am in New York, I go up to Odets' house and read it.

I know several hunks of Shakespeare

by heart. I like to recite it whenever I am alone. Sometimes I like to walk in the rain. That leaves me wide open, I know, that walking in the rain routine. All right, so I do it.

There is a bookshelf behind my bed, one of those acreage affairs with four posts, where I can head off at right angles if what I'm reading excites me. And I read myself to sleep every night.

OH, and look, for "color"—I wear both parts of my pajamas in loving memory of the days when I didn't have either part.

I'm afraid of the dark, and have a scar on my left leg. A girl gave it to me. When I was eight. She hit me with a sled. I was picking on her. She was six feet tall. I never owned a tuxedo until I came to Hollywood. I can cook, but I don't.

Which brings me back to what led up to all this: We still do most of our own work.

We're not fussy about food. We're strictly cafeteria people, and can cook our own. When we have a hired girl, I wash the dishes so she can catch the bus.

We haven't many friends. Few and close. We go to the movies pretty often, love it. My favorite actors are Jim Cagney and Spencer Tracy. Sometimes we go bowling. Other nights we stay at home, listen to some music, play with the baby. I'm not a "black-and-white guy." I love classical music but also go for swing, and like jitterbug. I smoke a pack of cigarettes a day, I also smoke pipes. I'm always buying pipes but never pay more than a dollar for one.

There is only one picture of me in the house. It is in our bedroom and it is turned around facing the wall. I don't know who did it. Whoever did must have had strong feelings on the subject, and I respect them.

All checks are made out by my wife, who is sort of my business manager. She receives a salary.

In New York, I like to ride in the subway. I always make myself up for the screen, same as I always did. Can't get used to people's fiddling around with my face. I never put sugar in my coffee.

I still have two special hates, Hitler and Tojo. Very special. I recently bought a Capehart, lots of records, lots of books, have my 1942 income tax in the bank. Those are the things I wanted to do, believed in doing.

And now that the financial pattern of the world is changing, now that actors get so much and no more or, however it works out, less than ever before, I think picture people are going to do things because they want to do them, believe in doing them, not just for the coin.

As this period in which we are living comes closer to its crisis, I begin to realize that it's a whole new era we're entering now. This is my spiritual home, this new standard of living and working.

It's the way I always wanted it to be—"No one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame" sort of thing.

Catherine is going to have a little sister or brother (I hope) come summer. Within the next six months I expect to be a member of Uncle Sam's forces. Just where I'll fit in, just what I can do, I don't know yet. But I want to do my best. It's a new life, a new world to live in. But what would it be without freedom?

THE END



BLIND DATE

A pretty how-do-you-do to a pretty new face—Cheryl Walker. She's the little gal with whom you're going to have your first movie date in "Stage Door Canteen." She once was a queen; that happened when she was crowned at the Pasadena Rose Tournament. She once was a stand-in; that happened because she had to earn a living. Now she is a star; and that happened because Producer Sol Lesser had an eye out for good looks. So a hearty how-do-you-do to her because she's on her way. And after you date her in "Stage Door Canteen" her way will be your way!

You can look as

1. "It's a suit year," says Bonita who's starring in "Hitler's Children." This has a jacket with swirl buttons, white stitching, swagger skirt. Blouse: "Heart's Desire" with plunging neckline

The suit: In navy or black. Around \$35. 9-15. The hat: A felt padre hat with ribbon trim. In black, brown, navy, grey, cafe au lait, red. About \$6.50. Blouse: White, pink, chamois, yellow, blue, lilac. 12-20. 30-38. Around \$4



2. *Spring Tonic*: for under a coat, later as a summer suit—a saddle-stitched butcher linen, embossed buttons

The suit: In red, luggage, navy, kelly green. About \$10.95. 10-18; 9-17. The hat: A milan bonnet with high crown. In red, black, navy, brown, toast, foam blue, dusty pink, yellow and coffee. About \$10

3. *Young and gay*: A gored navy skirt; a red jacket with revers and pockets in navy. The square yoke and narrow extended shoulders give an expensive tailored look

Also in brown with beige jacket banded in brown. Twill Tricara. 10-18. Under \$18



smart as a star

You'll hold romance trumps in any one of these suits chosen by Bonita Granville for reader Lee Redgate

4. "Gibson Girl" to make you look as pretty as a picture. This blouse goes snugly under any type suit, is of soft rayon crepe with ruffled collar and cuffs: The intriguing bonnet is a homburg in white petticoat straw with a navy and red belting band finishing it off smartly

Blouse: 30-38. White only; Around \$4. Hat: Also in navy solid or with white trim; and in red solid or with white or navy. About \$6



5



5. *The slim-liner*: The skirt is gored, the jacket has regimental colored stripes, epaulets

The suit: Navy and black with red regimental stripes; powder blue with navy; aqua and beige with brown. 100% wool. 10-20. Under \$25. The hat: Felt bumper beret with white pique trim. In navy; or in natural straw with navy. \$8.75

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How to know a nip from a tuck—and how to
have clothes on a wartime budget that will have the
boys nip-and-tuck trying to date you

Put Easter in your clothes

BY SARA HAMILTON



An apron that works double quick to make last year's "just a dress" into this chic 1943 outfit: Ann Miller

HOW'S your spring morale? Are you balefully eyeing your purse, particularly the hole in it left by having paid the first quarter of your income tax? And are you wondering how you're going to give your wardrobe that spring lift? Or how, indeed, you're going to be some-



A small—and smart—new cape over a good old dress saves pennies, makes time in springtime budget tune

thing more than a blank in the Easter Parade, with nothing but last year's clothes?

Then take heart. For here are some style-saving tips that will not only make you a banner bearer for Easter and early summer, but will make your Uncle Sam love you. Because the girl who makes last year's clothes do can buy this year's War Bonds. And who would kick at being able to support the boys abroad and delight the men at home, all in one fell swoop?

They're Edward Stevenson's ideas, really. Eddie is one of Hollywood's youngest and most modern designers. He has designed for practically all the cinema glamour gals, who are, re-

member, working girls like the rest of us. He knows a nip from a tuck and when to nip and when to tuck, Eddie does. He knows how to achieve the chic it takes to cheek-to-cheek with a second looney.

Eddie has lots of wonderful, straight-from-Hollywood suggestions about getting sex into your clothes and salvaging last year's little numbers to boot. He says:

"Get out the little blue or black number that's hanging in your closet and strip off all gee-gaws. On its bare foundation fashion a yard or two of the best looking, attention-compelling print you can find, in a smart apron style—just like Grandma's old-fashioned gingham ones—and tie it around your waist. Take the leftovers and wrap them around your head as a turban. Wear black or blue shoes and carry a black or blue bag—and walk down



To make you a girl who looks different: A print turban, gloves, purse as a new fillup for an old outfit

the avenue like a queen of the May!

"If the apron-turban idea proves the success it should be, have another apron and another turban in striped or checkered taffeta for evening wear."

Stevenson contends too much attention is paid to plain sophisticated smartness, both in dress and coiffure—even when it's unbecoming or unflattering. "Forget it," he says. "Be pretty as well as smart. Remember—after a man looks at your legs he looks at your face. And a glad-mad hat, a soft coiffure, a rounded bosom, all make for prettiness."

HE goes on: "If your last year's frock or even a new one is smart enough without the apron, carry out the print turban effect with print gloves and purse. There are dozens of little glove makers or even dressmakers scattered about who can whip up a pair of gloves and cover an old shabby purse with your bright print material in no time—to make you the envy of every girl in the office."

"Linen is smart, too," Eddie says. "But everyone has a linen dress. So how about a gingham dress with a linen cape, linen gloves and a straw hat the color of the gloves and cape. Or—to wear with last year's linen dress—a gingham cape and gingham gloves."

"Or why not a blue linen cape and accessories to wear with a white linen dress, thereby killing two sergeants on leave with one stone? Or, if you live in a large city such as New York or Chicago where light street clothes are impracticable, why not the same effect with black and white or black and chartreuse linen?"

Speaking of the old black dress—and speak of it reverently, for it may be your best friend for the next couple of years—Eddie suggested taking out the worn sleeves and replacing them with glamorous new full sleeves of striped (Continued on page 73)

FOR THE *May Maid*

Grey stands for smartness . . . Kathryn Grayson of M-G-M's "Private Miss Jones" wears it meaningfully, combines two shades of it in a standout suit cut to beguiling slimness. The jacket is collarless with a squared neckline framing the crisp white piqué gilet. Darker grey wool bands the jacket front and the slash pockets to match the soft shade of the pencil-line skirt. Irene designed the suit; Kathryn sets it off with a gay little hat of grey wool trimmed with black patent leather flowers





Green stands for spring . . .
A jumper dress in two shades
of spring green that has all
the freshness, the gaiety, the
brightness of a new season.
Irene-designed, Kathryn Gray-
son's has a softly flared skirt
of kelly with wide shoulder
straps and slash pockets in
chartreuse. The drawstring
neckline of the white crepe
blouse is a "just right" note



Pink stands for a proposal . . . a new proposal along an old line. A daguerreotype, 1943, conceived by designer Irene, destined to grace dance floors quaintly. Pale pink slipper satin makes the dress; self-cording outlines the bodice and hipline. Underneath—a dream of a petticoat of crinoline and a boned bodice. How the camelia stays on Kathryn's shoulder is a secret (but why don't you try adhesive tape?); how the dress will effect a stag line is a foregone—and very fashionable—conclusion



Song for Julie

A daddy-daughter duet that will linger in your memory. The song is by John Carroll, written before he went to war. In the singing you hear the echo of victory

A last-day-together picture of John and six-year-old Julie, daughter, too, of Steffi Duna, from whom John is divorced. As writer Eve Stanley listened, he told Julie many things on that day, as they played in the swing together and . . .

. . . climbed trees together and explored for a last time Julie's small world, the green back yard. He told her that now that he had finished "The Hit Parade" and was going away, she must mind Memere,

Memere is John's French mother and his business manager, the person to whom he has entrusted his daughter until he shall come home to her again. But most of all . . .

. . . he left Julie his song. And when Hollywood listens to the soft echo of a little girl's voice singing it, it will know that in this duet there lies the promise of peace

Julie
Julie, Julie, Julie
Daddy's best girl you'll always be
With your cute little nose
And that mouth like a rose
You'll always be my Julie
Julie, Julie, Julie.
I know you'll be waiting for me
Brush your teeth and your hair
And mind your Memere
Till Daddy comes back to Julie
John Carroll



We might say, grandly, that this is how you can perform miracles.

Or we might say, simply, as does Pat O'Brien, that this is what you need . . .

BY GLADYS HALL

Your Secret Weapon



A bravo for "Bombardier"; for Pat O'Brien who worked in it; and for all the men who ask their women to do what he believes in

A FEW years ago little Mavourneen, eldest of the three dearly beloved O'Brien children, had a convulsion. Doctors started coming from all directions. Nurses were summoned, went to work. Eloise O'Brien, heart numb but fingers nimble, worked with them. Suddenly, the rigid child relaxed. Relieved, but admittedly unable to account for the swift, beneficent change, the doctors said, "She will be all right."

But where was Pat? Devoted father that he is, where was he?

Eloise found him, a few minutes later, in the hall closet with his rosary.

"There was nothing else I could do," he said.

Eloise smiled at him through tears. "Nothing else," she told him, "was necessary."

To Pat has been given the gift of faith. It is an instinct with him, as deeply rooted and as ineradicable as the functions of breathing, eating, sleeping. It comes, primarily, from his religion. But his parents put it into his hands.

"My dad taught me," says Pat. "He taught me everything I knew. How to shoot marbles. How to hold a baseball bat. How to be a guy."

"When I enlisted in the Navy during World War One I was eighteen. Before I left, Dad asked me to promise him that I wouldn't smoke or take a drink until I was twenty-one. I made him the promise—and kept it."

"Later, my mother told me that his friends had joshed him about me. 'Oh, come now,' they said, 'don't tell us that boy of yours doesn't even smoke corn silk! Don't tell us that in these days of Prohibition and bathtub gin, he doesn't take a drink.'"

"I don't believe he does," your

order. Or maybe it's as one of them said to me: 'I suppose we're like women who know what childbirth is, yet suffer it voluntarily because they have faith in the giving of life. The difference with us being that we believe, also, in the saving of life. Which is, perhaps, not so different after all.'

"No, not so different. And come to think of it, what's the difference what you call your faith? Would faith be ashamed to be called pity for your fellow man? Would God be displeased if we called Him by the name of Courage?"

"I THINK the seventh of December, a year ago, did something to a lot of kids. Maybe it gave them a new religion of their own. For I believe that every youngster, every potential candidate for combat, has faith in—well, let's name it 'victory,' this time. If he didn't have, he'd be a pretty unhappy guy in camp. He isn't. He's lonely, often, but not unhappy. I visited every camp in the country. I talked with the kids, always ate with them rather than with the officers, and ninety-eight percent of them say, 'I think it's great.'"

"They say that, knowing what they've got coming to them. World War One was, comparatively, an adventurous war. You enlisted because the band was playing, the parade was swinging down the street. There's no glamour in this war; not even a parade. They know that, too. They know it's a different kind of war, mechanized and monstrous. But they still want to get into the fight."

"Yeah, knowing what they know, hearing the stories they hear, seeing the casualties they see, when they still want to go, (Continued on page 77)

father told them,' said my mother. She added, 'Your father has great faith in you.'

"That faith of theirs I'll carry with me all the days of my life."

"And what has this case to do with the war and things as they are today? You think that with such mothers and fathers, those kids out there don't know God's arms are around them?"

"When you talk to the nurses, women, who read of the atrocities, know the dangers and, knowing, plead to be sent to the Bataans, the Corregidors, anywhere a task force must go, you know they must have faith in something. Maybe it's just pity for their fellow man. Maybe it's courage of a very high

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

DEAR Bette Davis:

This letter will be full of nothing but trouble that I've had since I started with my love affairs.

I am greatly confused as I seem to be in love with two brothers and the two brothers seem to be in love with me. They quarrel over me; when I go out with one of them I am almost sure I love him best, but I get the same feeling when I go out with the other one.

The younger brother is more of the quiet type. If he sees me walking on the street, he'll only say as much as "hello." But when he goes out with me he shows me a great deal of love. The older brother pays attention to me regardless of where I am and acts a little more jokey than romantic, yet shows interest in me.

Please write and tell me what I should do—depart from both of them, or what? I'm afraid I am causing trouble for both brothers.

Nancy Lou J.

Dear Miss J:

If, as you say, both brothers are in love with you, yet you cannot make up your mind between them, it would be better not to see either of them. This situation, as you say yourself, cannot but eventually cause enormous trouble between them.

However, I would judge that the brother you describe as the "quiet" one is really in love with you. At any rate, he would make the better husband. It may be fun right now to go out with the brother who seems "more jokey than romantic," but over a long period of years this joking might wear rather thin. This type of man is apt not to confine his joking to you alone, but usually has fun with everyone he meets. Remember this in trying to solve your problem, because of course only you can solve it.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have a very serious problem to face and I believe you can help me.

I have been married eighteen months and I have a baby boy eight months old. I had the baby because I thought a child would change my husband, but it hasn't. He still thinks he is single and wants to go out night after night, alone.

I don't believe in tying a man down, but I think I am entitled to a little freedom, such as going to the movies. My husband even objects to my taking a walk, wheeling the baby. When we have arguments about anything, no matter how small, he beats me unmercifully.

On his free day from the factory,

Riverbottom scene:
Writer Fredda Dudley
and Bette Davis
read Photoplay-
Movie Mirror mail

After the appearance of my first
column I received a great
many letters asking if
my column had been
"listed" — I should like to
know each person who writes
to me — your letters are read
by me — I select those for
answer which I feel are
representative of the problem
I am dealing with in the next
issue. I don't have time to
completely edit my material
or publication. Photoplay-Mirror
Miss has given me Fredda Dudley
to help me.
Bette Davis

he never stays at home but always goes out with other men. I have thought repeatedly of leaving him, but he threatens to take the baby if I do. At present I am only staying with him for the sake of the baby, but I don't think I can stand his abuse much longer.

My problem is this: Should I leave him and let him take the baby, or should I fight for my child? I think I would die if he took my baby away from me. Please advise me.

Mrs. T. W.

Dear Mrs. W:

To begin with, I'm sure you will agree with me that a marriage is a good marriage, worth preserving, only so long as it contributes to your dignity as a human being.

If your husband continues to behave like a single man, and if he continues to abuse you, you should certainly divorce him (or separate if your religion forbids divorce). When I suggest this drastic

step, I presume that you are doing absolutely nothing to exasperate your husband, or to cause him to abuse you and leave you alone night after night.

You tell me that you are remaining with your husband and enduring his brutality only for the sake of your child. We all know that the most desirable environment for a child is that in which a normal home is maintained, presided over by a congenial father and mother. However, I am firmly convinced that enormous damage can be done to any child, no matter how young, when it is subjected to constant quarreling and contention between its parents. It may well ruin his or her life.

If you have witnesses who will testify to the manner in which you say your husband has been treating you, there should be nothing to hinder your getting custody of the baby. He certainly, as you describe him, is hardly a good father for any child. In making your decision, I feel that you should consider only the development and happiness of your son.

Bette Davis.

Your problems answered by Bette Davis

A strange dilemma in this month's letters—that of the wife of a Mohammedan

KNOWN throughout the country as the greatest advice star in Hollywood, Bette Davis now volunteers to answer your letters through these pages. Write to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and if your problem seems to her to be a universal one, she will answer it here. All names of persons are changed.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am taking the liberty of writing to you in the hope that you will be able to help me. Fear and worry are killing me. Twenty-three years ago I married a man of Mohammedan race. I have four girls and one son. We once owned a small home, but lost it through my husband's vice, who spent his nights away from home.

I raised my children myself and worked far into the night. When the children started to school, my troubles began. They were taunted, black-guarded and asked, "What are you?" They said, "You aren't white and you aren't black. If you don't tell, we will beat you up after school."

Due to this constant picking, they have become nervous wrecks and fear has kept them friendless. They spend their time in the house and you might say we live in a world of our own. The youngest girl is sixteen, the next seventeen, the next nineteen. Then comes my son twenty, and my oldest daughter, twenty-two. My son and oldest daughter support us as we haven't seen their father for twelve years.

It breaks my heart to see other young girls go out and enjoy themselves while my children never go anywhere. We have been advised to move into a small

country town where we could have a garden and flowers, but I don't know where we could find such a place.

I am a lone, unhappy, miserable woman. Dear Miss Davis, please write to me and tell me what is best to do for my children and myself, for I am afraid some kind of disaster is bound to happen to us as the situation is getting beyond our control.

Mrs. Hester F.

Dear Mrs. F:

You state that fear for your children is killing you. Personally, I don't think you should censure yourself for the difficulties they find themselves in after twenty-three years. You must have been very much in love with your husband or you wouldn't have married him; therefore you have nothing of which to be ashamed. No one really understands the nature of love; it seems many times to spring up between two people of totally different race and creed, without explanation.

You have surely done well by your children to have taken care of them and brought them up without the help of a father in the later years. Now, you must allow your children to solve their own problem.

Fifty percent of solving any situation lies in first accepting the facts of the case, especially if there is absolutely nothing that can be done about changing those facts. Your children's father was Mohammedan, therefore they must, in order to

protect themselves, be proud of his race. If they adopt this attitude, it will be impossible for others to ridicule them. It seems to me that they should find out as much as possible about the history of the Mohammedans. Any public library will undoubtedly prove to be a treasure house of exciting information about the forebears of your husband's race. With so many American troops in Mohammedan countries, your children would soon find themselves in the midst of interesting discussions. I should think.

Fraukly, I don't believe your children's situation can be solved by moving to another community. Your same problem would most likely exist wherever you went. It is a situation that your children must solve right in their own home, by meeting it with courage and pride.

Bette Davis.

Dear Madam:

I am twenty years old and in service. I had a hard time trying to convince a young lady to begin a love career with me, but eventually I did. It has been for the space of six years since we began.

Since I have been with the chains of war bound around me, I don't hear from her. I have scrutinized my life to see if I can find a fault, but the only reason I can find is that I am working for Uncle Sam.

Perhaps she is discouraged with me

because we can't walk in the park, or can't talk face to face or over the telephone as we used to do. May I look to you for advice?

James C.

Dear Sergeant C:

I suspect that the difficulty lies entirely with your being with Uncle Sam, a matter over which you have no control.

Your girl has probably been as lonely as you have been since you went away and I imagine she is extremely discouraged about not being able to see you more often. I imagine you'll just have to be patient with the non-progress of your love affair until you can see her again.

My only suggestion is—deluge her with letters. She will then know that you haven't forgotten her and that is automatically a help always.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am a girl of eighteen years, have golden blonde hair, green eyes, fair complexion and a pug nose. I'm five feet and an inch, weight 100 pounds. I have a little girl one year old. I have no parents and my husband will soon be in service. The prospect is so lonely.

Miss Davis, would you help me? I want to be an actress or a dancer in the movies.

I have nobody out in California, so could you or would you let my baby and me come to you for a few weeks so I could have a chance? I'll even scrub your floors.

Toni L.

Dear Mrs. L:

To be lonely is one of the most tragic things in the world, but the solution is not coming to live with me.

Your offer to scrub my floors is very generous, but I'm sure you can find something to do in the city in which you are living that would be far more interesting—and easier on your hands.

As to becoming an actress or a dancer in the movies—prove yourself on the stage first.

You will be able to overcome your loneliness, I'm sure, if you will keep busy at some war work.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am a girl of sixteen. Last summer I was sick and lost all my hair. I would like to know if you could get me a wig. The color of my hair was dark brown, my face is oval shape and my head is the size of Virginia Weidler's. I would be glad to pay any expense.

Jean B.

Dear Miss B:

I suggest that you write to Mr. Perc Westmore in care of Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California.

Give him your complete head measurements and the color of hair desired. Also, supply him with a picture of yourself, taken before you lost your hair. In this way he will be able to design an appropriate hairdress for your type of face.

If you do not hear from Mr. Westmore, please let me know.

Bette Davis.

Dear Mrs. Farnsworth:

I've been married almost six years to a man thirteen years my senior. We are very much in love and I am happier

today than I was when I married.

I read in a movie magazine where a star's standing was judged by his "fan" mail. So I wrote a "fan" letter to Dennis Morgan, wanting to do my part toward boosting him to success. As an answer the studio sent me his photograph.

My in-laws were at my house the day it arrived. Then the ribbing really started and several days later they brought me a clipping about "females" making fools of themselves over male stars.

I want to know if you think I did right or wrong. Don't you think it possible for the average 'movie-goer' like me to be interested in a male movie star because she likes his work and wants to help him to success?

Mrs. J. M.

Dear Mrs. M:

All I can say is that when "females," as your in-laws call us, stop "making fools" of ourselves over actors—again your in-laws' idea—our actors will most certainly be in the soup.

The value of Dennis Morgan, or that

NEXT MONTH ON THE COVER

Hollywood's Number One

Box-office Girl

Betty Grable

and another private-life story
uncovering the cover girl by

Sidney Skolsky

Hollywood's noted columnist

of any other actor, is judged by his studio according to the number of people who go to see his pictures and how many of those people write and tell him so.

Mr. Morgan sent you his picture, I'm sure, so that you would know how much he appreciated the boost you were giving his career, and those who place any other interpretation on it do not understand the importance of fan mail in Hollywood.

Believe me, all of us on the screen are grateful to people like you who write us.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

Within a short time I am going to make my debut in the opera, "La Traviata," in which I will sing Violetta.

Because of financial reasons, my gowns for the opera are proving more expensive than I can afford.

During one of the scenes in "Now, Voyager," you wore a sequin cape which would be an ideal costume for the first act entrance. I was wondering if you might allow me to borrow it.

Martha M.

Dear Miss M:

I inquired at the wardrobe department about the sequin cape, only to learn it will be impossible to loan it you.

The war has affected the studios quite as much as it has other industries. As you know, there are many materials no longer available, so the studio must conserve those they have. There is now a strict rule in the wardrobe department that nothing is to be loaned under any circumstance. I tried a mild sort of wheedling, without result. I am so sorry. My best wishes for your success,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I should like to employ an agent, but there are some things I should know about agents first, I think.

How does one go about employing an agent? In general, what are agents' fees for beginners? What service does an agent render?

Alice Z.

Dear Miss Z:

Employing an agent usually comes about in this way: Some agent becomes interested in your career and seeks to sign you as a client. It is then your prerogative to hire him or to look around for someone who, you feel, could do a better job for you. At this point one thing for you to consider very seriously is securing an agent who is truly interested in you and in advancing your career.

I believe the law allows an agent ten percent of your salary.

An agent's duties resolve themselves into the complete management of your career. He advises and guides you in a million different ways. He assists you in straightening out contractual difficulties, helps you in the choice of scripts and arranges your personal appearances and your work on the radio.

If an agent does not help you with all these things, he is not being fair with you and so is not worthy of your employ.

Bette Davis.

My dear Miss Davis:

Unlike many girls I know, I do not wish to become a movie actress. My ambition was to become a model, but nature has seen to it that I'll never have a career of that sort.

I am still in my teens, but out of high school. I am just too tall: five feet eleven inches. Crowding six feet as you can see. I weigh 150, but everyone tells me that I am proportioned excellently.

On the whole, though, I feel very conspicuous at all times. This is not intended for a "sob story" so please don't accept it as such. I'm going to try to build some kind of career, but heavens only knows what it shall be. Could you advise?

Zora W.

Dear Miss W:

Height has little to do with a girl's beauty; pride of carriage and grace of movement are real determining factors.

I have talked to several persons about careers for tall girls and I have learned that in Earl Carroll's famous club in Hollywood there are two girls who are an even six feet tall.

At Paramount Studios, Ginger Rogers is currently working in a picture called "Lady In The Dark" and in the dream sequence a chorus of fashion models is used to create a superb effect. Every girl in that sequence is six feet tall in heels.

So I don't believe height should deter you from seeking any career that appeals to you, particularly that of a model. You should be ideal for this work.

Bette Davis.

The End

MARTHA MONTGOMERY, popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Montgomery of Clarksdale, Miss., is engaged to Lieutenant Herbert Slatery, Jr., of Knoxville, Tenn., now in the Army.

There's an enchanting sparkle about Martha's winsome face. Her blue eyes are so wide-awake, her complexion so fresh, so smooth. "Pond's Cold Cream is my one and only when it comes to complexion care," she says. "Nothing else seems to give my skin such a waked-up look, or to make it feel so clean and so soft."



HER RING is exquisite. The beautiful solitaire is a family stone, with perfect smaller diamonds set two on either side. Inside the platinum band is engraved: H.H.S.Jr. to M.L.M.—1942.

MARTHA'S COMPLEXION-CARE is delightfully simple. She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat . . . pats with little, swift pats to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening. Tissues it off again.

Do this *every* night, and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why Martha loves Pond's—why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels use it—why more women and girls in America use it than any other face cream.



A LETTER FROM HER SOLDIER FIANCE', now "somewhere overseas," lights Martha's charming face with a happy remembering look

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S

GETTING READY FOR A "CROCODILE" LINE—Martha rounds up a little group for practice evacuation drill. An accredited first-aid-er, Martha is especially interested in war-time care of small children.

"The busier I am," Martha says, "the more I depend on Pond's to help whisk away any tired look and make my face spic and span." You'll find Pond's Cold Cream at *your* favorite beauty counter. All sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. *It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*





A MESSAGE TO MEN'S HEARTS!

Whisper your allure...your gay enchantment...with April Showers Talc! Its luxurious perfume speaks a language that men understand...and remember. It's the fragrance that appeals to them. Let its allurements linger about you, always! *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

April Showers Talc



CHERMAY perfumer

Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

The Winners!

Bowing to the stars who took the bows—and the Oscars for '42—at the Academy Award dinner



"Big night" in Hollywood in a wartime mood was the annual Academy Award dinner at the Ambassador Hotel. Gone were the bright lights, but still loud were the cheers for these '42 winners. Judged the top woman star for her performance as "Mrs. Miniver" Greer Garson took one Oscar; another went to Jim Cagney as the best male star for his role of George M. Cohan in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Because he proved himself in "Johnny Eager" Second Lt. Van Heflin was handed the "best supporting actor" award

Among the highlights of the seven-hour program which included the unveiling of the film colony's service flag by service men Ty Power and Alan Ladd was the handing of the Oscar to Greer, in black chiffon and lace, by Joan Fontaine in the same dress she wore as last year's winner. Teresa Wright, judged "best supporting actress" cried on the platform, laughed happily afterwards with her husband Niven Busch



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Marquerite Chapman

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"DESTROYER"

*Max Factor * Hollywood
Face Powder!*

- 1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3...it clings perfectly...really stays on

ARE you blonde?...or brunette?...or brownette?...or redhead?...whatever your type, there's a Color Harmony shade of this famous face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood* to accent all the natural beauty of your type.

So, make this Hollywood secret yours now...discover how perfect a face powder can be. See what an attractive, youthful-looking color tone it gives to your skin...how satin-smooth your make-up appears...and note how the unusual clinging quality keeps your make-up beautiful for extra hours. Try *Max Factor Hollywood* face powder today...\$1.00.



MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
... FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

Catch the Gleam in His Eye

WITH COLOR-BRIGHT HAIR



Try this Thrilling New
"Make-Up" Hair Rinse!

BRUSH ENCHANTMENT into your hair with Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse! See it shine and gleam with the flattering color-brightness of youth! At home, after your shampoo, dissolve Marchand's delicately tinted rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Cuts soap film... enlivens the natural color-tone... does for your hair what rouge and lipstick do for your face.

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse is not a bleach! Not a permanent dye! Can't harm your hair—safe as lemon or vinegar. Goes on and washes off as easily as facial make-up. Twelve different shades to match any color hair. Try it today!

Marchand's "Make-Up" HAIR RINSE

6 Rinses—25c
2 Rinses—10c

At all Drug Counters



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BRIEF REVIEWS



It comes up a lot of fun: Donald O'Connor and Gloria Jean showing why "It Comes Up Love" is a mark-it-well film

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ **AIR FORCE**—Warners: One of the most exciting air pictures ever filmed, with suspense riding with the crew of the *Mary Ann*, an American bomber, from the moment it lifts into the air through the Jap attack at Pearl Harbor to Wake Island and Manila. John Garfield does an excellent job as the head gunner, and Gig Young, Jim Brown, George Tobias and the rest of the cast deserve special mention. (April)

✓ **AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY, THE**—Universal: Deanna Durbin, daughter of a missionary to China, pretends she married Commodore Harry Davenport just before he went down with his torpedoed ship in order to get her eight war-orphan companions in the U. S. Soon enough she finds herself in all sorts of difficulties and head over heels in love with Edmond O'Brien, grandson of the late Commodore. (April)

✓ **AMERICAN EMPIRE**—Harry Sherman—U.A.: A Western in the grand manner, with Richard Dix and Preston Foster as partners who establish a huge cattle ranch in Texas. Leo Carrillo is the rustler who steals their cattle until the shoot-it-out sequence that is a piperoo. Frances Gifford is Foster's wife. (Mar.)

✓ **ANDY HARDY'S DOUBLE LIFE**—M-G-M: Andy has three days left in Carvel before he leaves for college and during that time he gets himself engaged to two girls, gives a rubber check and helps his dad solve a case. Esther Williams is terrific in her swimming scene with Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford is back as Polly. (Mar.)

✓ **ARABIAN NIGHTS**—Wanger-Universal: Beauty in gorgeous color overshadows story and cast in this fanciful, farcical Arabian nights tale about a Caliph of Bagdad whose brother usurps his throne for the love of dancing girl Maria Montez. But the real Caliph, Jon Hall, moves unknown among her friends, winning her love and regaining his throne. (Mar.)

ARMY SURGEON—RKO-Radio: Jimmy Ellison is a young surgeon in service during World War I, whose courage and devotion to duty are stressed to show the splendid work done by our doctors in war time. There's the usual tangle between Ellison and aviator Kent Taylor for the love of doctor-nurse Jane Wyatt. Depressing for real entertainment. (Feb.)

BEHIND THE 8-BALL—Universal: The Ritz Brothers are back again in this story about a couple of murders in the midst of a summer theater production, with the murderers turning out to be spies. Carol Bruce sings and Grace McDonald dances. (Mar.)

✓✓ **CASABLANCA**—Warner Brothers: Excitement plus when Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, who have had a romance in Paris, meet again in Casablanca. Ingrid's married to Paul Henreid, influential enemy of the Nazis, and Bogart turns out to be the only man who can save Henreid from Nazi captain Conrad Veidt. Superb. (Feb.)

CAT PEOPLE—RKO-Radio: Simone Simon succumbs to an inherited ability to turn into an evil cat destroying those around her. Kent Smith, her groom, Tom Conway, a psychiatrist, and Jane Randolph who sympathizes with Kent, all suffer at the hands of Simone. (Feb.)

✓✓ **CHETNIKS!**—20th Century-Fox: A thrilling story right out of the headlines about Yugoslavia guerrillas who refused to be conquered by Hitler. Hiding in the hills, Mihailovitch, Philip Dorn, constantly besieges the Nazi-held town in which his wife and children live, until he recaptures it. (April)

CHINA GIRL—20th Century-Fox: George Montgomery, an unbelievably brash, reckless American (Continued on page 104)

SHADOW STAGE

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Here's **ROSALIND RUSSELL**... *lovely as Springtime itself*



Here's the **BEAUTY** soap she uses every day!



CHARMING ROSALIND RUSSELL, STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM"



ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS ARE A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE! THE CREAMY **LUX SOAP** LATHER CARESSES SKIN SO GENTLY AS YOU SMOOTH IT ON—



RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN SPLASH WITH COLD.

PAT THE FACE GENTLY DRY WITH A SOFT TOWEL. THIS DAILY **BEAUTY CARE** LEAVES SKIN LOVELY TO LOOK AT, SOFT TO TOUCH!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap *because it's a real BEAUTY Soap*

*The hats are all right but
my hair is ALL WRONG!*



ANN: "No hat seems to look well because my hair's so dull and drab-looking! Oh dear! and I did want to look my best when Jim comes home."



MISS BETTY: "Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? Many of the girls with the loveliest hair who come into my shop tell me they use it after every shampoo. It rinses away the dull soap film, you know. And it makes your hair actually radiant with highlights—so much softer and silkier, too...a perfect setting for the new Spring hats."



ANN: "Jim loved my new hat and he raved about my hair. Said he never saw it look so 'alive'—so full of sparkle and color. It's a million thanks from me to Nestle Colorinse. And here's something else I've discovered. Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing makes hair still lovelier."

P.S. FOR YOUR NEXT PERMANENT, ASK YOUR BEAUTICIAN FOR A NESTLE OPALESCENT CREME WAVE.

Nestle COLORINSE



2 rinses for 10¢
5 rinses for 25¢
At 5 and 10¢ stores
and drug stores

What Hollywood Thinks of Paulette Goddard

(Continued from page 43) of the girls in the picture. I've heard that Paulette gets her happiness out of giving other people pleasure. And I know it's so."

Now for a different viewpoint. It's that of Producer "Blank," veteran movie-maker who doesn't think people are likely to impose on Paulette or that she is too soft-hearted for her own good. He says: "Everything Paulette Goddard does furthers her career in one way or another. And never by coincidence. I'll defy anyone in Hollywood to point to a single Goddard break that was due to chance. Every one has been the direct result of a campaign mapped out by as shrewd a brain as there is in pictures—her own. Goddard never makes a move that isn't calculated to bring her a little closer to her goal—the pinnacle of feminine stardom."

"Paulette is too smart to admit she has such an ambition. She will tell you that she just wants to do as good a job as she knows how. But she is always on her toes and never misses a trick because she aims to outshine every woman star in pictures."

AN extra girl followed out this line of thought. She said frankly that she hadn't been able to get anywhere in pictures in seven years because she couldn't do what Goddard does—play the game, be smart enough to handle people without their knowing they were being handled.

But Roseanna Burke, another extra who has worked in Goddard pictures, came to the Goddard defense with this.

"That girl will never be more than an extra because she's envious and bitter. It never occurred to her that Paulette encourages people because she wants to help them. I've spent days and days on the set with Goddard and I'll tell you she doesn't fawn around anybody. One of the reasons mean stories get out about her is because she is so independent with the people on the top. Her favors go to people who couldn't possibly help her: To extras and hairdressers and stand-ins and old-timers down in luck."

Fred Astaire, who took quite a little persuading before he was willing to dance with Paulette in "Second Chorus," admitted that once he began rehearsing with her he was amazed at how quickly she caught on. He felt it was her natural athletic ability, her love of music and an inherent gaiety that made her love dancing so much she took lessons at night after working all day with him—until he learned she had been doing it with feet raw and bleeding. Then he decided it was just plain courage.

HEDVIG MJORUD, hairdresser responsible for Paulette's hairdress in her Paramount pictures, adds a little more color to our personality portrait of the dynamic Goddard.

"Two things about Goddard that stand out are that she will do what she says she will, regardless, and that she's not obstinate and will listen to reason," says Miss Mjorud.

"If you tell her you need an hour and a half to do her hair she'll give it to you—and not try to cheat five minutes on you. She strives to get everything done the best it possibly can be. She's like Irene Dunne in striving for perfection in personal things."

"Goddard will listen to reason. In

trying to cure her of her love for a lot of curls I asked her if she wanted a dolly-dimple hair-do. She laughed and told me to experiment. I talked her into a simple hairdress.

"Her not being stuck up is one of the reasons I like her so much."

The famous Cecil B. De Mille, star-maker, paints the set of Paulette's chin for us. He says: "Once Paulette Goddard grips an idea, no amount of discouragement can make her let go. With her mind on a goal, she moves steadily forward over any obstacle. No amount of disappointment or punishment can dissuade her from her purpose. That quality will carry her far."

Glenn Alden, who makes Paulette up for her pictures and stays on the set with her, gives us this picture.

"One of the most interesting things about Paulette is that she's very thrifty and very generous at the same time. I've seen her heckle with an interior decorator to save a dollar and then turn around and buy everybody on the picture a fine portable radio."

"Another unusual thing about Paulette is that she uses practically no make-up. Stars usually require a lot of corrective make-up. Paulette needs no make-up but lipstick and eyebrow pencil and absolutely no corrective make-up of any kind."

Martha Linden, one of the thousands on autograph seekers who haunt every preview, premiere and night spot in Hollywood, is just fourteen. But she has been trying for over two years to get an autograph of Paulette Goddard.

She says: "Paulette Goddard won't give any of us an autograph. She jumps out of her car and rushes right in wherever she's going, brushing right past us. And she won't give autographs in restaurants or other public places."

"Once when her car was delayed in traffic I got a chance to speak to her in front of Citro's. She took hold of my hands and closed my autograph book. But she was so pretty and so friendly and laughed so nicely when she did it that she's one of my favorite stars, even if she wouldn't give me an autograph."

Perhaps it will make Martha feel better to know there's a reason why Goddard won't give autographs. Once she was fooled into signing something she shouldn't, thinking it was just an autograph. Since then she has had thumbs down on distributing her signature.

And now for the last strokes in our personality portrait—and the opinions that really count.

Mr. John Q. Public, in the person of James Spear of Minneapolis, was interviewed in the lobby of Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theater. Said Mr. Spear: "I like Paulette Goddard on the screen. She's not my number one feminine star—but she's so healthy and happy looking and has so much of what a man likes to see in a girl that she may be, one of these days."

Miss Pauline Public, in the person of Ellen Wilstach of Dallas, Texas, interviewed in the foyer of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, said: "To me Paulette Goddard typifies the American girl-woman of 1943—and I think there should be more like her on the screen. I'm not sure that she'll ever be a great actress, but I think she really feels what she acts in pictures."

Now you can frame that picture with what you think of Paulette yourself!

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Put Easter in Your Clothes

(Continued from page 58) or dotted material—maybe taffeta—gathered in at the wrist.

He's enthusiastic, too, about the eye-appeal you can have with a bolero, gloves and hat fashioned from striped cotton—as accessories for a plain frock. Can't you see yourself in this honey of an outfit?

Eddie says Joan Fontaine wears a strip of blue and white striped taffeta under the too plain neckline of a dark blue silk dress and ties it in an immense bow and then has gloves made to match. He suggests a bit of the same taffeta on your last year's blue hat to make the entire outfit a 1943 husband-snatcher. If the notion of having gloves made of one's own material proves too much he recommends cutting flaring cuffs out of the striped material and sewing it onto the cuffs of old gloves. The effect is almost as good.

"Like everything else," Eddie says, "sex in clothes should begin with a firm foundation. Go without malts," he urges, "and save for a girdle that more than fits—that slenderizes, glamorizes and harmonizes your figure as the right girdle will."

He goes on to say, "A too small girdle is as unflattering as one that's too large. And keep far away from a girdle that stops midway and lets the rest of you spill over."

"If, on the other hand, you're one of those slim numbers you can forget all about girdles to concentrate on a good—but really good—brassiere. A good brassiere solves its own problem."

IF everything that can be done about your figure is done and you still lack the proportions of Grable there is still no need for discouragement, according to Eddie. "Draw attention away from your figure," he suggests, "by a sassy outfit, by a snappy go-getting hat. Oh, what the right hat can do to keep a man's eyes off a bad pair of legs. A bit of soft maline wrapped under a little round chin can lull any man's suspicions to sleep. A bright gay flowery hat, if you're the type to wear it, atop any plain dark outfit is a godsend. And a fuchsia bonnet, malined and flowered, will compel a man's eyes to climb upward like a homesick angel."

If your legs aren't wonderful, there still is no reason for you to despair. Take Eddie's word for this too. You can do what some of the stars do. You can camouflage your legs with shaded hose.

Take a pair of hose and dip a small area in the back or sides in any safe kind of dye or rinse suitable for silk, but of a tone several shades darker than the color of the hose. Let these areas blend softly with surrounding areas. In other words, darken the part of your hose that covers the chunkiest part of your leg. This will make shadows that will improve your legs' contour magically. Try it on an old pair of hose one day, just for fun.

"Also," Eddie says, "consider your individual type and play up to it like mad!"

"If you're the smallish girl who carries a lot of youthful dignity—the Joan Fontaine type—favor softly feminine sport clothes, cotton lace for day or evening. Be sure, however, that your cotton lace evening frock has a full, graceful skirt. Choose a big piqué hat and a piqué dress of some heavenly

MOM WON'T MIND
—WE USE
FELS-NAPTHA



Junior is a little optimistic, we're afraid . . . though it's true the ever-present evidence of dirt is less menacing to Mothers who have Fels-Naptha handy.

Take those two Turkish towels, for example—the Pride of the Linen Closet—to tell the awful truth. In some homes they'd cause a first-class 'conniption'. But not here.

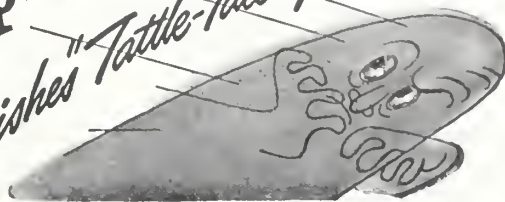
This Mother knows that no youngster can grind dirt in too deep for Fels-Naptha Soap to reach it. She'll soak those towels in rich Fels-Naptha suds. She'll let this grand, mild soap and gentle naptha go to work. Then, a light rub, a quick swish—and out they'll come, as fresh and white as the day they went in her hope chest.

Mother—have you a little 'Junior' in your home? Then you need a lot of Fels-Naptha, too!



Fels-Naptha Soap

Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





Does your hair OFFEND?

If you're attractive, yet still lack partners at a dance—perhaps there's a reason. Does your hair offend?

You must know that your scalp perspires, too, and that oily hair, in particular, collects unpleasant odors. Check up on your hat, your hair-brush, your pillow.

You can play safe so easily. Simply use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. It was especially developed to keep your hair and scalp fresh and clean. Since it contains pure, medicinal pine tar, it works wonders for oily hair and scalp odor.

The delicate pine scent in Packers Pine Tar Shampoo does its work—then disappears. Start the Packers habit tonight—be sure your hair can stand a “nasal close-up”!

PACKERS
Pine Tar
SHAMPOO



Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores.

Golden Peacock
BLEACH CREME
25 Million Jars Already Used



shade for day wear. And for you a home-made crocheted blouse would be fun with a linen suit.

“If you're the tall willowy type, like Lucille Ball, you're lucky. Among other things you can wear big, big hats. And I'll never forget how wonderful Lucille looked in a black and white striped taffeta dinner frock I designed for her when she went out on a personal-appearance tour. It always delights me to watch Lucille strut before a mirror, incidentally, to see if there's plenty of swish to the skirts of her suits and dresses. The maximum of movement in the skirt is what Lucille always demands.

“ANN SOTHERN, of course, fits the average girl to a T. She's average in height and weight. Ann loves all the things I've been talking about. Odd bags, gloves, outrageously flattering hats, usually large, against plain backgrounds.

Ann's one really good chunk of jewelry, her clever neckline things, her bags and shoes, her smart coiffure make her a pretty sight indeed. Annie

isn't afraid of clothes. She'll wear and dare and dare and wear until the cows come home, and demand fashion to follow her. It does too, in droves. If I said to Ann (and get this, girls), ‘Get out your grandmother's old crocheted shawl, dye it a brilliant color, sew on a few sequins from an old evening gown and wear it over a piqué dinner frock to Ciro's,’ Ann would do it. What is more she would create a sensation.”

You can dream up “oomph” making effects too, you know. And once you get the habit you'll be surprised at all the ideas you'll have—all the beaux too. To quote Eddie again:

“If you want to get along in the world meet life with a challenge. Dare to be different. Don't be afraid to try out new things. See to it that you're so overwhelmingly pretty that no man is going to have any wish to outsmart you in any business problem or personal one, either. Get sex into your clothes, in other words. It's your patriotic duty to keep alluring. Ask any service man.”

Or, for that matter, ask Stevenson.
THE END

HOLLYWOOD HOROSCOPE



Hollywood stars are awed by noted astrologer Matilda Trotter; these are her startling predictions for May

SINCE 1943 is a year of fireworks for the Hollywood stars, just as it is for the rest of the world, we thought you'd like to know the most spectacular predictions of the month. So here we go. But please bear in mind that in order to make an accurate prediction for a given month, our astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because accurate information concerning the star's birth was unavailable.

Lana Turner: Perhaps too much has already been written about Lana this year, but so active is her chart for May that I must include her in the Predictions of the Month.

Just as the eclipse of the Sun on February 4 brought things to a focus for Lana—namely the discovery that her marriage to Stephen Crane was not legal and the subsequent annulment of that marriage—so, the full Moon, the week of May 19, should bring all matters to a crisis in Lana's life.

The stars adjure Lana to take no drastic steps either now or during May, for the unexpected will come to pass around the time of the full Moon.

Orson Welles: Orson is going to do it again! Be prepared for publicity concerning him in May which will lead to even more startling news in June.

The transiting Mars in his eleventh house of ambitions, wishes and those in authority conjuncting the lucky Jupiter in friendly aspect to his radix Neptune, the planet which rules the movies as well as the occult and mysterious, indicates that with Orson's own brilliant efforts and the backing of powerful interests he will bring forth something during May and June which will be of value to the world at large.

Orson is not to be sneezed at. He is a true genius as well as a good showman, and those who pretend not to be impressed by him would do well to keep their mouths closed and their eyes open.

George Raft: Here is a birth year I am not certain of, but if the year given me is correct, May will be a terrific month for George.

For the first time in his life the slow moving Uranus, planet of sudden and disrupting events, has come to an exact opposition to his radix, Mars, and in friendly aspect to his Sun. This indicates a breaking-up of a restraining condition of long standing—the moving of an heretofore immovable force.

This should take place around May 4 when the Moon will be in his eighth house, the house that governs divorce, alimony, goods of the dead and money paid out for legal matters.

For George, the stars indicate a smash-up of existing conditions highlighted by much gossip and conjecture.

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



Do your nails with Dura-Gloss. It picks you up. Puts you on the bright side. It goes on so nicely, each firm stroke makes you feel better. When you're finished, you can see you've accomplished something! For Dura-Gloss achieves a beauty and radiance that's in a class by itself. It has a special ingredient that brings this about — Chrystalline. And this ingredient makes it stay on your nails better, too — a big help these busy days. So get DURA-GLOSS now.



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Pond's rose-dusted new Dreamflower "Natural" makes you look so divinely different! Blonder . . . fresher . . . more enchantingly fair-skinned—but never pale or chalky. And the new texture of Dreamflower powder is so unbelievably smooth that it makes your skin look finer and smoother, too! "Pond's new Dreamflower 'Natural' is ever so flattering to delicate blonde skin like mine," says Miss Cynthia McAdoo.



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Lynn looking lovely in a
hat you can whip up for
yourself in nothing flat

Here's Your Hat!

You can have one like Lynn Bari's for a few pennies

to measure 4 inches. 1st row: Sc in 2nd ch from hook and in each ch across. Ch 3, turn. 2nd row: Dc in next sc, * ch 1, skip 1 sc, dc in each of next 2 sc. Repeat from * across, ending with 2 dc. Ch 1, turn. 3rd row: Picking back loop of each st make sc in each dc and in each ch across. Ch 3, turn.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows alternately until piece measures 21 inches or the measurement of head size. Fasten off.

Sew the two short sides neatly together. Do not fasten off but make two rows of running stitch across joining and draw up tight (this is center front). Fasten off.

Cord: Wind Red into 3 equal parts making 3 balls of it. With 3 strands of Red, make a chain 32 inches long, turn. Make dc in 4th ch from hook and in each ch across. Fasten off.

Find the 2 center rows of spaces at center back of Crown. Lace each end of Cord through each of these 2 center rows starting at lower edge. Pull ends of Cord up evenly and gather the center 2 rows of spaces up tightly. Lace remainder of Cord through the end spaces of every other row on both sides of Crown until Cord reaches center

front of Crown. Try hat on and adjust Cord so that hat feels comfortable. Sew ends of Cord securely to top edge of center front.

Front Trim. To begin, with White ch 2. 1st rnd: 8 sc in 2nd ch from hook. Join with sl st. 2nd rnd: 2 sc in each sc around. Join. 3rd rnd: Ch 3, dc in same place as sl st, * ch 1, skip 1 sc, 2 dc in next sc. Repeat from * around. 4th rnd: Picking up the back loop of each st around, make sc in each st around. Join.

Repeat 3rd and 4th rnds alternately 4 more times. Fasten off.

Attach 3 strands of Red to front loop of sc on 5th rnd, ch 3 and make dc in each front loop around. Join. Fasten off.

Work another rnd in the same manner, making dc's in front loops of 9th rnd.

Place Crown on head, then drape front trim at center front of hat to suit individual taste. Remove hat and sew securely in place.

Index: ch—chain; sc—single crochet; dc—double crochet; st—stitch; sl st—slip stitch; rnd—round.

CROCHET YOUR way to greater charm. It's very simple. Even those not adept with crochet needles can duplicate the hat which Lynn Bari of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello" is wearing.

Lynn's hat is white with touches of scarlet. It may be you'll wish to use these colors. Or you may prefer to choose your own.

You'll need four balls of J. & P. Coats Knit-Cro-Sheen, three white and one red and a steel crochet hook No. 0. For explanation of abbreviations used in the following directions see index.

Now then, using a triple thread throughout, to begin the crown ch 24

Your Secret Weapon

(Continued from page 63) it's got to be because they have faith in something. You do not offer up your life for nothing. Being better than a fool, you do not die in vain. Talk with some of the lads who have been out there and have come back wounded and you'll find they have the same point of view.

"Well," said one boy, plenty smashed up, "twenty-five years ago, my dad went to war. He didn't accomplish what he went for—and died for. But maybe I can, now."

"That's why I spoke of my dad, my faith in him, his faith in me. It's the most important weapon that comes off the assembly line. Because this kid had faith in his dad, he wouldn't let him down."

"Going to church is a way of exercising those faith muscles. That's why I believe it is more important than it has ever been before for those of us in civvies no less, perhaps more, than those in uniform."

"I had a demonstration of the truth of this. While we were making 'Bombardier,' we were on location in Albuquerque, near the bombardier school there. A lot of the kids said to me, 'I saw you in church on Sunday.' (The services alternated, Catholic and Protestant. I stayed for both.) The way they said it, something like a note of having been reassured in their voices, made me realize that it gives them something when we go to church. The comfort of knowing, perhaps, that we believe in what they must believe."

"Another youngster said to me, 'The Land of the Rising Sun has a slogan, "We Live To Die." Look, if the flag of that yellow land is going to rise over Sheboygan High School, I better get out there and do something about it!'"

"His faith wore another symbol. His high school was for him the symbol of the realities he believed in."

"Or, as one fledgling volunteer said to me, 'Wait until I get into this!' That was faith by yet another name: Faith in himself."

"WHILE we were on location in Albuquerque, we attended the graduation services at the bombardier school there. I heard those kids pledge, 'I guard this bombsight with my life.' I watched their faces. I felt an iron hand around my throat. 'Not only faith in themselves,' I thought, 'but in a purpose, a great purpose—that out of all this must eventuate something right.'"

"And the fact is that faith, whether it be in adventure, in courage, in pity, in your mother, your father, your wife, your school, yourself, is all of one piece and adds up to faith—in God."

THE END

Coming to your town

the June issue of
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on the stands

MAY 7

—or as soon thereafter
as war transportation
can get it there!

NONE OF YOUR LIP!

WHEN I CHANGE
DRESSES—I BITE ON A
KLEENEX* TISSUE—IT
PREVENTS LIPSTICK STAINS
—SAVES CLEANING BILLS!

(from a letter by R. M. H., Alliance, Ohio)



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DURING COLDS I USE KLEENEX INSTEAD
OF HANKIES. WHAT I SAVE ON ONE WEEK'S
LAUNDRY PAYS FOR A BIG SUPPLY OF
KLEENEX! (from a letter by J. C. K.,
Virginia Beach, Va.)

Well I'll Be...

said the Duchess!

NOW I FURNISH GUESTS WITH KLEENEX
TO REMOVE FACE CREAMS AND OTHER
COSMETICS. IT SAVES MY GOOD LINEN
TOWELS...SAVES ME MONEY!

(from a letter by E. G., New York, N. Y.)

Remember Delsey? —soft like Kleenex

Hope there'll be more Delsey*
Toilet Paper after the war

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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SITROUX

SAY SIT-TRUE

CLEANSING TISSUES

PAPER NAPKINS

The Ten Best Husbands in Hollywood

(Continued from page 27) in his heart, Dixie comes first with Bing and always has.

No. 4: Walter Pidgeon. I wouldn't call him a perfect husband, but he had understanding enough to know that he had the perfect wife. Pidge's first wife, whom he adored, died soon after their daughter was born. He was what we call a bachelor for many years and then he married Ruth Walker during an unsuccessful portion of his career. In fact, when they were married, he was studying music in Chicago, after he had tried and failed to find success in Hollywood. They went on to New York, where he did several stage plays and he established himself so firmly as an actor that Hollywood howled for him. He returned, and the first picture here put him over.

I wonder if any of you know what the wife of a successful star has to put up with here. Unless a wife is aggressive, she's just so much excess baggage. And of those who courted Pidge (and many did), a lot of them didn't even know Ruth. Naturally, there were misunderstandings, which led to a separation. She went back to her home in Connecticut and was willing to give him a divorce.

After living alone for three or four months, Walter realized it was no fun without Ruth and, before she could bring the action, she found him on the doorstep in Connecticut one morning, begging her to come home. She did, and hasn't regretted it—or if she has, I haven't heard about it.

No. 5: Gary Cooper. He arrived here just about the time we were starring Rex, the wild horse, in a movie, and it became a running gag as to which was the hardest to catch—Rex or Cooper. Cooper did his first acting on the back of a horse in "The Winning Of Barbara Worth." From that he went right into super-sophistication in a little thing called "Children Of Divorce" with Clara Bow. Esther Ralston and yours truly.

For the first time in his life, Gary was called upon to play a love scene, which was the hardest thing he had ever attempted. He said he couldn't do it, and he couldn't—not until Clara was put to work on him. After that, he did all right, both in the picture and off screen. His romance with Clara lasted for many months—until he came across that little hot tamale, Lupe Velez. Theirs was the maddest affair we've had in our town. I can hear their screams yet, when he was trying to catch a wild eagle on the crags of Catalina Island, which he succeeded in doing only after his arm had been cut to ribbons.

When Gary's romance ended with Lupe Velez, he bought a ticket on a boat that would take him to a far-off place. He landed in Italy and was picked up by the movie-colony hostess Dorothy di Frasso who took him on a lion hunt to Africa. It was after he returned that he met his wife Sandra Shaw, who came to our town with her old nurse, a police dog, a contract in pictures and a firm determination to land Gary. She did. It's been a wonderful marriage for both.

There's a little girl who's the apple of Gary's eye. Their home life is ideal. When he's making a picture, he sticks strictly to business. When it's over, he lets her take him any place she likes—whether it's back East to visit her mother and friends. Sun Valley, or

Mexico. I call that an ideal working arrangement.

No. 6: Frank Morgan. The Morgans have been married twenty-nine years, have a son George, about twenty-six. Frank, who always had an eye for beauty and blondes, confines his pursuit of them to his radio show and tall tales which fool nobody—least of all, Mrs. Morgan, who still remains the No. 1 blonde in his life. Frank maintains the way to keep a wife happy is to tell her his secrets, so he keeps her busy by allowing her to read all his fan mail, which can get pretty monotonous, especially since he's taking the bows.

No. 7: Fred Astaire. He was the perennial bachelor dancing partner of his sister Adele, until she married Lord Cavendish. Remained one for so long most of us feared he'd go on batching it. He might have if he hadn't met his wife, Phyllis Livingston Potter. She's mighty interested in his career but seldom comes to the studio. Their home life is ideal. She has a son, aged ten, by her first marriage; another, about five, by Fred. She's the business manager of the family, runs her home beautifully. Many people here think she's antisocial, which isn't the case. She just doesn't care for night clubs, but they entertain at small parties at home and dine with friends in theirs. She isn't easy to meet but, when you get to know her, is a perfect darling and makes you realize that Fred chose not only wisely but darned well.

No. 8: Don Ameche. Don and Honore were wed in 1932. They have the same kind of quartette the Bing Crosbys boast of—four boys. Don was brought to Hollywood in 1935 by Metro, after getting a two-weeks vacation from his air show. It took him six days to make the test and have Metro executives decide that he had nothing for the screen (showing how wrong they can be when they make up their minds). At the end of six days, Don moseyed back to Chicago to spend the rest of his vacation with his wife. They had never been separated before and while here he phoned her twice a day. And declared after the test failed he'd never again go anywhere his wife wasn't welcome. "I won't go unless I can take her along." He still means it.

After their second boy came (both were Caesarian operations), she was told that was the limit and she couldn't have any more. She said, "I'm willing to take the chance," and went right on having babies. A few years ago they had their first long vacation, went to Europe. As soon as they arrived, Don had an operation for appendicitis, so they still haven't seen Europe—which he says is just as well, because when this war is over, they'll take the boys along and have more fun. Their family motto is, "One for all and all for one." They live by it.

No. 9: Joel McCrea. It was a love match for Joel and Frances Dee, and has remained so. Joel, who was born and grew up in our town, had plenty of opportunities before Frances came along. He was an athlete, our best swimmer, good dancer, shy as a deer. And when he finally landed on the screen, after playing many small parts, he got to play opposite such sophisticates as Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson and Dorothy Mackail, who were much attracted by this young, good-looking giant. There were many

bets made among them as to which would have the power and glory of landing him.

Whether they used the wrong methods, or Joel didn't fall for their charms, the fact is, he remained whole-hearted until little Frances came along. Then it was all over but the shouting and wedding bells. They have two children, a huge ranch which is self-supporting. Frances makes an occasional picture when the spirit moves her and the part's right. I've always maintained that Joel was a better farmer than actor, but even so, he's much sought after as a leading man. And from where I sit, it wouldn't surprise me to find them dancing together at their Golden Wedding anniversary.

No. 10: Joe E. Brown. A couple of years ago, the Joe E. Browns celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary by having another wedding—their own. When they were first married they were too poor for a church wedding, but Katherine always dreamed of one and, by golly, she went ahead and planned it that way. So there she was, in white satin, with a veil, bridal bouquet, trimmings and her own two children as flower girls. Many Hollywood sophisticates went to laugh. They stayed to weep a bit, because it was a moving occasion. After the ceremony there was a huge wedding reception.

Even when Joe was troupng in vaudeville, the children were always sent to the finest schools. Nothing was too good for Katherine and that remains so today. Their son Don, recently killed while training to be an air pilot, had been to England, where he became very well acquainted with their youth movement. It was his ambition to start one of his own here. It was Don's belief that youth was made to live—not die. But when war was declared, he was one of the first to go into training. Joe, his father, is carrying on. He's in the South Pacific, entertaining our armed forces. Katherine swears no one ever had a more devoted or perfect husband.

So you see, with all our marriages, divorces, scandals, silly headlines, when it comes to happy marriages, Hollywood can hold its own along with Main Street.

THE END

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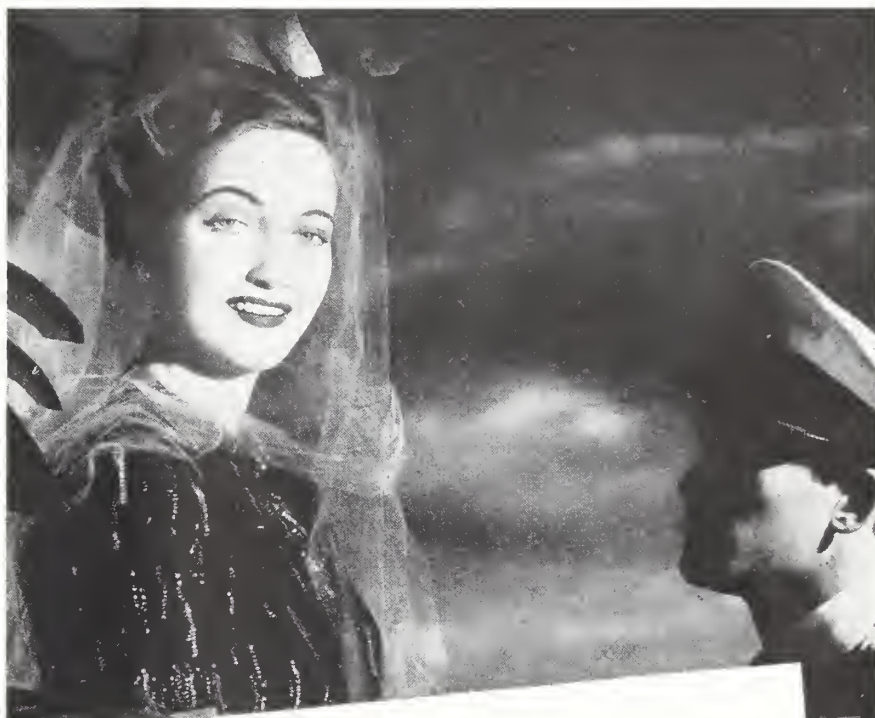
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Dear Mom
Do you and Pop
still steal kitchen
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I miss this and

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It Looks like Love

(Continued from page 25) realized that he was an intelligent and attractive man but that he was too suave for her simple tastes.

There also was the time her marriage ended. She was divorced from Herbie Kaye. You remember, a case of incompatible careers. It was necessary for Herbie to travel constantly with his orchestra and Dottie was tied to Hollywood. She will always be grateful to him for his fine friendship and for his faith in her career, for which he was responsible.

Naturally, the divorce saddened Dottie, but she's a fighter, fortunately. She doesn't crack up when she's hurt. She has her bad times at home and keeps going. You learn to do this when you come up the hard way, as she did, even though your nature repeatedly makes it impossible for you to stand clear of smashups and heartache.

WHEN Dottie returned to Hollywood from Arrowhead Captain Howard telephoned. They dated for his first leave. They went dancing. Both love nightclubbing. You should have heard the buzz at Ciro's when Dorothy arrived with Captain Howard of the Baltimore Howards. She smiled. She glowed. And when the Captain made it apparent that he wanted to talk to no one but her and dance with no one but her and look at no one but her, that the few hours' leave he had wouldn't be nearly long enough—well, Dottie smiled and glowed some more.

Dorothy's never been social, though on her recent Bond tours she's been wine and dined by the most influential people from coast to coast. She's never evinced the slightest yen to play tennis with Hollywood's British set, to eat smorgasbord with the Scandinavian elite, or to be among those present at the smaller precious parties in the Beverly and Holmby Hills. She's never, bless her, talked about restoring her family fortunes or homestead. She's always been healthful and intelligently frank about having run an elevator in Marshall Field's and having had to scrape together the money for the bathing suit she wore in the contest which started her toward Hollywood. She hasn't even had pretensions as an actress. Once, when she posed for a publicity picture in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral with a dog pausing at a tree and a critic criticized her, pretty unmercifully, she said simply, "I'm not really an actress, I suppose, so, of course, they can get after me if they want to." Her personal representative, however, went to that critic and told him, with blazing eyes, how unjust he had been.

THOSE who know Dottie and those who work with her are friends, in the best and deepest sense of the word.

When Kathleen Coghlan of the studio's publicity department married recently it was Dottie who stood up with her.

She never underestimates the person who is taking it hard. And she realizes the importance of little things...

When Harry Ray, her make-up man, came back from the funeral of an old and dear friend, Dorothy was on the set waiting for him. "Hey, dreamer," she yelled, "come on over here and fix my make-up." She gave him no time to think. He knew what she was doing for him, smiled at her understanding and went into action.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

When her hairdresser accompanied her to New York she was introduced everywhere as Dottie's friend. Dottie gave her a pair of silver foxes so she would look sumptuous too. And when they went out evenings Dottie saw to it that she had flowers. . . .

Her stand-in has been with her over six years. During that time Dorothy often has stood in for herself. "Go ahead, Earlene," she's said time and time again, "take that new job that's offered you. It means four or five pay checks to you while I'm between pictures. I can stand in for myself during the few more days we'll be working."

WE could go on and on. Needless to say those who know Dottie would die for her. When they were filming "Aloma Of The South Seas" and Dottie's eyes became swollen and tired from the smoke of the chemicals they used in the volcanos Al Santell, her director, insisted she go home. He changed the entire set-up so they could work without her that afternoon. And the whole company pitched in and worked like mad, completing nine pages of dialogue, to prove to the Front Office that no time had been lost because Dottie went home.

Dorothy may never have been in the social swim but she's always been in the human swim. It would, of course, be someone like Captain Howard, someone too sure of himself to worry about pretenses, who would appreciate her; sense her native graciousness too.

Which reminds us of a typical Lamour story. One night, at a dinner party, a man went out of his way to blast beauty contest winners, insisting they never were any good, never did justify their big build-up.

The hostess, fearing Dottie's feelings would be hurt or that Dottie might take umbrage, looked at her appealingly. Dottie didn't see her, however. To save everyone embarrassment, she was too busy smiling sweetly at the old boor and telling an amusing story which—on the surface anyway—substantiated everything he had to say.

At first, likely enough, it was the pride so warm and bright and steady in Captain Howard's eyes that intrigued Dottie. Also, likely enough, she was a little dazzled that her man was the cynosure of eyes wherever they went and that she was envied by all the men-killers and more than one member of the social set. Soon enough, however, it wouldn't have mattered to Dottie who he was. She was for him, plenty.

Not once has Dottie discussed this romance. Even her friends at the studios cannot get her to talk about it. She's also steadfastly refused to give any story about her feelings, the Captain's feelings, or their plans. When they go out together she discourages the lens boys from taking pictures.

Still there are ways of knowing when a man and a girl are in love. You can tell by the way they smile at each other, by the way they dance when the orchestra plays "There Are Such Things," by their dear flagrant pride in each other, by the glow they wear.

Besides, except for an occasional dinner with Wyn Rocamora, her manager, Dottie goes nowhere except with the Captain. He manages to get to town whenever his leave permits and fortunately there has been the odd day between scenes of her current picture, "Riding High," when she was able to visit him in San Bernardino. Be-

sides there can be, as there undoubtedly are, letters and telephone calls.

It was after Dottie and Captain Howard had known each other about two months that he was sent to San Francisco. Dottie planned to go off on a camp tour while he was away. Then word came he was ill with pneumonia. Dottie heard nothing anyone at the studios said to her that nightmarish morning. And although she's never refused to do anything possible to entertain the boys in service, she pled for a postponement of her tour. There was then only one thing she was capable of doing, rushing to San Francisco.

At first she could only visit him for a few minutes each day. The rest of the time she sat in her hotel window, overlooking San Francisco Bay and the soft hills far away, tortured by that icy thrust of fear which so often is the price we pay for loving. Immediately he improved, however, she put the time she could not be with him to better use; she visited San Francisco's military and naval hospitals. It was the cases from which many would have hurried away that she sat with longest.

These are uncertain times. Even if Dorothy or the Captain could be induced to talk about their feeling for each other and their plans for the future it would be impossible to say what the outcome of this romance would be. We only know—and on this score there is no need for their affirmation; we have seen their hearts shining in their eyes—that it's one of those wonderfully happy and exciting things. And we hope it will endure if this is it, if this is the thing that will bring Dottie the happiness she so deserves.

The End



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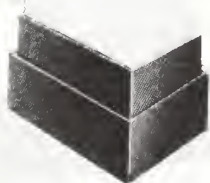
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The Indomitable Dutch

(Continued from page 51) Cooper was in London at the time. "Four days later he left," said Dorn with a dry twinkle in his Dutch blue eyes, "and nobody looked at me any more."

Regarding his similarity to Charles Boyer, the modest Hollander says this in his deep, quiet voice: "If you had seen Boyer in Paris, you wouldn't mention us in the same breath." This from the man who was the leading star of the Dutch theater before he came to Hollywood!

THE Javanese holy man requires a little more explanation—one that starts way back when Philip was growing up.

His father built boats with his own hands—fine seeworthy craft of a gay rakish beauty. His parents, pious, ultraconservative folk, had opposed his acting ambitions. They wanted him to be an architect, or at least an artist, since he could draw such fine pictures of ships. They sent him to the Academy of Fine Arts and Architecture at The Hague. But Philip wanted to be an actor and so, after two years, he ran away from school and for several nights slept in the dunes. His worried parents couldn't find him. The bodies of some drowned men were washed ashore and they went to the morgue, looking for his body. When he reappeared after two weeks, they let him apply for a job in a theater, lest he run away again. He was fifteen, was hired as a juvenile and made good.

Under his real name, Fritz Van Dungen, he toured the overseas territories of the Netherlands with a dramatic company. Actors from the homeland were warmly received in these distant colonies of the kingdom. The arrival of Dorn's troupe was a social and cultural event for the nostalgic Hollanders in the Tropics.

THE peculiar timbre of his voice, which is unmistakably that of a thinker, is in part at least the product of his years in the Far East. "When I first went to the Netherlands East Indies I felt perfectly at home, while the other actors in my troupe found their new environment very strange. But for me it was like coming home. It seemed as though I had lived there before. You may call it reincarnation if you wish. I learned the Malay language in two months. Everything I saw was familiar to me by some mysterious inner knowledge. The two and a half years I spent there were, spiritually, the most formative in my life. We in the West have little idea about the profound wisdom of the East."

"It was there I learned my philosophy of life. For in Java I met a man who had been sitting for twenty-four years on a tiger skin. He lived in a cave and looked like an old Christ. He taught me a lot. He was waiting for death—Toengoe Matti, as he said in Malay. He wasn't afraid of death. When I returned to Europe I was a changed man for having known him. Nothing could bother me any more. I had learned to wait."

Dorn developed a passion for Oriental art, investing his guilders in Javanese, Chinese, East Indian and other Oriental stage costumes, props, musical instruments. He insured his collection for \$83,000, "a lot of money for a Dutch actor," and prepared to leave for Holland.

"After our last performance I gave

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a farewell dinner party. We were eating, drinking and enjoying ourselves, when I was informed that the ship on which I was to sail had caught fire and was burning. Two hours before the fire had broken out I had cancelled my insurance, thinking the insurance of the ship company was enough. However, I learned to my chagrin that it wasn't effective while the ship was still in the harbor. Everything I had in the world was destroyed in the flames. My savings of a lifetime were gone and I had to start all over again."

But even a disaster like that couldn't get Dorn down. Back in Holland, he entered pictures and one of the directors he worked with was Henry Koster, a great admirer of Dorn's.

After his first picture, four Hollywood studios bid for his services, and he turned all four down. But the threat of war and Henry Koster's persuasions eventually brought him here. "I didn't think I would last six months in Hollywood, so I made my trip in the nature of a vacation. To me Hollywood was like Monte Carlo and everybody was a gambler here. You could be great stuff in ten minutes, or remain neglected for ten years."

WELL, he has been in Hollywood now three years, and is here to stay. He lives with his actress wife in Brentwood, in a house they own. They frequently entertain Dutch sailors and soldiers. He is deeply tanned and his brown hair is a little bleached.

Twice he volunteered to serve in the armed forces of the United States, but was turned down because of a leg injury he suffered during his first American picture, "Ski Patrol." He has taken out his first citizenship papers and hopes to be able to fight in another year, when his leg injury will heal. Meanwhile, he is making one picture after another, the two latest being "Random Harvest" and "Reunion In France." Currently he is being starred in the Serbian saga, "Chetniks!"

When you talk with Philip Dorn you feel the inner power of the man. He looks invincible. To his native Dutch stubbornness and courage, he has added the wisdom and tranquillity of the East. If you ask him what is the guiding principle, the philosophy of his life, he will tell you, "Waiting." He considers waiting a great art.

THE END

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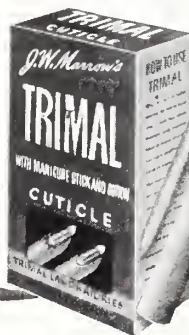
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Use White Rit to
take color OUT!

NEVER SAY DYE... SAY

RIT

TINTS & DYES

Kiss Me for Luck

(Continued from page 49) wasn't funny, yet it seemed like a gag. In his heart he knew that Chet had really done this monstrous thing. Had the boy known that the third picture was a flop? How long had he been planning this? He couldn't have known that they were through at the studio, or he wouldn't have deserted now.

Roy returned after two. He scarcely looked at Phil, and would have gone into the bedroom without a word, if Phil hadn't stopped him.

"What do you know about this?" he asked, handing Roy the telegram.

Roy read it without change of expression. He didn't meet his brother's eyes. "Good for Chet."

"You think it's smart for him to run out on his brothers when they're in a tight spot—a flop?"

"I think if that's what he wanted to do—what did you say? Who's a flop?"

"Us. The Jesting Jordans. No dice on the last picture. We're out."

Roy grew pale, was actually speechless for a moment. "Nuts! I had a solo that was a hit."

"That's what you think."

"Chet couldn't have known. Wait! When did you get the news? No—how'd he know if I didn't? Oh, well, what's the difference now? He's married, and if he don't want to string with us—okay."

Phil was puzzled by Roy's casual reaction. He began to suspect that Roy had known of Chet's plans. Then why had he kept quiet?

Phil drank himself to sleep toward dawn, and found Roy gone when he awakened at about noon. Doris had been on his mind while he slept, for his first thought was of her, and at once he called her.

Her maid said tartly, "There's people from magazines talking to Miss Foster now. She can't come to the phone."

He was taken aback, but realized that she must be greatly in demand. "Will you tell her I called? I won't be home, so I'll call again."

SAM didn't take his feet down from the desk when Phil entered his small, stuffy office. He greeted Phil sardonically and waited for him to talk.

"I'd like to know what happened on that picture," Phil said.

"You tell me," Sam demanded.

"Did you hear about Chet?"

Sam brought his feet down and leaned across his desk. "The Jordans was one team I thought never would split up. Got any plans?"

"That's what I'm here to talk to you about."

"Well," Sam began, "what the papers say about you, what everybody always said about you, I can certainly get you plenty work alone."

"That's out," Phil said definitely.

Sam shrugged. "I just thought—the team being broke up anyway."

"Out, Sam. Roy and I stick together."

"Sure Roy does?"

Something in Sam's tone stopped Phil. "What are you getting at?"

"You might as well know from me, if Roy ain't got the guts to tell you. Couple weeks ago Roy was in here asking me to book him alone."

"What for?"

"Radio, first. I got him booked already, thirteen weeks. So what do you want to do now?"

What he wanted to do didn't matter

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

to Phil. Just at this moment he wanted to take both his brothers and smash them up against a wall. He was fighting mad. He was going to find Roy and have a showdown.

Phil went straight home and found Roy packing.

"So you're running out, too?"

Roy shifted, sat down on the edge of the bed. "Wilma and me, we're going to be married."

"Maybe that'll take the wind out of you. That's not what I mean. You're running out on the Jordan Brothers," and as Roy moved to speak, "You shut up and listen to me. It's the last time you'll have to. What Chet did wasn't so bad. He's not going out on his own. He just stopped. What you're doing is a dirty double-cross."

"I know it's tough on you," Roy said coldly. "You needed Chet and me. Now Chet's out. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Phil. You kept us together a long time. Now we got to separate. I killed 'em on the air. I have to find my own place."

"I can't get along without you?" Phil stood paralyzed in the doorway, still watching Roy complete his packing. This was betrayal.

HE stepped to the telephone, called Sam. "Book me alone," he said.

Roy put out his hand hesitantly. Phil took it.

"No hard feelings, Phil?"

"Whatever way you feel suits me."

"I'll let you know where I put up, until I'm married."

Everything was gone, but not quite. He still had Doris. For her, he had to prove his work. She'd be on his side, but strangely he thought of Betsy, and how he had told her one night if one of them stepped out the others would sell hamburgers, do anything but never team with outsiders.

He called Doris again.

"She's having new pictures taken," said the maid. "I guess she couldn't come to the phone now."

He saw her finally three days later. Then he waited for her at the studio and drove home with her. It was the only time she had. She was so very, very busy but warmly sympathetic. She was sure he had a glorious future in any of the acting fields he wished to enter. She simply wouldn't have a minute for ten days and then she was afraid she'd be going on a personal appearance tour. She'd call him before she left.

"You're not discouraged, Phil, are you? After all, you didn't really need your brothers. Promise me you won't worry?"

She sealed the promise with a kiss, rather hastily given, because just as she lifted her face, the houseboy came running out to say that her producer was on the telephone.

WITHIN two weeks Sam got Phil a spot, one specialty for one picture.

Phil knew he was showing considerable fear during the shooting. Perhaps Roy was right. Maybe he could do nothing without his brothers. He was not astonished to hear later that the projection room had ordered his specialty cut out entirely. No—it wasn't bad. They had to sacrifice some footage and his turn could be easily lifted out. He was through.

Doris had gone and had not called him up before she left. No word had come from her. On the day when she reported back he could not get near

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(★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

I felt his stare... and felt like screaming



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her, or get a message through. At last he understood. She couldn't afford to be seen with a failure.

There was no consolation in the fact that Roy wasn't doing much better. Roy hadn't married Wilma yet. They were waiting for him to finish his thirteen weeks and then go to New York. Every Tuesday Phil turned on the radio at eight o'clock, but Roy's work wasn't the talk of the country.

Spring came to Hollywood in colorful slacks, soft pullovers. Success marked time, however. She was "at liberty." She didn't seem to care.

There was a bit of nostalgic excitement when Chet returned from his honeymoon and the three brothers met for dinner. However, Lorna was with them, of course, and at once she announced that they had bought a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and would retire to it. They did retire to it, and Chet was content to be merely Lorna Langen's husband.

Frequently now Phil thought of Betsy. He understood what she had suffered. He couldn't go to her because Doris had finished with him.

BUT since Phil would not go to Betsy, Betsy came to him. It was one of his most bitter moments when the desk clerk called to say that a Miss Bell was waiting in the lobby. Would he care to come down?

She was lovelier than ever and when she smiled and put out both her hands she seemed to be offering him all she had.

He squeezed her little gloved hands. "It's white of you to hunt me up like this, Betsy."

"I waited and waited to hear from you after that night you saw me singing, but you didn't—"

"You saw me?" She nodded. "I always look over the audience. I seem to know when a friend—is in the crowd."

They sat down behind a clump of palms. "What made you come today, Betsy?"

She smiled, but there was neither pity nor maudlin sympathy in her face. "I know how things are, Phil. Somehow—you and I—our lives seem to go in the same design."

"You look fine." "I am fine. I saved some money—" "Comes a time when money doesn't count."

"That's true. What does count with you now, Phil?" She saw the bitterness in his face, the deep lines of despair.

"Loyalty," he said sharply. "That's all that counts. You don't find much of it in the world. You're loyal, Betsy." Suddenly he began to talk, quickly, quietly, urgently, telling her more than he dreamed he would, telling her everything, even his fears, his uncertainty, his blasted confidence.

She took off her hat and freed her curls, shaking them out. Then she laughed. "If you're a has-been, I'm one too, and I'm not twenty-two yet. Oh Phil, don't talk like that. You have experience and skill and years of work behind you. That's not wasted."

"That's not enough."

"You've got me in your corner, Phil." He took her face between his hands. "I never knew a girl like you, who didn't have a bit of resentment in her heart. You're not even sore because I didn't keep in touch with you. Where's it going to get you, to be in my corner?"

She rested quietly under his touch.

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"How can I tell until the fight's over?"

"You still think I can fight?"

"I do, Phil. Oh I do."

"Let's go somewhere and really talk."

They met again for lunch the next day, and Betsy had been thinking. "They wanted you alone in New York once. Why don't you give up the idea of getting into pictures?"

"I'm not so set on going into pictures."

"Then what is it, Phil?"

He didn't answer. She knew, though. Now that the first resentment at his brothers had worn off, he had no heart to continue alone.

Every day they met, and always she urged him to start a fresh career. Yet he couldn't see it her way and sometimes she wondered whether she was going to be faced with the need to propose to him, or tell him first that she loved him. She'd do anything to get him started, but she couldn't do that. Because maybe he didn't love her, and then her declaration wouldn't accomplish its purpose and would make an idiot of her besides.

They were out walking, one day, Phil still resistant, when he said suddenly, "Can you drop by at Roy's hotel for a moment? I got a phone message that he's sick. I better see if he's called the doctor."

Betsy stopped and waited. Not ten minutes later he reappeared, frowning hurried. "The boy's got a bad throat infection. I ought to stay here—"

She agreed by all means. "Can I do anything, Phil? Will you call me if you need me?"

Two days later he stood in the lobby the same way. She had been waiting for him. His face was gray, seamed, incredulous. "He's dead, Betsy. Blood poisoning. Roy's dead. We'll never be a team again. We're really—broke up."

BETSY took Phil home to her apartment after the funeral. It was in a small court of shallow bungalows, each containing two apartments. They were cheap, and Betsy took an apartment there, two rooms, bath and tiny kitchen.

She made him a hot drink, persuaded him to stretch out on the sofa. He didn't quite seem to know where he was, but that didn't matter. He was where he belonged, here with her, safe in her heart, protected in the small haven she had made out of her disappointment—gay yellow gauze at the windows, simple furniture painted in plum and apple green, a cheap room but clean as an Iowa corn field, and full of hope. Now that he was defenseless, nonresistant, with the shock of Roy's death still on him, maybe she could persuade him to do what she knew to be right. There was only one right thing, to go on, to make a new career for himself.

"I'll never work with anybody again," he said.

"I'm not asking you to work with anybody."

"So I'm a floperoo. There's no reason why I should hustle and bustle to get somewhere. What's the use?"

She came closer, sat at his feet. Her eyes were wide and fearless, her voice clear and soft. "There is, Phil. Shall I tell you?"

For the exciting climax that occurs after Betsy's frank confession to Phil, watch for the last instalment of this unusual Hollywood love story in the June issue of Photoplay—Movie Mirror

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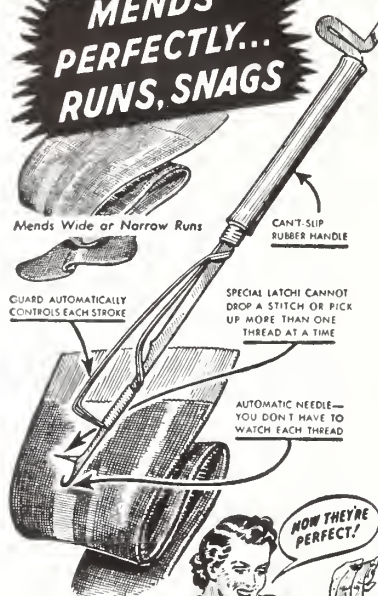
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A Guy Called Jo

(Continued from page 45) a six-months contract with Jo. An agent gets ten percent of an actor's salary, but in Jo's case it didn't amount to postage stamps.

Finally Leah Salisbury said to Jo: "Look, I think the thing for you to do is go to Hollywood. I'll stake you, Jo. Just go out on speculation—and when you click you can pay me back."

But that's not the way Jo does things. So he thanked Leah, gratefully, but refused. Months went by... years... and so little turned up that Jo and Leah even forgot to renew their contract.

Through acquaintances, Jo and Lenore met Orson Welles. They became fast friends and soon Welles was talking to Jo about his plans for a group of young actors and actresses who would create the Mercury Theater in New York. Jo began to feel that things were getting hot for him, because Welles let him know that Jo would be invited to join the group. So he went to Leah.

"Listen, honey," he said. "What's about our contract?"

Leah Salisbury, who had no immediate prospects for Jo, didn't want to discourage him, so she fixed up their usual contract and they signed it then and there. This may be the first time that she knows that Jo was all set for the Mercury Theater when that contract was signed.

I could write a whole story on Jo's friendships. That's one of the most important human angles in his life. But many stories have been written about his friendship with Orson Welles and Alfred Hitchcock and, of course, Katharine Hepburn.

MY favorite story about Jo and Lenore and Katie Hepburn is quickly told. While Jo and Hepburn were on tour in "The Philadelphia Story" they found themselves back in Lenore's home town in the Middle West. People hadn't been very nice to Lenore about her marriage to "that Bohemian." Two friends, Elizabeth and her husband, had stood by Lenore through thick and thin, shutting their ears to the town's sneaky aspersions. They hadn't cared if Jo wasn't a success, they refused to be stuffy about the fact that Lenore's second husband was a down-and-out actor.

But when the Cottens came to town with the successful run of "The Philadelphia Story" all the people began to change their attitude. They wanted so much to entertain Lenore, her clever husband, and, incidentally, the famous Miss Hepburn. Invitations came pouring in from all of Lenore's old "friends."

Jo had an idea. Why not turn down these invitations and accept the modest one from Elizabeth and her husband? So Hepburn agreed to be the special guest of honor at the home of the Cottens' steadfast friends. It was the biggest event of the season and Elizabeth was the most envied hostess of the year. The famous Katie did herself proud. You know how little she likes parties and people and adoring fans. But she went to town that night, for the sake of Jo and Lenore—and the loyal couple who had stood by them in darker days!

What I like best about Jo—if you want my opinion on these several "human angles"—is his most revealing and significant trait—an honest forthrightness. When he was a boy he looked with wonder at his comrades

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who seemed to get along so well. Their talk bewildered and amazed him. In those days it was called "a line."

He remembers one afternoon saying to a pal, "How about our going to a movie tonight?"

"No," said the pal. "I've got a date with that new girl from Richmond tomorrow and I've got to go home and figure out a line to hand her."

If his life depended on it, Jo would never build a friendship or a romance or even a career on a "line." He wouldn't know how to go about it.

CASE in point is his eventual visit to Hollywood. Even though he'd been Hepburn's leading man on Broadway he'd headed West without a contract, supposedly a fatal thing to do because it implies that you're easy to get.

A certain producer wanted Jo for a role and offered him the not inconsiderable weekly salary of \$1500. Jo read the script. He hated it.

"It's terrible," he told Lenore, "and if I play in it, I'll be terrible."

It was all right with Lenore for Jo to do whatever he thought best, regardless of that tempting salary.

So Jo turned it down—cold! Overnight, Cotten—the man who had to tell the truth no matter what it cost him—was considered hard to get—and so was very much wanted!

If he'd planned it you'd say he was smart about Hollywood, knew how to "treat 'em." But I think he's just instinctively natural and guileless and so gets what he wants without half trying.

He lives in a pleasant and unpretentious house out at Pacific Palisades and when the studio photographers want to get photos of him and Lenore and Judy in their sacrosanct home, Jo gracefully leads them out into that charming garden, and before they know it they're on their way back to the studio with swell pictures—but none that invades the Cotten privacy.

Jo does things simply, naturally, good-naturedly. I've heard him ball out Lenore for overdoing, or for getting too strung up over somebody else's problem, and I know that neither she nor anyone else who gets such treatment from him could ever be angry with him.

"Now take it easy, Lenore," he will say. "Just sit there for a minute and don't do *anything*."

And it's pretty typical of him that he says he's working his way up to be a carpenter—one of these days he's going to have the darndest work room in his Hollywood home.

You see, there's a complete set of human angles on this fellow Cotten.

Yes, there's a complete set of human angles on this fellow Jo Cotten, but somehow my mind goes back to those nodules on his vocal chords which may have done as much for him as they did for Bing Crosby.

Recently, Jo and Lenore went to the Shubert Theater, which is just where Jo (Whooping Cough) Cotten played in "The Philadelphia Story" and they saw their friend Ray Bolger in "By Jupiter." It's a very funny show, and they roared their heads off and Jo's nodules started acting up again.

When I talked to him on the phone the other day he sounded very hoarse, and I think he still has those lucky nodules—so God's in His heaven and all's right with the Cottens.

THE END

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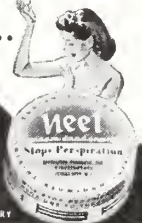
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Actors are wonderful husbands

BY
LENORE COTTEN*



Lenore, wife of Jo and author of this tongue-in-the-cheek insight into Hollywood married life; Jo; and Lenore's Judy, daughter by a first marriage

SOME stockbrokers make careless husbands, some salesmen are unfaithful to their wives... but all actors are bad husbands. That seems to be a legend. If you are contemplating becoming an actor's wife dire warnings rain down on your head. Actors, everyone will tell you, are irresponsible and vain and extravagant, they keep irregular hours, they're Bohemian, they're rich for a month and poor for a year, they're improvident, they're never home in the evenings.

But just let the warnings pass in one ear and out the other. Above all, don't argue. Your friends are quite right and, if you are wise, you'll thank your stars they are. For contrary to legend, these very things make actors delightful people to marry, these very faults are apt to prove endearing.

"Actors are irresponsible." Well, that is true, in a way. Of course, actors almost never miss rehearsals, or performances, no matter how ill they may be; they seldom fail to get up at six in the morning to get to the studio for a seven o'clock make-up call. But these things, to your friends, seem nothing at all beside the fact that actors usually make a mess of their check-book stubs, fail sometimes to get home to dinner on the dot, forget to have the oil changed in the car. They even say, "Oh, let's not even think about that for another month. Let's let everything slide and go to Mexico for a spree..." That is being extremely irresponsible, and it is to be hoped that no one ever reforms them on these counts. It makes them so awfully pleasant to be married to! It means that their wives can make unholy messes of their checkbooks, can forget their budgets and lose their address books, come home late from tea with the girls, and not only run no risk of being scolded but demand and get a most soothing lot of sympathy!

Actors are vain. Well, so they are and what about it? In the first place, they have to be a bit vain. It takes

lots of self-confidence to play a love scene with a glamorous movie star. An actor is apt to keep groomed within an inch of his life, wear wildly extravagant clothes and have his shoes hand-made. He is also apt to insist that his wife have the feminine equivalents of all these things. It's obvious that all this makes actors poisonous as husbands and no sensible woman should even think of marrying one!

Then there's an actor's extravagance. That means that when he's making money, he will give it away or lend it, remembering his own lean days. That he'll buy a house and fill it with lovely things. That he'll give the people he loves more presents than they can find room to put them.

AS for the rest of the charges—Bohemianism and restlessness and irregular hours and what not, they can all be lumped together and dismissed with a private grin. But when sympathetic friends look at you with great pitying eyes and ask you how you stand the hectic hours, the late parties, the mobs of people in and out of your house, the moving about, it is best to shake your head in dumb despair and refuse to answer. For they won't believe you if you point out that your irregular hours are quite regular to you, that theater people and movie actors behave in your house much as their bridge-club friends do in theirs.

So, at least in the opinion of an actor's wife, actors are wonderful husbands. Granted that it takes a bit of nerve to marry one—as much, probably, as it takes to marry an explorer, a painter, a scientist. For an actor, like these others, is a dashing and adventurous fellow in a world of sober, hidebound men. He scrapes up to buy a polo shirt one year and ten polo ponies the next. And it is all delightful and exciting, and you cross your heart for luck, and pinch yourself twice a day to make sure it's real. And this, mind you, because you married an actor!

* Who is Mrs. Joseph Cotten

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Women Who Wait

(Continued from page 32) would come in to see his first-born. But—that's war. And they'll have the baby and the home will be more a home, of course, even with Van away.

"The baby will just be an additional tie that will reach from me to him and him to me wherever he is," said Frances.

A GROUP of young women I know who work in New York took a little farm together not too far out in Jersey. Two of these girls have husbands already somewhere in the Pacific. They have divided up the housekeeping duties of their farm and they have a small victory garden. Week ends they work in it and as the spring evenings get longer they'll have time to do a little cultivating after they get home. As they explained it to me it's not only somebody to talk to, somebody for companionship, but if you get interested in the other fellow's problem you aren't so concentrated upon your own. It makes you feel better to be part of all the other women.

And out in Hollywood, Annabella has done the same thing since Ty Power walked down suddenly and enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. Ty's sister, Ann Hardenbergh, a young service wife who's expecting a baby, lives with her now. The Power acres have been turned into a Victory Garden and Annabella and Ann are raising peas and corn, beans, artichokes and rhubarb. After work they get their hoes and go to digging in the earth.

"If all service wives would double up," Annabella said, "they'd have a lot less time to be lonely. Somehow you can make an effort to do something for somebody else that you would not make for yourself. We all help each other. I like helping Ann to make preparations for her baby. In the Marine Corps a man is sure to get active combat service. I—of course I am so proud that my husband won high honors at boot camp. He had to earn them, I know. Now he has gone to Officer's Candidate School. I like to talk to his sister about him, she knew him when he was little and she can tell me so much about him."

I HAVE two brothers in the Marine Corps and both of them did their boot camp at San Diego. One of my young sisters-in-law wrote me the other day that when she went to visit my brother over a week end at San Diego they went to chapel and that as long as she lived she would remember that service. It was, she said, one of those things that made faith a real and active thing in your heart and made you get out your Bible and put it beside your bed so that you could read the Ninety-first Psalm every night before you went to sleep.

Annabella went to that chapel service, too, and she said, "It moved and thrilled me more than anything that has ever happened in my life. You get a feeling in your heart that there is active power and protection in prayer. It helps so much."

Not very long ago I spent a week end up at the Bear Mountain Inn, which is near my youngest son's school. The stone bungalows are scattered among the trees along a mountain side and when I couldn't sleep I put on a dressing gown and went into the community living room by the fire. I thought it was so late that I'd be alone.



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but I found another woman there, a tall girl still in ski clothes. We got to talking and I found that her husband was in our Air Force and had long been ferrying bombers across the Atlantic.

"But," she said, "I know that I haven't any right to add to his task by letting him ever think I am worried about him. I think that's the most unfair thing a wife can do. He wants me to go ahead with my life. He says after all that's what we're fighting about, so that wives can live normal lives and safe lives and not be kicked around by Germans or Japs. So—that's why I'm on this ski trip. We always did a lot of skiing. When he comes home, he'll say, 'Have a good time skiing?' That's swell. That's healthy. Glad you went." I couldn't possibly clutter up his mind with thinking about me as moping, I couldn't ever let him think I was scared for him. It wouldn't be fair."

And out in their home in Hollywood Jeanette MacDonald, wife of Captain Gene Raymond who is somewhere over in England with a combat bomber command, spends five hours a day getting ready to sing *Juliet* at the Metropolitan Opera. If there was one thing more than another that Gene Raymond loved about that swell girl his wife, it was her singing. What I like about this is that Jeanette has accepted the supreme challenge at this particular moment when her husband is right in the thick of things. It's no small adventure for even the greatest movie star to walk upon the boards of the Met as the star of an opera. She is, as my boys say, leading with her chin. But Jeanette has accepted that right now.

"I wanted to do it myself of course, but I wanted also to do it because I knew it would please Gene," Jeanette said. "I knew it would tickle him to think that I was not only going on with my life as he would wish but that I was trying to do bigger and harder things all the time. It would make him feel that I wasn't worried about him, that I had complete confidence in him. That's pretty important. No matter what a man says, he must be weakened if his wife shows any signs of lacking confidence in him. So—I've been very busy."

Mrs. Gene Raymond has certainly been that. Besides making personal

appearances at Navy hospitals, Army camps and canteens all over the country, she made a concert tour for the Army Emergency Relief and netted the largest single sum that fine organization has ever received from an individual effort. Somewhere in England, Captain Raymond must be sticking out his chest a bit when he thinks of his wife.

EIGHT hours a day—sometimes ten hours a day—Madeleine Carroll works at the job of being national chairman of the Merchant Seaman's Institute. Believe me, she works. I've been there with her and seen the job she is doing. It's magnificent. Not only for today but for the future, under the direction of Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the Maritime Commission, Madeleine Carroll is helping to build this great service for the men of our merchant marine.

Her husband, Stirling Hayden, is now with the Marine Corps, though for a while after he left Hollywood he was in the merchant marine.

I liked very much one story Madeleine told me. She had gone to meet her husband for a three-day leave and they parted in a railroad station. It was—well, we know now, so many of us, what those good-bys are. A great many American women have said them. Madeleine sat on the edge of her lower berth smiling bravely out the window at her husband on the platform. As the train pulled out, she couldn't keep back the tears and she was upset because it was pretty public. People were staring at her curiously and she thought that wasn't exactly fair. It seemed to her that her heartache should be her own, for in that moment she was, after all, just a woman and not a movie star.

So it seemed—until she saw right across the aisle another girl who was crying, too. Their eyes met—and they moved at the same time. Each meaning to console the other. Each wanting to stretch out a hand to help another wife, understanding each other as only two women going through the same moment of good-by could. Madeleine Carroll is a reserved person naturally. And yet in that crowded train she found a real friend—another Marine wife, that's all.

A number of years ago I sort of chaperoned the courtship of John Far-



Two heads together to make a great motion picture of "Mission to Moscow"; Charles Einfeld, Director of Publicity and Advertising for Warners, gets a happy talking-to from Hon. Joseph Davies, former Ambassador to Russia and author of the best-seller "Mission To Moscow"

row and Maureen O'Sullivan. The lovely little Irish lass used to spend week ends at my Malibu house, which was next door to Johnny Farrow's. I don't think I've ever seen two people more in love than Maureen and Johnny. It's one of Hollywood's really happy marriages.

John was one of the first to go—into the Royal Canadian Navy. And one of the first to be invalided home. Months in a hospital when they told Maureen he would die within six months.

That made John fighting mad. He left the hospital and went home to Maureen. She took him into the desert and nursed him. Today he is on the road to perfect health, is even able to go back to work and direct such pictures as "Wake Island" and "China."

But—he wants to get back into service, any branch of the American armed forces that will take him. That's all he thinks about. Daily he tries to restore his health, to get back into shape so he can go back to the fight. He has a long fighting record behind him.

IN some ways, I guess that's the toughest of all—going back, letting the man you love who has miraculously escaped death, who is home once more safely, return to the danger zone. Nobody knows yet whether Johnny Farrow will be able to make it. But he keeps trying and—Maureen keeps helping him.

If that's what he wants to do, if that's what he feels it is right for him to do, Maureen is the wife who will stand shoulder to shoulder and help him. That's her contribution to the great fight to save humanity from a return to the dark ages—and no matter what contribution her husband may make, hers is as big.

In the great charity work for service men going on you see the busy, enormously efficient figure of pretty Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. whose husband was one of the first men in active service in this country.

Out on a little ranch in the Valley, you find Mrs. Henry Fonda, raising chickens and carrying on the model farm Henry installed before he went to war. Mary Pickford, so long America's sweetheart, does every kind of brilliant job while her tall and handsome husband, Captain Buddy Rogers, is with the Ferry Command at Pensacola.

AND when Louis Hayward decided, long before December seventh, that he must get into service, the girl who sat up with him nights, studying, brushing up his math and his photography, was his wife, Ida Lupino.

Now she works at her job and at being a pal to soldiers, sailors, Marines and airmen while Lieutenant Hayward is away on active duty with the Marines.

Well, I have a daughter-in-law who works at the Sperry bombsight plant. She helped her husband to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force long before we were at war. She carries on valiantly with her war job through what have already been long years.

All in the same boat, you see.

We can, I think, be as proud of the women of Hollywood as we are of all our women today. And wish them luck and maybe remember them in our prayers for all the women who wait. Waiting, as you all know, takes the supreme courage.

The End

CONSTANCE LUFT, HUHN,
Head of the House of Tangee



Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

GOING "all out" ALL DAY? You Should Use a Satin-Finish Lipstick!

Says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

Now that wartime duties are added to your day-to-day activities...now that you're on the go all day every day...many of you must often wish fervently for a lipstick that ONCE ON, STAYS ON! If that is *your* wish, I sincerely recommend that you use one of our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks...Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH makes each Tangee Lipstick so smooth it literally applies itself...creating a soft and glossy sheen, an exquisite long-lasting grooming, which every woman hopes to achieve...And remember: There is a matching rouge to every Tangee shade; a matching shade of Tangee's UN-powdery face powder for every complexion!



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TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

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So please don't blame your dealer if his stock of Beech-Nut Gum is short at times.

Remember, the Beech-Nut Gum he *can't* supply is going to our fighting men.

Beech-Nut Gum

*The yellow package...
with the red oval*

Hey, Irish!

(Continued from page 37) which still turns white when he gets fighting mad. "I'd love to ascribe that scar to some great dramatic event," Gene said, "but actually I fell off my tricycle when I was a sprout of five."

GENE'S interest in dancing was re-awakened at Peabody High School when he discovered an ability to dance helped land bigger parts in school plays. To the amazement of his family, who remembered his bitter tirades anent dancing school, he voluntarily sought further instruction and soon became one of the most adept pupils of the class. It was football, however, not dancing, which brought him his first taste of fame and glory. For a solid season he had been warming the bench as the substitute halfback of the school team and was still warming it when the final game of the season was in its closing moments with Peabody High on the losing end of the score. Suddenly the regular halfback was carried from the field with a broken ankle.

"Okay, Kelly," the coach said wearily. "You might as well go in."

Kelly bounced off the bench. On the first play he intercepted a forward pass, ran for a touchdown and then kicked the winning point between the goal posts!

"Boy!" he recalled. "Was I a great guy—for a day!"

As is common with many Catholic boys, Gene's first ambition was to be a priest. He switched to journalism when he entered Penn State and, at midsemester, reversed his course in favor of engineering. The following year at the University of Pittsburgh he decided on law, completed the four-year pre-law course and attended one full week of law school in 1933. Suddenly he chuckled it all in favor of dancing.

"It seemed like a good idea," he said.

ACTUALLY it was a good idea. In college he had helped pay his way during vacation by mixing concrete by day and drugstore sodas by night. During the school year he had resumed his own study of dancing and, as a paying sideline, had taken on the instruction of fellow students. By graduation time he had two hundred paying students on the books and Pittsburgh co-eds had better dancing partners.

Gene decided the setup had commercial possibilities and opened a full-time school of the dance. Both sisters and one brother joined his staff as instructors and Mrs. Kelly became business manager. The venture flourished and soon three Kelly schools were coining money. Again Gene succumbed to a sudden impulse.

"For no good reason I suddenly began to feel hemmed in," he explained. "I wanted new horizons. So I left the family to run the schools (they're still doing it!) and gambled on getting a job in New York."

The luck of the Irish was with him. He got a dancing role in "Leave It To Me." Left that show after two months for the juvenile lead in "One For the Money." Later he met William Saroyan, became a pal of the brilliantly eccentric playwright—and wound up with the lead in Saroyan's "Time Of Your Life."

The Kelly independence was never more clearly demonstrated than when

he flatly refused Hollywood's first two offers for his services. The first time he was visiting on the Coast when a studio approached him.

"Can you pay me \$10,000 a year?" Gene asked.

"Jumpin' jive, no!" the studio emissary gulped. "You're an unknown!"

"Unknown or not, that's what I'm making now with my dance schools, so no thanks," Gene said.

The second offer, made at the close of "Time Of Your Life," was refused because Gene honestly felt he was not ready for a screen career. To get ready he played in summer stock around New York in 1940 and became dance director of Billy Rose's famous Diamond Horseshoe Revue. It was there, incidentally, he met Betsy Blair, a lovely redhead about whom he gets positively lyrical. Betsy and the baby, in fact, are the only subjects on which Gene is verbose. She had just finished a Broadway play and was after a job in the Rose revue.

"I was clowning around in a sweat-shirt and an old pair of slacks when she came in," Gene recalled. "She thought I was the bus boy and very snootily demanded to see the director."

Gene let it ride; he loves a gag.

Betsy got the job and, in 1941, the job of being Mrs. Eugene Joseph Kelly.

His sensational success in "Pal Joey" brought Gene his third offer from Hollywood. This time he accepted it, and, in his usual impetuous fashion, expected to go to work immediately upon detrain. The two months he waited for his role in "For Me And My Gal" were pure misery. So was his first sight of himself on the screen.

"Shocked is a better word," he amended. "The sight of my funny Irish kisser magnified that many times sent me out of the theater with the screaming meemies!"

A few months ago their first child was born, a lovely daughter whom they have named Kerry Kelly.

"Did I ham up that occasion!" Gene admitted. "I was guilty of every cliché in the book from pacing hospital floors, pestering doctors, driving nurses crazy with questions and finally collapsing in tears when they told me I was a father and everything was fine. It was corn right off the cob!"

LIFE in the Kelly household is a little complicated these days regarding Kerry. The fond parents are torn between raising her "scientifically" or picking her up when she cries. So far science is taking a beating: Gene goes nuts at the first wail of his young daughter and says, "The heck with what the book says, I can't stand to hear her cry!" Fortunately, Betsy is in accord with his views.

No one can pass him in The Game, in which he is the acknowledged Superman over all contestants in the Kelly circle. The Game, sometimes called Indications, consists of one team's guessing famous quotations which the other team pantomimes.

The other night Dickie Whorf, Nancy Walker, Frank Albertson and the others were playing.

"By gosh, we'll stump Old Superman this time!" they chortled as they devised a dilly. It was Freud's rather obscure line: Dementia praecox is very unfortunate hanging on the family tree.

Gene guessed it in forty seconds flat!

THE END

The Beautiful British

(Continued from page 50) he must have been a most frightful ham, posturing and grimacing and flexing his muscles," Miss Lee said reminiscently. "But I thought him all romance and alluring masculinity."

When the circus moved away Miss Lee followed her hero and volunteered to become a permanent member of the circus staff. Her description of her ability as an elephant-feeder, apprentice bareback rider and general handy man was so eloquent that she was about to be employed when her father appeared on the scene, garbed in the drapes of wrath.

HOWEVER, being the child of enlightened parents, Joanna was given a chance to explain her outrageous conduct before punishment was meted out. She said that she wanted to be an actress. That it wasn't primarily the charm of the lion tamer that had lured her away, but impersonal admiration for his art. A family council finally handed down a decision: When Miss Lee had passed her senior Oxford examinations, she might decide for herself whether she wanted further education along the lines of the liberal arts, or whether she wanted to study mathematics.

Those interested in numerology might find something significant in the fact that, at her fourteenth year, Miss Lee's life altered drastically. Her father died, so she and her mother moved away from the vicarage and Anna was placed in a girls' school. She still considers this one of her most terrifying experiences to date. She was one hundred per cent nonconformist; she couldn't get used to feminine clothes, and she had to stand a good deal of ribbing about her cropped hair.

She was thoroughly miserable. To this day, she is slightly chary of women. She likes them; she thinks they are too, too clever to wear those odd hats and those quaint, back-breaking shoes. But for exciting conversation that she really understands, give her a pipe-smoking stag session.

THERE was one small triumph in this grey year. She heard about a near-by rifle match, and entered. She was the youngest entrant by many years, and the only female. You guessed it. She still has the trophy.

And, at the end of the year, she passed her senior Oxford exams with honors and thus won the right to enter the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Arts in London. After a year of study, she secured a job as understudy with a theatrical company. Her job was to appear occasionally as a male corpse. Quiet and restful work, of course, but lacking a future.

At approximately this time, the recurrent male theme again repeated itself in the Lee life. She had a sweetheart stationed in Hong Kong and she heard of an elderly woman who was planning a trip to India and wanted a vigorous, intelligent young companion. Miss Lee immediately cornered the job. They spent some time in Tokyo ("I was horrified at sight of the place of women in Oriental society") and an even longer period in Hong Kong. Incidentally, they were in China long enough for Miss Lee to transfer her affection from the gentleman whom she came originally to visit to another colorful chap in the Service of the King. Then they moved on to Ceylon, Singa-

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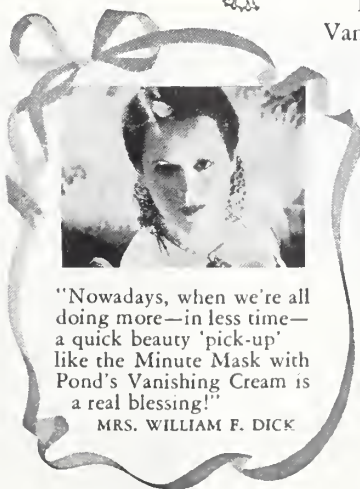
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pore, thence to Bombay, Agra and Delhi. ("I want to go back to India someday. It is fabulous, fascinating and beautiful.")

UPON returning to London, Anna did some modeling. For years she was celebrated as the possessor of the most photogenic hands and feet in England. There is, in an Edinburgh gallery at present, a portrait of Miss Lee, barefooted.

From modeling, she took the logical step to bit parts in pictures, working with a girl named Estelle O'Brien. At that time, and to this day, Anna insists that this certain Miss O'Brien is one of the great beauties of our day, a girl with smouldering dark eyes, a high, childishly rounded forehead, a beestung mouth, and great wings of sleek, black hair. Miss O'Brien has done okay in American pictures under the name of Merle Oberon, now Lady Korda.

From bits, Miss Lee progressed rapidly to small parts, then to leads. But do not make the mistake of thinking that the boys' school motif had disappeared from her symphony of fate. Anna was cast as the only feminine character in a picture to be filmed in the North African desert. The remainder of the cast, you ask? Forty-two good men and true.

After a few weeks of desert heat, wind and sand, these forty-two gentlemen were about as friendly as parboiled cobras, so Miss Lee spent a good deal of her free time strolling about the desert with a rifle cuddled under one arm. While she was walking through the "cool" of the evening (the thermometer had done a dizzy dive down to 100 degrees) she was approached by a newcomer immaculate in white helmet, white shirt, white shorts, white socks and white-and-tan sport shoes. Additional dividends included his handsome face and physique, his cheerful grin and his cultured English accent. Considering current grime, beards, perspiration and tempers, this apparition resembled something out of the "Arabian Nights."

It developed, after a moment's conversation, that he had been flown down from England to check up on the

progress of the film. His name was Robert Stevenson and in practically no time he had decided that Anna Lee's social title should be the same with a Mrs. prefix. They were married December 7, 1934.

Joanna Venetia Invicta Stevenson was born in March, 1938, and shortly afterward the three Stevensons came to America pursuant to an offer from D. O. Selznick, who wanted to sign Mr. Stevenson as a director.

While Mr. Stevenson was working at RKO, Lewis Milestone—a fellow director at the same studio—was frantically seeking a leading lady to play opposite Ronald Colman in "My Life With Caroline." He had some English films run off and spotted "just the type" in a playful picture called "A Young Man's Fancy."

Mr. Milestone struck up a hot cable correspondence with London studios trying to locate this dream girl and finally received the information that the lady could be reached through Mr. Stevenson.

The story goes that Mr. Milestone went charging out to the Stevenson set, his hair awry, his complexion gleaming. "Look, Bob," he demanded breathlessly, "I'm having a terrific time trying to locate a girl named Anna Lee. Finally got a London report that you can set me on her trail. Have any idea where I can get in touch with her?"

Stevenson nodded toward a near-by chair. "Anna Lee is Mrs. Stevenson and she's seated over there," he replied with an Englishman's unshakable calm.

All of which explains why lucky American audiences are learning that "Lee" stands for Anna as well as Robert E.

By the way, the Stevensons are now four. Caroline Lydia Boniface Clementina was born January 24, 1942. There is an early suggestion that she may resemble her mother and follow the Lee tradition, because of the garment she has chosen as her all-time favorite. It is a small boy's cap which she appropriated after it had been forgotten by a pint-sized gentleman guest.

C. L. B. C. Stevenson will undoubtedly want to go to Harvard.

THE END



Beery into beauty: Wally gets inveigled by Betty Gill and daughter Carol Ann (right) into premiering Gloria Bristol's new beauty salon

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Short for Ronni

(Continued from page 41) never gains an ounce. She eats between meals, practically everything in sight. She eats before going to bed, usually cold fruit juices. Her favorite meal is pepper steak, French fried potatoes and either iced tea or hot chocolate. She is a good cook. She is also clever at handiwork. She makes rugs and knits. She is also good at bookkeeping and keeps a budget.

She is quick and soft-spoken and always has been. She speaks so softly over the telephone that she can scarcely be heard. On the screen it sounds sexy.

She went on several Bond tours, sold millions of dollars worth of War Bonds and was startled, herself, by the fact that her voice, which is soft in ordinary conversation, booms out strong and clear from a platform. The biggest thrill of her Bond tour was christening a mine-layer at the shipyard in Jacksonville, Florida. She was afraid she wouldn't sock it hard enough to break the bottle of champagne. But she did, with such force she splattered everybody standing near by.

She laughs with one sudden, shrill, high, loud giggle. It is often embarrassing to her.

She doesn't care about night clubs, and seldom goes. She dislikes card games and social butterflying. She is very suspicious of people who suddenly become friendly in a day. She is irritated by men who wear plaids and checks in wild colors.

SHE likes operatic and symphonic music and goes to the ballet whenever possible. She also goes for what she calls "nice popular music." Her favorite song is "The Turkish Street Song" or "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." She takes a cold shower every morning and a hot tub every night. She sings in both. She hates to dry herself thoroughly after a bath, but pats herself with a thick towel.

Her signature is the simplest and most unfancy one in Hollywood. But it'll never be forged on a check because

she doesn't use that name for her bank account. She reads all her fan mail and employs a secretary who looks surprisingly like her.

Because of the gasoline rationing, she occasionally rides to work in a bus. One day she was standing in a crowded bus. Two men who were sitting started talking. One man said, "That girl looks like Veronica Lake." The other man said, "What's the matter with you? Veronica Lake wouldn't be riding on a bus!" Neither of them got up to give her a seat.

She can apply lipstick perfectly without looking into the mirror and she never wears a girdle.

She speaks French fluently, although few people know it. One day on the set, Preston Sturges was talking about her to some people in French. He said: "She has a pear-shaped figure which is the envy of American women, for most of them have apple shapes." She went over and surprised him by thanking him in French.

She sleeps in a nightgown, never pajamas. She must get from seven to eight hours' sleep a night and sleeps with the windows wide open. She confesses that she always has cold feet in bed.

She detests long, red fingernails and won't wear them. When it is necessary in a picture, she has false ones stuck on her hands every morning. It is obvious, however, that this is the only false thing about her when she faces the camera.

The End

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 22)

lent the framer-uppers by Ona Munson, who runs a disreputable gambling house. But hero Roy Rogers, who is engaged to Virginia Grey, the judge's daughter, foils villains Dick Purcell and Arthur Hohl in fine style.

There is a lot of singing, some of it good, and plenty of comedy relief by Smiley.

Your Reviewer Soys: A Western with fresh new paint.

✓ The Outlaw (Howard Hughes)

It's About: The love and life story of Billy the Kid.

AT long last the Howard Hughes version of Billy the Kid, labeled "The Outlaw," reaches the screen in its uncut version. After two years Jane Russell and Jack Beutel finally make their screen appearances, one to disappoint and one to show promise of big things ahead. Beutel is the winner in this case. We predict the same success that marked Alan Ladd's career for this young actor.

Mr. Hughes himself directed the story and some of the scenes are much too long, but the picture has a strange fascinating quality that we wager will spell a million dollars at the box office. It's different, it's puzzling, it's unique. It draws like a magnet and holds attention despite its many ludicrous and ridiculous moments.

Walter Huston, a no-good bad man who takes up with Billy after the young outlaw has stolen his horse and his girl, gives a truly fine performance.

Thomas Mitchell, the sheriff who loses a friend when Huston sides with Billy, doesn't fare so well. His scenes fail to ring true.

We would advise leaving the children at home. There is no Hopalong Cassidy about this little number that still has the Hays Office in a first-class tizzy.

Your Reviewer Says: The oddest film of the month.

✓ Behind Prison Walls (P.R.C.)

It's About: An idealist faces reality and then...

HERE'S quite a little picture, off the beaten path and directed with a new and arresting flair. It tells the story of an overidealistic son whose testimony sends his industrialist father to prison. Using the son as a front to squeeze an enemy out of the business, the father, Tully Marshall, gives his heir full control, expecting the business to go to smash. It doesn't, but the son amusingly admits it's through no fault of his, his theories being the good old bunk.

There's humor, satire, cunning quirks and quite an impressive quality to this well done little gem.

Alan Baxter is so good as the son and so is Gertrude Michael as the secretary. Edwin Maxwell is the meanie. The direction by Steve Sekely is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Soys: Like coming upon a daffodil in the snow.

✓ Something To Shout About (Columbia)

It's About: The little girl from Altoona gets the star part.

JANET BLAIR, who made a hit as "My Sister Eileen," comes to the fore with

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

a neat, provocative little performance as the young song writer from Pennsylvania who gets shoved into the star spot of a show angeled by that gay divorcee, Cobina Wright Jr. Sounds awfully, awfully familiar, doesn't it?

Anyway, it's good, if familiar, and possesses the verve and spirit that Don Ameche (the story's press agent) always injects into his pictures. Jack Oakie, an old vaudeville star who now runs a boardinghouse, is very funny and William Gaxton, the show's producer, has come to the movies to stay, surely to goodness.

The Cole Porter music has that certain "oomphing." And oh, wait a minute. There's a dog act that gets into the show somehow and is worth the price of admission alone. It's a riot.

Miss Blair will be a star one day, you just see.

Your Reviewer Says: It's gay and happy and everything.

How's About It (Universal)

It's About: Elevator operators and a plagiarism suit.

THE Andrews sisters, ladies and gentlemen! Those singing sisters who know how to sock over a song with a sock to the ear. The three gals play elevator operators who yearn to be heard before an audience—and need we say all their yearns come true?

Another little plot involving a suit against songwriter Robert Paige by Grace McDonald for stealing one of her calendar verses wanders around among the Andrews. The band of drummer Buddy Rich plays sweet music. Mary Wickes is cute as a secretary and Bobby Scheerer taps his little feet off.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of commotion, anyway.

✓ A Stranger in Town (M-G-M)

It's About: A Supreme Court Justice who aids a small-town lawyer.

FRANK MORGAN, a Supreme Court Justice, goes on a vacation, is nabbed by the local constable while hunting and meets in the courtroom one Richard Carlson, a local attorney who is running for mayor. Attracted to the young lawyer, who is obviously losing his political fight, the Justice very quietly gives him advice that eventually ousts the crooked and opposing party.

Porter Hall is so very good as the small-town judge and Jean Rogers very pretty as the girl in the case. But it's Morgan's quiet and subdued playing of the Justice that gives the picture just about everything it has.

Your Reviewer Says: Comfortable and pleasing.

✓ It Comes Up Love (Universal)

It's About: A brash youngster who thaws a debbie.

MARK you well, this new kid out at Universal, one Donald O'Connor, is a comer. His work in this picture starts him squarely on the road to stardom and, barring accidents, he should make it in nothing flat.

The kid, who dances like a whizz, is a hep-catter who refuses to be taken in by social debbie Gloria Jean who has been raised by a Mid-Victorian grandmother. But in order to please his aunt, Louise



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AFTER THAT, I changed to another laxative which I thought would be easier on Peggy. But she had trouble taking that, too. What's more, the medicine only stirred her up and didn't get results. It was just *too mild!*



FINALLY, I GOT wise to Ex-Lax. It solved Peggy's laxative problem once and for all. She actually smacked her lips over its good chocolate taste. And I was so pleased to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works... not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*



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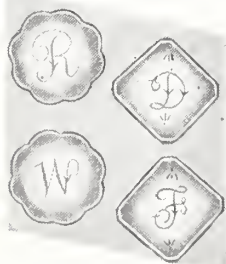
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Allbritton, he agrees to see Gloria and, in no time at all—it comes up love.

Miss Allbritton and Miss Frieda Inescort are out to land Ian Hunter, Gloria's father. Guess who gets him?

The story is just so much of a much, but the cast, especially that O'Connor, is swell.

Your Reviewer Says: You could do much worse.

Hi Ya, Chum (Universal)

It's About: Two girls in the clutches of the Ritz Brothers.

WESTWARD HO treks the merry little party of small-time vaudevillians and its whoa, Westward, once they get going. Sharing the same jalopy are the three Ritz fits and a sister team, Jane Frazee and June Clyde. In an ex-ghost town across the California state line the Ritz Brothers manage to get a cook fired and have to take his place. The girls help them out. The Ritz's auto gets impounded and the girls help them out. Harry runs for sheriff and wins huge sums at a gaming table. All three get wound up with laughing gas and the girls help them out.

A good song is "He's My Guy" and a good romantic lead is Robert Paige.

Your Reviewer Says: Get the girls to help you out.

Tarzan Triumphs (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Tarzan battles the Nazis in Africa.

TARZAN, the big whoop and holler boy, has taken his body beautiful away from the M-G-M lot where he began his jungle antics several years ago to emote on the RKO lot. What's more, Tarzan (still Johnny Weissmuller) does right well for himself in a story that has the nasty Nazis attempting to overrun Tarzan's domain in order to get control of the vital natural resources. The one-man blitz put on by Tarzan is a piparoo, bringing loads of cheering from the kids in the balcony.

Maureen O'Sullivan as Jane, Tarzan's mate, is missing from the picture, but beautiful Frances Gifford, princess of a lost civilization, provides the feminine interest. Johnny Sheffield still plays Tarzan's son, and Cheta, the ape, still grabs all the laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: Up to his best.

Secrets of the Underground (Republic)

It's About: The law versus murderers and Nazi agents.

JOHN HUBBARD, an attractive District Attorney, and his girl friend Virginia Grey find a corpse in a trunk, which leads to the heroine's being almost smothered to death in a grain pit. As if that weren't enough, Nazi agents go around forging War Stamps and the women's auxiliary defense corps jump in and clean up the nasties. Lloyd Corrigan is leader of the bad men.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for kids to howl at.

Hi, Buddy (Universal)

It's About: A boy's club that is sponsored by big brothers.

WHEN the big fellows march off to war the going gets tough for the Hi Buddy



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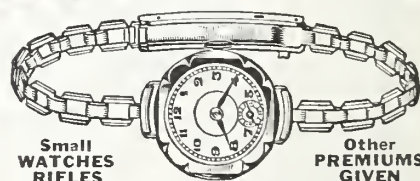
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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

club composed of East Side kids and sponsored by the older boys. But one "big brother," Robert Paige, makes a hit crooning with a girls' orchestra and, after all sorts of double dealing that tends to make Paige a scoundrel, he returns to straighten out the club's financial matters. Marjorie Lord is the girl he left behind him and Harriet Hilliard is the femme orchestra leader. Dick Foran is good.

Your Reviewer Says: Take the bad with the good, we always say.

✓✓ The Moon Is Down (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: Nazi invasion of a small Norwegian town.

NEVER have you witnessed anything so grippingly real as this humanized version of Nazi conqueror and his unconquered victims. John Steinbeck's play has been given a terrific writing and directing treatment by Nunnally Johnson and the story has been beautifully and quietly acted by Henry Travers as the mayor, Lee J. Cobb as the village doctor, and Dorris Bowdon as the wife whose husband was murdered. On the Nazi side we have Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the traitor, E. J. Ballantine, and Peter Van Eyck, the young lieutenant who succumbs to loneliness.

The slow awakening of the invaded natives and their maddening and secret resistance that ends in wholesale slaughter provide an emotional experience that gives heart to all of us.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong as a blazing hate.

Young and Willing (U. A.)

It's About: Six youngsters in search of a career.

THE idea involves three penniless boys—one of them William Holden—and girls, ambitious to be stage stars, who share an apartment in order to exist, Martha O'Driscoll being the only member of the gang who has a steady allowance. When Martha's father arrives on the scene all which-way breaks loose.

To complicate things Robert Benchley, a playwright who lives downstairs, refuses to aid the kids in their ambitions. Unbeknown to him, they dig up one of his old plays and put it on. The play is awful and the kids so hammy Benchley seizes the opportunity to produce it as a burlesque that clicks.

Eddie Bracken, Susan Hayward, Barbara Britton, James Brown and Florence MacMichael shouldn't be wasted on such trivia. Neither should Holden nor Martha.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much talent spoils the broth.

The Mysterious Doctor (Warner Brothers)

It's About: An English spook promoted by a Nazi.

SUCH shenanigans! John Loder, living in Cornwall, England, but loyal to his German ancestors, is the instigator of the monkey business. Eleanor Parker and Bruce Lester, a young Army officer intent on reopening a mine, are the romantic leads. Matt Willis is the Simple Simon of the village.

Your Reviewer Says: Horrible horror.
(Continued on next page)



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✓ **Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man** (Universal)

It's About: *Just what the title says.*

WE were twice as scared as ever before by this chiller-diller—and so was everyone else.

Lon Chaney Jr. plays the *Wolf Man* released from his grave by two robbers. Seeking a recipe to eternal death, Chaney enters the ruins where the *Frankenstein* monster is supposed to have died. But lo, he is only in a state of frozen animation and comes to life. So here are two "things" after each other and Ilona Massey, who is too beautiful for these horror films.

Your Reviewer Says: *Hellll!*

The Ape Man (Monogram)

It's About: *A scientist who turns men into beasts (not Hitler, kiddies).*

BELA LUGOSI, a crackpot scientist, turns himself into an ape and then proceeds to trap human beings. All he had to do was reach out and grab us. We were too limp for resistance.

Your Reviewer Says: They sure can scare us in pictures like these.

✓ **Two Weeks To Live** (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An old fellow who attempts to raise funds by hazardous didos.*

IT'S Lum and **Abner**, folks, those two old codgers you liked so well in two previous films.

When poor old **Abner** (played by thirtyish **Norris Goff**) is erroneously told by his doctor he has two weeks to live, his partner, **Lum** (played by an even more thirtyish **Chester Lauck**), decides to rent him out for hazardous ventures in order to refund money garnered by the boys on a phoney railroad stock deal.

Rocket ships to Mars, bombs in a violin case, Nazi plots befall **Lum** before he finds the doctor has committed an error.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun, homespun and homegrown.

✓✓ **Hangmen Also Die!** (Arnold Pressburger)

It's About: *Nazi revenge for the murder of Reinhard Heydrich.*

SLOWLY unfolds this powerful picture of revenge upon the Czechoslovakians for the death of the German hangman, Heydrich. We are given the story of hostages, prominent men of Prague shot by the Nazis, while the underground carefully pins the murder on traitorous **Gene Lockhart**.

Brian Donlevy, prominent surgeon in Prague, is the real murderer who seeks refuge with the family of a professor, played well by **Walter Brennan**. Instantly, the family, consisting of wife **Nana Bryant**, aunt **Margaret Wycherly**, daughter **Anna Lee** and her fiancée **Dennis O'Keefe**, become embroiled with the Gestapo. Suspense rides high throughout.

Lockhart is terrific.

Your Reviewer Says: Living reminder of the courage of a freedom-loving people.

✓✓ **The Youngest Profession** (M-G-M)

It's About: *Family troubles versus autograph hounds.*

WE couldn't be happier over this cinema cuteheart, for doesn't **Virginia Weidler** say right out in the story, "I swear on a stack of Photoplays?" And take a look at this cast—**Walter Pidgeon**, **Greer Garson**, **William Powell**, **Robert Taylor**, **Lana Turner** as guest stars, to say nothing of a strong regular cast.

The story concerns **Virginia Weidler**, president of a fan club bent on securing autographs at all costs. In order to raise money to help secure the services of a he-man to make pap, **Edward Arnold**, jealous, **Virginia** sells her precious book to **Marcia Mae Jones**, and the whole thing ends up with **Virginia's** joining the *Salvation Army*.

Jean Porter, **Virginia's** girl friend, is a baby-voiced riot; **John Carroll** is fine.

The guest stars are very neatly placed into the story at tasty intervals like goodies in a honey bun.

Your Reviewer Says: Laugh and enjoy yourself.

Best Pictures of the Month

Flight For Freedom
The Human Comedy
The Moon Is Down
Hangmen Also Die!
The Youngest Profession

Best Performances

Rosalind Russell in "*Flight For Freedom*"
Mickey Rooney in "*The Human Comedy*"
James Craig in "*The Human Comedy*"
John Craven in "*The Human Comedy*"
Jack Jenkins in "*The Human Comedy*"
Sir Cedric Hardwicke in "*The Moon Is Down*"
Henry Travers in "*The Moon Is Down*"
Peter Van Eyck in "*The Moon Is Down*"

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...and Look 10 years younger

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. **Brownatone** and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—**Brownatone** is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get **BROWNATONE** today.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 21)

this letter. In the high school which I attend, they have taken a survey of our favorite actors, actresses, songs, etc. We have finally received the results and I am both happy and proud of the decision made concerning our favorite actor. He was Lt. Ronald Reagan.

This certainly brings out the fact that giving up a great career for the service tends only to create greater admiration for that person in the eyes of the public. This proves, only more decisively, that men in uniform are held in high esteem by the people of the U. S.

I, therefore, salute you, Ronald Reagan, besides all the rest who have willingly given their services to the colors!

Robert Bond,
Pleasantville, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Electric Disagreement

I'VE heard many people remark that most movie plots are "fantastic." The characters not true-to-life. I've a wartime job as lady electric meter reader. Every day I meet people who are perfect substitutes for certain movie characters.

A lady, very like Mrs. Miniver, invited me into her kitchen to warm my hands and have a cup of coffee one cold morning. A duplicate Scarlett O'Hara slammed the door in my face when I asked to enter and read her meter. A counterpart of Andy Hardy kept me listening an hour to stories of his latest girl troubles. I met My Sister Eileen in the basement of an apartment house and heard of her struggle.

I meet them all every day, the rich and the poor, the young and the old. Movie plots are like real life!

Elsie McDonald,
Vernonia, Ore.

HONORABLE MENTION

AS there is going to be a reduction of film-footage within the near future, no doubt many of the studios are planning revivals of better pictures. May I suggest that "The Mortal Storm" be one of the first to be reissued? I saw this picture last night at my neighborhood theater, where it was "returned by popular demand" and when leaving the theater, I could not keep myself from buying a War Bond!

I might add that this picture would give movie-goers a chance to see Lt. Jimmy Stewart as well as Ensign Robert Stack.

Jeff Douglas,
Memphis, Tenn.

IN these days of worry, deprivation, sadness, there's something gratifying and peculiarly comforting in quiet, mature genius such as Paul Henreid's. It keeps before us the important realization that there are cultural as well as material treasures to be preserved. It gives us a new faith in mankind as a whole. If you ever again wonder what "dramatic genius" is, take a look at Paul Henreid.

Jean Shepard,
Hayward, Cal.

LATELY in Hollywood the "old timers" have definitely taken a back-seat to make way for a younger generation of such talented personages as Janet Blair, Diana Barrymore, Teresa Wright, Alan Ladd and Van Heflin.

It's quite gratifying to learn that youth can hold its own against "name" stars.

Kathryn Smith,
Memphis, Tenn.

"The Yankee Doodle
dandiest hands
he ever did see!"

Not a bit rough—'cause
I use **Hinds** before
and after war work.
A **Honey** of a lotion!

• No red, scratchy hands for this little riveter! I'm taking care of my hands with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. I always use Hinds before work...its skin softeners act like an invisible glove...help guard against drying, ground-in dirt. After work, Hinds again for softer, whiter-looking hands...all set for loving!



BEFORE WORK—housework or factory work—use Hinds. Tests prove grease and grime wash off faster, hands come out cleaner. Hinds skin softeners actually help guard skin against drying, ground-in dirt.

AFTER WORK—Hinds again! Extra-creamy, extra-softening, even one application gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look, a comfy feel. It benefits skin abused by work or weather.

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Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps

He's a man
after my own hands—
they're smooth as
a kitten's ear!

HINDS for HANDS
and wherever skin needs softening!

A SPRAWL! A BAWL!



THEN— ANTIPHLOGISTINE!

Those youngsters of yours are bound to bring home sprains, bruises and wrenched muscles. When they do, be ready to apply **ANTIPHLOGISTINE**—comfortably hot.

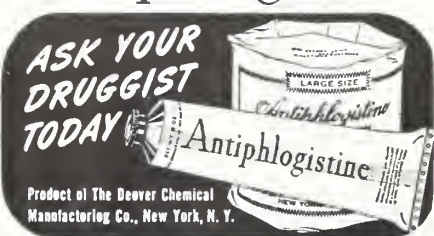
That's the easy, effective way to relieve the pain, reduce the swelling and speed recovery. Because **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** is a ready-to-use, medicated poultice, it maintains "Moist Heat" for many hours.

This valuable moist heat *does* so much good—*feels* so good. Brings real comfort.

That's why it's also effective in relieving disturbing symptoms of **CHEST COLDS**—cough—tightness of the chest—and muscular soreness.

Apply **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** early.

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(Signed) *E. D. Monroe*
Chemist

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A SKIN-SAFE, FABRIC-SAFE
DEODORANT AND
ANTI-PERSPIRANT



Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 70)

newsreel cameraman in Mandalay, loses his job, gets involved with Japanese agents Lynn Bari and Victor McLaglen, and falls in love with Chinese Gene Tierney. The story is hopelessly incredible, and Miss Tierney has little to do but appear Oriental. (April)

CINDERELLA SWINGS IT—RKO-Radio: *Scattergood Baines*, the homey philosopher played by Guy Kibbee, puts on a U.S.O. show to help Gloria Warren win a place in a New York show, and he even guides her from classical to jive music. Leonid Kinskey plays the music teacher. (April)

✓✓COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN—Columbia: A powerful war document, with a Commando raid highlighting a gripping story realistically told. Paul Muni gives a socko performance as the Norwegian fisherman who first submits to, then actively revolts against the cruelties of the invading Nazis. With him in the struggle are Anna Lee, Lillian Gish, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Mar.)

✓CRYSTAL BALL, THE—Cinema Guild-U.A.: Soothsayer Gladys George helps Paulette Goddard join up with Cecil Kellaway in a shooting gallery. When Paulette sees Ray Milland, who accompanies Virginia Field to the crystal ball gazer, she determines to take him away from her. And does she! William Bendix as Ray's chauffeur is terrific and we foresee a good laugh coming to you. (April)

✓DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW ASSISTANT—M-G-M: Surprisingly good entertainment when Lionel Barrymore as *Dr. Gillespie* acquires three new assistants, Keye Luke, Richard Quine and Van Johnson, to help solve the mystery of an amnesia victim, Susan Peters. (Feb.)

DR. RENAULT'S SECRET—20th Century-Fox: Strange things occur in this little opus, what with men turning into animals, which is just what happens to J. Carrol Naish under the hands of scientist George Zucco who has a secret formula. John Shepherd and Lynne Roberts have the romantic leads. (Feb.)

EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal: When police chief Richard Dix goes after hot car and tire racketeers, they threaten to expose the fact that Dix himself has a prison record, so Wendy Barrie, his secretary, and Don Porter, special investigator, foil the crooks and clear Dix of the charges. Lon Chaney is a standout as Dix's faithful chauffeur. (April)

✓✓FOREVER AND A DAY—RKO-Radio: This is the story of a London house and the generations who lived in it from its beginning in 1804 to an air raid in 1941. The brilliant cast includes Kent Smith, Ruth Warrick, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, Ida Lupino, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland and many others. Admission paid for this picture will go to the war charity your town specifies. (April)

✓GENTLEMAN JIM—Warners: For those who enjoy screened prize-fighting, this story of egotistical Jim Corbett who knocked out John L. Sullivan has plenty of entertainment. Alexis Smith is very good as the daughter of a rich San Franciscan, Errol Flynn makes a believable Corbett, and Ward Bond as Sullivan is outstanding. With Jack Carson, Alan Hale and John Loder. (Feb.)

GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, THE—RKO-Radio: Radio's comic, Hal Peary, the *Great Gildersleeve*, finds himself forced to choose between a pursuing female, Mary Field, or the loss of his two wards, Freddie Mercer and Nancy Gates. There's a lot of gags and laughs and comic situations in between his troubles until they all work out well. (Feb.)

GREAT IMPERSONATION, THE—Universal: A dual role story again, with Ralph Bellamy an Englishman who looks so much like Bellamy the German that he is able to go to Germany, get secret plans and be sent to England as a German spy. All this time the English wife, Evelyn Ankers, becomes only faintly suspicious and it's Kaaren Verne, the German's sweetheart, who ruins the setup. (Mar.)

✓✓HAPPY GO LUCKY—Paramount: Light-hearted and gay is this swell little movie with Mary Martin as a phony heiress in the West Indies using a love potion on millionaire Rudy Vallee which works so well she almost marries him. Dick Powell is Rudy's friend, Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken add to the merriment and Sir Lancelot, the Calypso singer, is new and different. (Feb.)

HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR—Paramount: When *Henry*, played as usual by Jimmy Lydon, wins a magazine contest that takes him to Hollywood where he meets movie star Frances Gifford, he returns home to find himself a sought-after glamour boy. John Littel is *Henry's* harassed father, Charles Smith is *Dizzy*, and Gail Russell is the town belle. (April)

HITLER'S CHILDREN—RKO-Radio: Showing the ruthless Nazi indoctrination of German youth, this takes a German boy, Tim Holt, trained for the Gestapo, and his German-born American sweetheart, Bonita Granville, and carries them through the conflict of New Order versus human decency. Both Tim and Bonita give good account of themselves in the tragic business. (Mar.)

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription**. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription**.

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DUE TO CAVITY**

Quick, amazing relief! Get Dent's Tooth Gum or Tooth Drops from your druggist today. Follow easy directions on box. **25¢**

**DENT'S TOOTH GUM
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SIMPLE EARACHE? Swift relief from pain due to superficial ear conditions—with Dent's Ear Drops. Follow easy directions. At all druggists. **50¢**

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Introductory offer. With every order for smart, new, yellow gold plate, solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge, exquisite matching, deeply embossed, yellow gold plate **WEDDING RING** in sentimental orange blossom design (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order, just name, address and ring size. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of \$1.50 each, total only \$3.00. We trust you. No red tape as you make 1st payment to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money back guarantee. Act now.

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10 DAYS TRIAL
SEND NO MONEY. War conditions make supply limited. Write today.

✓**ICE CAPEDES REVUE**—Republic: Thrills on ice, with Ellen Drew a farm girl who inherits her uncle's ice show and starts injecting new life into the performances. Several of the skating numbers are terrific. Richard Denning is the romantic lead, Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna furnish the nonsense, and skaters Vera Hrubá, Mergan Taylor, Jackson and Lyman and Phil Taylor provide the thrills. (Mar.)

✓**IMMORTAL SERGEANT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: The quiet heroism of a group of British soldiers lost in the Libyan desert is beautifully told in this heart-piercing story with Henry Fonda as the bewildered shy young corporal who upon the death of his hard-bitten sergeant, Thomas Mitchell, leads the remnant of his little band back to safety after a triumphant victory. (April)

✓**IN WHICH WE SERVE**—U. A.: Noel Coward wrote, produced, directed and acted in what is probably England's finest war film to date. It tells the story of a British destroyer from its inception to its final death struggle at the hands of a Nazi sub. Clinging to a life raft, the half-dead survivors remember their homes and the events that made up their lives. It's pure artistry. (Mar.)

✓**JOHNNY DOUGHBOY**—Republic: Jane Withers plays a dual role in this—a movie star tired of being cast as a child on the screen and a youngster who has won a contest as her double. When such former kid stars as Bobby Breen, Spanky McFarland and Cora Sue Collins yearn to put on a Junior Victory Caravan, they appeal to Jane to help. Patrick Brook is a juvenile worth watching. (April)

✓**KEEPER OF THE FLAME**—M-G-M: When reporter Spencer Tracy tries to write the life of a dead national hero, he finds himself blocked at every turn by the great man's widow, Katharine Hepburn. His investigations lead him to a startling discovery, but by this time love has entered to complicate the case. The first part of the picture is very good, but the rest is heavy-handed. (April)

KID DYNAMITE—Monogram: The Dead End kids are here again, with Leo Gorcey playing the bully and Bobby Jordan the kid who eventually turns on Gorcey and beats him up. Gabriel Dell and Huntz Hall are all over the place and Pamela Blake and Benny Bartlett are mixed up in it, too. (April)

LADY FROM CHUNGKING—P.R.C.: Anna May Wong pretends affection for a Jap general in order to obtain secret information which she relays to two American Flying Tigers, Rick Vallin and Paul Bryer, who use it to bring back other friends to annihilate the invading forces. It's pretty well done and Harold Huber's playing of a Jap scoundrel is outstanding. (Feb.)

LAUGH YOUR BLUES AWAY—Columbia: Isobel Elsom is a silly social-minded matron who tries to marry off her son to the daughter of a millionaire and hires twelve guests, among them Bert Gordon and Jinx Falkenburg as phony Russians to impress her victims. Jinx registers strongly and Douglass Drake does some good work. (April)

✓**LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-THIRTY**—20th Century-Fox: Ida Lupino is the crippled daughter of Monty Woolley a has-been actor given to inebriety, who needs her desperately. For years she's watched over him, sacrificing her life to his, until she meets musician Cornel Wilde, and must choose between him and her father. Therein lies the terrific emotional struggle. (Feb.)

✓**LUCKY JORDAN**—Paramount: Alan Ladd is again the tough but appealing guy who tries to "fix" his draft board but is inducted in the Army. He goes A.W.O.L., runs into a Fifth Column spy ring and aids in their capture. Helen Walker plays the canteen waitress, and Marie MacDonald and Sheldon Leonard keep the action moving. (Feb.)

MADAM SPY—Universal: A silly, ridiculous story, this one, with Constance Bennett married to newspaper correspondent Dan Porter, who suspects her of being a spy. She isn't, of course, but a lot of time and film are wasted on the whole thing before Dan catches on. (Mar.)

✓**MARGIN FOR ERROR**—20th Century-Fox: Otto Preminger is magnificent as the loathsome German pre-war consul-general to this country, and Milton Berle is excellent as the Jewish policeman assigned to guard him. Through Berle, Carl Esmond, the German's secretary, and Poldy Dur, the maid, become imbued with Americanism. Joan Bennett is good as the German's wife who is suspected of his murder. (April)

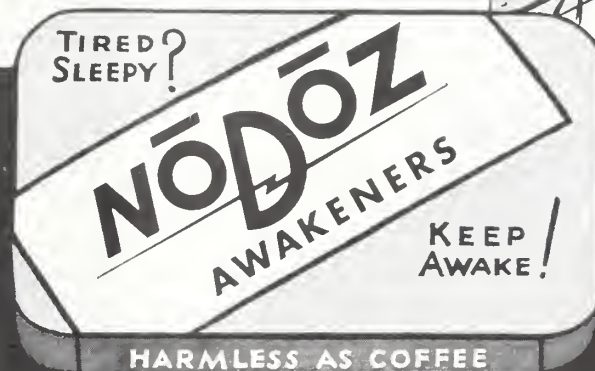
✓**MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD THE**—20th Century-Fox: In this shorter than usual movie, Jack Benny and his ever-faithful Rochester reap several healthy chuckles. Benny is a small-town lawyer in love with Priscilla Lane and honest to the point of starvation. When Rochester hits on the idea of publicizing Benny as the meanest man in the world, success promptly hits him on the head. (April)

MOUNTAIN RHYTHM—Republic: The Weaver Brothers take a long-promised vacation to California and then forego the restful life to recruit the student body of a snooty boys' school to help harvest the land of a departed Jap. Everybody pitches in and raises old Ned. (Mar.)

✓**MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH**—Paramount: Fay Bainter plays Mrs. Wiggs, and her brood of children are Carolyn Lee Betty Brewer, Mary Thomas, Carl Switzer and Billy Lee. Vera

How to **KEEP AWAKE** ON THE "GRAVEYARD SHIFT"

Thousands of Americans behind desks, driving cars, on production lines, use NoDoz Awakeners to keep awake, alert and more efficient. When the going gets tough and you have a job to do — *don't take a chance . . . TAKE A NODOZ AWAKENER!*



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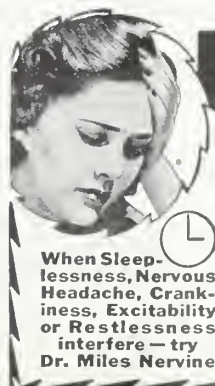


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PAIN

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Weary Feet Perk Up With Ice-Mint Treat

When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out . . . tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.



When Sleeplessness, Nervous Headache, Crankiness, Excitability or Restlessness interfere — try Dr. Miles Nervine

Sleeplessness

Can be Misery — Relax this Easy Way

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EYE-GENE soothes tired, irritated eyes in seconds. Washes away that red look caused by overwork, late hours, glare, or dust almost at once! (Its exclusive ingredient makes EYE-GENE wonderfully effective—quickly!)

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CLEAR, SOOTHE
IN SECONDS!



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New 11-Minute Home Shampoo
Specially Made for Blondes—
Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it takes but 11 minutes for a glorious shampoo that you can do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair. Sold at 10¢, drug and department stores.

Vague as *Miss Hazy* and Hugh Herbert, head of a matrimonial bureau, are priceless. You'll enjoy all the homey, laughable and tragic events of the *Wiggs* family. (Feb.)

✓*NIGHTMARE*—Universal: Murder and espionage in England with Brian Donlevy as the American who renders a service to Englishwoman Diana Barrymore by taking a corpse out of her home and ends up in a country house fracas with Nazi spies. In spots it's excellent, and Gavin Muir is a smooth newcomer to films. Henry Daniell is the corpse. (Feb.)

NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A—Columbia: Loretta Young and Brian Aherne are a young married couple who move into an apartment building that houses all the victims of one blackmailer. Of course someone has to get murdered in their apartment, and the place is full of strange characters wandering around mysteriously. (Mar.)

NORTHWEST RANGERS—M-G-M: Jack Holt takes over the care of two boys orphaned by an Indian massacre. One grows up to be Bill Lundigan who becomes a North West mountie and the other turns out to be James Craig, a gambler and a baddie. When Pat Lane wins the love of both men excitement pops in all directions. John Carradine is good as a rival gambler. (Feb.)

✓*NO TIME FOR LOVE*—Paramount: Claudette Colbert is a high-powered magazine photographer who photographs sand hog Fred MacMurray and then can't get him out of her mind. When her pictures cause him to lose his job, she hires him as her assistant in the hope she will get rid of her yen. The story tries very hard to be very funny, but is only fairly so. (April)

✓*ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON*—RKO Radio: Ginger Rogers, ex-strip teaser posing as a socialite in Austria, marries Walter Slezak, Hitler's secret agent, and finds herself in one collapsing country after another. When American radio commentator Cary Grant convinces her that Slezak is a traitor, she runs away with Cary. Most of the film is terrific, but part of it drags; nevertheless, you'll enjoy it. (Feb.)

✓*PITTSBURGH*—Universal: John Wayne, an ambitious coal miner, goes overboard in arrogance and ruthlessness, deserts Marlene Dietrich for social Louise Albritton and finally meets his come-uppance and regeneration in defense work. Randy Scott is Wayne's partner who finally gets the girl. It's all as familiar as an old shoe. (Mar.)

✓*POWERS GIRL THE*—Charles Rogers-U.A.: A good little musical this, boasting Benny Goodman's orchestra, Anne Shirley and Carole Landis as sisters, Dennis Day and his songs, and George Murphy as the boy both girls want. For the story, there's the timeworn theme of the big sister who wants a career more than anything and the meek little sister who wants nothing but George Murphy. (Mar.)

QUIET PLEASE, MURDER—20th Century-Fox: George Sanders is a thief of rare editions which he reprints and has sold by his aide, Gail Patrick. A library guard is murdered during the theft, and when German agents enter the picture complications and more murders occur. (April)

✓*RANDOM HARBOR*—M-G-M: The first half of this important picture is truly great and Ronald Colman as the war victim who escapes an asylum and is befriended by show girl Greer Garson has never been finer, but the latter half becomes somber. Miss Garson, of course, is magnificent, and Susan Peters and Philip Dorn register strongly. It's a screen event, so don't miss it. (Feb.)

✓*REUNION IN FRANCE*—M-G-M: Showing the life of the Nazis in Paris, this has Philip Dorn as the loyal Frenchman presumably pro-Nazi, and Joan Crawford his fiancée who leaves him when she thinks he's a Nazi. When she befriends R.A.F. flyer John Wayne and tries to help him escape, surprises pop all over the place. Reginald Owen and Albert Basserman add to the suspense. (Feb.)

RHYTHM PARADE—Monogram: All about a singer about to debut in a big-time show who keeps a baby in her dressing room, which stirs up a terrific hornet's nest. The famous Florentine Gardens in Hollywood with its M.C., Nils T. Granlund, is reproduced on the screen. Ted Fio Rito's orchestra, Gale Storm, Robert Lowry and the Mills Brothers head the cast. (Mar.)

SEVEN MILES FROM ALCATRAZ—RKO Radio: Convicts James Craig and Frank Jenks escape from Alcatraz and take refuge in a lighthouse. When it dawns upon them that the keeper of the lighthouse is relaying messages to the Nazis, they manage to trap the heads of the spy ring, a procedure that's pretty exciting. Bonita Granville is the keeper's daughter and Cliff Edwards and George Cleveland do good jobs. (Feb.)

✓*SHADOW OF A DOUBT*—Universal: Under the brilliant direction of Alfred Hitchcock, this becomes a masterpiece of suspense. Between Teresa Wright and her uncle, Joseph Cotton, there exists a warm bond until slowly suspicion that he is a murderer creeps into her mind. Both give wonderful performances and MacDonald Carey as the young detective in love with Teresa is a standout. (April)

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET WEAPON—Universal: In this episode, the famous sleuth, played by Basil Rathbone, and his faithful friend Doctor Watson, Nigel Bruce, block Nazi agents in their attempt to steal the four separate parts that make up a secret British bomb-sight. Lionel Atwill, as usual, plays the enemy. (April)

SILENT WITNESS—Monogram: Frank Albertson, a criminal lawyer for a Black Market, is in love with Maris Wrixon, a beautiful investigator for the District Attorney. But no sooner does Frank reform than he is accused of murdering the D.A., Bradley Page. When all else fails to clear him, a talented police dog steps in and exposes the killer. (Mar.)

✓*SILVER QUEEN*—Sherman-U.A.: Priscilla Lane, who's engaged to a heel (Bruce Cabot) travels West to become a gambler in order to pay off the debts of her father (Eugene Pallette). She wins, but sends the money to Cabot, who crosses her up, leaving the whole mess to be straightened out by George Brent, who finally wins Priscilla. It's a good Western. (Feb.)

✓*SILVER SKATES*—Monogram: A really fine movie and one of the best skating revues yet produced. The work of ice star Belita is show-stopping and the clowning of Frick and Frack on ice a riot. Kenny Baker who pretends love for Belita to keep her in the show sings engagingly, and Patricia Morison as his real heart and owner of the show is so good. (April)

✓*SPIRIT OF '43, THE*—Disney: This Donald Duck short subject was produced especially for the Treasury Department and has Donald working in a defense factory and torn between spending his money and putting it away for income taxes. Fascinating submarines, tanks, planes and battleships, executed in the most imaginative Disney manner, parade across the screen to put the Nazis and Japs to rout. (April)



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✓STAND BY FOR ACTION—M-G-M: Good war stuff, about how four men take over a destroyer. At sea they pick up a cargo of babies afloat in a lifeboat and eventually meet with a Jap battleship a meeting that ends in exciting combat. The men are Charles Laughton the Admiral; Robert Taylor a cocky naval lieutenant; Brian Donlevy a Commander, and Walter Brennan. (Mar.)

✓STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM—Paramount: All the Paramount stars are in this lavish musical—Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard, etc. It tells how a telephone operator at the studio, Betty Hutton, in love with sailor Eddie Bracken, gets Victor Moore to pretend he's an executive when Eddie and his shipmates visit Hollywood. Fun. (Mar.)

STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount: When Burgess Meredith gets hit on the head and wakes up to discover he's been an amnesia victim for over a year and is wanted for murder, he undertakes to unravel the mystery himself, with many surprising results. Claire Trevor plays a maid. (Feb.)

STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE—Universal: A college five band moves out West and finally manages to land a radio show. The music is hot, the songs lovely, and the dancing good. Among those present are Mary Healy, Richard Davies, Leon Errol, Grace McDonald, Ozzie Nelson and Ssem Howard. (Feb.)

✓THEY GOT ME COVERED—Goldwyn-RKO: Bob Hope is the none too bright foreign correspondent brought home from Russia after missing a scoop. When he goes to visit his girl, Dorothy Lamour, in Washington, he becomes embroiled in a spy ring, a phony wedding and honeymoon with Marian Martin and a beauty parlor mix-up. Newcomer Lenore Aubert scores heavily. Plenty of fun. (April)

✓THREE HEARTS FOR JULIA—M-G-M: Ann Sothern is a member of an all-girl orchestra who resents the absences of her foreign correspondent husband, Melvyn Douglas, so Lee Bowman and Richard Ainley, both in love with Ann, persuade her to divorce Douglas, who has his own ideas on the subject. (April)

TRAITOR WITHIN, THE—Republic: Don Barry is a truck driver whose wife, Jean Parker, is jealous of the heroism accredited to the town mayor, Ralph

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Bellamy. Her jealousy leads to blackmail and Don, who has gone up the ladder on the blackmail money, eventually finds himself behind bars. (Mar.)

TRUCK BUSTERS—Warners: All about the battle between independent and organized trucksters, with Richard Travis resisting the efforts of Don Costello and his mob of organized racketeers to run him out of business. Don't waste your time. (April)

✓WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME—Universal: Allan Jones as the soldier hero who secretly rejoins old friends to avoid Marla Shelton and gets accused of being A.W.O.L., does some of his best work in this very good little musical. Jane Frazee is the singer, Evelyn and her magic violin score a solid hit, but young Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan all but steal the show. (Mar.)

WHISTLING IN DIXIE—M-G-M: When Red Skelton a radio crime detective and his assistant, Ann Rutherford, go down to Georgia to help Diana Lewis, they find themselves involved in a phony murder mystery with one silly, ridiculous incident following another, leaving the audience wild with glee. (Feb.)

✓WHO DONE IT?—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, soda jerks who want to be radio writers, try out for a job at the radio station only to run headlong into a murder. Nazi agents horn in to mess things up and the boys' amateur sleuthing almost leads to their own arrest. The routines are bewhiskered and it's corny, but we dare you not to laugh. (Feb.)

✓WRECKING CREW—Paramount: All about the men who tear down buildings, with two friends, Richard Arlen and Chester Morris, taking on a job together and ending up on a wall ready to tumble to the ground six stories below and no way to get down. Jean Parker is the girl. (Feb.)

✓YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER—Columbia: Romance in rhythm, with Fred Astaire an American dancer in South America. He meets Rita Hayworth, who thinks he's in love with her and falls in love with him, but Fred wants only to dance in her father's night club. The two stars' dancing numbers are marvelous. Adolphe Menjou is very good as Rita's father and Xavier Cugat's orchestra gives with some fine numbers. (Mar.)

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CABIN IN THE SKY—M-G-M: Pctunia Jackson, Ethel Waters; Little Joe Jackson, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson; Georgia Brown, Lena Horne; The Trumpeter, Louis Armstrong; Lucius, Lucifer, Jr.; Rex Ingram; Reg. Green, The General, Kenneth Spencer; —Domino Johnson, "Bubbles" (John W. Sublett); The Deacon, Fleetfoot, Oscar Polk; First Idea Man, Mantan Moreland; Second Idea Man, Willie Best; Third Idea Man, Moke (Fletcher Rivers); Fourth Idea Man, Poke (Leon James); Bill, Bill Bailey; Messenger Boy, "Buck" (Ford L. Washington); Lily, Butterfly McQueen; Mrs. Kelso, Ruby Dandridge; Dude, Nicodemus; Jim Henry, Ernest Whitman; Duke Ellington and his Orchestra; The Hall Johnson Choir.

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM—RKO-Radio: Tonie Carter, Rosalind Russell; Randy Britton, Fred MacMurray; Paul Turner, Herbert Marshall; Johnny Salvin, Edward Cannell; Admiral Graves, Walter Kingsford; Pete, Damian O'Flynn; Bill, Jack Carr; Mac, Matt McHugh; Mr. Yokohata, Richard Loo; Flyer, Charles Lung.

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN—Universal: Larry (Wolf man), Lon Chaney; Monster, Bela Lugosi; Dr. Mannering, Patric Knowles; Elsa Frankenstein, Iona Massey; Inspector Owen, Dennis Hoey; Maleva, Maria Ouspenskaya; The Mayor, Lionel Atwill; Pazzo, Rex Evans; Frances, Don Barclay; Rudi, Dwight Frye; Rudi's Wife, Beatrice Roberts; Guno, Harry Stubbs.

HANGMEN ALSO DIE!—Pressburger-U. A.: Dr. Svoboda, Brian Donlevy; Prof. Novotny, Walter Brennan; Mascha Novotna, Anna Lee; Czaka, Gene Lockhart; Jan Horak, Dennis O'Keefe; Inspector Gruber, Alexander Granach; Aunt Ludmilla, Margaret Wycherly; Mrs. Novotna, Nana Bryant; Bada, Billy Roy; Heydrich, Hans V. Twardowski; Haas, Tonio Selwart; Dedie, Jonathan Hale; Vanya, Lionel Stander; Bardos, Byron Foulger; Rutter, Reinhold Schuenzel; Mrs. Niemetz, Virginia Farmer; Schirmer, Louis Donath; Mrs. Drorak, Sarah Padden; Dr. Pillar, Edmund MacDonald; Camp Lieutenant, Arno Frey; Rudy, Lester Sharpe; General Voruba, Arthur Loft; Nccal, George Irving; Pescacek, James Bush.

HI, BUDDY—Universal: Dave O'Connor, Dick Foran; Gloria Bradley, Harriet Hilliard; Johnny Blake, Robert Paige; Mary Parker, Marjorie Lord; Tim, Bobs Watson; Docbeat, Gus Schilling; Spud, Tommy Cook; Pat O'Shane, Drew Roddy.

HI YA CHUM—Universal: Three Madcaps, Harry, Al and Jimmy Ritz; Sunny Lee, Jane Frazee; Tommy Craig, Robert Paige; Madge Tracy, June Clyde; Terry Barton, Edmund MacDonald; Eddie Gibbs, Lou Lubin; Croupier, Brooks Benedict; A Worker, Richard Davies; Big Worker, Ray Miller; Archie Billings, Paul Hurst; Chief, Earl Hodgins; Worker, Michael Vallon.

HOW'S ABOUT IT—Universal: Andrews Sisters, Patty Andrews, Maxene Andrews, La'erne Andrews; George Selby, Robert Paige; Marion Bliss, Grace McDonald; Alf, Shemp Howard; Whipple, Walter Catlett; Orchestra Leader, Buddy Rich; Oliver, David Bruce; "Mike" Tracy, Mary Wickes; Bobby, Bobby Scheerer; Waitress, Dorothy Babb.

HUMAN COMEDY THE—M-G-M: Homer Macaulay, Mickey Rooney; Willie Grogan, Frank Morgan; Tom Spangler, James Craig; Diana Steed, Marsha Hunt; Mrs. Macaulay, Fay Bainter; Mr. Macaulay, Ray Collins; Marcus Macaulay, Van Johnson; Bess Macaulay, Donna Reed; Ulysses Macaulay, Jack Jenkins; Mary Arena, Dorothy Morris; Tobey George, John Craven; Mrs. Sandoval, Ann Ayars; Miss Hicks, Mary Nash; Charles Steed, Henry O'Neill; Mrs. Steed, Katharine Alexander; Brad Stickman, Alan Baxter; Lionel, Darryl Hickman; Fat, Barry Nelson; Helen Elliot, Rita Quigley; Henderson, Clem Bevans; Librarian, Adeline De Walt Reynolds.

IDAHO—Republic: Roy, Roy Rogers; Terry Grey, Virginia Grey; Belle Bonner, Ona Munson; Frog Millhouse, Smiley Burnett; Judge Grey, Harry Shannon; Duke Springer, Dick Purcell; Chief Ranier, Onslow Stevens; Spike Madagan, Arthur Hohl; Bud, Hal Taliaferro; Sons of the Pioneers, Themselves; The Judge's Boys, St. Brendan's Choir.

IT COMES UP LOVE—Universal: Victoria Pea-

body, Gloria Jean; Tom Peabody, Ian Hunter; Ricky, Donald O'Connor; Portia Winthrop, Frieda Inescort; Edo Ives, Louise Allbritton; Constance Peabody, Mary Lou Harrington; Carlton Winthrop, Raymond Lee; Tilton, Charles Coleman; Orchestra Leader, Leon Belasco; Bernice, Beatrice Roberts.

MOON IS DOWN, THE—20th Century-Fox: Colonel Lanser, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Mayor Orden, Henry Travers; Dr. H'inter, Lee J. Cobb; Molly Morden, Dorris Bowdon; Madame Orden, Margaret Wycherly; Lieutenant Tonder, Peter Van Eyck; Alex Morden, William Post, Jr.; Captain Loft, Henry Rowland; George Correll, E. J. Ballantine; Peder's Wife, Violette Wilson; Captain Bentick, Hans Schumm; Major Hunter, Ernest Dorian; Lieutenant Prackle, John Banner; Annie, Helene Himig; Joseph, Ian Wolfe; Orderly, Kurt Kreuger; Albert, Jeff Corey; Schumann, Louis Arco; Ole, Charles McGraw; Foreman, Trevor Bardette; Staff Officer, John Mylong; Sergeants, Otto Reichow, Sven Hugo Borg; Mother, Dorothy Peterson.

MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR, THE—Warner's: Sir Harry Lejand, John Leder; Letty Carstairs, Eleanor Parker; Lt. Christopher Hilton, Bruce Lester; Dr. Frederick Holmes, Lester Matthews; Huah Pohryn, Forrester Harvey; Bart Redmond, Matt Cooke; Saul Berans, Art Foster; Herbert, Clyde Cooke; Luke, Creighton Hale; Ruby, Phyllis Barry; Tom Andrews, David Clyde; The Peddler, Harold de Becker; Simon Tecksbury, Frank Mayo; Roger, Hank Mann; Orderly, DeWolf Hopper; Watson, Jack Mower; The Commandant, Crawford Kent.

OUTLAW, THE—Howard Hughes: Billy, Jack Buettel; Rio, Jane Russell; Pat, Thomas Mitchell; Doc, Walter Huston; Guadalupe, Mimi Aguglia; Charley, Joe Sawyer; Stranger, Gene Rizzi.

SECRETS OF THE UNDERGROUND—Republic: P. Cadwallader Jones, John Hubbard; Terry, Virginia Grey; Maurice, Lloyd Corrigan; Marianne, Robin Raymond; Paul Panois, Miles Mander; Oscar, Olin Howlin; Joe Ben Welden; Mrs. Perkins, Maria Shelton; Kermit, Neil Hamilton; Cleary, Ken Christy; Marie, Dick Rich.

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT—Columbia: Ken Douglas, Don Ameche; Jeanie Maxwell, Janet Blair; Larry Martin, Jack Oakie; Willard Samson, William Gaxton; Donna Davis, Cobina Wright, Jr.; Flo, Veda Ann Borg; Hazel Scott, Hazel Scott; Dan Howard, Jaye Martin; Lily, Lily Norwood; Chuckles, James "Chuckles" Walker.

STRANGER IN TOWN, A—M-G-M: John Josephus Grant, Frank Morgan; Bill Adams, Richard Carlson; Lucy Gilbert, Jean Rogers; Austin Harkley, Porer Hall; Mayor Connison, Robert Barrat; Vinnie Z, Blaxton, Donald MacBride; Tom Cooney, Walter Baldwin; Roscoe Szeade, Andrew Tombes; Homer Todds, Olin Howlin; Charles Craig, Chill Wills; Orrin Todds, Irving Bacon; Henry, Eddie Dunn; Birdie, Gladys Blake; Hart Ridges, John Hodiak; Blaxton's Lawyer, Edward Keane; Sergeant, Robert E. Homans.

TARZAN TRIUMPHS—RKO-Radio: Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller; Boy, Johnny Sheffield; Zandra, Frances Gifford; Col. Von Reicht, Stanley Ridges; Sergeant, Sig Ruman; Patriarch, Pedro de Cordoba; Bausch, Philip Van Zandt; Archmet, Stanley Brown; Schmidt, Rex Williams; Cheta, the Chimpanzee, Herself.

TWO WEEKS TO LIVE—RKO-Radio: Lum, Chester Lauck; Abner, Norris Goff; Mr. Pinkney, Franklin Pangborn; Mrs. Carmen, Kay Linaker; Gimpel, Irving Bacon; Stark, Sr., Herbert Rawlinson; Professor Frisby, Ivan Simpson; Nurse, Rosemary LaPlanche; Postman, Danny Duncan; Secretary, Evalyn Knapp; Kelton, Charles Middleton; Van Dyke, Luis Alberni; Hotel Clerk, Jack Rice; Hagens, Tim Ryan; Squire Skimp, Oscar O'Shea; Doctor, Edward Earle.

YOUNG AND WILLING—Paramount: Norman Reese, William Holden; George Bodell, Eddie Brackeen; Arthur Kenny, Robert Benchley; Kate Benson, Susan Hayward; Dottie Coburn, Martha O'Driscoll; Marie Benson, Barbara Britton; Mrs. Garnet, Mabel Paige; Muriel Foster, Florence MacMichael; Tony Dennison, James Brown; Mr. Coburn, Jay Fasset; First Cop, Paul Hurst; Second Cop, Olin Howlin; Phillips, Billy Bevan.

YOUNGEST PROFESSION, THE—M-G-M: Joan Lyons, Virginia Weidler; Burton V. Lyons, Edward Arnold; Dr. Hercules, John Carroll; Susan Thayer, Ann Ayars; Edith Lyons, Marta Linden; Douglas Sutton, Dick Simmons; Miss Featherstone, Agnes Moorehead; Patricia Drew, Jean Porter; Schuyler, Raymond Roe; Secretary, Dorothy Morris; Junior Lyons, Scotty Beckett; Vera Bailey, Marcia Mae Jones; Sister Lassie, Sara Haden; Thyra Winter, Beverly Jean Saul; Mrs. Drew, Marjorie Gateason; Mr. Drew, Thurston Hall; Lilybud, Jessie Grayson; Guest Stars: Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor, William Powell.

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Just fill in coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59¢ plus postage (or \$1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain so take advantage of this special offer. Send today!

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 420, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

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You may send me a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit, complete with 40 Curlers, Shampoo and Waveset. On arrival I will deposit 59¢ plus postage with my postman, with the understanding that if for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately. I am to receive FREE with each kit an extra supply of material, sufficient for 16 oz. of wave set.

If you desire 2 kits sent COD for \$1.00 plus postage, check here ☐

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Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International money order.

U. S. RANGERS . . . Hand-picked and especially trained, they're a swift-moving, hard-hitting outfit. Here's one in his "business-suit," camouflaged and invisible at thirty feet.

But there's no hiding
Chesterfield's Milder
BETTER TASTE

Here's real smoking ammunition tucked in the pockets of our fighting men, ready for instant service. Where a cigarette counts most, Chesterfield serves smokers well with its *Right Combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

**For Mildness . . for Better Taste
and Cooler Smoking . . make your
next pack . . .**

CHESTERFIELD

**RECOGNIZED EVERYWHERE
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES SMOKERS
WHAT THEY WANT**



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DON'T HIDE YOUR DOLLARS ★ ENLIST THEM WITH UNCLE SAM ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

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combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

15¢

JUNE



BETTY GRABLE
BY PAUL HESSE

s in Uniform — Color Portraits of RONALD REAGAN, VAN HEFLIN, HENRY FONDA, others

MY WARTIME HONEYMOON by Carole Landis

PERMANENT WAVE Complete Home Kit 59¢



June Lang Glamorous movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave. Why not give yourself a lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave at home?



Ann Gillis Hollywood's cute "teen-aged" starlet shown with her stunning Charm-Kurl Permanent. Mothers why not beautify your daughter's hair with a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.



Tina Thayer Mickey Rooney's lovable new screen star sweetheart in M. G. M.'s "A Yank at Eton" is pictured above with her lustrous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.



Lillian Elliott One of the screen's loveliest mothers is thrilled with her Charm-Kurl. Monogram features her in "Road to Happiness." A Charm-Kurl Permanent enhances the attractiveness of older women.



Fay McKenzie The star of Republic's "Remember Pearl Harbor" is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave as shown in the above photograph.

So Easy Even a Child Can Do It

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children. WAVES DYED HAIR AS BEAUTIFULLY AS NATURAL HAIR.

USERS PRAISE IT

Here are excerpts from a few of many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

"I am so proud of the Charm-Kurl Permanent I gave my 2 little girls. It's soft, natural." Mrs. W. P. Van Deusen, Minn.



Gives Natural Wave
"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time and I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave." Mrs. B. Maina, Ill.

Lasted 9 Months
"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a \$10 permanent." Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

Makes Hair Look Natural Curly
"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft." Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

Permanent Far Above Expectations
"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave." Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

Delighted with Results
"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl. It's soft and fluffy, and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

Prettiest Permanent I Ever Had
"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I ever had regardless of cost." Miss Betty Moulthrop, Wash.

Each Kit Contains 40 Curlers Shampoo and Wave Set also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and the wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST

Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your CHARM-KURL Permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to \$5.00 for, you get your money back.

FREE UP TO \$1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET

In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 ozs. of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to \$1.00 ... enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

SEND NO MONEY Just fill in Coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or \$1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain, so take advantage of this special offer.

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Mail This NO-RISK TEST Coupon Today

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You may send me a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit complete with 40 Curlers, Shampoo and Wave set. On arrival I will deposit 59c plus postage with my postman, with the understanding that if for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately. I am to receive FREE with each kit an extra supply of material, sufficient for 16 ozs. of wave set.

If you desire 2 kits sent C. O. D. ☐
for \$1.00 plus postage, check here

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If you send remittance with order we will pay postage. Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International money order.



Making plans to Win his Heart?



It's a gala date! He's your extra-special hero! You start with a refreshing bath, but you don't stake *all* on that! One step more is needed to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come!*



You know a way to stay appealing—you use Mum after your bath. Mum guards charm—prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes.



Romance is in the groove. The evening is thrilling—he hates it to end. Lucky you! Mum keeps you fresh, appealing all evening long! No wonder romance flowers in his heart!



Make sure of charm! Every day, after every bath, use Mum!

For a bright beginning and a happy ending to your days and evenings—make Mum after your bath your rule for charm! *Quick* Mum takes only 30 seconds to apply. Everyone likes Mum's speed and

certainty—Mum won't let daintiness down all day or all evening. Millions of women prefer Mum's *dependability* and gentleness. You can use Mum even after underarm shaving—even after you're dressed. Guard charm! Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is ideal for this purpose—it's so gentle, dependable, safe!



Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Well, this time we're presenting Judy Garland in a piece called "Presenting Lily Mars."



Don't tell anybody but we're crazy about the picture. It has everything.

"For Me And My Gal" had punch—and Judy. "Presenting Lily Mars" has more punch and more Judy.

Really, honestly, truly, it's a honey. It's dream-like, it's comical, it's melodious, it's a great entertainment.

Judy plays a stage-struck little girl who acts all over the place—emotes on cue, tries to tear the heart of a producer who just pays no attention.

The producer is Van Heflin—the Academy Award Van Heflin. He has that same indefinable charm that captured so many right from the start.



"Lily Mars" is enriched with two big name bands—two, count 'em—Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra and Bob Crosby and his Orchestra.

This Booth Tarkington adaptation was directed by that comedy-master Norman Taurog and produced by the proven Joe Pasternak.

We're shouting Judy all over the place.

For action and excitement we're turning to another wonderful film—"Assignment in Brittany."

Based on the best-selling novel by Helen McInness, it was directed by Jack Conway who is without a peer in melodrama.

Two young stars come into their very own in "Assignment in Brittany." One is Pierre Aumont—late from France but definitely of America now—who has the stuff that the late Valentino once revealed.



The other star is Susan Peters. You've seen her in "Random Harvest" and you'll see exactly what we mean.

"Assignment in Brittany" is bang-up entertainment, a show with authority, a story for these times.

By the way, we suppose you noticed who won most of the Academy Awards. None other than your old friend,

—Lea



PHOTOPLAY

combined with

**MOVIE
MIRROR**

JUNE, 1943

VOL. 23, NO. 1

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COVER: Betty Grable, star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Coney Island"
Natural Color Photograph by Poul Hesse

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THE BIGGEST ENTERTAINMENT IN AMERICA

Saroyan's
THE

HUMAN COMEDY

Starring

**MICKEY
ROONEY**

in his greatest role since "Boys Town" with

FRANK MORGAN

JAMES CRAIG • MARSHA HUNT • FAY BANTER
RAY COLLINS • VAN JOHNSON • DONNA REED
JACK JENKINS • DOROTHY MORRIS • ANN AYARS
JOHN CRAVEN • MARY NASH • HENRY O'NEILL

From the Story by William Saroyan

Screen Play by Howard Estabrook

Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN



*Of course it's
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!*





This Is Your Army



IRVING BERLIN

HOLLYWOOD is finishing production of a motion picture which is unique even for Hollywood.

It will contribute more money to Army Emergency Relief than has been realized from any other single source.

Its star is the Army of the United States.

No one connected with it will make a cent of profit.

The picture is Warners' production of Irving Berlin's "This Is The Army," the all-soldier stage show which has toured the country in the past year with phenomenal success.

"This Is The Army" is a task force of 300 soldiers conducting a military operation. Their assignment has been to make a motion picture of the stage production that took all of its talent straight from the U. S. Army and became the hit which has been described as the most exciting show of our generation.

"This Is The Army" was written by Irving Berlin at the request of the War Department in the hope that if it were successful it would raise \$200,000 for Army Relief. The outcome was beyond the dreams of the most incurable optimists. Already \$2,000,000 have been made available for Army Relief use. Estimates of profits from the motion picture are from \$5,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

I was driven to Warners Studio to talk to Irving Berlin by a private first class whose job it has been to see that "This Is The Army" is properly publicized. On the street facing the studio, a row of Army trucks was lined up and into them were pouring the soldiers who make up the cast of the show. Their day's job of acting done, they were headed for Army quarters where they would drill, stand guard and in all other duties carry on the same

precise training that they would have met with at any other camp.

Irving Berlin wanted to be modest and unemotional with me about "This Is The Army," but he failed miserably. For over a year, without recompense, he has lavished all his thoughts, his energy, his talent on this production. Out of it have grown hit tunes such as "I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep" and "This Is The Army, Mr. Jones," and for those Americans fortunate enough to secure seats for the stage performances, the incomparable thrill of seeing our Army dramatized by the actions of its own soldiers from the ranks.

WHEN Warners bought for \$250,000 the privileges of making "This Is The Army" as a film, wild horses could not have held Irving Berlin from coming to Hollywood and becoming an active part of the producing staff. As with the original stage show, he has worked without salary during the entire period of production of the film. His enthusiasm undiminished after months of work on both stage and screen versions, he has written new music—tunes that will be sung as widely as "This Is The Army, Mr. Jones," which was translated into Russian and is now a favorite marching song of the valiant Red Army.

When "This Is The Army" is shown in your theater, you will not need this urging to see it. Your imagination will have been caught up by this spectacle of soldiers dancing, singing, marching across the screen. You will want to hear again Berlin's music, want to see the stars that Warners have added, such as Ronald Reagan, whom they "borrowed" from the Army which he serves as a lieutenant.

It is Hollywood making it possible for a democratic nation to see its democratic army in a thousand theaters at the same time, an audience of millions watching and renewing their faith in themselves and in ultimate victory for free people.

Fred Sammis

**ALAN LADD
AND TWENTY GIRLS..**

**TRAPPED BY
THE RAPACIOUS
JAPS!**



The hottest Ladd
on the screen in his
first big production!



TOO LATE... to save her from the Japs
...but in time to avenge her!



Alan Ladd dynamites a mountain ...
to make a grave for the Jap Army!

starring

LORETTA

ALAN

YOUNG • LADD

with

**WILLIAM
BENDIX**

That "Wake Island"
torpedo is about
to explode again!

DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW, DIRECTOR OF "WAKE ISLAND!"

Screen Play by Frank Butler • Based on a play by Archibald Forbes

A Paramount Picture

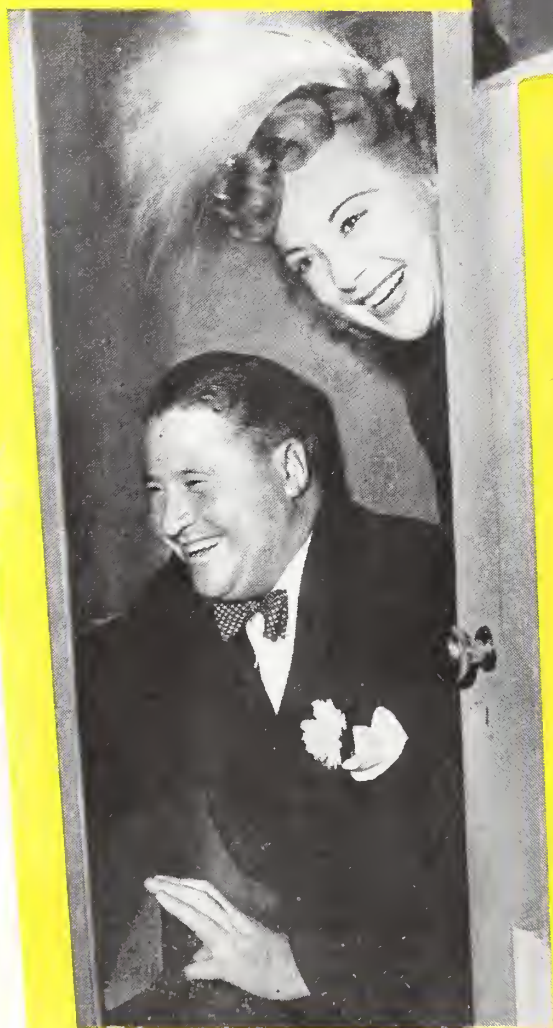
ASK YOUR THEATER MANAGER WHEN HE WILL SHOW THIS THRILLING HIT!

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Hand-out: Gary Cooper offers a "thumbs up" greetings and Ciro's salutations to a pal; Ingrid Bergman gives out with a smile



Wired for fun: Jack Oakie and Sonja Henie making a Mocambo telephone booth hum with up-and-coming conversation to Sonja's husband, Dan Topping, in N. Y.

HEARTS Aflame and Hearts Acooling: Judy Garland (thankfully) isn't taking her divorce from Dave Rose so hard as Hollywood feared. In fact, the little Garland is glimpsed everywhere, especially with Van Johnson, and seems to be having a whale of a time . . .

Priscilla Lane is coming back to Hollywood and pictures alone. Her husband, Lt. Joseph Howard, has been called to active duty elsewhere . . .

Hollywood expects the marriage of Laraine Day and Ray Hendricks to terminate any minute despite all denials. Reason—Laraine is serious, earnest about her career; Ray likes to play. The qualities just don't add up . . .

With three pink roses in her hair and Lt. John Huston by her side, Olivia de Havilland was the picture of radiant happiness at the Academy Award dinner . . .

Overheard at the Academy dinner when Ty Power went to the platform:

First cutie: "Oh dear, isn't that an awful haircut? Why does he have it?"

Second cutie: "That's a G. I. cut."

First cutie: "What's G. I. mean?"

Second cutie: "Don't know. But I surely wish it meant Give In" . . .

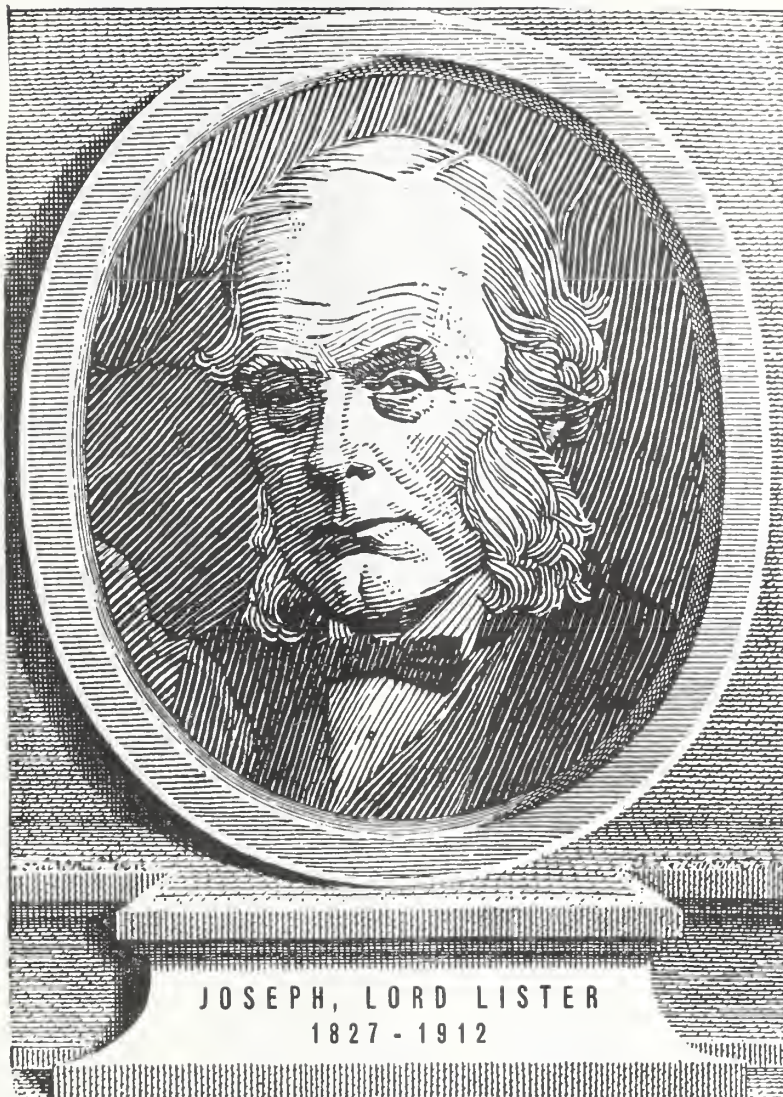
Steve Crane, Lana Turner's ex-something or other, is consoling himself with a beautiful blonde who could stand in for Lana, they're so much alike . . .

Anne Shirley isn't denying that Eddie Albert is her true heart's romance. Anne even visited him in the East recently . . .

When feminine fans glimpse the new blond Frenchman, Pierre Aumont, in the picture "Assignment In Brittany," they are going to moon over his reported engagement to Maria Montez.

Mrs. Miniver Pulls a Boner: The telephone rang at Greer Garson's home. "Guess who's coming to inspect the house next door to you," the acquaintance said. "None other than my friend Garbo."

Next day, sure enough, Garbo arrived and Greer, ever-gracious, sent out the maid to attach a note to the steering wheel of the car in front of the house. "It would be nice if you care to drop in for a moment (Continued on page 8)



THE FATHER OF ANTISEPTIC SURGERY

*In service more
than 60 years*



*The safe antiseptic
and germicide*

and the antiseptic which was named for him

Speaking of CALF LOVE



What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's... well, eyes... turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry... and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're "smooth" calves, free from glamour-stealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give your legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed... are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today"! This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The handsome-hero reason why the distaff side of the CBS station was all agog one night: Alan Ladd

This is the way they looked looking at each other: Jack Briggs and wife Ginger Rogers with the love light glowing at the Academy dinner



because we may be neighbors," the note read.

Nothing happened and the next day Greer telephoned the mutual friend asking if Garbo had been offended by the note.

"What note?" said the friend; and then it came out. Garbo's car had been parked half a block up the street and Greer still doesn't know whom she invited to call.

Heart Throbs: The illness of Lou Costello will keep the rotund comedian in bed for at least three months. M-G-M studios, we understand, have postponed the picture Bud and Lou were to make there and that overseas trip the boys had yearned to take will have to wait. All Hollywood is heart-sick over Lou's serious illness...

Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers have become papa and mama to six-months-old Roxanne who has come to be little sister to Ronnie, the six-year-old boy who was taken in the Pickford home over a year ago. Ronnie is the son of a friend of Buddy's who died at birth and he will soon be adopted by Mary and Buddy. Seems wonderful to hear the happy laughter of little children at the Pickfair mansion...

For several weeks a tall, quaint-looking woman regularly spoke to a little girl whom she met shopping with her mother in Westwood.

"So adorable," the woman enthused in earthy tones laced with an accent.

"So verree adorable. What can be your name, little girl?"

"Linda," came the answer.

So began the odd friendship between Linda and the woman who admired her. Cal says "odd" because, you see, Linda is the only person we know upon whom Garbo really showers her friendship and admiration.

Gracious Mrs. Thin Man: Back in the good old days when Myrna Loy was making the *Thin Man* pictures there appeared with her and Bill Powell six-year-old Dickie Hall, a musician of amazing ability. Myrna took a tender interest in the lad and became sort of godmother to the little boy. When it was discovered piano lessons were out of reach, Myrna took over the financial responsibility.

And then she married and left films. But did she forget? Ask Dickie and he'll tell you that regularly each month his music teacher receives a check from Myrna Loy Hertz and every birthday and Christmas a surprise present arrives for Dickie.

Gossip's End: It was dusk as we hurried across the Paramount lot. A light poured out from one of the dressing rooms punctuating the gloom and the sound of a radio could be heard up and down dressing room row. Naturally Cal's curiosity was aroused and we frankly peered in through the open door. For some reason the little scene

glimpsed in that brief moment lingers in our memory. The radio was playing our national anthem and standing at attention was Bob Hope, his brother and two writers.

Like an occasional rapidly moving event in a crowded life it remained firmly planted in mind to return in review every so often . . .

To "Pittsburgher" who wrote us about Gene Kelly: We learn he lived on Kensington Road with the Kelly family while in your home town. And will Natalie from Elizabeth, Pennsylvania, please write us again? We mislaid the letter . . .

Aftermath of an "Oscar": Two evenings after the pomp and glory and excitement of the Academy dinner when Van Heflin walked off with the "best supporting actor" Oscar, Van and his wife, Frances Neal, walked into the Union Station restaurant. They took seats at the lunch counter. Alone and unrecognized, they ate their dinner in miserable silence, their eyes ever straying to the clock that gave them only twenty minutes reprieve before Van would leave for Camp Roberts. Cal, who was saying good-bye to young Lt. Jack Mahon (who could double for Bob Taylor), glimpsed Mrs. Van Heflin after the train had gone. Frances, who will become a mother in a few weeks, stood there alone among the throng of people, her brown eyes stricken with loneliness. And suddenly it occurred to us that in Van and Frances are the stories of thousands upon thousands of couples today.

Close Ups and Long Shots: Hollywood went through its first daylight air raid alarm in the most indifferent manner possible. Far from scurrying from the streets, groups gathered on every corner to await the hostile planes. None came, of course.

Cal has the reddest face of all. We halted for five minutes at a little-traveled intersection waiting for the fire trucks to drive by. We mistook the siren sound for fire engines.

Out at Warner Brothers the first two people hustled into the shelter were champion Joe E. Louis and Ingrid Bergman in her finery as a Southern belle for the picture "Saratoga Trunk." But, on the whole, people were so indifferent that local politicians were shocked and threatened dire things if everyone didn't run like turkeys at the next alarm.

The frightful problem of movie locations was brought home to Hollywood when the "Tarzan" group set out for the desert and found it no longer available. The Army has taken it over practically en masse.

When a suitable and unoccupied corner was found, the food situation rose like a hungry ghost to haunt the bosses. Fishing permits were finally granted the cast and crew who must needs catch their own meals after a day's work or go hungry. Hunting was out of season, but across the Mexican border the natives shot doves and quail and sent the food to the troupe.

The spectacle of a group of people

The art of making a date

by Bob Hope



1. It's easy to make a date. If you're a man, the logical thing to do is to make it with a girl. So first, call the most beautiful girl you know. Then, if you have another nickel, call one who will go out with you. When she answers, speak to her in a voice that's inviting and pleasant . . . like the swell, cool taste of Pepsodent.



3. Now, it's not patriotic to go driving in the car. That wastes gasoline. Also, there might be a blackout. So turn out the lights and sit in the dark praising Pepsodent for making her teeth so bright. Then all you have to do is follow the beam and you'll never miss her kisser.



5. Always look neat. If you have a two-pants suit, wear the least shiny pair *outside*. Shiny teeth are okay, though . . . because you'll rate better with a sparkle on your teeth. So before going out, brush with Pepsodent to put a gleam in your smile. Naturally, later on you can move the gleam up to your eye.

See you Tuesday Night on NBC.

Only Pepsodent Contains Irium



2. At her house, ring the front doorbell. Then rush around and catch her escaping by the rear door. Once I caught nine fellows dashing out. From the way their teeth flashed in the dark, I guess they just dropped by to use my girl's Pepsodent. In fact, I'm sure of it. One fellow had a brush.



4. Later, if you go for a walk, tilt your hat at a rakish angle. This makes you look debonair. It also blocks her view of all the smiling soldiers and sailors you pass. Their smiles have plenty of "come-on" these days—they're buying and using more Pepsodent than any other brand.

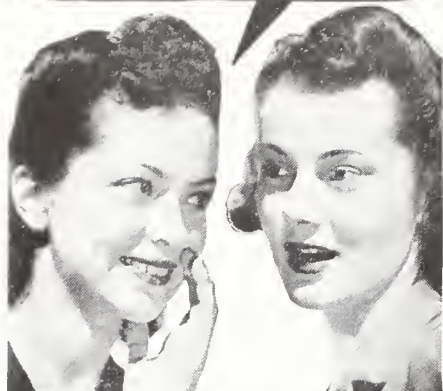
**Remember . . .
DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT**



Pepsodent with Irium is so safe, so effective . . . It takes Only a Little to Brighten Your Smile.



SALLY HAD TO BE COAXED ...



EVELYN: "What a funny girl Sally is about anything new! She didn't know a thing about the comforts of Tampax."

ANNE: "My older sister couldn't see Tampax either till I came home from college—happy as a lark any time of the month, without a belt or pin or sanitary pad to my name."

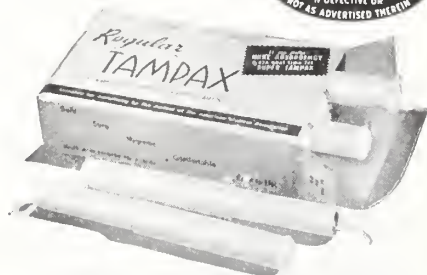
EVELYN: "But your sister did try it after you told her . . . Sally on the other hand really had to be coaxied about it. This is her first Tampax month."

ANNE: "Well, I hope it'll make her less self-conscious on such days. She always wore such a tell-tale expression."

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally for monthly sanitary protection. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, belts or pads. No odor, no bulging. Easy to change, easy disposal. Millions of women now use Tampax. It is modern and dainty. Easy to insert; the hands need not touch the Tampax at all. And when in place, you cannot feel it. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a bargain buy!

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

GUARANTEE ON A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
#100 AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.

MWG-63-M

Please send me in plain wrapper the trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

One of the biggest and best mother-daughter pairs in Hollywood: Marlene Dietrich with her Maria who's now stepping out to step up the theatrical world



Mother-son side of the picture at The Players: Bill Powell dates his mother for dinner

willing and anxious to trade quail on toast for one hamburger was a refreshing one.

Cal's Toasts of the Month: T o R e d Skelton, Cal offers his toast of the month. Not one 'steenth has been told of Red's generosity with his time and talent. In two days alone, in the desert, Red gave sixteen shows at various camps, came back to town, weary from no sleep, and hopped right into his radio rehearsal. But that wasn't all. At eleven that night another organization called and Red was on his way with his props, a soda pop bottle, a stool and a silly hat.

Because M-G-M has taken the handsomest man ever to land on their lot, with the exception of Robert Taylor, and made him a comic, permitted him to go through alcoholic convulsions and facial distortions, we sympathize with Red, who isn't even aware of his own good looks. But you should see the girls give Red the eye. That six feet two inches, broad-shouldered frame topped by red-gold hair, brown eyes and, yes, girls, dimples, is something to see.

Because he refused to have any other writer or manager than Edna, the wife who divorced him, we give another toast. And lift our glass (orange juice) to the day Skelton will be a gay and

handsome hero, the one who gets the girl on the screen.

For her easy, natural manner, her accessibility, her willingness and eagerness to do everything one asks of her, this month we toast—Rita Hayworth.

Of all the stars Cal has met in his many years of movie gabbing and gad-ding, we have never met one like Rita. Her beauty is second only to her quiet simple humanness.

Riding in the back seat of a friend's car the other evening with Rita on the way to an Officers' Club dance, we exchanged glances at the conversation of the handsome young pair chatting away in the seat up front.

"That," whispered Rita to us, "is the sweetest thing in the world. It reminds me of my teen dates."

We spoke of Victor Mature, Rita with her heart in her voice. "He's at sea, seeing plenty of duty right now," she said, "so I don't hear as often as I'd like. But he never forgets to be reminded to all his friends when he can write. And always to you," Rita added.

At the Beverly Wilshire Officers' Club, Rita instantly threw herself into the spirit of the thing, dancing, chatting, laughing, playing the part of one of the young hostesses.

"That Hayworth," people say in Hollywood, "there's a honey bun. Sweetest girl in town."

That's what Hollywood to the last man, woman and child thinks of Rita and why, this month, we give our toast to Rita.

O' Kay Kyser: On the "Right About Face!" set, we had dropped into Kay Kyser's dressing room for a chat. We were eager to ask Kay about his request for a deferment.

The table, chairs and couch were covered with papers of all sorts, of schedules for Army and Navy camp shows, letters of thanks from commandants and tons of fan mail. As Kay handed us one letter we noticed, to our embarrassment, a suspicion of tears in his eyes.

The letter was addressed to Kay from a Marine, wounded on Guadalcanal, requesting a certain song just in hopes that in some way the broadcast might be relayed to him. It spoke so eloquently in its scrawly lines of his appreciation for Kay and his music, for the happiness and pleasure it had brought him. Then came the line that choked us both. It was an apology for his writing. "You see," he wrote, "I have to write now with my left hand."

Without speaking of it we knew why Kay Kyser had asked for a deferment. It was for boys like the Marine who all their lives will have to write with their left hands.

Pin-Up Girls: Girls, are you young and pretty? And do you have a sweetheart in the service, one who has your picture pinned up over his bunk?

Well, if you qualify in the first category, but not the second, get busy, girls, and join the throng of Pin-Up Girls.

The Pin-Up Girl belongs strictly to War World II, with every studio in Hollywood busy supplying pin-up pictures of their stars to boys who ask for them.

The real difference between a Pin-Up Girl and just a pretty girl from a soldier's home town is that the Pin-Up honey is usually a stranger—the dream girl a soldier secretly yearns over. She's different somehow from the picture of the girl he carries in his wallet. She's his imaginary heart beat, really, and can be a pretty stranger from a magazine cover, a movie star or a social debbie clipped from a newspaper.

Cal has recently had several letters from girls asking how they, too, can become a Pin-Up Girl. Here's our advice. As we suggested in the beginning, it's almost imperative to be young and pretty. If you are, have your picture taken and prifted on paper not too heavy to be hung up with a pin in some soldier's tent.

And if you don't photograph looking like his maiden aunt it is almost a 100 to 1 shot some soldier boy will pin you up! Of course, getting the name of a soldier to write to is important. But any girl in this country today who doesn't know somebody in camp or with the Navy doesn't deserve to be a prospective Pin-Up Girl.

The boy from your own home town should be able to provide you with

A STORY INCOMPARABLE
OF A PEOPLE UNCONQUERABLE!



A very thrilling team in a very thrilling picture!

EDGE OF DARKNESS

WITH

WALTER HUSTON
NANCY COLEMAN

JUDITH ANDERSON • RUTH GORDON

Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE

Screen Play by Robert Rossen
Based on the Novel by William Woods

WARNER BROS.

now add to their triumphs that
are making America cheer 'Air
Force', 'Casablanca', 'Yankee
Doodle Dandy'



FIRST CALL!

YES! . . . America's soldiers, sailors and marines are getting "first call" on delicious Beech-Nut Gum.

And like you, we feel that serving our men in the services is a privilege that comes ahead of everything else.

So if there are times when your dealer can't supply you with your favorite Beech-Nut Gum, we know you will understand the reason why.



Beech-Nut Gum

*The yellow package . . .
with the red oval*

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Two singular pictures of four married people: Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck at Ciro's . . .

Betty and Bob Young at "The Players," celebrating their tenth anniversary



some interesting and lonesome fellow soldier you can write to and to whom you can send your prettiest picture.

By the way girls, you might write old Cal about the outcome. Good luck!

People in and Out of the Hollywood Picture: Lana Turner is living on a ranch until after the birth of her baby.

The Robert Youngs will welcome their third child in the fall. The Youngs already have two daughters.

Bob Cummings, in the Civilian Air Patrol, has flown over every state in the Union and made several flights outside the States in his line of duty in the last three months.

Bob Sterling has gone to Thunderbird Field in Arizona for his next step in flight training. Ann Sothern will miss him.

Lt. Bert D. Morris, flying instructor at the Hutchinson, Kansas, flying school, is recovering from the measles. Lt. Morris is remembered to fans as Wayne Morris of the movies.

Robert Montgomery, promoted to a lieutenant commander in charge of a mosquito fleet in the Solomons, is being invalided home because of tropical fever.

Because she was born in Tokio, Joan Fontaine is technically regarded as a Japanese citizen and must sign papers that she owns no firearms or secret radios. Joanie looks like no Japanese we ever saw.

'Tis rumored Twentieth Century-Fox and Jean Gabin cannot get together on another picture because Gabin insists

Dietrich co-star with him and the studio has no plans for Marlene's film career. So Jean, it is reported, has bought up his contract and will move over to RKO to do his next picture.

Tidbits: Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Kornman, that being her husband's (Phil Terry) last name.

Susan Peters's wide mouth lends character to her lovely face.

Joe E. Brown became a grandfather while he was visiting our boys in the South Pacific. Corporal Joe E. Jr. is the proud papa.

Pretty Marjorie Reynolds, who has been touring Alaska and the Aleutians, is showing her friends a ribbon with a star on it. Know what that means? It means Marjorie has been under fire.

Eleanor Powell wears a framed miniature of her mother on her coat lapel.

Fans sent Walter Pidgeon their own Oscar—a gold cage containing two white pigeons.

Lucille Ball has already put up seventy-five cans of vegetables from her own ranch.

Hollywood—This Month: Accidents, discomforts, fun and fury swirled around Hollywood this month like leaves in a sudden storm. Clark Gable caused many hearts to flutter out of turn when he reappeared for a few days' vacation, looking happier than he has in a year. Hedy Lamarr, by mistake, wore home Norma Shearer's coat from the Academy dinner and Norma, after search-

ing madly for hers, wore Hedy's. There was no alternative. And no ill feelings, either.

Dennis Morgan arrived home from personal-appearance tours to survey the havoc wrought in his garden by the winter rains. The acre of peas that Dennis had planted with his own hands was completely washed out. Dennis set to work replanting.

Gary Cooper's hands were so calloused from plowing his own fields they had to be made up carefully before the camera in "Saratoga Trunk."

Mary Pickford, instigator of the Academy Award meetings, resigned because of the inefficiency displayed at the last meeting.

Measles broke out in oddest and, we may say, the loveliest places. No one thought much of it when little five-year-old Margaret O'Brien broke out with the familiar red spots, but when Sheila Ryan and Martha O'Driscoll and finally Linda Darnell came down all measley, it was too much.

Errol Flynn put on an exhibition tennis match that brought cheers from the crowds.

Bette Davis's singing of "You're Either Too Young Or Too Old" (the song she sings and dances to in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" at the Canteen) had the Marines rolling.

News on Cal's Cuff:

The funniest sight in town is that of pretty girls furtively looking around to see if anyone is near and then slipping their shapely stems into the cement of the Chinese Theater Forecourt where Betty Grable's legs are immortalized. The comparisons are—oh well, we only peeped twice. A sight to cheer and to weep over is Lynn Bari's devotion to handsome test pilot Sid Luft who was so badly burned in a plane accident that Lynn must do the chauffeuring now. Sid's hands are not up to it.

Carole Landis, whose mother works in a local defense plant on the swing shift, was politely requested not to visit her mother except at meal times. They're afraid Carole in a sweater might slow down the production of planes.

Judy Canova got herself married again and to another soldier, namely Pvt. C. B. England of the Army Air Corps at Mitchell Field. Got hit over the head with another moon, we presume.

Variety, Hollywood's daily trade paper, actually ran this ad. "Wanted—T-bone steak or shoes in exchange for Valencia oranges or what have you!" And folks around town were surprised to hear Lt. Jimmy Stewart's hair is rapidly turning grey. The hard work, we believe.

Veronica Lake's husband was made a major and Alice Faye keeps hinting of complete retirement after one more picture.

Rumors drifting in from Washington to the effect no more motion-picture people will be drafted and that movies have now been officially declared a vital and necessary industry has the whole town cheered. And on a note of cheer we close this chapter.

"I was a good wife...or was I?"



YOUNG WIFE REVEALS HOW SHE
OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT"
THAT SPOILS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. At housekeeping and cooking, yes, I was A-1. And at first, John and I were blissfully happy. But slowly, John grew moody, neglected me. I grew jumpy, tearful.



2. One day, at the movies with my chum, I began to cry, and couldn't stop. She was wonderful! She got me alone, wangled it all out of me, then she opened my eyes. "Most men can't forgive one neglect, darling. A wife can't be careless of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal daintiness*)."



3. "Today, many thousands of women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. My doctor advises Lysol." And she told how it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol deodorizes, cleanses thoroughly. No wonder this famous germicide is so widely used!"



4. Nowadays I use Lysol disinfectant regularly. It's easy to use and so inexpensive. And these days we're deliciously happy again. John says I'm the best wife a man ever had!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-643. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

It's a
BIG PICTURE

**A STAR-BURST
OF WONDERFUL
ENTERTAINMENT**

The screen comes alive
with melody in this
great star-studded hit!



with
Gail PATRICK • Eve ARDEN
Melville COOPER • Walter CATLETT
Mary TREEN

JACK WILLIAMS (The Harlem Sandman)
Dorothy DANDRIDGE • POPS and LOUIE
The MUSIC MAIDS • The THREE CHEERS
CHINITA • The GOLDEN GATE QUARTETTE

**3 TOP
BANDS**

with **FREDDY
MARTIN**
He'll put you in a
romantic mood!

COUNT BASIE
He's simply sizzling
with low-down beat!

RAY MCKINLEY
1943's top new
band discovery!
Wait till you hear
him!

Buy War Bonds
and Stamps

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

Good show was "Casablanca" with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. Good idea about it was an Illinois reader's

**Speak
FOR YOURSELF**



\$10.00 PRIZE
In Appreciation

I'VE just seen the essence of entertainment! It was "Casablanca"; not with Churchill and Roosevelt, but with Bergman and Bogart—and, boy, how they can act! For hours afterwards I kept thinking of that unbeatable Bogart; the genuine acting of Ingrid; the sincerity of Paul Henreid; and, best of all, that haunting tune "As Time Goes By."

It made me stop and think of how all the world looks toward America as the last port of freedom—the America we take so much for granted, while people like these try so desperately to reach our shores! Please, let's have more pictures like this; ones that are really entertainment and at the same time food for thought. If the people who complain about so small a thing as rationing would see "Casablanca," they would appreciate our country, which is the last place on earth where the life of an individual is still held of value.

June Edmiston,
Maywood, Ill.

\$5.00 PRIZE
It Could Happen

I F I had my way:

Ida Lupino would have hers.
Betty Grable's option would be dropped; a hummingbird sings better than she does, anyway.

John Payne would have fewer stories written about him.

Ditto Gene Tierney.

I'd give Bill Lundigan "Something to Shout About."

I'd give Helmut Dantine bigger and better roles.

I'd preach a sermon to Red Skelton and Edna; they need one.

I'd give Hedda Hopper an "Oscar" for being a good reporter.

I'd give Ginny back to Kay, too; they're too good to be apart.

I'd make Jane Wyman a star; she deserves it.

Ditto Gloria Jean.

Lana Turner would settle her marital problems herself.

And so would Judy Garland.

Maria Montez would not have hers.

The "Michael Shayne" series would be more than "B" pictures.

I'd give Laraine Day a chance.

I'd keep the "Handsome Hunk" in the Coast Guard.

I'd let Norma Shearer act her age.

And I'd erect a monument to Hollywood and its stars for being such "Solid Senders!"

Loretta McCabe,
Newark, N. J.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Celluloid Home Fires

I SHOULD like to go on record as one who is glad that attending movies is not being rationed!

I think I would rather eat a little less food, walk a few more miles—even freeze a little—if I can still sink down in my favorite row in a neighborhood movie and forget for a couple of hours that the world is in a turmoil. It does a person unlimited good to be able to relax and be entertained.

Not only are the movies helpful in this manner but they also keep us informed. Before our eyes we see what is going on in the various theaters of the war. It is heartening to note the proud fighting spirit of our boys. Too, their training becomes familiar to us in the various schools, air fields and camps and as we pass through the exit doors we are more than ever a part of the great effort to bring about a quick Victory and eager to do our share. Movies aid the home brigade.

Elsie Tornberg,
Chicago, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Idea Plus

MANY of us cannot do as Jack Oakie did and, in a smaller way, one of your readers—let a naval or military man, at your expense, telephone his home town from your house. But many of us can do a lot more than we do.

As we wander about on our day off from our war plant work, why not accost a group of The Boys and say: "Wanna go to the show—on me?" They'll take you up—and let them choose the show to see!

It's the little things in life that count!
Montgomery Mulford,
Buffalo, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Cottening to Cotten

I'M disgusted! Every time I open your magazine and turn to the page called "Speak For Yourself," I burn. Why? Because every time I read those letters, I find someone raving over Tyrone Power's eyes or defending the "pretty" Vic Mature or raving over the charms of Paul Henreid. And, of course, there's always someone writing in and praising Mr. John Payne's height.

Well, I'm just plain disgusted. Hasn't anyone seen "Citizen Kane," "Lydia" or, more recently, "Shadow Of A Doubt"? There was one man who stood out in all three of those movies—Mr. Joseph Cotten. In my estimation he is the only perfect actor on the screen.

I'll bet there are plenty of other Cotten fans who feel the same!

Edith Landesman,
New York, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Take a Jolt!

I'M just a plain, average, American girl. Spectacular things don't impress me and everyday matters are accepted and forgotten. I'm perhaps an example of the placid American who hasn't been jolted out of complacency.

Did I say, "hasn't been jolted"? Up to three hours ago, yes; but do you know what finally knocked some sense into my stupid brain? It was "Hitler's Children." And do you know *who* did it? Bonita Granville. When I came out of that theater I was just like every American should be

(Continued on page 93)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

My "30 second" secret keeps me *Fragrantly Dainty* all evening....



"**MAYBE YOU** are like I used to be...never dreaming that something as simple as body staleness might wreck a romance, and leave you lonely! But I was lucky and discovered a secret ...and now, in just 30 extra seconds, I make sure I'm fragrantly dainty for hours! And it's so easy...



"**FIRST**, after my bath I dry myself ever so gently—barely *patting* those places that might chafe.

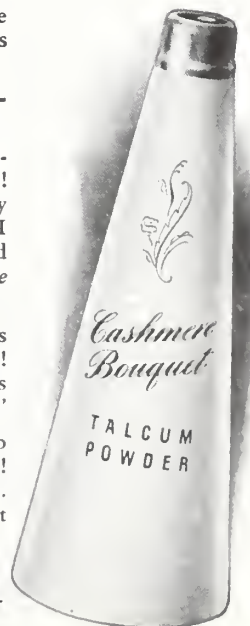


"**NEXT**, I treat my whole body to the cool, soothing delightfulness of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! From top to toe its silky-smoothness caresses my skin...absorbs the little traces of moisture I missed. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over...now I know why they call it—the *fragrance men love!*



"**AND NOW**, I slip into my clothes. How luxurious they feel...no chafing or binding, now or later! For Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection lasts all evening...and so does the fragrance men love!"

See for yourself why Cashmere Bouquet Talcum's superb quality has made it the largest selling talcum in America! You'll love its alluring fragrance and long-clinging softness. Make Cashmere Bouquet *your* daintiness secret. You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters!



Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

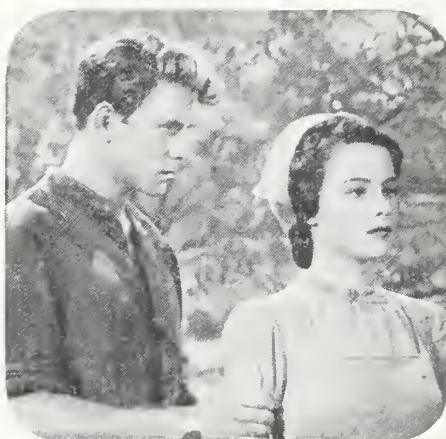
THE Shadow Stage

Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Stirring masterpiece: Maureen O'Hara, George Sanders in "This Land Is Mine"



Romance and suspense: Pierre Aumont, Susan Peters in "Assignment In Brittany"



Dynamic love—plus comedy: Lana Turner, Bob Young in "Slightly Dangerous"

✓✓ This Land Is Mine (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The transformation of a coward through oppression.

NOT since Charles Laughton rose to his feet in "Ruggles Of Red Gap" and delivered the Gettysburg Address has he had such a beautiful opportunity as he is given in this film. In our opinion, Mr. Laughton as the shrinking, timid schoolmaster overriden by mother love surpasses anything he has done on the screen with the possible exception of *Captain Bligh* in "Mutiny On The Bounty."

It seemed to us the whole fabrication of the story was built and constructed toward one end—the final speech by Mr. Laughton as he stands in the court of justice. There, now, is a masterpiece, one to be memorized and taken to heart.

Una O'Connor, Laughton's mother, is terrific. All the unhealthy attributes of an overdevoted mother are highlighted in Miss O'Connor's performance. Maureen O'Hara, the pretty schoolteacher Laughton loves, George Sanders as her fiancé who turns traitor, and Kent Smith, her brother, deserve loud applause. Sanders is thoroughly convincing in his role of the weak lover. There are some fine lights and shadows in the work of Sanders in this difficult role. Walter Slezak is our favorite Nazi. And let's not overlook Philip Merivale as *Professor Sorel*, please.

We think you will come away from this picture not with a feeling of hate and revenge but with a holocaust of honest

humility and definite determination raging within.

Your Reviewer Says: An oratorical masterpiece.

✓ Assignment In Brittany (M-G-M)

It's About: A Free Frenchman who plays a spy.

MAY we introduce at this time one of Hollywood's newest personalities—Pierre Aumont, the charming new French star who possesses a smile, a way, a touseled head and a certain charm. A young edition of Gabin, we predict ooh-la-la Aumont will sweep the ladies right off their dainty feet.

The story is good, too, and has Aumont, a Free French soldier, impersonating a native (pro-Nazi) of a Brittany village in order to locate a Nazi sub-base for the English.

So much does Aumont resemble the villager, Susan Peters, to whom he is betrothed, is completely fooled. And so are the other villagers, including Richard Whorf, the schoolmaster. But not the mother, who realizes the good qualities of Aumont could in no way belong to her traitorous son. But she doesn't expose him. Instead, she helps him in every way, but to no avail. He falls into the hands of the Nazis, is exposed by Signe Hasso and suffers horribly before the villagers, by subterfuge, help him escape.

Susan Peters impresses with her sincere

performance and Signe Hasso registers strongly as the flirtatious *Elsie*. Richard Whorf gives an especially strong performance and George Colouris as the sadistic Nazi is outstanding. Margaret Wycherly is unforgettable as the mother. But it's Aumont who holds the attention. A new and interesting personality, he should prove a hit.

Your Reviewer Says: Fascinating people in an exciting story.

✓✓ Slightly Dangerous (M-G-M)

It's About: A little miss nobody who becomes a somebody.

LANA TURNER'S last picture before motherhood could have been better, but Lana couldn't. If ever an actress has advanced to a place of authority on the screen it's Lana, whose every emotion seems intensified and authenticized. (Or did we make that one up?)

In love scenes the blonde beauty is dynamite. No wonder M-G-M daily searches its head for new grey hairs as its star plunges from one mistake to another. She's an actress worth worrying over.

Robert Young, an accomplished and finished performer, plays the boy in love with Lana, but not quite sure just who she is. You see, Miss Turner, a shopgirl in a small town, quits her job in despair, goes to the city, buys herself a new personality and then meets a mishap that leads

(Continued on page 98)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 99

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 96

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 74



*What is it gives a girl most "flair"?
Why... lovely, gleaming lustrous hair!*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



FRESH AND YOUNG as Spring itself ... this simple, lovely hair-do ... so well suited to her smart draw-string gingham blouse! Yellow satin bow accents the pale yellow of the blouse. Special Drene deserves the credit for the shining smoothness of her hair!

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added ... the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

No fol-de-rol a girl can wear, has such allure for men as shining, lustrous hair! Even the loveliest dress, the smartest hat won't help you much if your hair looks dull and dingy! So don't let soaps or soap shampoos handicap you this way!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo ... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange ... right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth,

shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it ... and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



Soap film dulls lustre - robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner



His farewell role
for the duration!

TYRONE POWER

Leading a reckless crew on the war's most daring mission! Battling death in a depth-bombed submarine! Blasting Nazis on a bold Commando raid! Finding love in precious, stolen moments!

CRASHING HIS WAY TO UNFORGETTABLE GLORY in

CRASH DIVE

IN STIRRING TECHNICOLOR

ANNE with DANA
BAXTER • ANDREWS
James GLEASON • Dame May WHITTY

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO
Produced by MILTON SPERLING
Screen Play by Jo Swerling • Original Story by W. R. Burnett

A letter to my Mother

This is a love letter, a different kind of love letter, one every woman will want to keep

BY JOHN PAYNE



ARMY AIR CORPS



"Mom" of John's letter: Ida Chaefer Payne

Dear Mom:

Looks like another Mother's Day is rolling around and it seems a little different than it ever has before. I feel as though I've started a lot of things all over again. I'm going to school again and, somehow, I feel as I did in high school. Today in this upset world, with everyone doing things he's never done before, you seem to kind of go back to all the things in your life that are most solid. It's nothing any of us here didn't know, but we seem to keep on discovering that mothers are the greatest institutions we've ever had.

You'd be surprised, but out of all the women the group in the barracks talk about, their mothers always top the list. Of course, they gab a lot about some blonde or girl they've dated, but that's half kidding and something that helps pass the time away. They're not kidding about the other. It sounds kind of serious, but I just thought I'd tell you, for the one thousandth time, that I love you very much.

I'm learning a lot here. You know how I always hated math and physics and how often I flunked. Well, I can't afford to flunk now, for math and physics are involved with something I'd like to do very much. Of course, I don't know for sure whether I will really get a crack at the job I'd like, but at least I've got a chance, a pretty good one. Anyway, no matter what job I get in this war, I'll still be flying.

I read an article in the paper the other day and in it this guy had written a piece about why America and the United Nations couldn't lose the war. He was a German by birth and he'd been in a Prussian military academy for two years before he came to America and joined our Army. At the time he was writing he was a private with our Marines and had been injured at Guadalcanal. When he was injured it seems his best friend was hit, too. He died in his arms. The last words he said were to tell his Mom and Dad it wasn't so bad and to give his love to his girl. I don't remember her name. The man writing the article said the Germans were taught to die, made eager to die for Hitler and for the Fatherland, but that that kind of fanaticism could never compare with the way Americans died for their home, for Mom and Dad and a girl. The Americans died gallantly and without fanaticism. He said that was why we couldn't lose the war. I know he's right.

ALL this means such a big change for everybody, from the highest to lowest, the way we all are living, the food we eat, the places we go or can't go. I'm not sure, in part, that it's not a good thing. People have to look within themselves so much more than they used to for their pleasures and for the solutions to everyday problems. It's as though we were all growing up. We've always had so much of everything, everybody's had, such swell chances to get what he wanted in this (Continued on page 94)

For a last look at actor John Payne, see "Hello, Frisco, Hello."



Ten Knights in my

A lady-for-a-Knight theme that exposes all the failings—and the fascination—of the ten top dream boys on the Gold Coast



George Montgomery: If you want to go out with him, don't have a chicken in the ice box!

Mickey Rooney: You'll just have to be all prepared to talk fast and hard

Randolph Scott: Get your black dress out of the closet for a special Scott reason

George Sanders: Wear shin protectors; after the date is over you'll know why

Peter Lorre: The requirements on your part are a jar of mustard in your pocket

IN THESE manpower-short times when a girl is lucky to find even one or two semieligible swains to squire her to the local glitter dens, I have been toying wistfully with a mythical situation very pleasing to contemplate. It involves a series of ten dates with ten different (and, brother, some of them *are* different!) Hollywood stars, and I have been wearing out a chaise longue daydreaming of ten evenings with this extravagantly variegated array of fascinating fellows.

Of course, anyone can play this game and if you're forever blowing bubbles you can name your own ten Romeos, but those I selected represent, I feel, a judicious blend of beauty, charm, sophistication, wit and rugged masculinity. And since this is my own private dream, with no holds barred, I am imagining that all of them are unscathed, unwed and available.

In case you choose the same dream boys I did, I'm a girl who's generous enough to give you an idea of what a

date with each of them would be like. And here it is.

George Montgomery: Maybe he isn't the type who tosses his cloak over a mud puddle because you aren't wearing your rubbers, and certainly he bears a more than coincidental resemblance to the Jim who never sends you pretty flowers, but if it was good enough for Hedy, it should be good enough for you. Anyway, you wouldn't be throwing a date out on a Knight like this.

The way to prepare for a big date with No. 1 on my list is to read all the latest movie magazine stories about George Montgomery; then you and he will have something in common to talk about. He likes to make the plans for the evening, so be ready for anything from a roadside stand to the Mocambo—and wherever you wind up, be ready to get blown over by the concerted sighs of every doll in the place, because gals always moon over him even when they don't know who

he is. He's the kind who makes good, steady, attentive gents wonder why ladies always seem to prefer the other kind.

He may take you horseback riding, because he's a son of the wide open spaces (a what???) and loves his boots and saddle. Or he may decide to go to your house if you have a soft sofa, a cold chicken in the ice box, a Victrola and all the records he likes to listen to.

If he tosses his line at you, just say something clever like, "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls." Because he does.

If he invites you up to see his etchings, go. But you may be disappointed. He's really got etchings.

Mickey Rooney: A date with Mickey will be only a trifle less enervating than a cross-country run. But if you like to cut a rug, you'll find you, and he are cut from the same cloth. He's even been known to get up and "sit in" with the band for a jam session, so get reconciled to a half-hour of be-

Hollywood date book



BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN



George Raft: You'll have to like deserted basements and wearing your oldest shoes

Milton Berle: His mother will come along—and so will certain other people

Gaylord Hauser: You'll hate every mouthful you eat, but there'll be one big recompense

Jon Hall: You'll feel small and feminine, and utterly resigned to his technique

Charles Chaplin: Keep thinking of your last pair of nylons and you'll be all right

ing alone with your thoughts and your soda pop while Mickey beats the drums.

He won't take you to small smart boites or quiet swank eating oases. He'll steer you to the Coconut Grove or the Biltmore Bowl or the Palladium—any place, so long as it boasts a big, hot band. You may even wind up at some amusement park with wild rides, popcorn, frozen custard and hot dogs.

And of course you'll make a lot of those silly recordings and send them to everyone you know. On one of them you'll shriek that all M-G-M pictures are terrible and Mickey will have that one mailed to Louis B. Mayer, haw-haw!

You don't have to worry much about conversation when you're with Mickey—he takes care of that—but you'll make a big hit if you happen to drop the names of the newest platters by Harry James and Tommy Dorsey. Mickey will probably enliven the dialogue by telling you about the various women he has known, and since this involves Ann Rutherford, Diana Lewis,

Esther Williams, Bonita Granville, Judy Garland and practically every other Hollywood starlet, the conversation can last as long as you hold out.

On the way home (at ninety miles an hour, because Mickey believes in moving fast, even on an A card) you'll undoubtedly stop at a drive-in, and Mickey will end the perfect evening by looking over the cutie who dishes out the nutburgers and quipping: "Hiya, babe! What's cooking?"

Gaylord Hauser: If Garbo wants to make a loan, maybe you'd be lucky to borrow her swain for the evening. He'll be tall, brown-haired and handsome, fairly bursting with good health and all the better-known vitamins. Both his suit and his manners will be custom-made, and you'll never forget him because he'll be the only man you'll ever go out with who will urge you to eat garlic.

He'll order dinner, and it'll be so frightfully well-balanced you'll hate every mouthful. But at least you won't

detest yourself the next time you step on the bathroom scales. He'll take you to the best places—and you'll walk to them, sister. Gaylord believes in giving his girls the air.

Between the Continental charm and the carrots and the sensibly counted calories, you'll have a nice healthy evening. You'll thank him for a lovely "morning after."

Randolph Scott: Here is the kind of date you dream about when you read those fiction stories about handsome, well-mannered, elegant and charming heroes. Wear your smartest black dinner dress for Randy, because he likes black and it makes a nice background for the orchids he'll undoubtedly send.

He's tall, blond, lean and drawling—sort of a Western type to look at and listen to, but with Eastern ways. He may sound a little corny, but he's a city fellow.

He'll take you to glittery places and you'll like the way all the Vanderbilts and (Continued on page 76)



My

The girl whose courage has caught the nation's imagination tells in her own words the intimate details of her overseas romance

I KNEW he was my Mr. Big the instant I saw him. I knew also that his heart was standing still. I could see it in his eyes. There really is such a thing as love at first sight. I never believed it before, either. It was because Tommy was afraid people would think ill of us for knowing each other only a month and a half when we married that I told that fib about our previously having seen each other around the California flying fields and having had dinner together several times. Now, however, writing my own story, I must tell the truth. When a personal miracle happens to you—as it unquestionably did to Tommy and me—I think you owe it to yourself and others to be honest about it.

We met, Tommy and I, the third day I was in England. Martha Raye, Mitzi Mayfair, Kay Francis and I were backstage getting ready to give our show at an air base just outside of London when Neil Lang—Martha's husband—brought Tommy around. "I want you to meet Captain Thomas Wallace," Neil said. "He hails from Pasadena—joined up with the first Eagle Squadron of the R.A.F. before we got in this fight. Now he's U. S. Air Corps." I was amazed to hear myself saying, "How do you do, Captain," casually, just as if he were anybody at all.

The following night he was able to get up to London. He called for me and we took the underground to Victoria to visit a very favorite "pub" of his. We sat there for hours—which seemed minutes—talking about ourselves and hanging on each other's every word. When that happens the diagnosis is Love, I guess.

Sitting across from Tommy in that little booth I discovered him all over again, the lean strength of his face and hands, his level eyes, the fine upright way his head sets on his shoulders, his voice alive with energy and gaiety. He says he discovered me all over again too. He says other things also which I have no intention of re-

Wartime Honeymoon

BY

Carole Landis

As told to
Adele Whitely Fletcher

peating. But when he says them they are wonderful.

We went back to London by omnibus and we walked to the Savoy in a blackout. Tommy walked half in front of me all the way, his arm out to shield me from those crazy Londoners, God bless them, who hurry along exactly as if many of their buildings hadn't already been blown to bits and more weren't likely to go any moment and they with them. You can't walk through London streets without knowing how presumptuous we are when we take it for granted we're going to live three score years and ten or thereabouts. Maybe this had something to do with the breathless haste of Tommy's proposal. . . .

I ANSWERED "no" that night. Why, I don't know. It didn't daunt Tommy in the slightest. He didn't believe me any more than I believed myself. The next morning he asked me again. We were at service in St. Paul's. Beside the rubble of what was that once beautiful cathedral a sign reads "Services as usual." Which isn't too true. The services held in a little chapel which remains standing naturally lack the beauty and grandeur which services previously had in that cathedral. However, they serve very well—they permit you to worship God and inspire you to go completely Old Testament and swear vengeance upon those responsible for this unholy destruction of beauty and culture and life.

Walking back to the Savoy Tommy and I held tight to each other's hands. We sang "Adeste Fidelis" in one breath and in the next the Air Corps song . . . "Up we go into the wild blue yonder, climbing high into the sun. Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder. At 'em boys, give them the gun . . ." That song's spirit is so typical of the Air Corps. I always sang it at their bases, of course. And did the boys go for it! Kay and (Continued on page 72)



Carole with her "Mr. Big"—Capt. Thomas Wallace, whom she met while on tour in London and married almost immediately in a dress for which she begged and borrowed ration coupons



Carole, Kay Francis and Martha Raye with the troops in Africa. The girls, with Mitzi Mayfair, will appear in "Four Jills In A Jeep"



After the appearance of my first column I received a great many letters asking if my column had been "limited" - I should like to know each person who writes to me - your letters are read by me - I select those for answer which I feel are representative of the problem I am dealing with in the next issue. I don't have time to completely edit my material for publication. Please play it nice Miss has given me Gwdda Dudley to help me.
Bette Davis

What should I do ?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

Can you please give me some good advice? I'll soon be twenty. One boy I go with is in the Marine Corps (he's twenty-one); the other boy is in the Army Air Corps and will soon be twenty.

Both have asked me to marry them several times and, although it seems impossible, I really and truly love both of them. I've known both for about five years and when I wasn't out with one, I'd be out with the other. Both are tall and blond. Neither has much of a trade, but both are very handy at doing everything.

Don't say I don't love either, because that won't be true. I know there could never be anyone beside these two. I've told both of them they would have to wait until after the war for an answer, but both are very anxious to know now. The one because he wants to decide what kind of a war job to take, a very dangerous one or a "ground crew" job. The other one because he's in a very dangerous Pacific zone and doubts if he'll come back, although he writes that he'll try his darndest.

It all sounds very silly, but when you come right down to it it's all very serious. I'm selfish, I know, because I

Stop worrying! This star is ready to help you. See p. 91; then write her

really want both, but seeing I can't have both, I want one of them—no one else.

This is the queerest mixup I've ever been in and it's been going on for years. Everyone says I'm a very levelheaded, capable person and I hold a responsible job in a large office, but my private life doesn't seem to be conducted very capably.

What would you do in my place?
Marilyn J.

Dear Miss J:

Your problem doesn't sound at all silly to me. You aren't the first girl in the world to admire two men at the same time with equal affection.

As you say you have already told both boys that they will have to wait until after the war for an answer, I think you have handled this as it should be. You are only twenty and who knows how long a time is going to elapse until we are finally victorious? A great many things can happen to change your opinions of even your two beaux. Although it doesn't seem possible to you now, you might even meet

a third man who could solve your problem.

Why don't you continue to see both boys whenever they are on leave, and to write to them. But never marry until there is only one man you love more than any other you know.

Bette Davis.

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

You'll think a service man "nuts" for writing to you, but I can't help it.

I want to tell you something. Last June 7, I met a young woman at a dance. She and I had an enjoyable evening and a late supper. For nigh on to two months we dated every Saturday and once in a while I would see her during the week.

Then it happened. We quarreled. She is going with a crowd who think the only way to enjoy life is by constant spending. I am, shall I say, a very idealistic person and I know what life is, although I am only twenty.

I love her very much and I want the inspiration that comes from a woman's love. When we have mail call I watch, oh so closely, the light in the eyes of my fellow service men as they read the letters from their wives or sweethearts. I haven't any letter from this girl and I feel lost in a world of chaos.

She still has (Continued on page 89)

Color Portrait Series

Bette Davis..... page 25
Olivia de Havilland page 28
Bonita Granville..... page 29

Henry Fonda page 32
Robert Sterling page 32
Jack Briggs page 32
Ronald Colman..... page 36

Ronald Reagan..... page 33
Robert Stack page 33
Van Heflin..... page 33

Bette Davis



Lady in the pink: A Hymie Fink casual portrait of Bette Davis, now appearing in Warners' "Watch On The Rhine"

DIARY AT THE NORTH

BY

Samuel Fuller

American meets
American in
North Africa:
A dispatch rider
talks to Colonel
Zanuck, who
photographed
the first War
Dept. feature-
length film un-
der actual bat-
tle conditions

November 5th.

DAWN. A secret flying field somewhere in England. Bad weather—rain. Visibility zero. Six Flying Fortresses are on the ramp, ready to take off, straining at the leash. At last comes the order to go.

I am assigned to the bomb-bay of Flying Fortress No. 6. One by one we take off down a long grey runway that seems endless and zoom into the rain and dark clouds. The "Second Front" has started! Everyone is tense and excited. There is very little talk.

For the first hour, I crouch on the narrow catwalk in the darkness, half sitting, half standing, and with no opportunity to look out of the plane. Every foot of interior space is occupied by equipment or personnel. When a member of the crew has to pass by, we are compelled to undergo acrobatic contortions. My foot goes to sleep painfully, and a British Brigadier volunteers to switch places with me. We take turns in the radio room, which is more comfortable and offers a view of the outside. It is still raining. In the distance, we can see the dim outline of the Spanish coastline.

The weather clears as we near Portugal; the sun comes out. Hours pass. Colonel Shores arranges for me to take a spell in the co-pilot's seat. It all seems like a dream or a scenario I have written.

I can't really believe we are the flying vanguard of a mighty attacking force headed for Africa and that I am actually here in the cockpit of a Flying Fortress en route to Gibraltar.

We pass strange ships. We are now over Lisbon and close to shore. We head out to sea again and at last the black Rock of Gibraltar looms ahead. I learn that we are in for a difficult landing. We circle three times cautiously, and then gently settle down. We make it, but with very little to spare. Although nothing was said about it, I am sure everyone on the plane sighed quietly with relief. I know I did.

We are the third ship to arrive at Gibraltar, although we were the fifth to start. We are taken to the Rock Hotel, where I am assigned to

The Americans take over Algeria—a part of the great American cavalcade that Col. Zanuck watched march triumphantly through North African cities

AFRICAN BATTLE FRONT

Scoop! A Condensation of the New Best-seller "TUNIS EXPEDITION"

Published by Random House

The most exciting exclusive Photoplay has ever published! An account of your boys in Africa, straight from this famous Hollywood producer who has talked to them—and been with them in action

bunk with the C.S.O.

The town itself is a narrow, winding, one-street affair, cluttered with droves of tourist shops which seem to sell things that no person in his right mind would possibly buy. All traffic goes in one direction, out of necessity. It is impossible for two automobiles to squeeze past each other.

The Fortress itself and the harbor are nothing short of colossal. I look across the narrow bay at the Spanish shore and wonder how many Nazi agents are watching us.

The sky over the Rock is never empty. Fighters on patrol zoom overhead. New arrivals circle and land—a veritable beehive of activity. What a target this swarm of ships on the field would make if Jerry only knew—or had the courage to make a try for it!

The atmosphere is tense on the Rock as our first day comes to an end.

November 6th.

We are assigned to the Signal Office in the Fortress Tunnel, the center of a gigantic network under the Rock. This is truly a magnificent citadel, but now it is overcrowded, a bedlam of frenzied workers.

General Doolittle arrives. His plane was attacked by four Junkers 88's, and in a violent twenty-minute battle the co-pilot was severely wounded. The plane finally outraced the Nazis' ships, and Doolittle personally took over the controls. A narrow squeak, and only the quick thinking of the pilot, who headed out to sea and flew almost at water level, saved the day.

Great concern here about the attack. Are the Nazis aware of our plans and lying in wait?

An air raid blasts us out of bed at 3 A.M., but apart from a lot of ack-ack and violent noise, nothing comes of it. Half awake, I am conscious enough to put on my helmet. I must have looked a sight in pajamas, helmet and bare feet. Certainly the General did.

November 7th.

Startling news! General Henri Giraud, the (Continued on page 82)



America's General Eisenhower:
"It is impossible not to be
impressed by his smile"



General Henri Giraud: "Eyes
grey and cold . . . great
strength...at all times intense"



Lt. General Mark Clark: "A
grand person . . . an Ameri-
can version of Basil Rathbone"

Admiral Darlan: "Short and
heavy-set . . . Dark eyes
which shift around the room"



Beauty rare in a day of June: Olivia de Havilland of Warners' "Princess O'Rourke"



Beauty brilliant in first bloom: Bonita Granville of "Hitler's Children"

The Champ!



She walks barefooted all over the grounds of her Brentwood home



BETTY GRABLE doesn't consider herself an actress.

She once said: "I'm not an actress, and I don't want those roles in which I have long speeches, full of meaning. I'm the kind of a perform-

er who wants a few lines that are cues to go into a song or a dance."

She has a true estimate of herself. She doesn't want to become another Ginger Rogers and go dramatic.

The boys like her for her lines, and she doesn't have to read them.

She is a champion at the box office, at the Army camps, and at the Hollywood Canteen. She holds the record for continuous dancing at the Canteen. She gets out on the floor and she is taken for the entire night. She no sooner starts dancing with a soldier than a sailor will tap him and say, "I'll take it now. Shove off." The sailor no sooner gets started than another soldier steps in. She loves it. When her working schedule permits, she is at the Canteen every night. She is true to the Army and the Navy and the Marines.

She is one of the favorite pin-up girls and you don't have to be told

why. Her mail from the men in service is terrific. Here is a letter that she received from two Marines on Guadalcanal. The letter was written on Japanese stationery, which the Marines found when they took over, and enclosed was a magazine article showing Ensign Donald Mason (Sighted Sub; Sank Same) and other war heroes at a party which she, Carole Landis, Ruth Hussey and Claudette Colbert attended. This is the letter:

"Dear Betty: Or may we call you dear? I know you would say you won't mind.

"It has been ten months since we last saw you—in a picture, of course. In our dreams we see you every night.

"In the enclosed picture that we are sending you, we notice that you and your lovely friends are in the company of two stalwart warriors. To say the least, the feats of these heroes are minute compared to our own. We won't go into detail about our own heroism because of our own modesty and censorship.

"At our arrival back in the States (when and if) nothing would please us more than a dinner engagement with you and another beautiful creature such as one of your friends in the picture, at our expense.

"We hope you will excuse this stationery but the rugged environment



She holds the record for the most cut-ins at the Hollywood Canteen



She was thrilled when they cemented her legprints at Grauman's Theater

It's an even chance these odd facts about Cover Girl Betty Grable will have you cheering loudly in her exciting corner

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

we are straining under prevents the use of better paper. In closing this letter we hope with all our hearts that you will answer this at your first opportunity. Until we hear from you, we remain,

"Two lonely Marines on Guadalcanal."

The letter was signed, P.F.C. Walter William Kriedell (Slim) and P.F.C. Ray O. Bergeron (Muscles). There was a P.S. "In Jap this means I love you—X-%X*X. This is for Carole, too. We hope the others won't be burned up."

THESE Marines, and all admirers, should know that although she is peaches and cream to look at, she loves onions. She likes onions in any form, raw or fried. She will nibble at a bit of garlic in the raw, even though she has to play a love scene. She believes that onions and garlic keep her healthy.

She takes good care of herself, despite the fact that there are any number of fellows who want to take good care of her.

There was a prince who pursued her, there was a millionaire who wanted to marry her, there was Victor Mature, there was George Raft—and now there are millions of admirers in khaki and blue.

She maintains a strict schedule

while working. Then she goes to bed at nine and arises at six. When not working, she stays up late. However, regardless of the time she goes to bed, she insists on getting eight hours sleep. She insists that she needs it for her beauty.

Her full name is Elizabeth Ruth Grable. She dropped the middle name when she came to Hollywood and Elizabeth became Betty. She believes it fits her character better.

She was born on December 18, 1916, at St. Louis, Missouri. There is no need to tell you how tall she is, how much she weighs, the color of her hair and the color of her eyes. If you haven't noticed her figure by now, you certainly won't be interested in the ordinary figures.

She took her first dancing lessons when she was four. At the age of seven she appeared on the stage, as a cute kid, with such masters of ceremonies as Frank Fay, Jack Haley and Ed Lowry when they visited St. Louis. She really worked hard to become a chorus girl in Hollywood musicals.

She worked her way from the chorus to singing with Jay Whidden and his orchestra, to marrying Jackie Coogan, to playing parts in pictures. But somehow Hollywood couldn't see her until she scored a hit on Broadway in "DuBarry (Continued on page 95)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WALTER STEWART

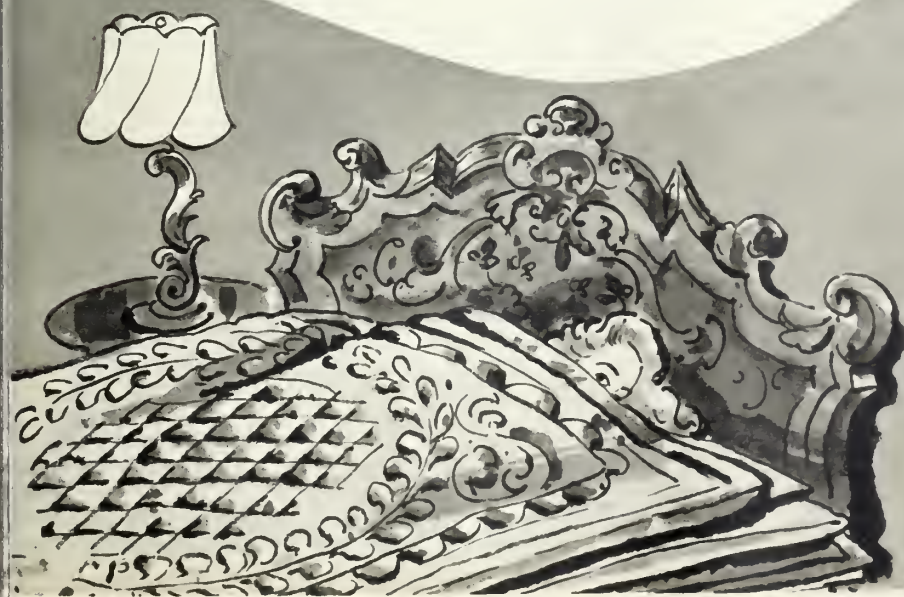


She's the armed forces' pet pin-up girl, as shown by the letter sent her



She used to play gin rummy with George Raft. But the news has now changed on that front

She sleeps without a pillow, wears a night-gown, piles mountains of blankets on herself





Henry Fonda (upper left): Apprentice Seaman, U. S. Navy

Robert Sterling (above): Air Cadet, U. S. Army Air Corps

Jack Briggs (left): Private, U. S. Marine Corps





Ronald Reagan (above): First Lieutenant, U. S. Army Air Force

Robert Stack (upper right): Ensign, U. S. Navy Air Force

Van Heflin (right): Second Lieutenant, Field Artillery, U. S. Army



WHO'S NEWS?



Blonde under protest: Marjorie Reynolds (and, thank heavens, *she's* no genius) is a good little girl who waited for years for her break and finally got it in "Holiday Inn." She got Crosby in the story, too. She gets him in "Dixie" also and can't wait till something else happens to her screen career.

Marjorie has been in and out of pictures so many times she's dizzy. At four, she was playing with Viola Dana, Norma Talmadge and Ramon Navarro. At eight she retired, came back several years later to make more pictures, then retired again. After graduating from Los Angeles High School she came back once again to dance in Paramount pictures, made dozens of Tim Holt Westerns and Karloff pictures at Monogram.

When the search began for a girl for "Holiday Inn" Danny Dare, a dance coach, remembered Marjorie and in she was.

Six years ago she married Jack Reynolds whom she met and nagged to death for a job when he was casting director at Goldwyn's. Recently in his pocket she discovered a little book with ratings of all girl applicants. Marjorie was down as "impossible."

She hates being a blonde and all the peroxiding that goes with it. Her father, Dr. Goodrich, lives with her and recently her husband, an officer in the Signal Corps, was transferred out to Hollywood which makes her so happy. She does her own cooking now and is the idol of her little nieces and nephews. Peaches and cream is her complexion. Natural, chatterboxy, genuine and real, her character. She can't understand why she's such a poor business woman when her sign, Leo, says she shouldn't be. She's seventeen years younger than her youngest sister and wonders if *that* could have anything to do with it.

Devil with a cherub's face: Hollywood's own "Mr. Five by Five" is one Mr. Sydney Greenstreet, who gives lie to the statement, "Nobody loves a fat man." Audiences adore him. The fact more people knew and recognize him after "The Maltese Falcon" than after forty-one years of stage work has him purring like a kitten. He's news because he's unique; he's different, he's a rare artist.

From the Lunt and Fontanne play "There Shall Be No Night," Warner Brothers enticed all 280 pounds of Mr. Greenstreet to portray General Scott in "They Died With Their Boots On." He remained for "The Maltese Falcon," "Across the Pacific," "Casablanca" and "Background To Danger," and claims he ne'er again will roam.

He's an Englishman, or did you know? Born in Sandwich, Kent, England. He graduated from Dave Hill School and joined the Ben Greet Shakespearean players. His travels with them finally brought him to the States where he's remained since 1924. He thinks Bette Davis a fine artist and Lunt and Fontanne think him a great one. He lives alone in Hollywood with a faithful housekeeper. His only son, John, is with the armed forces. Once in New York he was run over by a runaway horse and heavy wagon. He emerged unscathed. The horse died.



An up-to-the-minute flash about the four people whose names are in the "Something new and different" column of Hollywoodites in the know

BY SARA HAMILTON

A four-squared genius: Something new has been added to Hollywood and that something is a quick, nervous-tempered, brown-eyed brunet, a force called Whorf, who catapulted into pictures via Warner Brothers.

Richard's first effort, "Blues In The Night" was so-so. "Juke Girl" was awful so they gave him the role of Sam Harris in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." But even in that none of his vital charm was given opportunity to seep through. So Richard went over to M-G-M where his role in "Keeper Of The Flame" is a bit further up his alley. But wait till that ability plus those beeg dark eyes find themselves synchronized in the right role. Whewie!

The same Lunt and Fontanne play, "There Shall Be No Night," that boasted Sydney Greenstreet screamed aloud of Richard's talents as actor and set designer.

Born in Winthrop, Massachusetts, he comes from a long line of geniuses. His father was a brilliant painter; brother John, an outstanding artist; brother Ben, a professor of Mayan languages. Richard joined the theatrical company of Henry Jarett in Boston and remained eleven years, acting, writing, designing sets, etc. He married his high-school sweetheart and has three handsome sons, Peter, ten; David, seven, and Christopher, two. They live in Beverly Hills in sublime happiness and slight confusion. You never saw people so happy!

Determination—with dimples: When "The Moon Is Down" flashes on movie screens all over the country, a star will be rising in Dorris Bowdon, the lass who plays the young widow courted by the lonely German. For Dorris (note the double r) is a dimpled beauty who can act. In fact, her work in a college play at the University of Louisiana attracted such notice she was brought to Hollywood for a test and won out over all newcomers.

Southern as spoonbread, Dorris, born two days after Christmas in the small town of Cold Water, Mississippi, has no Southern "you all" accent, but does possess a mind of her own, a quiet poise, a steadfast reserve, a few freckles, an alluringly husky voice and naturally curly hair once chestnut and now blonde. Raw salads (she never met Garbo) are her favorite food. When roles are slow to come her way Miss Bowdon quietly but determinedly calls at producers' offices to ask why. The best role she ever got in this fashion was the life role of Mrs. Nunnally Johnson, producer-writer at Twentieth Century-Fox. After playing the role of Rosasharon in "The Grapes Of Wrath" she took time out to become a mother. The baby's name is Christie. The Johnsons call her "Orson" or "Deems" as the mood fits.

The plain black, businesslike typewriter that adorns her feminine and lovely bedroom is the keynote to the life and times of Miss Bowdon. On its keys her small white fingers type out the business notes connected with her household, the itemized accounts and the checks. It seems natural, therefore, that she possess none of the usual theatrical superstitions or phony emotionalism—and on her it's most becoming.

The first syllable of her last name is pronounced like a dog's bark—bow wow. Her first good role was the romantic interest in a *Jones Family* picture. She hopes her greatest role will be a permanent one—the romantic interest in the Johnson family.



Ronald Colman



Master hand at Hollywood romance: Ronald Colman, now appearing in M-G-M's "Random Harvest." Portrait by Hymie Fink



ARCHIBALD LEACH

*Like all who venture on this earth
Your felt was nudely pink at birth
And after you'd been overhauled
With myrrh, they called you Archibald
With many a loving chirp and chant
Till you, wise youth, took Cary Grant.
Then, wooing Thespis, grew in time
Into a rollicking, gifted mime
Beloved of millions, wed to same,
While poets drooled, "What's in a name?"
What heights could you have hoped to reach
Had you remained plain Archie Leach?*



TO WILLIAM BENDIX

*I often lie and wonder, Bill, ere Morpheus I embrace
What pixillated architect designed your wondrous face.
Your nose a tortuous pathway wends
Adown your visage till it ends
Above a mouth too small to fit
The features of a wee Tom-Tit.
Bewilderment forever lies
Asmoulder in your questing eyes,
Your forehead's always deeply lined
With frontal hint of woe behind.
I don't dare gaze too often on your features, Mr. Bendix,
Because I fear a rupture of my vermiform appendix.*

VERSE and ADVERSE

*We now converse
Of stars diverse
Fun to disperse
In words so terse*

BY DUGAL O'LIAM

HANK OF HAIR

*A maid named Lake, Veronica,
(A not uncommon monicka,
Though censored in Salonika)
Bethought herself a thought.
Mused she, "A vagrant lock of hair
Left oddly hanging in the air
Around the starboard eye somewhere
Could help a gal a lot."
Perforce, she took one golden strand
(As she had quite naively planned)
Concealed one sullen peeper, and
Begot a movie part.
Today, twixt hands of rummy (gin),
She spars with celluloidal sin
And, watching bullion bubbling in . . .
Grows rich: but is it art?*



Caricatures by
RONAY



ANONYMITY

*This goddess walks among the masses
In flat-beeled brogues and darkened glasses
Encasing her Valkyrian curves
In duds that fray the public nerves.
Upon her regal noggin sits
A hat that almost never fits.
None knows with what sartorial sins
She'll next conceal her shapely shins.
In fact, she looks as if, at most,
She'd gotten here by parcel post,
And yet, were she accoutred betta,
We'd never know that it was Greta.*

CHINA

The girl who knew it was
her war and the man who fig-
ured it wasn't: Jones (Alan
Ladd); Carolyn (Loretta Young)

It was for her, the woman, to show him what
lay ahead, there in the darkness
on that Chinese road



CAST:

Carolyn... Loretta Young
Mr. Jones... Alan Ladd
Johnny... William Bendix
First Brother... Philip Ahn
Tan Ying... Jessie Tai Sing

THIS wasn't his war, Jones thought impatiently, as he tried to peer through the windshield into the darkness of the rainswept road ahead. It was a local affair between the Japs and the Chinese—and what did a neutral American care about it so long as both sides kept on buying his neutral oil?

But tonight the inconvenience of it made him furious. Three days to make Shanghai—on a gutted road choked with bomb-driven refugees. And now this baby!

There it was again—the same tiny wail that came from the cab of the truck.

Jones turned in a cold fury to his companion. "I thought I told you to get rid of that brat before we started!"

Johnny Sparrow, looking as abject as his good-natured face and strong, husky physique would allow, pleaded, "Aw, boss, I'm sorry! But I couldn't leave it there beside all those dead bodies—probably the kid's folks among them, too."

He reached back and pulled the little Chinese infant onto his lap.

"Cute little tyke at that, isn't he?"

"Yeah?" said Jones, angrily. "Well, cute or not, you give him back to the next geeny we see. Understand?"

"Have you ever tried to give a baby away, Mr. Jones? Especially in China—hey! Watch out!"

From a short distance ahead of them came an appalling detonation. Jones threw his whole weight against the wheel. The truck lurched drunkenly. With a jolting crash it skirted the yawning shell-crater by a hair's

Fiction Version by FRANCES BARR MATTHEWS

A Paramount Picture. Directed by John Farrow.
Screen play by Frank Butler. Based on a play
by Archibald Forbes. Copyright, 1943, by
Paramount Pictures, Inc.

breadth, and resumed its way.

"Whew!" gasped Johnny. "Nice work, boss."

Jones grunted and drew a deep breath. In the deadly black of the night it was almost impossible to see a foot ahead. Reaching for a switch, Jones snapped on the powerful searchlight and, swearing under his breath, started to honk his horn furiously. Through the slashing rain, he could barely see the blurred figures of refugees hastening along the road and choking the bridge ahead. Jones made no move to slow down.

Johnny shot him an anxious look. "Better take it easy, Mr. Jones," he said.

Jones made no comment. His already hard, good-looking young face became even harder. The truck headed toward the bridge at an alarming rate, the white glare of the spotlight revealing the terrified faces and scrambling bodies of the refugees as they beheld the oncoming juggernaut.

Johnny could stand it no longer. He leaned over, grabbed the wheel and yanked wildly. The truck skidded in the clay-sticky road and with screech-

ing brakes slid to a stop.

Jones turned toward him savagely. "I ought to beat your brains out for that!" he muttered between his teeth.

"But you'd have killed somebody, boss!" Johnny pleaded.

"Better them than us, you dope," Jones said, shooting him a scorching look. "What do you want to do—sit here and get blown to bits?"

By this time the refugees, like swarms of ants, were fighting each other to climb into the rear of the huge Oklahoma Petroleum truck, swarming along the running boards and onto the canopy. As a bomb burst somewhere too close for comfort, several coolies tried to force their way into the driver's seat. Jones reached back and drove his fist into the nearest face, sending the man sprawling into the road. As others climbed over the prostrate form and onto the seat Jones shouted to Johnny, "Come on! We've got to stop 'em!"

There followed a brief but bloody free-for-all. The two men were no match for the crazed mob, although Jones fought with all the skill and adroitness of his lean, trained body. Just as they were about to be trampled into the mud, there came the roar of a low-flying fighter plane and the rattle of machine guns.

Dishevelled and battered, Johnny and Jones rolled beneath the shelter of the truck. A second later, a stream of tracer bullets ripped along the top of the truck and bodies pitched headlong from the canopy. With screams of terror the mob disappeared into the shadows of the roadside.

She faced him defiantly, mutely
pleading for her Chinese girls



"When are you going to kiss Miss Carolyn?" Tan Ying challenged Jones naively. "In American films, the men are either shooting people or kissing girls!"



As the plane retreated, the two men emerged from under the truck. Suddenly the sound of a girl's voice reached them. They looked at each other, and again at the girl, barely discernible in the gloom.

She was white. But she was addressing the mob calmly and authoritatively in fluent Chinese. Slowly they began to disperse. Pulling himself together, Jones saw that this was the ideal time to get away. He grabbed Johnny's arm, nodded toward the driver's seat. Johnny got in, spied with delight the Chinese baby on the seat, fast asleep and obviously undisturbed by the commotion.

AS Jones was about to step in, the girl's voice, this time in perfect English, called out. "All right there—you in the truck. Come ahead. They won't bother you now. And put out those lights!"

Instead, Jones turned the spotlight full on the girl. He gasped. "Boy, what a target for tonight!" he said—and whistled.

Johnny gasped too, for the girl was a knockout in her cream-colored trenchcoat fastened tightly about her slim waist. Even the mud-covered field boots couldn't hide the dainty curve of her ankles. The rain glistening in her soft hair made her face even whiter.

"Jeez," Johnny muttered, reverently.

Carolyn Brent hopped onto the running board, reached, and under Jones's astonished nose, snapped off the lights.

"Lin Wei! Lin Wei!" she called. "Hop on!"

Lin Wei, a fragile-looking young Chinese with an infectious grin, jumped on the front bumper. Carolyn turned to Jones.

"Get across that bridge," she ordered, briefly.

"Well, I'll be—!" Jones glared at her in astonishment. She glared back undismayed. Abruptly Jones switched on

the lights again and started the truck forward, with Carolyn on the running board.

At a point just beyond the bridge, Carolyn turned to Jones and said: "Stop here. Wait for me, I'll be right back."

She jumped down and into the darkness. The silence was broken by the distant sound of bursting bombs. Under cover of the darkness, and hidden from Jones's view, about twenty young Chinese girls were being cautiously pushed by Carolyn into the rear of the truck. Then she jumped in beside Jones, again switched off the lights and glared at Jones.

"Lit up like that, we wouldn't last five minutes," she said, curtly.

"Just the same, babe," snapped Jones, "I'm not driving this road in the dark."

"Nobody asked you to," said Carolyn, patiently. "Move over."

Before Jones could protest, Carolyn slid over and under the wheel.

"Hey; are you sure you know the road?"

"I ought to. The town we just left is where I was born."

"Oh," said Jones. Then: "Who's the guy on the bumper?"

"He's a student from Mei-ki."

"I wouldn't trust those guys—"

"I'm trusting him with our lives," Carolyn said simply.

Properly snubbed, Jones relapsed into a brief silence. At length Johnny Sparrow could contain himself no longer and began pouring forth a welter of words—what Jones always called "drooling at the mouth." Introducing himself and Jones, he thanked Carolyn for helping them out against the crazy mob at the bridge. She shrugged, explained that it was simple. Most of them were from Mei-ki . . . many of them friends of hers, bombed out of their homes. She was now headed for Chungtu, she told them.

Jones whistled. "Chungtu! That's

"Couldn't we talk to him?" asked Carolyn. Johnny shook his head. "Talking Jones into anything's like wrestling a mule!"

a long stretch! Got relatives there?"

"No, a university. That's where students from the bombed areas are going. I think I can be of help."

Suddenly Lin Wei's torch flashed from the bumper in a wide arc. Carolyn threw her full weight on the wheel and turned it. The truck swerved and lurched violently, just missing a huge bomb crater. Both men drew deep breaths, wiped their foreheads and looked at Carolyn. She was absolutely calm. Johnny gazed at her in admiration. For the second time that night, the wail of a baby came as a shock. This time to Carolyn.

"Did I hear—was that—?" she gasped.

"Say, Miss Brent," said Johnny quickly, "how would you like to have a baby?"

He reached over impulsively and put it in Carolyn's lap.

"Oh, the darling!" Carolyn was entranced. "Here, Mr. Jones. You take the wheel. I want to hold him."

THEY were driving along quietly now. Carolyn, thoroughly exhausted, was asleep between the two men, the baby asleep in her arms. They came to a hill and the truck started acting up.

"The way she's dragging," Jones whispered to Johnny, "you'd think we had a cargo."

"We have," Johnny whispered back. "They're jammed in back there like it was a hayride."

"What! Who?" demanded the startled Jones.

"Poochies," said Johnny, "a whole raft of them. I thought you knew!"

Furiously Jones slammed on the brakes, opened the door and jumped out. He ran to the rear of the truck and peered into the darkness.

"All right—out!" he barked.

There was no answer, no movement. He reached into the truck, grabbed a pair of ankles and jerked a figure over the tailboard, sending it sprawling in the mud. There was still no movement from within. Grabbing a crowbar from a rack, Jones brandished it about.

"Are you coming out or do I have to—?" he braced himself to climb in when, with a rush, the occupants scrambled down the tailboard and into the darkness. They huddled at the dark roadside, clinging together tragically.

Jones was just replacing the crowbar when Carolyn strode over to him.

"What are you doing?" she asked sharply.

"Just cutting down." Jones reached for her arm. "Come on, let's go."

Carolyn jerked her arm free.

"Do you mean to say you're going to leave these people here on the road?"

"Listen," said Jones, exasperated. "Between here and Shanghai there's mountains. I've got barely enough gas to cover it. With (Continued on page 67)

Lush, Latin and Letter

—and engaged to the catch of Hollywood, Pierre Aumont. This is why he—and you—can't resist Maria Montez!

BY DENNIS SPRAGUE

UNCLE DAN KELLY, chief of talent at Universal Studios and the oldest casting executive, in point of service, in Hollywood, exhaled with weary satisfaction and slumped down in a projection room chair.

"There," said he, "is the most ambitious woman I've seen in a quarter of a century in Hollywood. Nothing short of hell and high water can keep her from being a star."

Uncle Dan had just sat through an hour and forty minutes of Maria Montez in "Arabian Nights." If he felt that he was exhausted, he should have interviewed the director, cameraman, crew and cast of Universal's technicolor epic. They'd worked two months with the irrepressible senorita.

Whatever Maria's capers on the set might have been, however, the end, as indicated by the reviews of "Arabian Nights," justified the means. The critics, practically in a body, shinned far out onto the end of a professional limb and announced that Uncle Dan definitely had another star on his long credit sheet.

You can get an argument on Senorita Montez in any studio in Hollywood for the asking. At this point she's the great *cause célèbre* of the picture industry. You either like her with a deep, whole-souled liking or you can't take her, with or without a chaser. Hers is a personality that defies indecision. It's all or nothing with her and just now it comes pretty close to being all.



We met the senorita in the Universal commissary. She looked cool as a rationed cucumber, but she was seething, as usual, within.

"Zey try to coo' me out," she hissed. What she intended to say was that somebody had tried to cool her out. Cooling out is a process employed in Hollywood when a player becomes difficult. However, the man who hit upon Senorita Montez to cool out probably picked Landon to win in 1936.

This unhappy attempt had actually occurred several months before, but someone had told her we were inter-

"White Savage," her latest film, delights the Montez heart because "I kees motch . . . Eet ees loffly."

ested in the story and she'd spent an hour firing up her indignation boilers.

The explanation of her low boiling point is provided by the Montez, herself, and hence is authentic. It is because, she says, she is accustomed to top-drawer accommodations, having been born thereto as the daughter of a Spanish don. The don was Spanish Consul and Embassy (Continued on page 64)

Small person of exotic beauty, common-sense thinking, proven talent, the wife of Sir Alexander Korda, Merle Oberon of Columbia's "Attack By Night"





Flier-philosopher, one of the best amateur pilots on the Coast, engaging husband of Miss Joan Fontaine, Brian Aherne of Columbia's "Attack By Night"

What should a girl

One sure way to find out whether you're kidding yourself about

THESE GALS



Olivia de Havilland:
He'll be well "Posted"



Ann Rutherford: Dave
May knew the answer



Gene Tierney: A
"tempered" point



Merle Oberon: She
told you to tell



Joan Bennett: No
wool over her eyes



Lucille Ball: No
long face allowed



Michele Morgan:
Companion piece

expect from a man?

that man in your life—just measure him up against this Hollywood ruler

SAY THIS

"I want kindness and tact from a man. A girl should always try to look her best, but we all know that every now and then, when we're too busy or too tired, we don't look as attractive as we could. One day I was busily polishing the kitchen floor at home. I had on a pair of old slacks, my hair was skewered on top of my head, I had no make-up on. Suddenly I looked up and saw David May standing there in the door. I tell you I could have sunk through the floor with embarrassment. He just turned to my mother and said, 'Doesn't she look cute like that!' I think I fell in love with him at that moment. We can't be on parade all the time and if he's kind and tactful enough to put you at your ease when you're caught short, then he's the right sort of guy."

Ann Fetherford

"Look for a man who keeps his temper. It still takes two to make an argument and you can't get into a bitter fight when only one of you is angry. One of the reasons Oley and I are so happy is that he keeps his temper when I get mad. I remember that for one date I wore a black, slinky dress I thought was divine. When he came to call for me he didn't mention it at all. He just said, 'What do you say we go bowling tonight?' I said, 'In this dress?' He replied, 'No.' 'So you don't like my dress?' I demanded furiously. He said, 'Well . . .' I was so disappointed that I lost my temper completely. He simply observed calmly, 'You know, when you get mad you look just like a cute little potato.' I had to laugh at that and that made me forget how angry I was. But if Oley had lost his temper when I did it might have broken us up for good."

Gene Tierney

"Courtesy and consideration and sweetness. I also think when a man fails a girl she should tell him; say, 'You must never do that to me because I can't have it, you know.' Girls who ask nothing get nothing!"

Julia Owen

"A girl should expect a man to be punctilious about manners. I like a man who notices there's something I would like to have and remembers this when a birthday or Christmas comes around. I like men who make occasions of special days. This makes life so much more amusing and intriguing."

Olivia de Havilland

"A woman should demand fidelity! The business of a man's saying, 'I had a little fling on the side, but it doesn't spoil my affection for you' is ridiculous. If his affection is so great, why does he do anything to spoil it for the woman?"

Joan Brewster

"Companionship is the most important thing. If you can have fun with the man you date, no matter what the circumstances, then you will always be happy with him. He should never bore you, no matter where you are or what you are doing. A girl should never be lonely when she's with the right man. When you feel that no matter what life may bring to you, whether it's happiness or sorrow or grief or poverty or wealth, he will be a companion to you through it all and share with you your joys and your sorrows, then I say you should marry him quickly."

Michelle Morgan

"That he should never hold a grudge is my first requisite. If, after a quarrel's settled, he doesn't keep harping on it, then he's an okay date. I always want to laugh when I hear any man or woman say, 'We never have a cross word,' because that just doesn't happen. Every couple has differences of opinion and they're happier if they settle them, rather than keep them submerged. But, after a matter is settled, it should be over and forgotten. Desi and I have a pact that we'll never let the day end without settling an argument and forgetting it."

Lucille Ball

Kiss me for luck

They danced—and it was as if their steps belonged together. The girl was smart enough to know that their hearts belonged together, too

By Henry and Sylvia Lieferant

The story thus far:

SUCCESS can sometimes be the partner of romance. It can bring two people together—and that is what it had done for Phil, pivot of the pantomiming Jordan Brothers, new finds of Hollywood, and the beautiful—and calculating—Doris Foster. For it was Phil's success that had drawn Doris to him, had made her hope that, through his glory, she might find a longed-for spot in the limelight herself. It can split up two people, too—and that's what it had done to Phil and Betsy Bell, the little singer he had known in his second-rate night-club days but whose name he had almost forgotten, caught as he was in Doris Foster's honey.

But Success can pull tricks, too—and that's what it had done when it suddenly deserted the Jordan Brothers. But first of all, really, they had deserted themselves. For Roy and Chet had become jealous of Phil, there had been discord, a discord that resulted in their picture's failure, the dropping of their option. And Success chose to smile, instead, on Doris Foster, to take her away to stardom, away from Phil, now that her purpose was achieved.

The Jordan Brothers were no more, Chet had walked out to marry an heiress; Roy had decided to carve a solo career for himself. There was no one for Phil to count on—except little Betsy Bell, who looked him up one day; took his hand in hers and said, "I'm in your corner, Phil."

She was there to stand by him, to try to coax him to start out on a career of his own, to make a name for himself alone, as she knew he could. It was no go; Phil had lost his confidence and, with Roy's sudden death, Betsy knew that he had lost his courage, too.

She took him back to her apartment after the funeral. He didn't seem to care where he was, but maybe now that he was completely defenseless,

nonresistant, she could convince him that he must go on alone.

To her pleading he said merely, "I'm a flopperoo. There's no reason why I should hustle to get somewhere!"

Her eyes were wide and fearless, her voice clear and soft. She had one card ready—and she was going to use it now. "There is a reason, Phil. Shall I tell you what it is?"

SHE compelled him to meet her gaze and in it he saw why he must go on, why he couldn't give up now. "Betsy!" he cried, as if he were calling from a great distance.

"I'm here, Phil."

He spoke with difficulty. "I'm a heel. I let you down. You ought to do the same by me. Doris didn't mean a thing to me. I thought she did. I let my head be turned. You're the one, Betsy, but I don't expect you to believe me."

"The one for what, Phil?" she whispered.

He sat up sharply, moved close to her and turned her face to the light. "Don't you get any notions about working with me. I'll work with nobody. I've got to be on my own. Why, you little dope!" he cried. "You're the one to work for. I've got to do it for you. Maybe this isn't the time to speak—I'm not very happy today. I ought to bring you more happiness than I feel today."

"Oh don't, Phil."

"I love you, Betsy. That's the reason I've got to climb up—" as if he had just discovered it, instead of having it brought to his consciousness. "You believe in me. You always did. I don't know why."

"Because I love you. Isn't that enough?"

"Say that again—and again—"

She repeated it. His lips came down hard on hers. There was a driving, compelling force behind him now, compounded of fear and the determination to make good. Perhaps his love would





Love made her clever,
heartbreak made her wise.
"Dear God," she prayed,
"let him be angry . . ."
even as she danced gaily

ILLUSTRATION BY
CARL MUELLER

not be the tender indulgent thing that every girl dreams of. Perhaps hers would have to be more resilient, making no demands, giving, only giving. But she was here in his arms. He was whispering every endearment she longed to hear, promising, apologizing, planning. And when she finally caught her breath and said, "I will marry you, Phil—yes!" she felt that she was repeating her vows before the minister.

But not Phil. He pushed her away rather gruffly and then held her at arm's length. "Not now!"

"Not exactly this minute," Betsy agreed. "It's rather late in the day. But tomorrow morning—"

"No!"

She moved away. "Well, I guess a girl can't do any more than hope," although she knew, before he spoke, what was on his mind.

"I won't marry you until I'm somebody."

"You're somebody to me—Phil Jordan."

"And who's Phil Jordan? The dregs of the Jordan Brothers, that's who. It's no go, Betsy, until I'm on my own feet, not what's left over from the three Jordans. I haven't even got a job."

"You'll have one soon."

Despair washed over him again. "How do I know? Don't you realize I have to start all over—by myself—get new routines—find my own feet and voice? Instead of depending on Chet's feet and Roy's voice?"

"I always manage—to have jobs, Phil."

"No! Do you want me to live on your work? What do you think I am? We'll marry when I can support you. You do understand, Betsy, don't you?"

No woman can withstand that appeal from the man she loves. "I understand, Phil," but she didn't agree with him. She could help him so much if they were married, but again she held her counsel, knowing that things must go his way, at first.

He kissed her hard and long, and then he left.

HE loved her—she had no doubt of that now. She loved him—the turn of his head, his hands with the funny thumb, the confidence he had once had and would have again. He was a man, not a boy. He had carried his brothers, but the point was to convince him of this. He would come through now, if only for her sake.

Betsy and Phil slipped easily into a routine of life. Phil had moved to Mama Bosco's boardinghouse and every morning he worked there, practicing new routines. Often he'd appear at Betsy's apartment at noon, with the makings of a lunch, after which he would spend the afternoon rehearsing under her eyes. Other days, she would beat him to it and prepare a lunch in Mama's kitchen.

When she had to go over a few new songs, they didn't meet until late afternoon. Always, however, he took her to the so-called night club, and was waiting for her when she finished. Since they had both lived too long on limited funds to start (Continued on page 78)

Play



Ham-and-straw pose of Bing, pay-off for refusing to answer No. 13: A picture of him dieting at lunch

1—Q: Do you like being a celebrity?
A: Frankly, yes, because I'm a ham.
2—Q: What do you like least and most about it?

A: The most? The build-up it gives me in the eyes of my kids. After they saw "Road To Morocco," for instance, I was a big man around the house for a while. Now I'll have to wait until "Dixie" is released before I rate again. Meantime Abbott and Costello will be their heroes. The least? Always missing the kick-off at football games because autograph hounds tie me up at the stadium gate.

3—Q: Why have you insisted on keeping details of your family life so private and secret from the public?

A: I've never figured it as secrecy. We're just a normal, middle-class American family so there is nothing particularly sensational, interesting or newsworthy about us. Why try to make something out of nothing?

4—Q: Do you enjoy doing love scenes in pictures?

A: I don't mind—if the lady is equally agreeable.

5—What is the least and most you have been paid for singing?

A: I've worked all night for three bucks and played the drums, too, when the band was playing college proms at the University of Gonzaga. On the other hand, one song brought \$50,000 not long ago when a gentleman on the Oakland golf course paid that much for a War Bond in

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I have been asked to write a letter of recommendation for Robert "Ski-Nose" Hope, an ex-employee of mine. I can only say that Mr. Hope has worked for me briefly on several occasions, such as in "My Favorite Blonde" and in some of the "Road" pictures in which we tried to give him a little something to do, and, in the words of the critics who reviewed those efforts, he was "adequate."

I would like to take this occasion to discount some of the rumors which are constantly being circulated about Ski-Nose, including the allegation that he steals candy from babies. In the first place, that was no baby. That was.....well, never mind. And as for other rumors, well, on second thought, maybe they're true.

In any case, I cannot recommend Hope too highly for the job for which he is applying. He and my horses are confident that he possesses all the credentials necessary for a good assistant street-cleaner.

If Ski-Snoot should by any chance not live up to all the fine things I have said about him, I shall be glad to write him my secondary, or class B recommendation.

relations,

Yours, in the interest of better

Bing Crosby

Because he wouldn't tell on No. 21, Bing had to release this Fink pose of wife Dixie and himself in a howling moment



Bing blushed and evaded No. 7; gritted his teeth and wrote a letter of recommendation for Bob Hope

TRUTH or CONSEQUENCES

WITH

Bing Crosby

Catching the Groaner where

it hurts. He has to answer

these plain-spoken ques-

tions or pay off plenty!

Game Conductor

Kay Proctor

There was a young groaner named Bing
Who came from Tacoma to sing
His career as a crooner
Would have started much sooner --
Oh, heck, you finish this thing!

Rhyme with reason: Bing
wouldn't talk on No. 30; had
to write a penalty limerick

A: The only time I really crack down is when they tell a lie, deliberately break up property or get fresh. I can't stand fresh kids.

15—Q: Do they ever stump you?

A: I still am unable to explain to Lindsay why I have a sweetheart on the screen and a wife at home. He can't seem to reconcile the idea and always is threatening to "tell Mommy" on me after he sees me in a picture.

16—Q: What is your pet name for Dixie?

A: I don't have one, although some people call her Dix, which she hates. When I want to rib her I call her by her real name of Wilma.

17—Q: Do you ever help around the house?

A: Sure, why not? I'm great at making breakfast, especially French toast, and I do a mean job of raking up leaves and carrying off debris and trash. Anything mechanical, however, stymies me; I can't even fix a safety pin.

18—Q: What is your favorite mid-night snack?

A: Anything and everything I can find in the ice box—if Dixie doesn't catch me!

19—Q: Do you and Dixie have a long-standing argument?

A: Yes, about disciplining the kids. She says I'm too easy on 'em. I don't lick 'em as often as she, but I do a better job of it when a spanking is indicated. Or so I maintain.

(Continued on page 50)

Passionate Profile: Provided Dottie Lamour co-operates and there's a mustachioed chaperon, Bing lets himself go as a great lover, penalty on Question 53



20—Q: Do you ever refuse to sing?
A: Yes, when people ask me to stand at the piano and deliver a small concert at informal gatherings. I hate that idea.

21—Q: Who is the most difficult director in Hollywood?

(Bing chose the consequences: Give us an embarrassing picture of yourself.)

22—Q: What is your favorite song?
A: It used to be "Stardust," but "White Christmas" is pushing a close second.

23—Q: What song have you sung publicly which you did not think was suited to your voice?

A: "Ballad For Americans" because it requires more voice than I have.

24—Q: What instrument would you like to play in jam sessions?

A: The drums, because I can play them a little, and no other instrument at all.

25—Q: Do you ever have a desire to lead a band?

A: Of course. Everyone loves to lead a band, although I'm darned if I know why. Ever notice a drunk in a night club? Leading the band invariably is his first idea—and his best one!

26—Q: Why do you wear such loud color combinations?

A: Believe it or not, it's because I'm color-blind. I used to try to work out careful combinations, but I discovered I had less success with them than the haphazard grab method I use now.

27—Q: Do you have a pet extravagance in clothes?

A: I guess sweaters are my phobia. I can't resist a good-looking one, even though I have many more than I need, probably thirty or thirty-five in all. I never give them up and it is the law around the house that no one touches them.

28—Q: Do twins run in your family?

A: My brother Ted fathered twins just before ours were born, but they are the only ones in the family history.

29—Q: What feminine characteristic do you dislike most?

A: Unnecessary argument and talking too much.

30—Q: Who do you think is the most important man in Hollywood?

(Bing chose the consequences: Write a limerick about a "groaner" named Crosby.)

31—Q: What is your philosophy of life?

A: Do all the work you have to do and devote the rest of your time to pleasure because, as you grow older, you lose the precious ability to enjoy things.

32—Q: Do you like yourself as a person?

A: Not very well. I'm too lazy and I don't have the talent I wish I had. I could do with a little more imagination and energy, too.

33—Q: What do you think is your best trait? Your worst?

A: My best trait, I think, is my sense of humor. I'm a soft audience for any comedian. My worst, which I never

have admitted but which people say is true nevertheless, is my refusal to make friends easily and to make any effort to be gay company.

34—Q: Aside from the entertainment field, how could you earn a living?

A: To be honest, I'd be in a helluva fix. I'm too lazy to do manual labor and too unaggressive for salesmanship or anything like that. My only chance, perhaps, would be as a hack writer and I'd probably starve at that.

35—Q: Are you really lazy or is it a publicity gag?

A: Let's just say I'm plain tired all the time.

36—Q: Could you be happy now on a small income or salary?

A: Not if I had to circulate in the same company. Otherwise I'm sure I



Don't breathe this to a soul—
but are we going to have

FUN in the **JULY** issue

It's about **FIGURES**

Ever since **ADAM** the boys

have had an eye for the

outline of a pretty girl.

And **EVE**—don't imagine

she's been sleeping all these

years. She likes outlines, too!

SO

we're going to publish some

gorgeous color pictures of

gorgeous Hollywood stars

in—a-ha—bathing suits!

Just **WAIT** and **SEE**

our **JULY** issue!

could be perfectly happy on a small ranch or living in a small town under small-town conditions. In other words, I mean money is relatively important to me but luxuries are not.

37—Q: What is your idea of an ideal way to spend a day?

A: Well, it would be at the Del Mar ranch during racing season. Get up at seven a.m., shoot a few quail, have breakfast, take a swim, play eighteen holes of golf, go to the track, have a fair percentage of winning bets, eat a good dinner at home, go listen to a good dance band for a while and call it a day at eleven p.m. Sure, I still say I'm lazy; the above would be doing what I want to do and therefore fun.

38—Q: What do you notice first in a woman?

A: Are you kidding? Her eyes—it says here.

39—Q: Do you rebel against routine?

A: No, it's a swell way to get things done.

40—Q: Which of your own movies is your favorite?

A: "Sing You Sinners"—because I actually got paid for hanging around a race track.

41—Q: What character quality do you think is most essential in a husband?

A: Faithfulness.

42—Q: In what way could your personal life be happier.

A: Only if I didn't have to work. Think of the extra golf I could play!

43—Q: What phase of movie-making irritates you?

A: The endless and inevitable delays. I like to get things over with so I can get out on that golf course.

44—Q: What is your honest opinion of Hollywood as a whole?

A: It's a good place to live and just like any other town except maybe everyone is a little more prone to rib things.

45—Q: What kind of entertaining do you prefer?

A: Casual get-togethers at home where folks drop in and everyone does something toward an impromptu show. It's fun to see the ham in other people as well as yourself.

46—Q: Do you run your home on a budget?

A: We try to—without too much success.

47—Q: When and where were you married?

A: In the sacristy of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood in 1929.

48—Q: Are you good at spinning yarns?

A: I think I'm good. Hope disagrees.

49—Q: What is your best dodge in ducking flat questions?

A: I ask another question.

50—Q: Are you good at remembering names and faces?

A: Faces, but not names. Usually when I get stuck for a name I say, "Are you still down there?" and try to wangle a clue from the answer.

51—Q: Does it embarrass you to be stared at in public?

A: I'm never aware of anyone staring. Usually they holler at me. It's not embarrassing; I like it.

52—Q: Do you lose your temper quickly?

A: I don't have any temper to lose. In fact, I can't remember ever getting really mad. I used to wrap a few golf clubs around trees when I missed a shot, but that's not losing your temper and, besides, I don't do it any more.

53—Q: Do you prefer brains or beauty in a woman?

(Bing chose the consequences: Give us a picture showing the Crosby "great lover" technique.)

54—Q: What do you find it hardest to forgive?

A: Disloyalty.

THE END

JUNE DAY-DREAMERS



The younger set will call this "dreamy"; their older sisters will tag it "smart"; everyone will want a piqué, come summer, that isn't just another dress. This is it—a June day-dreamer worn by Deanna Durbin of Universal "Hers To Hold." The solid black top is sophisticated; the handblocked skirt, patterned in black and white stripes and bows, is colorful. Wear it and you'll look the way you want to look in June

June Day-Dreamers



One linen dress for every summer wardrobe; which one shall it be? If a girl's wise, she chooses one as fresh, as feminine, as this natural Irish linen of Deanna Durbin's. It has an appliqué of bright flowers to set it off and tiny pearl buttons fastening the front and one side of the skirt. Dress designed by Marjorie Montgomery

June Day-Dreamers



Sell-out for summer: Monica's Irish rayon tweed suit, brown with a white pin stripe. The piqué vestee and piping are the essential "touch of white"; the suit itself is an inveterate traveler. With it, Deanna wears a beguilingly feminine white fabric Leslie James hat with a brim that casts a shadow of success over every girl's eyes

Made for Marriage

CLOTHES TO MAKE YOU LOOK AS SMART AS A STAR

Be star-smart and romantic when your first guests come to call in "First Love," a soft Bemberg sheer with white hearts and locks and miniature white polka dots, a little heart-shaped pocket and collar crisp with white organdy. You'll adore it; he'll adore you in it!

In blue, gold, melon and navy. 9-15. About \$7.95



Be star-smart and gay as a bride should be in this Sanforized printed lawn (left) with green buttons, pleats stitched halfway down, smart green corded belt. Susan Hayward of "Reap The Wild Wind" votes it right into any girl's trousseau as a perfect a.m. to p.m. outfit

In all colors on white. Sizes 12-20. About \$6.50



For a list of stores where these fashions are available, please turn to page 88

Be star-smart and happy as the proverbial lark for your first marketing in this trim woven seersucker with its trick pockets, its discreet short sleeves—which make it a bet for days in town. The hat: A white sailor

Dress: In green, blue, brown or red with white. 12-20. About \$8. Hat: Black, navy, high colors, light coffee, natural. A Janyth Ray model. 21 1/2-23. About \$5.95

Trousseau tip-offs, big hits at little cost — chosen by star Susan Hayward, worn by Connecticut reader Bernice Egan

Be star-smart and beautiful on the best day of all in this exquisite marquisette with its romantic skirt, quaint sleeves, lovely ethereal veil. Practical note: The skirt can be cut off later to give you a daytime "best dress," too

In white, pink, aqua, maize, blue; 9-15; 10-16. About \$16.95. Veil in white, blue, pink, \$6.95.



Be star-smart and just right when you go away in this two-piece suitlike dress of rayon mesh. The half-size is the answer to big girls' prayers! The hat: Off-the-face bonnet

Dress: In luggage, blue, green. 16½-24½. \$14.95. Hat: A Janyth Ray in black, grey, navy, pastels, high colors. 21½-23. About \$7.75



Be star-smart and up-to-the-minute when you tackle your first batch of dishes in this Sanforized striped pinafore dress that comes, too, in large sizes to make the big girls happy. It has the sanction of the W.P.B. for Victory workers, which, along with its big patch pockets and comfortable wrap-around style, should have you working in the pink

In red, blue or green stripes—sizes 16-44. In red, blue or green flower print—sizes 12-20. About \$2.25

PHOTOPLAY'S
*Star-Maker
Fashions*

Look-Alikes

A Who's Who of stars. Can you tell these pairs apart? If you can, you're better than Hollywood's best

The face that made the biggest beauty mark on Hollywood was that of Hedy Lamarr. Newest contender for her title is up-and-coming Inez Cooper, a "spittin' image" model of the dark-haired Austrian. The one on the left is "sister" Cooper; at the right is Hedy

John Payne's profile pays off in feminine sighs. Now James Craig comes along, has a semblance of resemblance to John, ends up being paired off with Payne. At the right is a single-double, with Craig looking like Payne (far right) and Payne looking like Craig

This doubles match pairs up blonde Marjorie Woodworth, a Hollywood New Face, with the late Jean Harlow. Two to one, you can't tell these two apart. At the far left is Marjorie, 1943 edition of the never-to-be-forgotten blonde Harlow



"If Your Man's in Service DON'T HAVE WAR DATES!"

That's what the men say! Their spokesman—John Shelton, husband of Kathryn Grayson



Kathryn Grayson, movie star, who prefers to be Mrs. John Shelton: "I'm going wherever John goes for as long as I can!"

In March Photoplay, Ida Lupino advised that "Wives Should Have War Dates!" From camps everywhere letters like the one below poured in. We set out to see how general this male reaction was. Judge for yourself!
—The Editors

Fort Sheridan,
Illinois

Photoplay-Movie Mirror,
New York City, New York

Dear Editor,

Many of us at this post who have been reading the March Photoplay have doubts about the article called "Wives Should Have War Dates." We feel it is going a little too far to interfere with the wives of men who have gone away to fight for their country.

So many homes are broken up by wives going out with other fellows. And now an article like this has been published the wives of service men will be more likely to do that sort of thing. Therefore, we, the service men of Fort Sheridan, feel such a statement should be contradicted and wives be made to feel it is their duty not to go out with other men while their husbands are away fighting to make this a free country for all of us.

Very Respectfully Yours,

Private Dale A. Sandora



Officer Candidate Shelton: "Men go to pieces at the thought of another fellow with their girl"

"MEN in service get the jitters, even go A.W.O.L. sometimes because wives and sweethearts have war dates," John Shelton said. "In the months I've been in service, since enlisting after Pearl Harbor, I've been at three camps. At every one of those camps the men have thought about, talked about and worried about nothing but the girl back home—how she was getting along, what she was doing. . . .

"In fact," he continued, "I'm wholly satisfied the very first job any girl or woman has today is keeping her man in service happy and content, satisfied at all times that she's one hundred percent loyal and faithful.

"Women are doing swell work in defense plants, in various services, in the Red Cross, in Victory gardens, I know. But all of this is only half of what it is up to them to do for this fight; and the other half and maybe the most important half—although no romantic uniforms and no snappy in-

By Roberta Ormiston

signias go with it—is keeping the morale of the Army, Navy, Marines and Air Corps as high as it will be if the men in those services aren't apprehensive about the girls they left behind them."

Officer Candidate John Price (which is Shelton's real name) was looking eloquently at his wife Kathryn Grayson when they were talking in the guest house at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, the Army's largest Signal Corps camp. Across the room three Army wives hailed Kathryn as a comrade, not as a celebrity, the star of Metro's big picture, "Private Miss Jones." In fact only a handful of people at that tremendous post know Kathryn other than as Mrs. John Price. Which isn't at all strange. For that's what she is, above all.

"Johnny," Kathryn said gently, "tell how that boy who was with you at that camp in Missouri went A.W.O.L.

because he was so worried about his wife."

"At first," Johnny answered, "that guy began worrying because he wasn't getting letters as often as he thought he should. Then he began calling his home on the telephone—in the evening when she would have been home if everything was on the up and up. No answer. So he went over the hill. And came back finally to spend six months in the guardhouse.

"This happened to have been a case where a wife really had been behaving badly. It was tough on the guy. He began his suit for divorce the same day he stood court-martial. But lots of fellows have a bad time just because their wives or girls go out dancing. Obviously no girl goes dancing alone. Whereupon the imagination of the fellow who is away works overtime.

"Something happens to us in service. We've all the same kind of bug. We don't like civilians any more. It burns us plenty to (Continued on page 66)

The truth about HOLLYWOOD COURTSHIPS

by
"Fearless"



Bob Hope's wife Dolores took the first step in their courtship. He said "no"; they ended up married



What Craig Stevens had to do after proposing to Alexis Smith took nerve

THE scene is Kalamazoo. Boy meets girl. Boy likes girl. Girl likes boy. He asks for a date. She says "Yes." In the course of time they marry, have a couple of kids and live happily ever afterwards.

The scene is Hollywood. Boy meets girl. Girl likes boy. Boy likes girl. He, sometimes she, asks for a date. And now the old, but always fascinating, story takes a new twist.

The first time they are seen together in public they will be married off by all the columnists. The first time they kiss, no matter where they are, they will hear a click and see the flash of a photographer. The first time he eyes another woman, or she smiles at another man, they will read all about it with the morning coffee. Every present he buys her, or does not buy her, is broadcast by land and

sea. If the girl is more than two years older than the boy, she is called a cradle-snatcher by the editorial writers. If the man is more than ten years senior to the girl he is humiliated by long sermons in the newspapers about how can such a marriage last with nonsubtle hints that she is taking him for his money and position.

This should give you a faint idea why so many Hollywood courtships are nipped in the bud before they can sprout into marriage. Love is a delicate plant at the best of times. It's something you can't rush unless both parties are willing. Roland Young, to give a brief example, was recently smitten by a girl I know. He's a shy old bird, is Roland, with a fear that amounts to a phobia against publicity on his private life. He was falling hard for this girl and she was rehearsing her

"Yes" for when he would ask her to marry him. But she made the mistake of dining with him at Chasen's. The next morning their "romance" with interesting details was in the papers—"And I never saw Roland again!" the girl moaned some time afterward.

With all the hazards and pitfalls surrounding a courtship in Hollywood it's surprising that some actually do arrive at the altar. Even the ones that do run the danger of widespread publicity. No details, however intimate, are too sacred for the gossipy set, though, until now, they've been hidden from the general public. For instance, all Hollywood knew—and grinned over—the fact that Charles Boyer's proposal to Pat Paterson took place on a Saturday night. All the fancy jewelry stores were closed until Monday morning. But Charles was in a hurry. He

Debunking the old theory
that love in Hollywood is just like love
anywhere else. This is the alarming difference



"That's for me!" said Victor Mature
when he first spotted Rita Hayworth.
Her reaction caused sparks to fly

The way Alice Faye met Phil Harris
was intriguing. The way they didn't
get together was almost disastrous

couldn't wait until Monday to seal his love with a ring. So they dashed to Hollywood Boulevard and the million-dollar screen lover bought his Pat a dime-store engagement ring.

The columnists saw to it, too, that Hollywood was completely informed about all the facts, pleasant and otherwise, of the Tierney-Cassini courtship. They knew that Gene and Count Oleg Cassini met at a party given by Connie Moore and Johnny Maschio. They sat together and groaned about life in general. Oleg asked Gene for a date so they could do some more groaning. Gene said that would be wonderful. Only they didn't groan any more. From then on it was a case of fifty percent cooing and fifty percent fighting. The battles mostly took place on Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills. One night the argument overlapped into

Bedford Drive. Oley was so mad he stopped the car because he couldn't drive, gesticulate and argue at the same time. So they parked. The fight ended with Cassini's proposing to Gene. She accepted him there and then. After their marriage, whenever they got into a fight, they drove through Bedford Drive. This doesn't happen so often nowadays because Oley is stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, and Gene has to make pictures here.

But it will be a long while before Hollywood forgets the quarrels of the couple. Once they got as far as the airport to elope but quarrelled and came back. Another time when Gene was sick through eating sweets, Oley showed up with a huge box of candy. Even when she is well Gene is not exactly mild-tempered. And that time she hit the ceiling! "How could you bring

me candy," she screamed. "You know I can't eat candy!" Oley just smiled and said, "Well—why don't you open it?" Glaring wrathfully, Gene opened the box and there, under layers and layers of fancy paper, was her engagement ring!

Here's the truth about Franchot Tone's impetuous courtship of Jean Wallace. They were lunching with a group of men at the swimming pool of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Franchot was scowling and Jean was wondering what was the matter. Suddenly Franchot said, "Boys, I wish you'd sit back, or better still, go to another table. I want to be with the woman of my choice—alone." Which is a very different way of proposing. Nowadays Franchot prefers not to be alone with Jean. Not that he loves her less, but he loves his in-laws more. He says the



Hollywood's still talking about what Franchot Tone said during his courtship of Jean Wallace

big house he bought from Robert Montgomery is too small for two people and he generously invited Jean's mother, sister and brother to live with them.

TWO years ago, Jinx Falkenburg was in New York giving an interview to the boy who wrote the "Only Human" column for the New York *Daily Mirror*. "Miss Falkenburg," asked Tex McCreary, "what do you expect to be doing five years from now?" "I expect," replied Jinx, "to be married, with three children, a swimming pool, a tennis court and a big house." When Tex wrote his piece he added a facetious P.S. "She wants nothing pretentious!" Jinx was furious and when Tex called her for a date six months ago in New York, she accepted merely to bawl him out. When he proposed—soon after—he promised her three children, a swimming pool, a tennis court and a big house! Tex is now with the American fighting forces in England and, unless he returns here soon, Jinx is going here to marry him.

Alice Faye is still so in love with Phil Harris she can hardly see straight. It was cute the way they met. Alice, tired and greasy with make-up after a long day in the studio, went for a bite of dinner to Charlie Foy's restaurant in the Valley. She was alone, but that's what she wanted. Phil, who had just finished a long rehearsal and broadcast, dropped in a little later. He, too, was tired and glad to be alone. They sat opposite each other with an occasional stare. Charlie Foy, table-hopping between them, discovered they did not know each other. He introduced them. They talked about food and Phil raved about what a good cook he had and why didn't Alice

come over for dinner some night? Alice said she would. But she's a shy girl and, when the time came, didn't show.

Phil began a barrage of calls and one night Alice came to dine, but the man she fell for was not Harris. She fell for his nine-year-old adopted son. She had to leave Hollywood on a vacation to realize that Phil was her man. She rushed back. During the intense courtship, Alice and Phil visited Charlie Foy's restaurant for sentimental reasons. And had the only spat of their lives!

THE easiest way for boy to meet girl in Hollywood is in a studio. Victor Mature found Rita Hayworth at Twentieth Century-Fox. Tyrone Power was knocked for a loop by pretty Annabella in the same place (in "Suez"). RKO-Radio played cupid for Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

It was the first day of shooting on "My Gal Sal." Miss Hayworth in a costume that showed her figure as nature made it flounced past leading man Mature.

Vic stopped in his tracks, whistled and said, "That's for me!" "You're a fresh guy, aren't you?" said Rita in a huff, and for a long while—all right, a few days—confined the love-making strictly to the picture. But you have to be made of ice to resist Vic's real charm when he is out to get his gal. Rita is now crazy about Vic and they plan to marry after her divorce is final and he can get a wedding furlough from the Coast Guard in which he is now gun captain.

The way Lucille Ball got her man should be a lesson on the subject for every girl who is in love with a male who is not sure he wants to marry.

During her courtship, Desi was in her Hollywood apartment once and casually mentioned that he'd left a book in his car outside. "I'd better get it," he said lazily (he'd just eaten some of Lucille's cooking and had that pleasant after-lunch sleepiness). Miss Ball was at the door before he could finish his sentence. "You stay where you are, I'll get it," she admonished him, and flew on the wings of love to get the book.

Desi was a little afraid of marriage—thought it might hurt his film career. But he succumbed under the soothing influence of Lucille's constant concern over his slightest need. Lucille, the city girl, Desi, the boy who lived in night clubs, are currently cooing and clucking like a pair of their own poultry on the farm they own in the Valley.

DOLORES READE was singing in a New York night club when Bob Hope strolled in with George Murphy and another man. Bob and George were then working in the hit stage show, "Roberta." The others had to leave and Bob was alone with Dolores at her table. She thought he was just a chorus boy but, being a nice girl, asked him to dance anyway. Bob said "No," which was wise. He is better at conversation. On arriving home Dolores said to her mother, "I've just met the man I'm going to marry. He's only a chorus boy but he's invited me to the next matinee of his show." She went, saw that Bob was not in the chorus but one of the leads. They were married a month later.

This marriage is one of the happiest in Hollywood. And we dare you to kid about Bob's face in her presence, calling him ski-nose, etc. Dolores thinks Bob more than cute. She thinks he's handsome!

Alexis Smith is as modern as they come in Hollywood—or Kalamazoo. But there's a real old-fashioned touch to her betrothal to Craig Stevens. After six months of hectic courtship, Craig asked the always popular question, "Will you marry me?" Alexis said "Yes."

The next day she startled him by saying, "You must ask my father for my hand in marriage." "But you've already said yes," he reminded her. Alexis insisted and Craig finally agreed to turn the clock back to Grandma's day. Tremblingly he approached Alexis's father, asked the same question that he had asked the daughter, received the same reply.

And that's where the old-fashioned aspect of the Smith-Stevens courtship ended. It has a strictly modern view towards each other's friendships for the opposite sex. Craig is now a corporal in the Army and can't see Alexis so much as he'd like to, but there are no jealousies or petty bickerings over the incidents that usually bother engaged couples. Craig didn't even mind when Alexis gave Private Richard Commins a gold identification bracelet inscribed—"With love from Alexis." And Private Commins is an old beau of hers!

THE END



FROM COLLEGE TO WAR INDUSTRY

—Phylis tests tensile strength of fabric for parachute bags, tents, summer uniforms for the armed forces. She is one of 6 college girls being trained in a big Textile Company, to replace young men called to the services.

Phylis Gray

Another charming Pond's engaged girl—daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Henry Gray of Great Neck, New York. Her engagement to Ensign Allen Hughes Jones of Chevy Chase, Md., now with the United States Coast Guard Reserve, was announced September 15th.



PHYLIS AND ALLEN ARE SAILING ENTHUSIASTS: Her blue-green eyes are changeable as the sea. Her soft-smooth Pond's complexion has a delicate, rose-fresh beauty.



HER RING is exquisite—a shining solitaire with 3 smaller diamonds deep set each side in the platinum band.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

"I GUESS girls all over the country are feeling extra grateful for Pond's these busy days," Phylis says. "A war job certainly doesn't leave you much time for fussy beauty care—so it means a lot to have a luscious, soft-smooth cream like Pond's to help keep your face bright and fresh, and soft-to-touch. It's the *grandest* cleansing and softening cream I know."

Here's how Phylis uses Pond's for soft-smooth cleansing!

She slips Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats—gently, quickly,

to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Then—tissues it off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening. Tissues off again. "It's a joy," Phylis says, "how made-over my face feels!"

Use Pond's as Phylis does—every night, for daytime clean-ups, too! You'll *love* it. And you'll soon see why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt are Pond's users—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream.

At beauty counters everywhere—all sizes popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!



BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
 ✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

Trio coming up in a triumph:
 Franchot Tone, Marsha Hunt,
 Gene Kelly in "Skyway To Glory"



✓**AIR FORCE**—Warners: One of the most exciting air pictures ever filmed, with suspense riding with the crew of the *Mary Ann*, an American bomber, from the moment it hits into the air through the Jap attack at Pearl Harbor to Wake Island and Manila. John Garfield does an excellent job as the head gunner and Gig Young, Jim Brown, George Tobias and the rest of the cast deserve special mention. (April)

✓**AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY, THE**—Universal: Deanna Durbin, daughter of a missionary to China, pretends she married Commodore Harry Davenport just before he went down with his torpedoed ship in order to get her eight war orphan companions in the U. S. Soon enough she finds herself in all sorts of difficulties and head over heels in love with Edmond O'Brien, grandson of the late *Commodore*. (April)

✓**AMERICAN EMPIRE**—Harry Sherman—U.A.: A Western in the grand manner, with Richard Dix and Preston Foster as partners who establish a huge cattle ranch in Texas. Leo Carrillo is the rustler who steals their cattle until the shoot-out sequence that is a piperoo. Frances Gifford is Foster's wife. (Mar.)

✓**ANDY HARDY'S DOUBLE LIFE**—M-G-M: Andy has three days left in Carvel before he leaves for college and during that time he gets himself engaged to two girls, gives a rubber check and helps his dad solve a case. Esther Williams is terrific in her swimming scene with Mickey Rooney. Ann Rutherford is back as *Polly*. (Mar.)

APE MAN, THE—Monogram: Another scarey one, with Bela Lugosi as a crackpot scientist who in his experiments turns himself into an ape and then proceeds to trap human beings all over the place. (May)

✓**ARABIAN NIGHTS**—Wanger-Universal: Beauty in gorgeous color overshadows story and cast in this fanciful, farcical Arabian nights tale about a Caliph of Bagdad whose brother usurps his throne for the love of dancing girl Maria Montez. But the real Caliph, Jon Hall, moves unknown among her friends, winning her love and regaining his throne. (Mar.)

✓**BEHIND PRISON WALLS**—P.R.C.: There's humor, satire and quite an impressive quality to this well-done little gem, with Alan Baxter as the over-idealistic son whose testimony sends his industrialist father, Tully Marshall, to prison. Gertrude Michael is the secretary and Edwin Maxwell the meanie. The direction by Steve Sekely is outstanding. (May)

BEHIND THE 8-BALL—Universal: The Ritz Brothers are back again in this story about a couple of murders in the midst of a summer theater production with the murderers turning out to be spies. Carol Bruce sings and Grace McDonald dances. (Mar.)

✓✓**CABIN IN THE SKY**—M-G-M: Ethel Waters and Rochester, in company with an all-Negro cast, bring to the screen a classic of Negro folklore. Lena Horne is the temptress trying to lure Rochester from his wife, Miss Waters, and such important entertainers as Rex Ingram, Willie Best, Kenneth Spencer and Louis Armstrong highlight the story. (May)

✓✓**CHETNIKS**!—20th Century-Fox: A thrilling story right out of the headlines about Yugoslavian guerrillas who refused to be conquered by Hitler. Hiding in the hills, Mihailowitch, Philip Dorn, constantly besieges the Nazi-held town in which his wife and children live, until he recaptures it. (April)

CHINA GIRL—20th Century-Fox: George Montgomery, an unbelievably brash, reckless American newsreel cameraman in Mandalay, loses his job, gets involved with Japanese agents Lynn Bari and Victor McLaglen, and falls in love with Chinese Gene Tierney. The story is hopelessly incredible, and Miss Tierney has little to do but appear Oriental. (April)

CINDERELLA SWINGS IT—RKO-Radio: *Scattergood Baines*, the honey philosopher played by Guy Kibbee, puts on a U.S.O. show to help Gloria Warren win a place in a New York show, and he even guides her from classical to jive music. Leonid Kinskey plays the music teacher. (April)

✓✓**COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN**—Columbia: A powerful war document, with a Commando raid highlighting a gripping story realistically told. Paul Muni gives a socko performance as the Norwegian fisherman who first submits to, then actively revolts against, the cruelties of the invading Nazis. With him in the struggle are Anna Lee, Lillian Gish, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Mar.)

✓**CRYSTAL BALL, THE**—Cinema Guild-U.A.: Soothsayer Gladys George helps Paulette Goddard join up with Cecil Kellaway in a shooting gallery. When Paulette sees Ray Milland, who accompanies Virginia Field to the crystal ball gazer, she determines to take him away from her. And does she! William Bendix as Ray's chauffeur is terrific and we foresee a good laugh coming to you. (April)

EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal: When police chief Richard Dix goes after hot car and tire racketeers they threaten to expose the fact that Dix himself has a prison record, so Wendy Barrie, his secretary, and Don Porter, special investigator, foil the crooks and clear Dix of the charges. Lon Chaney is a standout as Dix's faithful chauffeur. (April)

✓**FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM**—RKO-Radio: A fine piece of storytelling about a woman who yearned to be a great flyer and achieved her purpose. Rosalind Russell is sincere and honest in the role so similar to the life role of Amelia Earhart. Fred MacMurray is the brilliant flyer who wins her heart and then walks out on her. Herbert Marshall is the man who teaches her to fly and who wins her promise of marriage. (May)

✓✓**FOREVER AND A DAY**—RKO-Radio: This is the story of a London house and the generations who lived in it from its beginning in 1804 to an air raid in 1941. The brilliant cast includes Kent Smith, Ruth Warrick, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, Ida Lupino, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland and many others. Admission paid for this picture will go to the war charity your town specifies. (April)

✓**FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN**—Universal: Lon Chaney, Jr., is the *Wolf Man* released from his grave by robbers. When he seeks a recipe to eternal death he enters the ruins where the *Frankenstein* monster is supposed to have died, but the monster comes to life again and then comes horror. Ilona Massey gets mixed up in the proceedings. It's a chiller-diller, all right. (May)

GREAT IMPERSONATION, THE—Universal: A dual role story again, with Ralph Bellamy an Englishman who looks so much like Bellamy the German that he is able to go to Germany, get secret plans and he sent to England as a German spy. All this time the English wife, Evelyn Ankers, becomes only faintly suspicious and it's Kaaren Verne, the German's sweetheart, who ruins the setup. (Mar.)

✓✓**HANGMEN ALSO DIE!**—Arnold Pressburger: Suspense rides high throughout this powerful picture of revenge upon the Czechoslovakians for the death of the German hangman, Heydrich. Brian Donlevy is the real murderer who seeks refuge with Walter Brennan and his family, who became embroiled with the Gestapo, while the underground carefully pins the murder on traitorous Gene Lockhart. (May)

HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR—Paramount: When *Henry*, played as usual by Jimmy Lydon, wins a magazine contest that takes him to Hollywood where he meets movie star Frances Gifford, he returns home to find himself a sought-after glamour boy. John Littel is *Henry's* harassed father, Charles Smith is *Diszy*, and Gail Russell is the town belle. (April)

HI, BUDDY—Universal: When the big fellows march off to war the going gets tough for the *Hi Buddy* club of East Side kids sponsored by the older boys. But "big brother" Robert Paige makes a bit singing with a girls' orchestra and finally returns to straighten out the club's financial matters. With Marjorie Lord, Harriet Hilliard and Dick Foran. (May)

HITLER'S CHILDREN—RKO-Radio: Showing the ruthless Nazi indoctrination of German youth, this takes a German boy, Tim Holt, trained for the Gestapo, and his German-born American sweetheart. (Continued on page 74)

SHADOW STAGE

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Many expensive luxuries are gone, but the good, basic things remain — richer and more valuable still. The moments we enjoy with intimate friends, the quiet, unhurried hours spent in places we love, these are solid treasures to store in our memory. For millions of Americans their richness is enhanced by another of life's finer things, a glass of friendly SCHLITZ...truly the beverage of moderation...brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Lush, Latin and Lethal

(Continued from page 41) Delegate to Santo Domingo on January 6, 1919, when a gilded stork dropped a dimpling daughter down the Embassy chimney.

"Si, si!" exclaimed Don Isadoro Gracia. "Splendiferous! This shall be my leetle-a Maria Vidal Silas (pronounced See-lahss) y' Gracia. For her the life shall be only abulla pie y' creama."

From babyhood Maria, carrying her numerous names with the courtly grace of the true aristocrat, moved in brilliant circles.

SURROUNDED by splendor, Maria was taught that the small things of life were not for her, the great granddaughter of El Comte Gracia del Aragon. So it was that when she reached Hollywood two years ago, via a diamond-studded route and the Santa Fe, she was interested only in the best. What she got consisted chiefly of a cool spot for her heels, sales talks on private etching collections and Hooverian assurances that prosperity, for good little girls, lay just around the corner in a de luxe motor court.

All this came to pass while she was waiting for an option to be taken up. A talent scout had seen her face on a McClelland Barclay drawing and had ferreted her out. She had been given a three months' optional contract, due to expire at 10 a.m. on an autumn day. The autumn day came and the studio had done nothing. Exactly at 10 a.m., Maria told her lawyer she was proceeding to a rival studio.

Her chief complaint at the rival studio, Universal, was that she was being given inferior parts. However, she rejected no roles, nor did she defy authority. Instead, she confounded one and all by being punctilious and up in her lines. But this was only until the picture was finished. Once she was through with a role, she let down her hair, plucked off her false eyelashes and unloaded.

This explosive quality has, beyond question, established her as a personality to be handled with extreme care. Nobody is maliciously cooling her out now. By and large, she is being left pretty much to her own devices, which are many and frequently weird, but never dull.

SHE is, for example, a devout addict of astrology. She believes implicitly in doing what the stars tell her to do, even in social projects.

Maria's beauty is somewhat eclectic. She can turn it on, or off, at the will of

the make-up department. Her coloring is somewhat of a surprise, but is accounted for by the fact that her mother was half Dutch. Senora Gracia was red-haired and fair, with hazel eyes, hence Maria's similar coloring.

The name, Montez, was an inspiration. She had read of the adventures of Lola Montez, that dynamic beauty of history, and decided that what Lola hadn't done to distinguish the good old Iberian name of Montez, she someday would.

Our heroine filed the Montez name in the back of her cunning little noggin and waited for the propitious hour to don it publicly. This came when, after two years of absorbing culture in a convent on the Canary Islands, she decided to run away.

In the course of her subsequent travels she met up with one William Gourley MacFeeters. MacFeeters was handsome, suave, debonair and somewhat elderly. By the time Maria was seventeen and a half years old he had interested her and her family in his large, aquiline bank account and his several plantations. On the day that Maria became exactly seventeen years and six months old, she married MacFeeters with high ceremony.

It wasn't long before life with the forty-year-old MacFeeters grew troublous and two years after the marriage they separated. She obtained a divorce last year, but it is not yet final, international complications having kept it suspended. This state of affairs she regarded as particularly unfortunate since she was by then in love with an Englishman. The beloved was an R.A.F. officer, of course. He could scarcely have been less and have done justice to Maria's idea of the fitness of things.

When he was reported to have been taken prisoner in Germany, certain of the local wiseacres opined that he was probably a figment of the colorful Montez imagination. This statement Maria hotly contended.

However, the two schools of thought have now vanished in thin air with the announcement of her engagement to the fascinating young French actor, Pierre Aumont, new star on the M-G-M horizon in "Assignment In Brittany." The betrothal followed hot on the heels of a meeting at "21" in New York not so long ago. It was there the sparks began to fly. They continued to fly all the way across the continent and after the two arrived in Hollywood.

"I sink," said Maria with becoming mod-

esty, "he has a leetl crush on me."

This time no one can accuse the lady of exaggeration in the face of the recent announcement of their engagement. Wedding plans, however, must of necessity be a little vague at this point since Aumont, who has signed up with the Free French, will make only one more picture before returning to fight with his compatriots.

MARIA owns the most baroque collection of aquamarines and topazes on the West coast and often uses them for personal adornment. A topaz that would resemble the family door of a cocktail bar on anyone else looks exactly like a topaz on Maria, probably because she's accustomed to big things and wears them in a big way.

In dress, she likes white and prefers gowns that are inclined to be snug around the brisket, a choice approved by the males. Only Hedda Hopper, the columnist, rivals her in the variety of her millinery, although Carmen Miranda frequently contrives a more complicated effect.

No woman in Hollywood, or anywhere else, for that matter, can make the sort of entrances Maria can. It might be said of her that she doesn't enter a room, she raids it. She is credited with having established a new Hollywood night-club record in this specialty when she made five separate and distinct entrances at Ciro's within an elapsed time of fifty-two minutes.

She is extremely good-natured when she isn't being coo-ed out, or suspecting she is, and accepts jibes at her admitted appreciation of public notice in a merry spirit.

One noontime she appeared in the commissary in a black and white ensemble that fairly permeated the premises.

"Where was Mrs. Astor today?" a casual player inquired later of Maria's luncheon escort.

"Mrs. Astor?" The luncheon partner nibbled like a carp.

"Yes," purred the casual player. "I saw you had her horse out."

Maria thought this was very funny and said so. In fact, she said, "I wiss I sink of something fonny like that myself."

MARIA'S progress in pictures was gradual, if noisy. She began her Hollywood career with a small role in "The Invisible Woman," worked the same shift in "Boss Of Bullion City," moved up a bit in lineage in "That Night In Rio" and then showed her medals and other interesting assets in "Moonlight In Hawaii." After this came "Raiders Of The Desert," "Bombay Clipper," "Mystery Of Marie Roget" and a second opportunity to display one of the world's most provocative torsos, "South Of Tahiti."

Then, after this training period, she was finally, in late summer of 1942, pronounced ready for *Scherazade* and "Arabian Nights," with the results mentioned heretofore.

Although it established her as a star, according to the critics who draw money for knowing about these things, "Arabian Nights" left something to be desired insofar as Maria, personally, not professionally, was concerned. "There wasn't enough loff in it," she says wistfully. "I do not heff enough keeing."

But as to "White Savage," her latest vehicle, "Ziss is motch better," she said. "I kecs motch and when I am not keeing, I am sleeping somebody. Eet ees loffy."

In closing, we feel obliged to report that Maria is one of nine children. None of the others is like her. This would have been a little too motch.

The End.



Maria Montez, of the fabulous clothes, the fabulous temperament, with her fabulous fiance, Pierre Aumont, the Frenchman who makes all Hollywood ladies' hearts beat faster

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(from a letter by J. W., Olympia, Wash.)



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(from a letter by R. S. P., San Jose, Calif.)

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(from a letter by G. J. E., Great Falls, Mont.)



Oh Say Can You See?

ON A SUB IT'S VITAL TO SPOT THE ENEMY FIRST! OUR LOOKOUT SAYS YOU CAN'T BEAT KLEENEX TO KEEP BINOCULARS CLEAN AND DRY!

(from a letter by M. B. F., U. S. Navy)

OH BOY! Remember Delsey? —soft like Kleenex

Hope there'll be more DELSEY* Toilet Paper after the war



(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

"Don't Have War Dates!"

(Continued from page 57) think there still are fellows who have enough time and money to get around and make themselves charming to someone we have the right to be with . . .

"To realize how important home and the woman—mother or sweetheart or wife—who represents home is to any fellow, just visit a service club of an evening," Johnny continued, his hand on Kathryn's. "Here at Monmouth where the telephones are up on a balcony the line waiting for the phones reaches around the balcony and down the stairs. Every conversation you hear is practically the same: 'Hello, Baby, how are you? What have you been doing? Do you still love me?' And you can tell—every time—by the expression on the face pressed to the telephone what the voice on the other end of the wire is saying.

"It's probably okay for some wives and sweethearts to have war dates when their men are away. Some fellows don't mind, I suppose. But the majority do mind, terribly. I know, for instance, that the only thing in the world that ever could make me go A.W.O.L. would be concern about Kathryn."

He looked down at her close beside him, her heart blatant in her strangely beautiful eyes. He pressed her hand. "Since Kathryn's been here I've been much happier, much more content," he said. "Which makes me a better soldier, a better student."

"It's so wonderful to be here—so we can be together as much as possible," she said. "Everything else seems unreal and far away. It's only two months since I gave up our furnished house in Brentwood, had my piano crated for an indefinite stay in a warehouse and packed Johnny's civilian clothes in moth bags for storage. But it seems years ago."

AT FIRST Kathryn lived alone in a house at Asbury Park. Asbury was desolate and lonely, with its lights blacked out since it was discovered they helped submarines spot ships passing out at sea. "You can't stay here alone like this," a Metro emissary who brought her out from New York insisted. She laughed at him. "If I don't mind, why should you?" she asked. And she stayed too. She stayed until John's lieutenant and his wife, who is expecting a baby, urged her to share their little four-room apartment at Deal Beach. Deal, several miles closer to Monmouth, was naturally her choice.

"Our apartment is like every furnished apartment in the world—only worse," Kathryn said laughing. "But we have fun. Under the circumstances, I do the fetching and carrying. The cooking too. Johnny, who's a wonderful cook, taught me. Often I also do the dishes—not be-

cause they're my stint but because I rather like doing dishes; it gives you time to think.

"But even if I didn't like to putter around a house it wouldn't matter," she went on, "as long as it meant I could be near Johnny and we could see each other for a few hours every day. I'm going wherever he goes for as long as I can. And if he goes overseas I'll try to find some work on the other side I can do—so I'll be on the same side of the world with him, anyway. Time enough to think about my singing and my career when this is over."

She doesn't swish around in any grand manner. Like dozens of other Army wives on the post she wears sweaters, big enough to afford the approved sloppy look. Between the hours when she can be with Johnny she takes a bus into town to shop or returns to the little apartment she shares with the lieutenant and his wife to do some mending or her laundry and Johnny's socks. Or she works in the service club, helping the hostesses.

"It isn't curious, certainly," John said. "that men depend so much upon the girl they love—or go to pieces at the thought of another fellow's taking her affection from them. After all, when a guy is in service the chances are he's working pretty hard, even taking plenty of physical punishment. All of which is easy if there's no emotional strain at the same time. It's an emotional strain on top of everything else that makes fellows crack up.

"Naturally," he went on, "homesickness—and there's plenty of it—makes a fellow more emotionally susceptible. The more he thinks about the girl he left behind him the more dear and wonderful she becomes. It's the thoughtful little things, like Kathryn's washing out my socks every day and bringing me cherry pie because it's my special dish and reminding me the time is short to order uniforms, that I'll remember. The little differences of opinion, the little irritations that are bound to occur occasionally in everyday life together are all forgotten by the men in service when they're away from their women. The more we dream about the wife or sweetheart at home the more we feel a need of her. And the more we worry lest someone else take her from us.

"I know," he said, "that it isn't possible for the wives and sweethearts of the millions of men in service to be with them—as Kathryn is with me for these few months. But every last man in service is entitled to know that his girl is waiting—and not going out with anyone else, if that's the way he wants it and if that's the way he's going to continue as the happiest human being and the best soldier!"

The End

Come Wednesday, June 9

—or as close to that day as wartime transportation can get it to you, your July Photoplay-Movie Mirror will arrive. We've had to move our monthly date with you readers to meet Uncle Sam's needs. JUST BE SURE to reserve your copy in advance. We've been going like hot cakes at the stands and, the paper shortage being what it is, we can't promise to meet the full demand. We'd like to know that you are taken care of. So tell your newsdealer—*Now!*

(Continued from page 40) that load I'd never make it!"

"You haven't any feelings at all!" cried Carolyn. "All right, go on!"

"That's better," smiled Jones. "Now come along."

Carolyn turned her back. "No. I'll take my chance with the others."

The girl's stubbornness stirred Jones into a flash of anger.

"Wake up!" he said. "This is me, Jones, dishing out good, common horse-sense to a screwball dame. For Pete's sake, hop off that pink cloud you're on and let's get out of here!"

Carolyn was adamant.

"Listen, Miss Brent. I'm giving you your last chance! The way you go on, anybody'd think it was *our* war!"

"It is!"

"Listen again, Joan of Arc," Jones said angrily. "My business is selling oil. If the Chinese want it, I sell it to them. If the Japs want it, I sell it to *them*. And if they want to annihilate each other, that's their business!"

Carolyn's voice shook with anger. "You should be thoroughly ashamed of yourself, Mr. Jones. Now, please go."

Jones' good-looking features went hard. He shrugged his shoulders, walked to the front of the truck and said, "C'mon, Johnny, let's get rolling."

AT that moment a vague figure detached itself from the side of the road and fell forward in a faint. Impulsively, Jones rushed to her side with a flashlight. It was a lovely Chinese girl.

Carolyn gasped, "Tan Ying!" She started working over her frantically.

"Why, she's a young girl!" Johnny was saying. Jones looked up. He ran his flashlight along the faces of the group. Huddled together were the twenty girls, some very lovely, all of them frozen and exhausted . . . all of them glaring at him.

"Who are they?" Jones asked Carolyn.

"Some of my students."

"You knew they were in my truck?"

"I put them there," said Carolyn, quietly.

Jones was about to reply when a powerful beam of light flashed along the bend, followed by the roar of a motorcycle. As it approached the truck, they saw it was a Chinese Army dispatch rider. He shouted some words without stopping.

Carolyn's face turned white.

"What's the matter?" asked Jones.

"The Japs have taken Mei-ki. Their patrols are already on the road."

Jones watched as she tenderly helped the ill Chinese girl to her feet. A deep silence enveloped them. Then, out of it, in slightly clipped English: "Mr. Jones, sir!"

Jones turned, stared into the barrel of a Mauser pistol, then into the face of Lin Wei. It was wreathed in smiles.

"Please to get into truck with all the others or you must excuse me if I blow your head off."

Jones saw he meant business. Sheepishly he said, "Well, what are you all waiting for? Let's get going!"

JUST before dawn the truck suddenly skidded to a stop in front of a clumsy Chinese wagon, laden with straw and drawn by two buffaloes. A wheel was missing and the wagon was staggered crossways in the road. Jones, angered by the delay, jumped out and strode over to the two young farmers standing helplessly by.

"All right!" he said to the elder of the two. "Get that thing off the road!"

What's all this about hands?



Seems to me there's been a lot of fuss recently about women's hands. I read about this woman's red hands. Or that woman's rough hands. Or some other woman's ugly hands.

And more often than not the cause of all the trouble turns out to be . . . soap!

Somehow, that doesn't make sense. I do all my own housework and my own laundry. And I know I've never had any of these hand problems . . . I think American women can have the best soap in the world.

Maybe I'm just lucky.

And sensible. I *always* use Fels-Naptha Soap.



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Lin Cho, tall, lean and steely-eyed, looked Jones over carefully. Then deliberately, he turned to Lin Wei who had come up. "Who is this—gentleman?"

"An American," answered Lin Wei, "who sells oil. Some of our women are riding in his truck."

Lin Cho stared at Jones coldly. "This isn't a good road for you to travel," he said in clipped English.

"Yeah? Why?"

"Ten miles from here Japanese troops are advancing from Shanghai."

"How do you know?" demanded Jones.

"It's my business to know. And there are enemy patrols behind you."

"So what? I've got a pass."

Again Lin Cho gave him a disconcerting stare, as Carolyn joined them.

"You have Chinese girls in your truck," said Lin Cho. "What about them? They have no passes."

"That my headache," Jones said shortly. "I'll think of something. . ."

At that moment a burst of machine-gun fire and the roar of a speeding truck were heard in the distance. Calmly Lin Cho said, "It's the enemy. Go quickly. Do as he says," nodding toward Lin Wei.

They rushed back to the truck. Lin Wei this time stood on the running board. As the truck pulled out, the heads of all the Chinese girls could be seen gazing admiringly after Lin Cho. Especially Tan Ying, a pretty, eager-looking girl of nineteen. She watched his retreating figure as she saw what he was doing. For in his hand he had a bottle filled with liquid. And Tan Ying knew that the bottle, thrown at the proper moment, would completely obliterate the oncoming truck and all its enemy occupants. She knew, also, that "farmers" all through China were doing the same thing to the arrogant Japanese.

Jones leaned out towards Lin Wei. "You know those guys?"

"Yes sir," Lin Wei's face was wreathed in smiles. "They are my first and second brothers."

They heard the remote sound of an explosion and the following clatter of machine-gun fire. Lin Wei beamed more than ever. He knew that meant one less enemy truck.

Suddenly, from inside the truck Jones heard the anguished cry of a baby.

Johnny's face appeared. "Listen, boss. Miss Brent says Donald Duck—"

"Who?"

"The baby. We named him that. Anyway, Miss Brent says he needs milk and Tan Ying's folks have a farm near here—and a cow."

Jones shrugged his shoulders with resignation. "Okay. Where is it?" he said.

THE frightened faces of the old farmer and his wife relaxed as Tan Ying jumped out of the truck. They were still safe! Johnny, Carolyn and Jones got stiffly out. Carolyn held Johnny back. She wanted to speak to him alone. Johnny beamed. Anything for Miss Brent!

"Mr. Sparrow, could you help me persuade Mr. Jones to take us to Chungtu?"

Johnny gave her a startled look. "Gosh, Miss Brent, that's a seven-day hitch! And Miss Brent, Mr. Jones!"

"Oh, couldn't we talk him into it?"

"Well, it's like wrestlin' a mule. But if anybody could do it, you could. Get me?"

Carolyn nodded solemnly.

"Yes, Mr. Sparrow. I get you."

While Donald Duck, very much the spoiled darling of the household, was being fed, Carolyn was carefully explaining her plan to Jones and the others. Drawing a small map, Carolyn pointed out how one road led to Shanghai, now occupied by the Japanese. The other, after seven days, would bring them to an old temple in Chungtu, where the girls could carry on their work without danger from Japs or their bombs.

Jones was furious at being put on the spot. He explained he had an appointment in Shanghai. He would take them as far as the fork in the road but Chungtu was definitely out.

Carolyn faced him squarely. "Mr. Jones, you have an appointment in Shanghai. How important it is, I don't know. But these girls have an appointment in Chungtu. And their appointment involves the destiny of China. . . ." Jones started to interrupt, but Carolyn silenced him. "And their job is to educate millions of Chinese, to teach them how, working together, they can help toward the building of a free China. We've got to help them!"

Jones lit a cigarette speculatively. He stared at her, then, inhaling deeply, tossed the burnt match at her feet. Carolyn glared at him and turned away. Well, the devil with them all, he thought. Trying to shame him into being an errand boy for them! He had his own destiny to work out and it had nothing to do with China!

OUTSIDE, near the barn, Jones discovered a pool hidden by several bushes and trees. He brought out his shaving kit, took a quick dip and started to shave behind one of the clumps of bushes. With his sense of well-being definitely improved, he was singing the little song softly to himself when he heard the sound of splashing in the pool and the voices of the Chinese girls commenting on him in distinctly unflattering terms.

Jones stepped deeper into the shrubbery, hoping they wouldn't see him, but Tan Ying spied him and approached shyly.

"Mr. Jones, when are you going to kiss Miss Carolyn?" she asked naively.

His face unexpectedly broke into a grin. "Am I supposed to?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered. "In American films, men always shoot people and kiss girls." Her laughter trailed back to him as she ran away.

His eyes were mildly speculative as he closed his shaving kit and started toward the truck. Suddenly he was arrested by sounds of masculine voices in song. Marching toward him was a column of men with rifles and machine guns swung across their shoulders. They were all young, bronzed and tough. Johnny and Carolyn came toward him.

"What kind of an outfit's that?" Jones asked Carolyn.

"Guerrilla fighters."

"They look tough."

"They are," Carolyn said proudly.

"What are they singing?"

"Dig ditches, build the roads! Blood and sweat we gladly give. For a China free and strong!"

At the head of the guerrillas was Lin Cho, looking every inch the leader.

After they had passed Jones called out that he was leaving. For Shanghai! Any-

ATTENTION, AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS—Next Month!

Don't miss the life of an autograph hound, Virginia Weidler. It's by the author of "The Youngest Profession," Virginia's new picture that's based on the delightful stories published in Photoplay

one who wanted a two-day lift to the fork in the road could come along. "And make it snappy," he added.

Carolyn looked at the girls, at Johnny, at Lin Wei—and shrugged her shoulders. "I guess we'd better go along," she said, quietly.

As they all piled in, there were sudden tears in the eyes of old Tai Shen, the farmer's wife. She had fallen in love with Donald Duck. They were taking her daughter Tan Ying. Couldn't they leave Donald to her and her husband?

Carolyn looked dubious. "Do you think it's safe—with the Japs coming?"

Tai Shen looked astonished. "Who but wild animals would hurt such a small one?" she asked.

Johnny spoke quietly. "Maybe it's better, Miss Brent. If we take Donald, we've got to take the cow."

So it was decided, and among tears and farewells they were off. Jones and Carolyn rode in front, the others in back. As they started climbing the mountainous road, Carolyn leaned back, very tired.

Several hours later she awoke. Reaching for her bag, she examined herself in the mirror.

"Heavens! I look awful!" she cried, as she started applying lipstick.

Jones stared at her.

"You using lipstick is like a traffic cop powdering his nose!"

"Oh, is that so!" Carolyn bristled. "Well, now that I think of it, I had a parrot like you once. The most obstinate, stubborn, bad-tempered bird I've ever seen. I tried everything sweet, but to no avail. However, I finally managed to cure him."

"Yeah? How?"

"I wrung his neck!"

Carolyn looked at Jones slyly. He gave her a baleful glance. Suddenly she started to giggle. In spite of himself, Jones did the same, until soon they were laughing uproariously. As Carolyn caught Jones's eye, something in his expression made her turn away quickly. It made her feel warm and tingly inside. A strange feeling, she thought, for someone you—hate.

IN the back of the truck, nineteen girls were trying to reason with Tan Ying. For hours she had been fighting something within herself. Now she was determined to fight it no longer. She was going home! The thought of her aged parents alone with only Donald Duck for companionship and comfort was too much. The girls saw the condition of the farm, didn't they? It was run down for want of strong, young hands. They had no son—only her! She had to go back. And the girls weren't to tell Miss Brent. She didn't want her disturbed.

Before anyone could stop her, Tan Ying jumped off the truck. With tears in their eyes, the girls waved until the pathetic picture of Tan walking in the dusty road was out of sight.

Up front Jones was saying, "Well, don't try to recruit me! The Japs have always been good business and you can't expect me to hate them for that. Matter of fact, I've got some pretty good Jap friends in Tokyo."

Carolyn just looked at him as Johnny stuck his head through the canvas flap.

"Hey, boss! There's a Jap plane in back of us—down the road a way."

Carolyn cried urgently, "Stop the truck!" And to the occupants in the rear, "Everyone out! Get off the road! Scatter and lie down!" She turned to Jones. "You, too!"

They threw themselves against the available rocks, which seemed to vibrate under the terrific impact of the roaring, screaming plane. They could see the



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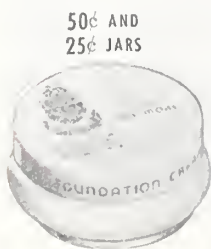


Marjorie Reynolds
appearing in
"DIXIE"
A Paramount
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pilot's face behind the class-enclosed cockpit as he started cutting loose with the forward machine gun. A cone of lead, its progress marked by a flash of tracer bullets, whipped up the dust of the road into little spirals, cross-stitched the top of the truck, ripping it into ribbons and filling the air with splinters of fabric and woodwork.

JONES' eyes followed the plane as it thundered down the road. "Why, the dirty buck-toothed son-of-heaven!" "Probably one of your good friends from Tokyo," remarked Carolyn.

As Jones gave her a wry look, Johnny called out, "Look! He's coming back!"

The plane, its shadow racing ahead of it on the road like a fantastic bird, was heading directly for the truck. Suddenly, from behind a pile of rock near them, they heard the staccato bark of a heavy machine gun. A split-second later, the fighter plane burst into flames; smoke trailed behind it like a black plume.

Jones and the others watched in amazement as the plane dipped into a shallow dive, spinning on its belly and exploding about a hundred yards away from them, lighting up the terrain with its flames. Simultaneously, a group of camouflaged, steel-helmeted men could be seen running toward the wreckage.

Jones followed. In the group of guerrillas was Lin Cho.

"You boys shoot that down?" Jones asked with a grin.

"He did," someone said, pointing to Lin Cho.

"You did all right, brother," Jones grinned, handing him a cigar.

Suddenly Carolyn rushed up. "Mr. Jones, we've got to go back! The girls just told me Tan Ying has gone home. We've got to get her!"

"Well," said Jones. "What's wrong with her going home, if that's what she wants?"

"But you don't understand! The Japs may get there. You don't know what that means!"

"You left the baby there, didn't you?"

"But Tan Ying's a girl—and lovely! Don't you see? We've got to go back!"

"Well, if you think I'm going back every time one of your girls is mislaid, you're crazy!"

Now Johnny Sparrow spoke up. "Boss, with or without your okay, we're going."

Jones whirled. "You're going! Like the devil you are. Give me those keys!"

Johnny rushed to the truck and reached the seat just as Jones started in. Johnny

spread his palm, pushed it in Jones's face and sent him sprawling. Jones got up and came after him. Johnny hopped out and landed a wild haymaker on Jones's chin. In a second, Jones was back, wading in and slugging cleverly. A left, a right, then a pile-driver punch to the jaw, and Johnny was lying at his feet. Johnny looked up and smiled at Carolyn ruefully.

"What did I tell you? Isn't he terrific?" he asked, rubbing his chin.

Jones looked at him and massaged his knuckles. "I was going anyway," he muttered. "That clip on your chin was for opening your big mouth."

As he got into the driver's seat, Carolyn jumped in.

"Hey, where do you think you're going? You stay here with the girls."

"No," cried Carolyn. "Tan Ying's my responsibility."

Briefly his eyes studied her with unaccustomed warmth. Then he started the motor just as Lin Cho came up to the truck. Handing Jones his machine gun, he said, "You may not need it, but you can always shoot wild geese."

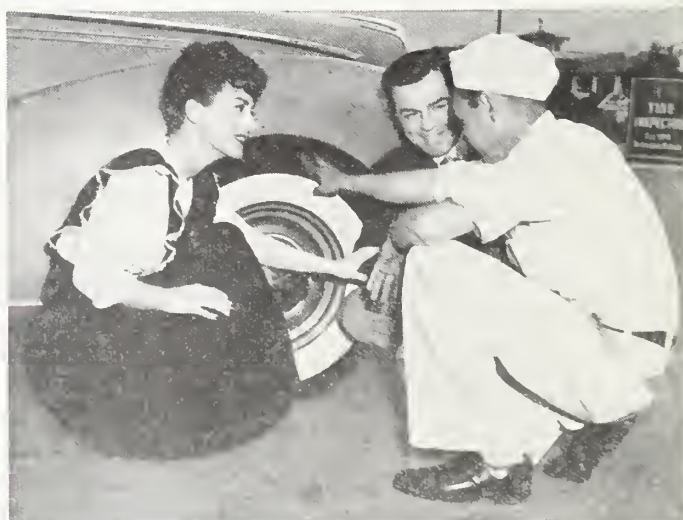
AT THE farm, Tan Ying had wasted not a moment getting to work. Balanced on her shoulders was a long bamboo stick from which buckets of water were suspended at either end. Chang Teh, her father, sat at the barn, milking the cow.

Suddenly the sound of motorcycles brought him to his feet. He watched, with cold numbness, the three young Japanese dismount, unsling their machine guns and come toward him.

Chang Teh forced a smile. The three soldiers smiled in turn. Simultaneously, with a quick, sustained gesture, one of the soldiers detached a hand grenade, jerked out the pin with his teeth and tossed it in a high arc. It entered the barn, rolled beneath the cow and exploded with a deafening roar. There was a geyser of debris, smoke and flame and the heavy straw became ignited, spewing up thick smoke in the morning air.

Chang Teh stared in horror at the brutal devastation. Great tears filled his eyes. He looked toward the fliers with a helpless gesture. Still smiling, one of them squeezed the trigger of his machine gun. There were two quick bursts and Chang Teh fell in a pool of blood and milk.

With mild curiosity, the soldiers noticed old Tai Shen standing in the doorway, too stunned to move. Donald Duck was in her arms. Beside her, petrified with fear, was Tan Ying. . . .



New trick for old tires gets the smiling okay of Joan Crawford and husband Phil Terry. "Recapping," a preservation process, should be done while tires are still not too worn, will give you more mileage, more bravos from the U. S.

AS the truck carrying Carolyn and Jones climbed to the rocky crest of the divide overlooking the valley where Tan Ying lived, they saw black smoke spiraling up in the direction of the farm. Their eyes met in a single unspoken fear. Jones's face tensed as he jammed his foot on the accelerator, rocketing the truck down the tortuous road to the plains below. As they reached the turn-in of the farm house, he cut the ignition.

"I want to go in quietly," he explained, "just in case. . ."

He hopped out. Carolyn followed.

"Get back in the car."

"No." Carolyn's chin was set. Her eyes blazed. "I'm coming with you."

Jones saw the futility of argument. He shrugged, reached into the cab and pulled out the Mauser pistol. He handed it to her. "Have you ever handled one of these?"

"Yes."

"Come on, then. And stay close." She obeyed.

With his submachine gun in the crook of his left arm, Jones crept stealthily toward the house. Just ahead of Carolyn, he came upon the sight of the dead farmer. He tried to stop her but she was too quick for him. He saw the horror in her face, but no sign of faltering. Together they approached the doorway. There sprawled across the doorstep were the bodies of Tai Shen and Donald Duck.

Carolyn uttered a soft cry. Jones reached for her arm.

"Steady—steady," he murmured.

Carolyn drew a deep breath.

"I'm all right," she said, between clenched teeth.

FROM the interior came a piercing scream. Carolyn and Jones froze, then dashed in the direction of the sound. Leaning against the wall in the meager living room were the submachine guns of the Jap soldiers. On the table were their steel helmets.

Emerging from an inner room, the three startled monkey-faced men saw Jones and Carolyn. Little treacherous grins of nervousness twisted their lips as Jones poised his machine gun.

"All right—over against the wall!" Jones ordered between his teeth. Carolyn looked at him, wondering, waiting for the answer to some questions she had been asking herself, questions strangely and suddenly important to her. He made a gesture toward the inner room. Tan Ying. Of course, Tan Ying. She ran toward the room, her heart heavy with foreboding.

One of the soldiers spoke: "Please—you English?"

A hard smile froze on Jones's lips: "American," he said.

With evident relief, the Jap grinned, nodded to the others. Their nervous, cackling chuckle filled the silence.

"Then please," said the talkative Jap, "everything all right! Japanese and Americans good friends. Yes?"

"Yeah—sure," said Jones softly. He kept waiting for a sound from the other room. He tried to shake off that feeling of desperate concern, that sense of suddenly being a part of something. It was all tied up very tightly with this Carolyn dame who had somehow suddenly opened a room in him that had been empty for years, maybe all his life. He looked at the little evil eyes of the Japs before him. With a curious smile, a faraway look in his eyes, his finger tightened on the trigger. . . .

A war could never disturb Jones—but a woman could. Especially a woman as daring as Carolyn Brent. For the surprising conclusion of this moving love story See July Photoplay-Movie Mirror

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My Wartime Honeymoon

(Continued from page 23) Martha and Mitzi and I played theaters. Sometimes we played "Nissen huts," tin-roofed barracks about eighty feet long in which a small platform served as the stage. Saturdays, supposedly, were our days off. Every week end we returned to the very grand Hotel Savoy and by noon on Saturday our rooms were something to shock the august management. The handkerchiefs we laundered were pasted against mirrors and windowpanes so they would dry smooth and look ironed. Lingerie and stockings hung from shower bars, bedposts and chandeliers.

But after Tommy came into my life, those precious week ends were spent with him every time he could get away.

Then one night when Tommy and I were planning to be married I woke up screaming. It was appendicitis. They did a grand job for me at the hospital. I was there only eleven days, just long enough to miss the tour in Scotland. You can't call quits even for a day over there without missing something. I must say, however, that my days in the hospital served me well. I telephoned everyone with whom I had even a bowing acquaintance and begged for coupons. I needed nine coupons for the wedding dress I had ordered at Hartnell's and seven for my shoes. I got them finally. A boy in Tommy's squadron, about to leave for North Africa, gave me fifteen he had left.

We wanted a double ring ceremony and it wasn't for lack of trying that I didn't get a ring for Tommy. There just wasn't a man's wedding ring to be found anywhere. Tommy was able to get a gold band for me. But it is his signet ring, wound round and round with dental floss

so it won't slip off, that I wear as an engagement ring.

We were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption on Warrick Street. I had my lingerie for the something old, my dress and veil and shoes for something new, Mitzi's pearls for something borrowed and Kay tucked a blue ribbon down the front of my dress for something blue.

Our wedding cake was divinely beautiful. But it was a fraud, fashioned of fluted, crimped paper. I had to pull off the paper to cut the plain cake which reposed inside.

Life in England is like that these days—and very good, too.

A DAY or two before Tommy and I were to be married I learned we girls were scheduled to leave for North Africa at five o'clock on my wedding afternoon. But, to prove every cloud does have a silver lining, weather conditions postponed our flight. Tommy and I had two days in London together.

Later, learning it was ceiling zero everywhere around, Tommy rushed down to our embarkation base. Two hours after he arrived we took off. It was then, without saying a word to anyone, that I promised myself I would get back to England before I returned to the U. S. A. some way, somehow.

Everyone who hears how Kay and Martha and Mitzi and I spent weeks together on tour, sharing uncomfortable accommodations, sometimes under the strain of danger, suspects we aren't the friends we were when we started out. They're wrong. Strangely enough, we're even better friends.

We owe this to a system we worked

out. Once every week we held an open meeting. At this time we agreed to register any complaint or grievance while we could still do it in a friendly way, before rancor or bitterness had raised its destructive head. "What do I do that gets on your nerves?" I asked, opening the first meeting.

Kay, bless her, told me right off—and started all of us being equally truthful. "If you sing once more as we walk into a place . . ." she threatened. I hadn't known I was singing under my breath much of the time. But after that I watched myself—plenty!

FOR sweaters and Patricia Morison's advice I'll be forever grateful. It was Pat who suggested sweaters comprise the major part of the fifty-three pounds of luggage, including the weight of the luggage itself, which I was allowed. Patricia, just back from England as we were leaving, said, "The boys are fed up with uniforms, you know. And you can't take anything which needs cleaning or laundry. So, you take—in a word—sweaters!"

I wouldn't have made Africa if it hadn't been for the sweaters I took because after our tour of the British Isles my one evening dress was beaten.

The boys were so nuts about evening gowns and silk stockings and perfume—and we had such a limited supply of them—that we saved what we had for our shows.

Africa wasn't any bed of roses, but we hadn't expected it would be. We had no hot water to shampoo our hair, for one thing. I could manage my pompadour well enough, sans shampoo; but my back hair I tucked into a snood. Above

all, we tried to look pretty as possible for the boys. And there never was a moment when we weren't glad we had gone.

The boys at the African front need entertainment badly. There are no cafes or dancing places, few movies, theaters are tabu because of the danger of disease and all service men are obliged to be off the streets when the curfew sounds. At the sight of Kay, Mitzi, Martha and me riding in a jeep the boys—they didn't know we were coming to Africa—stood open-mouthed. They couldn't believe they were seeing women with white faces wearing civilian clothes.

ALWAYS, of course, I was thinking of Tommy. Always I was pleading with the authorities to permit me to return to England for a week or two when the tour was over.

While I was in Africa Tommy and I were not able to communicate with each other in any way. I did write him once or twice and he wrote to our California address. But telephones and cables weren't available.

Because of Tommy I had a more personal interest in the boys—their morale—the conditions under which they lived. And there's one score on which I want to reassure everyone. Our boys in Africa are being well fed. I saw them devouring butter and peanut butter and jams. They deserve these "extras" and more.

The boys like romantic songs of five to eight years ago. "White Christmas," too, is a great favorite and when they want anything they let you know it a thousand voices strong. "Take It Off," really "Strip Poker," is another song they adore. And in a fox-hole one night in Africa we all did rather well with "A Long Way to Tipperary."

"What," everyone asks, "is the outstanding impression you have about our boys over there?" The answer is easy. None of the boys would come home before it's over if he were given the chance, irrespective of how much he misses those he loves back here. At a hospital in England I talked to an American who had had half of his nose shot away. He was frantic because he was being ordered back home for plastic surgery. "Time enough to patch up faces when this thing is over," he protested. And that's the way they all feel.

At last the word I'd been pleading for came—I could have two weeks in England before returning to the United States. I've never seen anything more beautiful than the plane which took me to England and Tommy. As it stood there on the field it seemed like some wonderful bird in some wonderful fairy story.

The instant I stepped out on English soil I telephoned Tommy, of course. I ran for the telephones the way the African natives run for the shelters when the air raid blows. You can't run faster than that. Tommy was out flying—somewhere up in the wild blue yonder—but I left word for him to call me at the Savoy and started up to London.

"How did you ever manage to get back?" he asked over and over when he came to the hotel that night. "I didn't even dare dream you might make it."

"The authorities in North Africa are in a state of collapse," I told him. "They would have moved heaven and earth to get rid of me after the barrage of arguing and pleading I let loose. . . ."

That night we went dancing at the 400 Club. Much of the time, however, we just sat across the little lamp-lit table staring at each other.

In fragments we did manage to talk

practically and decide I must move out to a little guest house near Tommy's base. He would be busy, of course, but this way we could be together those nights he wasn't working.

It was a sweet place. I loved our little room. And I think during the two weeks we lived there we struck down roots that will hold us fast whatever the years may bring. They weren't any ordinary two weeks. I always kissed Tommy good-by believing he would be safe but aware he might not be. At first when he was flying I tried to count the planes as they went out and as they came back. I never became very adept at this, however, and after a few days abandoned the practice. It seemed sheer wicked waste to shadow our happiness with unnecessary fears.

SOMETIMES Tommy got off early and we took the tube into London—went to a movie, had tea in an ABC shop, or walked in Hyde Park. It's thrilling to be in love in London. You feel part of a great human river flowing through the years. . . .

At other times Tommy and I would walk through the blacked-out country around his airbase to a little "pub" and talk and talk, bridging the rest of the war and planning how we would live and what we would do finally back home in Southern California.

Our two weeks together went swiftly, as swiftly as time always goes when you're terribly happy.

"The next plane I shoot down will be for you," Tommy told me when I was leaving and once again we were saying good-by.

But wait till you see me with my Tommy—when the boys come flying home!

The End.

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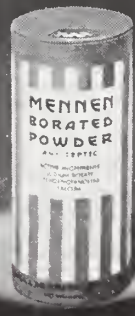


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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 62)

Bonita Granville, and carries them through the conflict of New Order versus human decency. Both Tim and Bonita give good account of themselves in the tragic business. (Mar.)

HI YA, CHUM—Universal: Trekking westward is a merry little party of small-time vaudevillians, the Ritz Brothers and a sister team, Jane Frazee and June Clyde. The girls keep on helping the Ritz fits out of the trouble they always get into. Robert Paige is the romantic lead. (May)

HOW'S ABOUT IT—Universal: The Andrews sisters play elevator operators who yearn to be heard before an audience—and need we say all their yearns come true? Another little plot involving a suit against songwriter Robert Paige by Grace McDonald wanders around among the Andrews. Buddy Rich's band plays sweet music and Mary Wickes is cute as a secretary. (May)

HUMAN COMEDY, THE—M-G-M: One of the finest human documents ever to appear on the screen is this picture showing the effects of war on a small-town community. Mickey Rooney takes on the job of night telegraph boy to help his family when his older brother, Van Johnson, is called to arms. John Craven, James Craig, Jack Jenkins, Frank Morgan and the whole cast do wonderful work. (May)

VICE CAPADES REVUE—Republic: Thrills on ice, with Ellen Drew a farm girl who inherits her uncle's ice show and starts injecting new life into the performances. Several of the skating numbers are terrific. Richard Denning is the romantic lead, Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna furnish the nonsense, and skaters Vera Hrubá, Mergan Taylor, Jackson and Lyman and Phil Taylor provide the thrills. (Mar.)

IDAHO—Republic: We think you'll enjoy this Western about a reformed judge who is framed because he tries to rid his community of vice and gambling. Ona Munson runs the gambling house, and Roy Rogers is the hero who is engaged to Virginia Grey, the judge's daughter, and foils villains Dick Purcell and Arthur Hohl in fine style. Smiley Burnette provides the comic relief. (May)

IMMORTAL SERGEANT, THE—20th Century-Fox: The quiet heroism of a group of British soldiers lost in the Libyan desert is beautifully told in this heart-piercing story with Henry Fonda as the bewildered shy young corporal who upon the death of his hard-bitten sergeant, Thomas Mitchell, leads the remnant of his little band back to safety after a triumphant victory. (April)

IN WHICH WE SERVE—U.A.: Noel Coward wrote, produced, directed and acted in what is probably England's finest war film to date. It tells the story of a British destroyer from its inception to its final death struggle at the hands of a Nazi sub. Clinging to a life raft the half-dead survivors remember their homes and the events that made up their lives. It's pure artistry. (Mar.)

IT COMES UP LOVE—Universal: Donald O'Connor starts squarely on the road to stardom as the young hep-catter who refuses to be taken in by Debbie Gloria Jean, but in order to please his aunt, Louise Allbritton, he agrees to see Gloria—and it comes up love. Both Miss Allbritton and Frieda Inescort are out to land Ian Hunter, Gloria's father. (May)

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY—Republic: Jane Withers plays a dual role in this—a movie star tired of being cast as a child on the screen and a youngster who has won a contest as her double. When such former kid stars as Bobby Breen, Spanky McFarland and Cora Sue Collins yearn to put on a Junior Victory Caravan, they appeal to Jane to help. Patrick Brook is a juvenile worth watching. (April)

KEEPER OF THE FLAME—M-G-M: When reporter Spencer Tracy tries to write the life of a dead national hero, he finds himself blocked at every turn by the great man's widow, Katharine Hepburn. His investigations lead him to a startling discovery, but by this time love has entered to complicate the case. The first part of the picture is very good, but the rest is heavy-handed. (April)

KID DYNAMITE—Monogram: The Dead End kids are here again, with Leo Gorcey playing the bully and Bobby Jordan the kid who eventually turns on Gorcey and beats him up. Gabriel Dell and Huntz Hall are all over the place and Pamela Blake and Benny Bartlett are mixed up in it, too. (April)

LAUGH YOUR BLUES AWAY—Columbia: Isobel Elsom is a silly social-minded matron who tries to marry off her son to the daughter of a millionaire and hires twelve guests, among them Bert Gordon and Jinx Falkenburg as phony Russians, to impress her victims. Jinx registers strongly and Douglass Drake does some good work. (April)

MADAM SPY—Universal: A silly, ridiculous story, this one, with Constance Bennett married to newspaper correspondent Don Porter, who suspects her of being a spy. She isn't, of course, but a lot of time and film are wasted on the whole thing before Don catches on. (Mar.)

MARGIN FOR ERROR—20th Century-Fox: Otto Preminger is magnificent as the loathsome German pre war consul general to this country, and Milton

Berle is excellent as the Jewish policeman assigned to guard him. Through Berle, Carl Esmond, the German's secretary, and Poldy Dur, the maid, become imbued with Americanism. Joan Bennett is good as the German's wife who is suspected of his murder (April)

MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE—20th Century-Fox: In this shorter than usual movie, Jack Benny and his ever-faithful Rochester reap several healthy chuckles. Benny is a small-town lawyer in love with Priscilla Lane and honest to the point of starvation. When Rochester hits on the idea of publicizing Benny as the meanest man in the world, success promptly hits him on the head. (April)

MOON IS DOWN, THE—20th Century-Fox: About the Nazi invasion of a small Norwegian town, this is grippingly real and beautifully acted by Henry Travers as the mayor, Lee J. Cobb as the village doctor, and Dorris Bowdon. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the Nazi commander and Peter Van Eyck the Nazi lieutenant who succumbs to loneliness. (May)

MOUNTAIN RHYTHM—Republic: The Weaver Brothers take a long-promised vacation to California and then forego the restful life to recruit the student body of a snooty boys' school to help harvest the land of a departed pap. (Mar.)

MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR, THE—Warners: John Loder, an Englishman loyal to his German ancestors, is the instigator of all kinds of trouble. Eleanor Parker and Bruce Lester, a young Army officer intent on reopening a mine, are the romantic leads. (May)

NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A—Columbia: Loretta Young and Brian Aherne are a young married couple who move into an apartment building that houses all the victims of one blackmailer. Of course someone has to get murdered and the place is full of strange characters wandering around mysteriously. (Mar.)

NO TIME FOR LOVE—Paramount: Claudette Colbert is a high-powered magazine photographer who photographs sand hog Fred MacMurray and then can't get him out of her mind. When her pictures cause him to lose his job, she hires him as her assistant. The story tries very hard to be very funny but is only fairly so. (April)

OUTLAW, THE—Howard Hughes: After two years Jane Russell and Jack Beutel finally make their screen appearance in this story of *Billy the Kid*, with Miss Russell disappointing and Beutel showing great promise. Despite its many ludicrous moments, it holds attention. Thomas Mitchell is the sheriff and Walter Huston Billy's bad-man friend. (May)

PITTSBURGH—Universal: John Wayne, an ambitious coal miner, goes overboard in arrogance, deserts Marlene Dietrich for social Louise Allbritton and finally meets his come-uppance in defense work. Randy Scott is Wayne's partner who finally gets the girl. It's all as familiar as an old shoe. (Mar.)

POWERS GIRL, THE—Charles Rogers-U.A.: A good little musical this, boasting Benny Goodman's orchestra, Anne Shirley and Carole Landis as sisters, Dennis Day and his songs, and George Murphy as the boy both girls want. For the story, there's the timeworn theme of the big sister who wants a career more than anything and the meek little sister who wants nothing but George Murphy. (Mar.)

QUIET PLEASE, MURDER—20th Century-Fox: George Sanders is a thief of rare editions which he reprints and has sold by his aide, Gail Patrick. A library guard is murdered during the theft and when German agents enter the picture complications and more murders occur. (April)

RHYTHM PARADE—Monogram: All about a singer about to debut in a big-time show who keeps a baby in her dressing room, which stirs up a terrific hornet's nest. Ted Fiorita's orchestra, Gale Storm, Robert Lowry and the Mills Brothers head the cast. (Mar.)

SECRETS OF THE UNDERGROUND—Republic: John Hubbard, district attorney, and his girl friend, Virginia Grey, find a corpse in a trunk, which almost leads to Virginia's death. As if this weren't enough, Nazi agents forge War Stamps and the women's auxiliary defense corps jump in and helps clean up the Nazis. (May)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—Universal: Under the brilliant direction of Alfred Hitchcock this becomes a masterpiece of suspense. Between Teresa Wright and her uncle, Joseph Cotten, there exists a warm bond until slowly suspicion that he is a murderer creeps into her mind. Both give wonderful performances, as does MacDonald Carey. (April)

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET WEAPON—Universal: In this episode, the famous sleuth, played by Basil Rathbone, and his faithful friend Doctor Watson, Nigel Bruce, block Nazi agents in their attempt to steal the four separate parts that make up a secret British bomb-sight. Lionel Atwill, as usual, plays the enemy. (April)

SILENT WITNESS—Monogram: Frank Albertson, a criminal lawyer for a Black Market, is in love with Maris Wrixon, a beautiful investigator for the District Attorney. But no sooner does Frank reform than he is accused of murdering the D.A. Bradley Page. When all else fails to clear him, a police dog steps in and exposes the killer. (Mar.)

✓**SILVER SKATES**—Monogram: One of the best skating revues yet produced. The work of ice star Belita is show-stopping and the clowning of Frick and Frack on ice is a riot. Kenny Baker sings engagingly, and Patricia Morison as his real heart and owner of the show is so good. (April)

✓**SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT**—Columbia: Janet Blair comes to the fore with a neat, provocative performance as the young songwriter who gets shoved into the star spot of a show angeloed by gay divorcee Cobina Wright Jr. Don Ameche is the press agent, Jack Oakie an old vaudeville star, and William Gaxton the show's producer. It's gay. (May)

✓✓**SPIRIT OF '43, THE**—Disney: This Donald Duck short subject was produced especially for the Treasury Department and has Donald working in a defense factory and torn between spending his money and putting it away for income taxes. Fascinating submarines, tanks, planes and battleships parade across the screen. (April)

✓✓**STAND BY FOR ACTION**—M-G-M: Good war stuff, about how four men take over a destroyer. At sea they pick up a cargo of babies afloat in a lifeboat and eventually meet with a Jap battleship. The men are Charles Laughton, Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy and Walter Brennan. (Mar.)

✓✓**STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM**—Paramount: All the Paramount stars are in this lavish musical—Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard, etc. It tells how a telephone operator at the studio, Betty Hutton, in love with sailor Eddie Bracken, gets Victor Moore to pretend he's an executive when Eddie and his shipmates visit Hollywood. Fun. (Mar.)

✓**STRANGER IN TOWN, A**—M-G-M: Frank Morgan is a Supreme Court Justice who goes on a vacation and meets local attorney Richard Carlson, who's running for Mayor. Through Morgan's advice Carlson eventually ousts the crooked opposing party. Porter Hall is the small-town judge and Jean Rogers the very pretty girl in the case. (May)

TARZAN TRIUMPHS—RKO Radio: Tarzan (still Johnny Weissmuller) puts on a one-man blitz when the Nazis attempt to overrun his domain. Frances Gifford, princess of a lost civilization, provides the feminine interest. Johnny Sheffield is Tarzan's son. (May)

✓**THEY GOT ME COVERED**—Goldwyn-RKO: Bob Hope is the none too bright foreign correspondent brought home from Russia after missing a scoop. When he goes to visit his girl, Dorothy Lamour, in Washington, he becomes embroiled in a spy ring, a phony wedding and honeymoon with Marian Martin and a beauty parlor mix-up. Newcomer Lenore Aubert scores heavily. Plenty of fun. (April)

✓**THREE HEARTS FOR JULIA**—M-G-M: Ann Sothern is a member of an all-girl orchestra who resents the absences of her foreign correspondent husband, Melvyn Douglas, so Lee Bowman and Richard Amley, both in love with Ann, persuade her to divorce Douglas, who has his own ideas on the subject. (April)

TRAITOR WITHIN, THE—Republic: Don Barry is a truck driver whose wife, Jean Parker, is jealous of the heroism accredited to the town mayor, Ralph Bellamy. Her jealousy leads to blackmail and Don, who has gone up the ladder on the blackmail money, eventually finds himself behind bars. (Mar.)

TRUCK BUSTERS—Warners: All about the battle between independent and organized trucksters, with Richard Travis resisting the efforts of Don Costello and his mob of organized racketeers to run him out of business. Don't waste your time. (April)

✓**TWO WEEKS TO LIVE**—RKO Radio: When Abner, played by Norris Goff, is erroneously told he has but two weeks to live, his partner, Lum, played by Chester Lauck, decides to rent him out for hazardous ventures. Rocket ships to Mars, bombs in a violin case and Nazi plots befall Lum before he finds the doctor has committed an error. (May)

✓**WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME**—Universal: Allan Jones, as the soldier hero who secretly rejoins old friends to avoid Marla Shelton and gets accused of being O.W.O.L., does some of his best work in this very good little musical. Jane Frazee is the singer, Evelyn and her magic violin score a solid hit, but young Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan ail but steal the show. (Mar.)

✓**YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER**—Columbia: Romance in rhythm, with Fred Astaire an American dancer in South America. He meets Rita Hayworth, who thinks he's in love with her and falls in love with him, but Fred wants only to dance in her father's night club. The two stars' dancing numbers are marvelous, Adolphe Menjou is very good; so is Xavier Cugat's orchestra. (Mar.)

YOUNG AND WILLING—U.A.: A group of penniless boys and girls, ambitious to be stage stars, share an apartment in order to exist. Unbeknown to playwright Robert Benchley they dig up one of his old plays and put it on. William Holden, Eddie Bracken, Susan Hayward and the others shouldn't be wasted on such trivia. (May)

✓✓**YOUNGEST PROFESSION, THE**—M-G-M: Laugh and enjoy yourself over this story of auto-graph hounds, with Virginia Weidler, president of a fan club, seeking autographs at all costs. Edward Arnold plays her long-suffering father and the guest stars who are very neatly placed in the story are Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson, William Powell, Robert Taylor and Lena Turner. (May)

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CHERAMY perfumer

Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

(Continued from page 21) Whitneys make a fuss over him. He won't make any scintillating quips that you'll hurry to write down in your memory book, but he'll dance expertly if not spectacularly, light your cigarettes for you and stand up quickly when anybody comes over to the table to say hello. If you like champagne, he's the boy who'll buy it for you.

You'll get no hot foots from Randy—just a good wholesome evening of relaxation on the slightly social side.

Milton Berle: If you love laughs, you'll love this Knight and, if you laugh long enough, he'll love you. You'll be a one-woman preview audience for all the gags he's trying to whip into shape for his next radio broadcast or benefit. He'll kid with the waiter, anticipate the comedian's punch lines when the floor show is on and keep you in stitches with his switches.

Of course, don't think you and Milton will be alone on this party. A date with him inevitably includes his seven script writers and possibly Ma Berle for sound effects. "A funny thing happened to me today," Milton will remark—and one of the gag men will quickly think up what it was that happened. "I've got a hotel room that's so small—" he'll begin and instantly the scripter in charge of small hotel room gags will supply that one.

The bubbly Berle won't drink anything stronger than bottled water, but it will affect him like a gallon of Chablis. Even on the dance floor, he'll clown with the bandleader or any ringsider who happens to be looking. Back at the table, he'll take out a deck of cards and do tricks to mystify you.

He'll squire you everywhere—from the big cafes with floor shows to all the swank spots with celebrity patronage. And you'll discover that there's one comedian in the world who doesn't want to play Hamlet or direct the Second Front, and hasn't got a broken heart. All Milton wants is to play Berle.

Jon Hall: You might think that before an evening with Jon, a girl ought to spend a few hours at the YWCA pool improving her swimming and diving, but really that's not necessary. Neither is a close-fitting sarong.

Jon doesn't make any rules for his femme companions. You'll find he's a character right out of Saroyan. He loves people and he's one actor who doesn't think he'd be a million times better than Gary Cooper or Cary Grant if those so-and-sos at the studio weren't trying to stifle his genius.

He'll take you to dinner at a place where the food is good and preferably exotic—Hawaiian or authentic Chinese. He loves to dance and it doesn't take much urging to get him into the conga line. He won't click his heels or kiss your hand, but neither will he tell you the story of his life; and he'll be so polite and eager to please that you'll decide if all men were like Jon, psychoanalysts would go out of business for keeps.

He'll be gentle and boyish and make you feel small and feminine, the way very big, very broad-shouldered men always do.

Heavens, what am I saying?

George Raft: If you like a good steak, apple pie, no drinks, sporting events and Latin music practically without pause, here is your ideal date bait.

George won't ask you if you've read any good books lately, but he may throw some World Series scores at you and you'd better catch them; and if you know

any bantam-weights by their pet names, that will help you socially, too.

An evening with George is easy to figure out in advance. He'll arrive in a nostalgic mood and the night will be spent wandering around inspecting a collection of beat-up billiard academies, deserted basements, dance halls and barber shops where his memories lie waiting to be picked up. George is a walkin' fellow, so you'll do well to wear stout, comfortable shoes for the occasion.

You will also be smart to take a few easy lessons in how to get around the dance floor because George is only interested in rumba numbers and numbers who rumba.

His conversation will be informative, but not overwhelming. If he tells you his wife doesn't understand him, you can believe every word of it.

Peter Lorre: Any femme would be justified in preparing herself for a rendezvous with the lead-eyed Lorre by sticking on all her false eyelashes and real emeralds and hoping for an evening of trap doors, international villains and switched wine glasses—but don't dream of it, fair lady. In the flesh, Lorre doesn't blend with paillettes and vampire glances; he is a sweet little fellow with the sad look of a wounded raccoon and you will probably wind up trying to mother him.

He'll dress for the festivities in a tweed jacket—or, if it looks like a formal occasion, a tan polo coat—and he'll meet you in a big lobby where he can introduce you to "Ben Hecht and the most charming refugees." He'll order you a drink (Scotch and soda for him) and call you "little lady," even if you're six feet three; he calls all girls "little lady" and all men "Daddy."

He'll take you to the most expensive restaurants but urge you to eat hot dogs, because they're his personal idea of heaven, and if he doesn't consume several during an evening you can start asking him if he feels ill. Don't count on any waltzing, because you're probably taller than Peter and he never dances out of his size. But he'll ask you to feel his muscle (it's hard) and tell you how tough he is—at tennis.

You'll meet more people in an evening with Pete than you've ever met in your life before, because he is the world's champion introducer, but practically none of them will be spies, beachcombers or jewel thieves. After a while you'll begin to relax and it's quite safe, because he never throws a girl down an elevator shaft or in front of a speeding truck unless cameras are grinding.

Really, he won't even offer you a reefer.

Charles Chaplin: If you look appealingly wistful on your date with Charlie (an expression you can achieve by thinking of your last pair of nylons) you may find yourself the leading lady in his next picture. It's happened that way before with many a sweet-faced unknown—and a few of them even became his wives.

The night you go out with him is your night for brilliant conversation—listening to it, I mean. Charlie will make up for all those years of poignant muteness on the screen by talking a blue streak, chiefly about the state of the world and what Chaplin thinks of it, and he will deliver his conversational gems as if he expected you to be taking them all down in shorthand.

Intellectual though he is, you may pick up a "character" or two in your amblings about town with Chaplin and don't be surprised if you wind up in a rowdy fun-

joint because Charlie often does, whether he's on a solo flight through the bistros or accompanied by a lady of wit and charm.

You'll have a good time, though, if you take it in stride and don't become too impressed with his verbiage or too romantic over his wistful charm. Charlie is dynamite in the field of *amour* because he has what none of the other boys hereto examined possesses—the intangible quality of making you feel that maybe he needs the right woman to give him the happiness that fame and money obviously haven't given him, and that you're the gal.

When you begin to get that feeling, say no to the nightcap and take the nearest taxi home.

George Sanders: A girl goes on a date with George at her own risk—but who wouldn't risk it?

He's the easy-to-get-but-hard-to-please type. If you're wearing a silly hat, don't expect him to compliment you on it; just consider yourself lucky if he doesn't knock it off your head. If you powder your nose at the table, he's liable to break it. (The nose or the table, makes no difference.) If you're late for the date, don't be surprised if he trips you as you make your smiling entrance.

But if you're the type who likes to do jigsaw puzzles because they're so tough and adores wearing tight shoes because it's such a relief to take them off, Sanders is your *homme fatal*. Are you in the market for a good inferiority complex? He's your dish. He gives the impression—real or faked—of being able to see through women the way you can see potato chips through a cellophane bag.

When you set your appointment with George, steel yourself to expect the lovable rogue to turn up anywhere from two hours to three months late, possibly wearing a beard or riding a bicycle; and prepare yourself to get stuck with the check. Don't run to the door anticipating orchids; if George buys any, he'll wear them himself.

But you won't be bored—that's a guarantee. Even if you've heard that one about "women are strange little beasts" before, you'll become fascinated when it's your shin that's being kicked while he intones it.

If you're a spoiled belle, jaded with flowers and candy and swains who are putty in your lily-white hands, Sanders makes a nice change. Just a cynic at twilight, that's George.

And now, if you're quite comfortable, dear reader, the alarm clock will go off at any minute.

The End

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Kiss Me for Luck

(Continued from page 47) spending money for nonessentials, they found all their joy and recreation in their walks home at night, their telephone conversations, in—just being together.

And yet that wasn't enough, not nearly enough. Each night the parting became harder, each time the good-night kiss stirred a hunger that haunted her rooms long after he was gone and dogged his footsteps all the way back to the hotel.

One day he was at her apartment, trying to work in the crowd—its cat-calls, shouts, criticisms—in one of his routines. "I feel like that one-man orchestra we see going around the streets." He stopped short. "This is where I need Roy."

So he was still afraid to go out on his own. "Phil," she said softly. "I could learn the accordion."

He winced and turned on her in a burst of temper. "I won't work with you. I told you that long ago and if that's what's in your head—get it out. A man's got to be something by himself or nothing at all."

"But your—future wife can help you, Phil," she pleaded.

He softened suddenly, came swiftly to her and tilted her chin up. "We'll have a little house when I get going. You'll take care of it. You know—geraniums in the window, honeysuckle vine on the porch—"

After that Betsy didn't offer advice or criticism, except when he asked for it.

At the end of three weeks Phil didn't go to his new agent. Al Lonergan, because "things aren't in the shape I like them to be." Betsy thought they were, but couldn't say so. The fourth week went by and Phil was still making excuses.

Then, at the end of the fifth week, something happened in her affairs which pointed the way to handle the situation. He was standing at her door after bringing her home. Betsy drew a deep breath and plunged. "It seems silly," she said, keeping her voice casual, "for us to be paying two rents."

"Two can't live as cheaply as one," he answered gruffly. "That's hokey."

"Two can starve more cheerfully than one!" This was mean and low, about the meanest thing a girl could say to a man. But she was saying it for him, to help him.

"That's all our marriage would mean to you?"

"What else? I'm out of a job now, myself."

"Betsy!"

"Well—I've had six weeks at The Blue Lagoon. That's a long time for one of those joints. They want new faces."

"Something's bound to turn up, Betsy."

"Not this time—I don't think." She went on chattering, painting a discouraging picture.

Phil broke in. "I've still got a little money. Do you think I'd let you starve?"

She let her last dart fly. It was the most hurtful of all, but if it worked—

"You'll need that yourself, won't you?"

Phil didn't come in for a hot drink that night. Before he had reached the gate of the court, Betsy had flung herself across the bed, fully clothed, and great sobs shook her body. How could she have done this to him, who needed her faith so much? But she hadn't really lost faith in him—and so, crying and grieving, arguing with herself and silently apologizing to Phil—

The telephone drilled into her brain and as she stumbled to get to the instrument, she wondered who could be calling in the middle of the night. But it wasn't the middle of the night. The sun slashed across her eyes like a knife. She must have slept in her clothes.

"Honey—I woke you up—"

Her heart turned over. That was Phil and he wasn't angry. His voice was confident—almost! "That doesn't matter."

"I'm seeing Lonergan at two-thirty."

Then she had helped him! The world was bright again, the flowers outside sweet in their gay colors. "Oh Phil."

"I love you, Betsy."

Precious words. The most precious in the world.

At five o'clock dinner was under way. Betsy sat down on the top step of the entrance to her bungalow to wait and when she saw Phil turn in at the entrance, she raced around the court to meet him, straight into his arms.

Unabashed before eyes that must be watching, he kissed her, and although he said at once that Lonergan had showed no great enthusiasm, she knew Phil was going to keep on, if only for her sake.

Indoors he kissed her again, long and luxuriously, as if her love were something to be savored, a lasting beauty, not one to be snatched at quickly.

The dinner was perfect. Phil clowned all the time he was helping her clear up. Then Betsy put a Tommy Dorsey recording on the machine and when the music began to play, Phil opened his arms wide.

They didn't talk, then. They danced. He had never danced before, with Betsy, and now, feeling her a featherweight of loveliness against his heart, he felt strong and rich in his love.

Like honey pouring out of a crystal pitcher, Betsy thought. That's the way we dance together. Oh Phil, don't you see how it would be if we did everything together—work together, too? I always knew from the first I could be your perfect partner.

Betsy had not entirely exaggerated her own chances, or rather lack of them, for employment. Her own agent could find nothing suitable for her. At first, the freedom was delightful, although the blessing was mixed, for although she had plenty of time to play with Phil, he naturally did not wish to get too far away from the telephone. That meant they merely spent their time between Mama's hotel and her apartment, with an occasional walk in the evening.

The spell of that night when they danced wore off. Sometimes she thought, in despair, that they acted like an old married couple. A kiss when they met and when they parted, long silences which were not comforting, hours spent together because they seemed to have nothing else to do.

Finally Al Lonergan called one day. There was a spot for Phil. One night, more if he made good.

"Of course I'll go," said Phil.

The instant Phil stepped out into the spotlight, he had his first case of stage fright. The audience was smarter than he'd thought, waiting to be mowed down. He couldn't relax. He was trying too hard.

It's nothing. Twelve minutes. Take it easy. Relax. A lady bets on a horse. So what? You've been through it dozens of times. Here's where Betsy always laughed. Nobody's laughing now. Easy. Relax.

Before the polite patter of applause marked the finish, he knew he was not putting it over. He was dying for the third time. Once when Chet ran out, then when Roy deserted.

The second and midnight shows were no better. He'd known all along he couldn't do it. He should have told Betsy before she bothered with him.

Lonergan spoke only once on the way

home. "You need more work, Jordan. Also a partner—I think. You can't carry all that yourself."

HE seemed to crack up after that. He didn't read the papers or Variety, didn't rehearse or take exercise. He scarcely came to Betsy's apartment. When she went to Bosco's, she found him sitting in the lobby staring, or in the garden—staring. After a while he didn't even want to go into the garden, but Betsy bullied him out, and he would sit with her hand squeezed in his, but he seldom spoke.

All Betsy could do was to sing and dance. She might amuse Phil that way, so she began to burst out into snatches of song occasionally, then to emphasize the song with a few taps. She made the periods longer. It felt kind of good to be in action again, even only for a few minutes at a time.

She never remembered at what moment Phil began to take notice. But once he was aware of her activity, she really tried. She sang and danced. She practiced pantomime.

Love made her wise. Heartbreak made her clever. One day she deliberately did something so clumsily that even the teacher back in her ten-year-old days would have winced. It worked. Dear God, it worked, for Phil kicked back his chair suddenly and shouted, "Stop! That's awful. What do you think you're doing?"

"I was trying to work out a tap from the Kentucky triple running step."

"That's not the way, then. Look Betsy—do it like this."

She was still as clumsy, but her heart began to melt so fast, she was afraid it would run out of her eyes.

"It isn't hard," he said impatiently. "No—like this. Come on—try it again."

Dear God—let him be angry, let him scold and call her four-footed. Let him be anything but the broken lump he had been.

He worked with her for nearly half an hour. She improved, not too fast. She must prolong this interest in something else beside himself. Suddenly he caught himself up.

"What the devil do I think I'm doing?"

"Teaching me something I need to know, Phil."

"What's it all for?"

Now Betsy was merely angry. "I have to earn a living," she retorted. "I've got to improve. I'm young. My life isn't finished. I have to do something! I'm going on."

For a long time he was visibly struck into silence. The clock measured off eternity. "Maybe you're right," he said, breathing heavily. "You're young. You've got talent. There's a lot of work behind you. I guess—you ought not waste it. You'd better strike out for yourself, you understand—for yourself. I'm not in it. I'll help you—bring out what you have—"

He was all done in. He lay down on the sofa and covered his eyes.

PHIL gave her all she could take, which was plenty, though he did it without joy or delight. He was dogged about it. She knew he believed that she'd be through with him as soon as she was working steadily again. Let him think that, if that would help.

When he felt her routine was good enough, he told her she was ready, really ready, now that she had something she had never had before. She called Lonergan. Could she show him her work that afternoon? She could!

Three days later Lonergan called. A night club—girl taken sick to be replaced for that night.

This week she's a Bride again!



1 Last week she was only a wife... an unhappy wife... 'cause her man never said pretty things any more... and he wasn't romantic! And guess what? Her face powder was all to blame! It just didn't give her natural youth and beauty a chance... for its color was dead and lifeless... so her skin looked old! And so did she!



2 But one day... one lucky day... she tried Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder... in the glamorous new shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth! What a thrilling discovery for her... and for you, too... because there's a new Cashmere Bouquet shade to enhance all the natural, alluring youthfulness in your complexion, no matter what your age!

3 So now she's a bride again... a joyful bride... for her mate is attentive as the day they wed... thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful look Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives her! And this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-blended... never never streaky! It's color-smooth... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, keeps you lovelier for hours on end!



4 And now there's a new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet, color-harmonized to suit your skin-type perfectly! So, don't wait to win a lovelier, more glamorous complexion! You'll find Cashmere Bouquet in 10¢ or larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere!





CAN YOUR HAIR STAND A "NASAL CLOSE-UP"?

If you want men to keep their distance—maybe it doesn't matter.

But remember—your scalp perspires as well as your skin. Many girls also have a tendency toward oily hair, which can easily form an odor. Check up on yourself . . . your hat, your hairbrush . . . your pillow.

It's so easy to play safe. Packers Pine Tar Shampoo works wonders with oily hair and scalp odor because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar.

The delicate pine-woods fragrance does its work—then disappears . . . leaving your scalp clean and fresh. Be sure of yourself—start the Packers habit tonight. You can get this fine shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



Nadinola helps thousands to win **LIGHTER, LOVELIER SKIN**
3-way action helps fade freckles, surface pimples, loosens blackheads, too!



Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a 3-way treatment cream that acts to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen blackheads. Used as directed, its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—to make it creamy-white, satin-smooth. Start today to improve your complexion—buy Nadinola Cream! Full treatment-size jar only 55¢, with money-back guarantee; trial size 10¢. Or write Nadinola, Dept. 23, Paris, Tenn.

The call had come to her at Bosco's. "You'll come with me, Phil," Betsy said. "I'll need you."

She was to do two numbers in each show. Phil spoke to the musicians, timed the numbers for them, warned them of a couple of complete pauses. When she emerged in her first costume, he inspected her, encouraged her. Before she was to go on for the first show, he went to the rear of the dining room to watch.

She skipped out as she always did, the little girl with her basket of goodies, the child slipping an apple to teacher. She looked about fourteen, cute as a bug, every man's first sweetheart. His sweetheart, Phil couldn't help it. He was proud of her poise and diction, her grace and winsomeness. The audience was not precisely cold, nor yet was it enthusiastic. They enjoyed her. They didn't warm up quickly enough.

"You're dancing with your head, Betsy. Dance with your feet," he muttered.

Her second turn was to come later in the show. The appeal in her eyes, when he met her at the dressing room, moved him.

"I'm mufing it."

"No," he said. "It's not that bad. You'll feel your heart better the second time."

Her heart? Where was it? In him. She needed him now.

"I'm going to change my plan," she said. "I'm going to do your 'A Lady Bets On A Horse.'"

"That's crazy," Phil said. "You had no rehearsing. The band—"

The band can make out," she insisted.

Again Phil stood in the rear, but this time he was truly nervous. It was easier to get up yourself and try something new than to see a loved one do it. She came on with a few bars of musical accompaniment, and she had changed her entrance. Instead of sweeping in purposefully as he had done, she minced in, searched up the tiers for her seat, consulted her ticket stub constantly, finally stumbled over somebody's imaginary feet and came down plop. By the expression on her face, she made it obvious she had fallen into a man's lap.

The audience tittered. Good! That was helpful to her. Within a few seconds, the audience stopped tittering, and a stony, bored silence prevailed. Phil didn't know where she cracked, what had happened. Her effort, too, was inadequate, and as he watched he thought he was dying another death, a slow, lingering torture which went deeper than any other suffer-

HOLLYWOOD HOROSCOPE



Trouble ahead! Famed astrologer Matilda Trotter warns these stars of what they'll have to face, come June

THE month of June is filled with exciting Hollywood happenings. These are the most spectacular events that will occur.

In reading these predictions, please take into consideration the fact that in order to make an accurate prediction your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because exact information concerning the person's birth was unavailable.

Hedy Lamarr: It looks as though Hedy will win her lawsuit against her studio, or in some way benefit, for beginning in June her star of fame rises to hit its peak in July.

As to her love life—and much has been written linking the names of John Loder and Hedy Lamarr—John's chart indicates an unforeseen development in his department of home.

If he and Hedy are planning a secret marriage before his divorce is final, they should banish the thought. The stars indicate that such a step would cost him loss of prestige, money, and possibly even a contract.

Mary Astor: She stands a very good chance of crashing the headlines in June.

The fiery Mars conjuncting Mercury threatens to bring private matters into the limelight, while Saturn, the planet which obstructs and takes away, will be

conjuncting the unpredictable Pluto in her money house. Added to this, on June 18, the full Moon is in her eighth house in opposition to Pluto. This suggests financial loss through a marriage, business partner, or lover.

Look out, Mary! Your stars warn you to beware of scandal which can lead to loss of reputation and money.

Humphrey Bogart: The Bogarts may stage a battle in June which will bring them unhappiness unless they are very careful.

Mayo's stars warn her to use caution in words, writings and actions. Uranus and Saturn are in her house of home instigating sudden change. At the same time, the transiting Mars comes to an exact conjunction with Mars in her money house. This indicates the possibility of a blow-up over money.

Humphrey Bogart's career aspects are wonderful for the next two years.

However, in order to make the most of these good aspects, he must guard his health, being careful of colds contracted in chest or bronchial tubes and of accidents to hands, arms, chest and thighs.

The fiery, hotheaded Mars passing through his house of home in June indicates and substantiates the blow-up already suggested in Mayo's chart.

According to all planetary indications, Mars, god of war, is going to be plenty busy in the Bogart domicile in June.

ing he had known. *She was flopping with it as he had done.*

Suddenly he was infuriated at the audience. She wasn't that bad. He even recognized there was a charm in her work, and a tomfoolery which no man could get into it. *He could not let her down. He could not let her be crucified as he was.*

Phil didn't stop to think.

Tearing a sheaf of checks from his checkbook, he passed through the audience waving them as the bookies wave their paper money. He called out prices, summoned to his command a clever patter of horse and racetrack jokes, and stopped for split seconds at tables to collect bets and scribble receipts. The audience, caught suddenly by the appearance of a partner from nowhere, half rose, craned to see what was happening, began to laugh. Phil knew he was gathering that audience together, that when he finally reached Betsy, all attention would then be focused on her.

She was a good enough troupier to realize what he was doing. When he got halfway down the room, she had adjusted herself. She was craning, too, calling to him, "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Bookmaker!" "Oh dear, he's going to sell all his tickets." "I called you first, my good man. Over here—over here." She danced a little and she sang a bit as the excitement mounted, and when finally he reached her, she was keyed to hairline sensitivity. She'd pick up every cue he gave her.

He was here beside her. This moment which he had believed was truly the darkest of her life had become a triumph. *He was here.* If they didn't put the sketch over—all right. He had come to save her in a way she believed he would never take again. This was Success.

They tossed dialogue at each other as if it had been rehearsed. Fun and eager-

ness and fire transmuted the very air about them. And finally when Phil muttered to her, as the winner was coming in, "You'll collect the bet," she nodded. She collected her bet, and spontaneously threw her arms about him. Their kiss was realistic, and they made it long, cheered on as they were by the audience. Nobody believed that this duo had not been arranged.

Out of their desperation had come genuine satire and comedy, out of tragedy, fun and laughter. They were recalled six times. The manager pranced about them and said he was calling Lonergeran at once. He wanted them for weeks, for months, for as long as they would stay. He'd give them better spots, three acts. Did they know there was a talent scout out there tonight, one of *Van Dirk's* scouts? He'd asked about them.

Well—well! They looked at each other and burst out laughing.

BETSY was sitting at the kitchen table and drinking hot milk. The fragrance of dawn drifted in through the open window, but the sky was still dark. Phil sat opposite, watching every spoonful, adoring her.

"We caught something there, Betsy," he said.

"Did you feel it too, Phil?"

"Maybe it was just for the night—"

"I don't think so. We caught something and pinned it down, Phil. It's ours forever. I know."

"It looks like it, Betsy," with wonder in his voice.

"Why are you so surprised, Phil?"

"We did it together."

She put down her glass and locked her arms around him. "And you thought you were only doing it to save me."

"I wouldn't have rushed out, if I'd

stopped to think."

And so in saving her he had saved himself, restored himself, fulfilled her dreams.

"I always said I wouldn't work with anybody."

"Am I—anybody?"

"You're everybody to me, Betsy."

"Oh Phil, there's no disgrace in needing a partner. We need partners for living—husbands and wives."

He agreed. Maybe nobody worked alone, even if the partner wasn't visible or known. Indeed, holding her close, he realized there was a wonderful sustaining beauty in partnership, especially of two who would be husband and wife, a joyous service each could perform for the other.

"So there was a Van Dirk scout there tonight!" Betsy murmured, laughing.

"So tomorrow he'll call Lonergeran, and Lonergeran will call us—"

"So we'll say not yet, thank you—"

"That's right. This time we don't care to rush. Anyway, tomorrow we have a date with the preacher."

"Phil!"

"Did you think I'd forgotten? Didn't you know how hard it was for me?"

She was almost asleep in his arms. He kissed her softly, lingeringly, unwilling even to relinquish her to sleep and dreams.

"We can wait to break into pictures," he murmured. "We have two lifetimes for waiting now—yours and mine. But the preacher won't be kept waiting a moment."

She was really asleep now. He carried her into the bedroom, laid her gently down and went swiftly out into the dawn that was creeping through the city. As he crossed the court he raised his arms high, stretched slowly as far as he could reach, as far as the stars, twinkling up there on the biggest marquise of all.

The End.

How MUCH* are YOU smoking?

*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

WHETHER you are smoking more—or smoking less—note this:

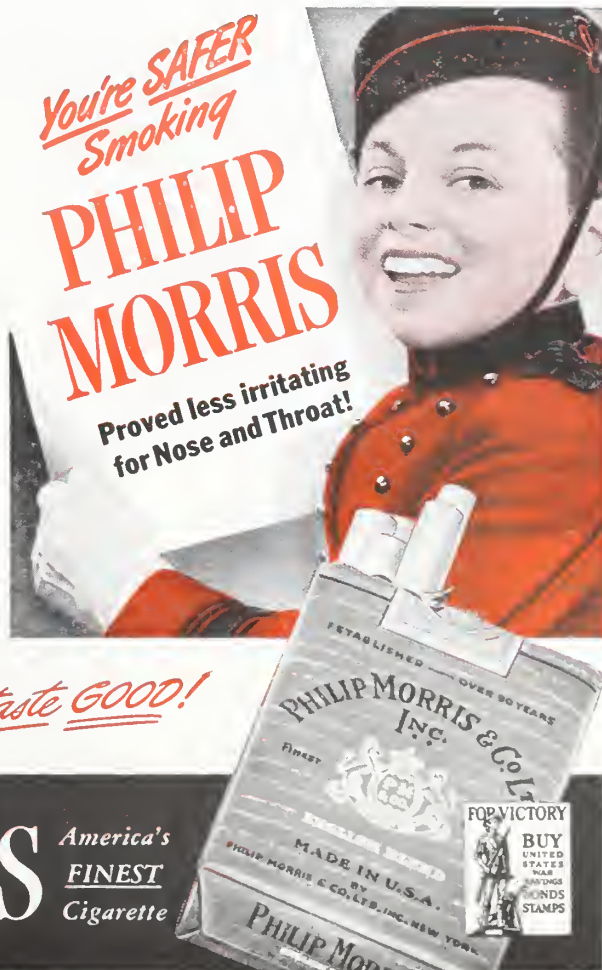
When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely or definitely improved!

That was reported in medical journals by distinguished doctors—their findings in work with actual men and women smokers.

NOTE we do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence clearly proves them less irritating to the nose and throat.

And do they taste GOOD!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS America's FINEST Cigarette



Diary at the North African Battle Front



FOR YEARS, I used to dose myself with a terrible-tasting medicine whenever I needed a laxative. And *what* that stuff did to me! I'd feel the effects for a whole day afterwards. It was just *too strong!*

THEN I TRIED another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But, instead of giving relief, it only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*



I WAS A "DUMB BUNNY" for not having discovered Ex-Lax sooner! How pleasant it is to take! You eat a little tablet that tastes just like chocolate — and that's all there is to it! Ex-Lax works so well, too. It's not too strong, not too mild...it's just right!



Ex-Lax is effective — but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset you — won't make you feel bad afterwards. No wonder Ex-Lax is called:

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

—it's not too strong!

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As a precaution, use only as directed.

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MATCHING WEDDING BAND SET WITH FLASHING STONES \$1.25



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Never before a value like this! A stunning Engagement Ring. Choice of yellow gold finish or white gold color effect or genuine sterling silver. A knock-out with a simulated diamond in center, and simulated diamonds at sides. Get it at the unbelievably low price of just \$1.25. Practically GIVEN AWAY. To introduce this amazing value, we offer a Matching Band absolutely without extra cost. Hurry! SEND NO MONEY—just name, and ring size. 10-day money-back guarantee. Pay postman \$1.25 plus 20¢ postage and C.O.D. charges (\$1.45 in all) for ring and get wedding band without extra cost. If you send \$1.25 cash with order we pay postage. You save 20¢. Write today.

HAREM CO., "The House of Rings"

30 CHURCH ST., DEPT. R-330, NEW YORK

(Continued from page 27) famous French soldier, has arrived at Gibraltar by submarine. He escaped France and was smuggled here with his young son and members of his Military Staff.

This is a great coup for us. He will prove invaluable. I am introduced to him in the War Room of the Fortress Tunnel. He is tall and thin, and does not look a day over fifty. His eyes are gray and cold, his mustache rather long and pointed. He rarely smiles. You feel the presence of great strength behind the slender frame. He is at all times intense. What he has gone through and his hatred of the Nazis have been chiseled into his features. He is not a man with whom I would like to argue. We cross our fingers. The next twenty-four hours will tell the story. Will the French really fight us? Are we walking into a Nazi trap?

November 8th.

"D Day!" This is it! The battle for North Africa has begun!

News flashes into the War Room from every point of contact. It is bewildering! A sea battle rages off Casablanca! Our troops are landing at Algiers and Oran! The French are resisting!

Hours pass. No one has been to bed; sleep is out of the question. News is flashed from Algiers. American forces have taken Admiral Jean Darlan into custody—a sort of voluntary custody. But whatever it is, we have him! He is a powerful figure in North Africa. The French Fleet is said to be loyal to him and to him alone. If we deal with him at all, it must be purely on a military basis. Anything that may possibly save the lives of American soldiers and permit us to get going against the Nazis is worth trying. After all, we are not at war with the French. If we can take Darlan into camp and secure the co-operation of the French Fleet and the military and political factions over which he exercises great authority, we should do so. I hope General Eisenhower lets nothing deter him. This is war. We can settle the political side of it when the Germans are dead.

I hear that General Eisenhower is sending General Mark Clark to Algiers in the morning to confer with Darlan. My request to go along is granted.

General Clark is a grand person, idolized by his fellow-officers. Tall, lanky and good-looking in a strong, masculine way, despite his prominent nose, he reminds me of an American version of Basil Rathbone. There is something forcibly honest and direct about him.

November 9th.

We are assembled on the airport runway at 10 A.M. for the flight to Algiers. This is no ordinary flight; we expect trouble.

We take off in the rain and meet our air escort as we circle high above the Rock. It is a comfortable sight to see those Spitfires on all sides of us.

We are about twenty minutes from the city of Algiers when the first alarm is flashed over the radio: Nazi planes ahead!

We circle in the clouds for the better part of an hour. Presently we are over Algiers, a great rambling city, its white Moorish buildings glistening in the late afternoon sun.

We are ready to fight. The crew are at action stations, portholes open, fingers on triggers.

Suddenly planes sweep to our left, followed by more black puffs, some quite close to our ship. Geysers of water rise

into the air alongside the transports and battleships below us. It dawns on me that the ships in the harbor are being bombed from the air. We fly high to avoid the ack-ack. We circle the airport several times and finally land with a thud.

All hell has suddenly broken loose. Planes now come at us from all directions. It is difficult to distinguish our own from the enemy's.

It is getting dark suddenly. The sky is alive with the colored tracer bullets. A Nazi plane crashes near by. Another explodes in the air and floats down, a mass of brilliant yellow and scarlet flames.

I still can't seem to understand that this is really a battle and I am in it. I seem to be a neutral observer, someone entirely out of danger, and although I was petrified when the first bomb dropped close I honestly had no lasting fear.

Total darkness comes swiftly. The ack-ack stops and the sky is suddenly empty. One by one the Spits come home to roost. We stumble around in the darkness and eventually locate the airport office and learn to our delight that we have shot down fourteen Jerries and lost only four Spits.

American soldiers are guarding the field. We had taken it by force earlier in the day with but few casualties. RAF pilots who had fought in the air battle are now huddled in the crowded hallways, talking of the scrap. They consider it a "good show."

The General's aide eventually shows up with two Arab-driven autos and we pile in and head for Algiers. We see one of the most inspiring sights an American could ever wish for. Coming down the road in the moonlight is an advancing column of doughboys. Shirts open, sleeves rolled up, their helmets caked with mud, their canvas leggings and field jackets torn and soiled with the grime of battle, they look for all the world like that great scene from "The Big Parade." Each soldier wears a tiny American flag sewn on his left sleeve below the shoulder; this means of identification saved many a life. On frequent occasions the French refused to fire on Americans.

We eventually reach the St. George Hotel. We were ordered to carry our pistols at all times.

I find out that I have been assigned to live with the hotel manager and his family. I am to use a cot in the parlor. They prove to be very pro-American and give me the lowdown on the local situation. The Algerians are ninety per cent pro-United Nations—or, to be more explicit, pro-American. They detest the Nazis.

Food, of course, is scarce, as the Nazis have systematically and scientifically robbed North Africa. I am out of cigars, which, to me, is next to starvation. But who cares? I wouldn't miss this show for all the cigars in Havana.

November 10th.

In daylight, the city is very much like any French Mediterranean seaport. It is colorful and quite modern. Arab women, veiled and always in white, are everywhere. American soldiers with machine guns set up ready for action guard the intersections.

After a busy day, I had no sooner hit the hay when a member of General Clark's staff stuck his head in the door and asked me to be ready in fifteen minutes to go out on a special mission.

The conference was held downstairs in what was formerly the hotel dining room—a large Moorish room. General Giraud

sat on a plush-covered bench, rather to one side. He was as conspicuous in the gathering as a star actor in a spotlight. We followed General Clark and Mr. Robert Murphy into the foyer. Robert Murphy is a most engaging personality. Tall, clean-cut and rather young for such an important diplomatic assignment, he nevertheless impresses one with his straightforward manner and knowledge of his task.

General Clark talked privately for a moment with General Giraud and then went on into the conference room, followed by Murphy. I learned that Darlan was already in the conference room. I stood aside with the other lesser American officers, discussing the event in low voices and wondering what the score was. The French officers remained apart. General Giraud came out of the conference room and resumed his seat on the bench. When he nodded to me in recognition, I joined him and we talked generalities. An aide came out and led the General back into the room. Hours passed.

After awhile, Admiral Darlan came out of the room. This was my first look at him. He was all I anticipated—short and heavy-set, with a pasty face and dark, deep-set eyes which shift around the room. He seemed nervous and strained. He was conscious of his stature and wore extra high heels. I was introduced to him, and while he tried to be pleasant, it just didn't come off.

As near as I can make out, the political situation is quite involved. I am positive that neither General Eisenhower nor General Clark will ever accept any substitute for Giraud as Chief of the Army. I am confident Giraud can take care of himself in this delicate situation, but if he can't, I am sure that Eisenhower and Clark will take care of matters for him.

November 11th.

Armistice Day. Things are moving quickly now. The "peace treaty" has been signed! Darlan is to be High Commissioner of North Africa, or something of the sort, and Giraud head of the Army. Three rousing cheers for Eisenhower and Clark!

November 13th.

Today General Clark was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant General. General Eisenhower made the promotion. It is impossible not to be impressed by General Eisenhower's smile, warm and glowing as an Arizona sunset.

November 16th.

I am sick—a mild touch of dysentery. Pinned down to a bed at the St. George, I have time to realize fully how lonesome I am for Virginia and the babies. They seem millions of miles away, and Hollywood and the studios are something in another world. What wouldn't I give to have just one day at 546 Ocean Front!

If I wrote down all the times I have thought of home since the start of this assignment, I am afraid it would consume more pages than the account itself. This is the most unpleasant phase of war—separation from those we love. Yet I have no right to complain. I am lucky to be alive.

November 18th.

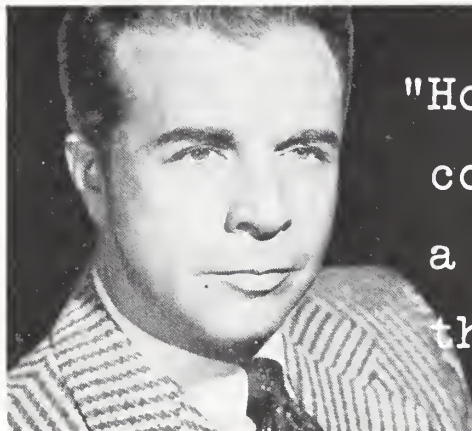
I have collected eight of my best combat cameramen and we are headed for Tunisia.

Lieutenant Klein is to drive the truck and I shall lead the way in my trusty Chevrolet.

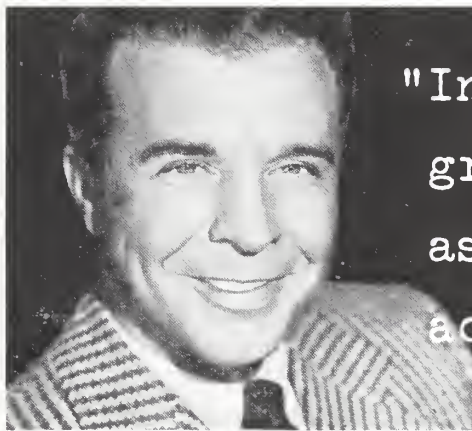
Arabs are a source of continual fascination for me. The women work; the

DICK POWELL speaking:

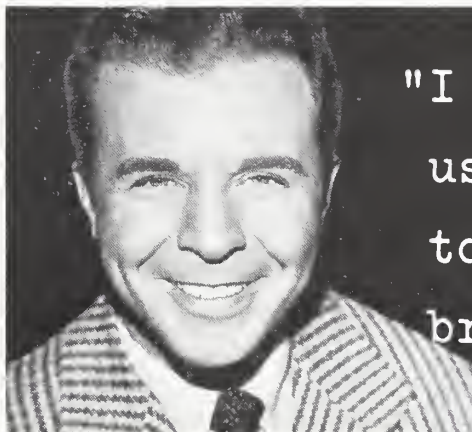
Star of Paramount's "HAPPY GO LUCKY" in Technicolor.



"Hollywood coaches a fellow thoroughly—



"In his grooming as well as acting.



"I now use CALOX to clean and brighten teeth."



A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want the utmost sparkle and brilliance consistent with utmost safety. Look for these professional features:

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CLEANSING TISSUES

men give the orders. They always seem to be going somewhere. On the roads by day or night, you pass small herds of them.

November 19th.

Started out at dawn. It is a hell of a road, choked with motor convoys, narrow and steep in places, but scenically picturesque. The country here is very much like Del Monte and Cypress Point; in fact, all of Algeria reminds me of California. The V for Victory sign has swept North Africa. Wherever we go, we are greeted by upraised hands, fingers forming the V. Native children wave at us as we pass. They catch on quickly; already they have mastered enough English to ask for "chewing-gum" and "cigarette Americaine."

The days are pleasant here, but the nights are next to freezing.

November 22nd.

At Souk el Arba I headed for Headquarters to check in. As I was about to enter the building, something made me look up. Directly over my head a flight of planes came into view, not more than 2,000 feet up.

It all happened in a sudden shocking instant. Bombs rained on us from every direction, it seemed, including the earth. Plaster flew off the walls. Machine-gun bullets splattered on all sides. A terrific explosion seemed to cave in the building, and down the road toward the airport, a bomb landed in the ammunition which exploded and sent flares of live bullets rocketing in every direction.

I flattened out on the floor and hugged the wall as another terrific explosion shook the building. Our own ack-ack opened up; the din was deafening.

The moment they turned away I grabbed my camera and headed for the airport, which was by now a mass of flames and billowing smoke.

Officers and men alike pitched in to salvage what they could. Ugly clouds of black smoke blotted out the sky.

I had my flask of brandy, and I passed it around freely. In the middle of this, the rats came over again. We were caught on the runway with no shelter or protection of any kind and had to make a dash for it.

This time, like everyone else, I was damn well frightened. I wasn't alone. There wasn't a soldier on the field who didn't light out for the nearest tree or ditch. The Nazis made one sweep and went on.

As we were excitedly discussing the events of the day, Sergeant Edwards spotted a new attack coming in at a higher level.

How long it lasted I will not attempt to say. It might have been five minutes or an hour.

Sometimes the planes would come as low as a few hundred feet. A Messerschmitt dove right over our heads not higher than the treetops, its guns blazing and black smoke pouring out of the tail.

I let go with my Tommy gun and fired three clips in all, and while I know some of my lead hit home I probably did no damage, yet there was always the chance that one lucky shot might strike a vital spot. Exhilaration and a feeling of supreme satisfaction swept over me. I wanted to shoot more and more. I could feel my heart pounding, and afterwards I was surprised to find myself out of breath and sweating.

In the excitement I had managed to sit in a lovely platter of cow dung. Thank heaven for that extra pair of britches!

Momentary fright is a peculiar thing. In odd moments I discussed the subject of battle conduct with several seasoned cam-

paigners. They all freely admit their momentary fright and call any man a liar who claims he isn't afraid when the going gets really hot. But the soldier to worry about and send home to a base is the one who worries before things happen and continues to sweat and look pale and drawn after they have happened. This man will never stand up and fight back if he has to. But the fact that you run for cover and duck and hold your breath and hug the dirt and say a quick silent prayer at the very moment of acute danger has nothing whatever to do with fear.

November 23rd.

During the night our troops captured about forty Italian paratroopers. We photograph them. They are a happy lot, delighted to be out of the war. They pose for us and do acrobatic stunts, anxious to butter their bread on the right side this time.

November 25th.

This is the day set for the advance on enemy-held ground positions. We are on the north flank aimed at Mateur.

We hide the truck in a farmyard halfway from Beja to the Front and take the Chevrolet, with myself at the wheel and one cameraman on each running board to watch for attacking planes.

Three times in an hour we had to abandon the car and take to the ditches. Suddenly we halted. I could hear machine-gun firing not far away. Five hundred yards down the road a Nazi tank column had clashed with our tanks and a detachment of the enemy was now taking potshots at us from the farmyard I could see just ahead. This was the firing I had heard.

The British battery opened up. We could see a group of Italian and German soldiers run out of the farmyard, waving white handkerchiefs as a token of surrender. This is something we could not miss. You do not often get a chance to photograph German soldiers at the very moment of surrender—and this was it.

We got some interesting stuff. There were about forty Italians and ten Germans. The Germans wouldn't mingle with the Italians and were none too pleased to be photographed, but we took care of that.

There was firing of every type going on all around us now.

The person who coined the phrase about there not being any atheists in a foxhole certainly knew his business, and I might also add that there are no social lines in a slit-trench. On our way back to the truck this evening after the battle had cooled off, we had a Messerschmitt dive at us, or in our general direction, just as we passed a unit of huge black Senegalese soldiers who were guarding a deserted railroad crossing. I wound up in a hole with the biggest and blackest man in all Africa. And was I delighted! His broad shoulders and thick chest were as good as a stone wall and, as we crouched together in the tiny hole, practically in each other's arms, I wondered what Hitler would do in a similar situation. I am sure I know the answer.

November 26th.

When I asked for volunteers to go back to the forward position, the boys all clamored for the chance.

We camouflaged the car in the grove and went forward on foot. After a few miles we climbed a barren hill and had a good view of the tank battle.

A wrecked and burning Nazi tank stood out on the horizon. A British battery of ack-ack guns moved in alongside us.

When the Jerries flew over, as they did several times in an hour, the Tommies gave them a warm reception.

Tonight the owner of the farm where we have headquarters gave us a wonderful dinner: roast turkey, potatoes, home-made brown bread and good Algerian brandy. Thanksgiving, after all.

This is the first time I have not been with my wife and the children on this day. I think of them constantly.

November 27th.

With the exception of a dogfight right above us in which a Spit got the better of a Jerry, we had an uneventful day.

One of the boys digs down in his musette bag and comes up with a package from home—a package he has skillfully guarded until now—homemade fudge. He passes it around bravely, and although we feel like criminals, we can't resist the temptation.

Whenever you ask a Britisher about the results of a battle or of a particular incident connected with combat, he will invariably reply: "Good show." No matter if the going has been tough and bitter, no matter if he has just flirted with death or come a cropper, it is always: "Good show."

The Yanks were quick to appreciate this typical example of British understatement and now it has become a favorite expression.

November 28th.

Up at dawn, and it is freezing. Just as the sun came out and the convoys on the road started to move, we saw an amazing and most disturbing sight. Two Messerschmitts were actually chasing four Spitfires. There was no mistaking it. The Spits were going as fast as they could with the Nazis right on their tail. Not once did they turn to fight. We were a most discouraged group as we watched it. It was not until later in the afternoon that I heard the lowdown. The Spits were without ammunition, and, furthermore, they had gone into the air without a bullet among the four of them hoping to keep the enemy engaged and away from the convoys on the roads below. Tonight after dinner we drank a tall one to the RAF.

You cannot possibly appreciate what good food means to soldiers in the field. If you can look forward to a full mess kit, then you will very quickly find yourself taking everything else in stride. I notice that the boys always come back with a bounce after we have eaten well. Food may not win this war, but it will go a long way toward it. When I think of what I have wasted at home I feel a little ashamed of myself.

November 29th.

"Good show." The tire collapsed at a railroad junction. As we stopped to fix it, I was amazed to see Colonel (secret) in a jeep coming in the opposite direction. I flagged him and learned that General Eisenhower and General Clark were in the following car on their way to an important conference. I had a most enjoyable chat with the Generals. They were particularly interested in the spirit and morale of the American soldiers with whom I have been in contact. After all, these boys are meeting the enemy for the first time. They (the Generals) have nothing to worry about on this score. The boys have been well trained; they know their job, they are eager to get at it.

December 1st.

Jerry has no idea what is in store for him. For six hours we have passed convoy after convoy of American soldiers, guns and

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armored vehicles. It is a wonderful, thrilling sight. The boys are rarin' to go and itching for a fight.

At dusk we locate the secret headquarters of the American "Combat Command." Looking at the headquarters war map in the candlelight, I am surprised to learn that the battle area has radically changed almost overnight. News reaches us that forty Nazi tanks have suddenly cut down from the North and sliced between Tebourba and our own present position. This means that the main battle will be fought to the west and south of Tebourba. The Nazi Panzer column is now somewhere about ten miles to the northeast of us.

The Nazis have a great advantage in this theatre. Because they hold the airports we must have three times as many planes as they have, or we must somehow establish new forward airports and blast the Nazi fields off the map.

December 2nd.

Although I am not aware of it, this is to be the most exciting day of my life as far as combat action is concerned.

I learned that our scouts had located the position of the Nazi column during the night and contact was momentarily anticipated. This coming clash might very well decide the entire Tunisian campaign.

The atmosphere at Headquarters was tense as I selected Lieutenant Klein and Sergeant Chapman to accompany me to the forward positions. We headed down the road to Tebourba, hell-bent for election. The Lieutenant took the wheel. I was the air observer in front; the Sergeant the air observer in the rear, with the job of looking back and nothing else. I might add that the Sergeant wore rather thick glasses.

I had not noticed this until suddenly, out of the blue, our truck leaped upward by the force of a tremendous explosion. An ear-splitting crash deafened us and we were lifted out of our seats as the diving roar of a Nazi plane swept down on us from behind. In a flash I saw flames and black smoke pour out of the third vehicle on the road behind us. I saw more bombs in the air on their way down and heard the horrible spit of machine-gun bullets that seemed to be tearing the earth apart right at our feet. Somehow or other we all managed to get out of the truck. I dived headlong into a shallow ditch. I did not move or look up. My ears rang, and I was out of breath.

How many planes were in the attack I shall never know, but it was the neatest job of sneak convoy raiding I ever want to witness. They came from the sun, with motors off, and now as we heard them roar away and knew we were safe, we clambered gratefully to our feet and looked over the damage. A number of vehicles were afire and there were heavy casualties.

We got back in the truck, sore as hell, and went forward with the flow of traffic. Everything moved forward in a mighty American cavalcade.

The Jerries came over three times in less than twenty minutes, and we were in and out of the truck so frequently it got funny. An American half-track plunged directly into the snipers' grove, firing at every tree and bush in a grim determined effort to clean out the place.

We took advantage of this moment to run the gauntlet. Taking a good start, we gave the sturdy old bus the works and fairly flew through the hot spot. It was a tight squeeze. I know now exactly how a clay pigeon in a shooting gallery feels.

We were now about three miles from Tebourba.

I located the Headquarters half-track and talked with Colonel (secret) and his officers. The attack was all planned. The

Panzer column had been located and, as we talked, a battery of American artillery in the woods alongside of us opened fire on the enemy positions.

The tanks roared down the road and the battle began in earnest. It was difficult to see, difficult to follow and more difficult to photograph. On several occasions I could actually feel the nearness of the enemy fire as machine-gun bullets whizzed by or splattered in the trees.

At this point the Nazis opened up on us with their heavy artillery. The ground shook and shook until you felt that the trees would topple over.

Darkness came and we ran the gauntlet again past the snipers on our way back to Headquarters. As we drove, we could see large fires behind us lighting up the horizon. A Sergeant in a jeep flagged us down at the road junction. He suggested that it might be advisable for us to pull off the road for a spell; an enemy patrol was thought to be somewhere between us and Headquarters. We pulled over to the side of the road and chewed the fat for a while. The Sergeant hailed from Ohio. He pointed out a farmyard a quarter of a mile away across a plowed field and remarked that it reminded him of his father's place outside Columbus. Funny how everything in North Africa seems to remind everybody of home, no matter what part of America we come from.

A sudden burst of machine-gun fire shattered the stillness. We tumbled out of the car and crouched down in the ditch. The firing stopped as abruptly as it had started, and in a few minutes, a half-track came by to tell us the road had been cleared.

December 3rd.

Sat in on an impromptu conference with a squad of French soldiers who had sneaked through the Nazi lines and escaped from Tunis. They are eager to join us.

They are surprised and delighted to know that Giraud is the Commanding General of the French Forces in North Africa. However, as one of them said, "What does it matter—Giraud or De Gaulle—as long as we fight?"

We drove on and reached Bone at 3:30 in the morning. What a different city. Building after building had been hit and glass and rubble fill the streets.

Before leaving Bone on the last trip, I had left my bags and extra equipment in Room 240 at the Hotel D'Orient; so I parked the truck on the deserted street outside the hotel and stumbled my way in the darkness to the room. I was so sleepy I could hardly undress. The moment I closed my eyes, the siren went off. Glass flew out of the windows, but I made up my mind, come what may, I would not budge. I have not been in bed in 2,000 years, more or less. I am going to sleep out the night if it kills me.

December 4th.

I awakened and looked at the morning light through the dislodged shutters. The hotel seemed strangely quiet. I rose and found that the lights were still out of order. When I tried to introduce my teeth to a tooth brush, the water was also off. So I dressed and started for the dining room on the bottom floor.

On my way downstairs I didn't pass a soul.

By now I became aware of a decided change. Something had happened.

I retraced my steps to the lobby and went out into the bright sunlit street. I looked about, and suddenly became conscious that the street in front of the hotel was completely deserted except for a

gendarme who stood at the crossing a block away. He saw me, reacted and started to wave his arms frantically in my direction.

I saw that the intersection had been roped off and that no less than half the remaining population of the town kept staring at me with popped eyes and bated breath, as if I were Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, or Orson Welles fresh from Mars.

By now, of course, it was quite obvious to me that an unexploded bomb or something of the sort had fallen somewhere in the vicinity. The complete story I learned a few moments later. It seems I had had company for the night. To be more explicit, I had slept with a couple of unexploded 500-pound bombs. They had lodged on the opposite side of the hotel the day before. The entire neighborhood had been evacuated since yesterday.

After trying to communicate with AFHQ at Algiers and failing, I decided to fly there.

I located the air photographs and made arrangements with Lieutenant Colonel Elliott Roosevelt to have his squadron take more of the same. I contacted him in the foyer of the St. George and arranged a conference for the following day. He has made quite a name for himself as a real fighting soldier. President's son or not, out here he stands on his own feet. He has just come back from a flight over Sardinia, one of many aerial-mapping trips he has made over enemy territory.

December 5th.

During my absence, Algiers has become, in a sense, an American city. American vehicles crowd the streets, and our soldiers are everywhere.

I had dinner with H. R. Knickerbocker and slept in a real bed.

December 6th.

My travel orders have been issued. I am to fly in the morning with General Clark and General Doolittle to Oran, where I will collect the film, proceed to Gibraltar by air and thence home to edit the first War Department feature-length film photographed in and under actual battle conditions.

December 10th.

As the huge plane headed out to sea bound for Trinidad and home, I looked long at the receding African coastline. The sun had gently disappeared into a bank of gray-blue clouds. Now shafts of golden light gave to the Dark Continent a sort of halo effect like a monster crown spread out over the whole world. I watched until the last thin line of land blurred and vanished. It made me think of things—things I will never forget, moments that will stay with me all my life.

A fellow-passenger dropped into the seat at my side and offered me a cigarette. "I understand you've just come back from the Tunis Front. How was it?"

For a moment I couldn't think of the right reply—or of any reply. The man looked at me with what I presume was rapidly growing curiosity and not a little annoyance. After all, it was only an ordinary civil question, and he was by all the laws of civilization entitled to a civil reply.

"Good show," I answered, and this time I meant it.

The End.

Colonel Zanuck's exciting pictures that were described in this diary will appear in your theater soon as a Warner Brothers film entitled "At The Front."



A portrait by Maria de Kammerer

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Kline's, St. Louis, Missouri
Kline's, Kansas City, Missouri
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Home Store, Dayton, Ohio
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Lady Duff, Schenectady, N. Y.
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Halle Brothers, Canton, Ohio
Meyer Frank, Portland, Oregon
A. Harrison, Dallas, Texas
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Mesh Suit

May Company, Los Angeles, California
Lane Bryant, Chicago, Illinois
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W. H. Roland, Springfield, Illinois
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Lane Bryant, New York, New York
Dey Brothers, Syracuse, New York
Meyers Company, Greensboro, North Carolina
Higbee Company, Cleveland, Ohio
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Lane Bryant, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
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Newman's Cloak and Suit, Oshkosh, Wisconsin

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Marston Company, San Diego, California
Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C.
Estelle's, Fort Lauderdale, Florida
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Leopold Adler, Savannah, Georgia
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Illinois
Stewart & Company, Rockford, Illinois
W. H. Roland, Springfield, Illinois
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Indiana
Stewart & Company, Baltimore, Maryland
Stewart Dry Goods, Louisville, Kentucky
Doyle's, Billings, Montana
Kresge Department Store, Newark, New Jersey
Wechsler's, Passaic, New Jersey
Gorton Company, Elmira, New York
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College Shop, Tucson, Arizona
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If no store listed here is within convenient distance of your home, write to us:

The Fashion Editor
Photoplay-Movie Mirror
205 East 42nd Street
New York City, New York

It is very likely we will be able to suggest a store that will be convenient to you. Lack of space makes it impossible to list all the stores in which these fashions are sold.

Be sure to specify your choice by using the name by which we describe the fashion in which you are interested on this page.

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 24) the attitude that money can buy the only things in life. How wrong is she?

George W.

Dear Private W:

Frankly, I think that you have taken an interest in a girl who is not the right one for you. When you state that she has the attitude that money can buy the only things in life worthwhile and ask me how wrong this girl is, I can answer that in one word: Entirely.

Never have any illusions that marriage would reform a girl with such a viewpoint. If you couldn't give her everything she wanted, she would make life miserable both for herself and you.

Why don't you wait until the war is over before you try to select a wife?

Bette Davis.

Dear Bette Davis:

You may think it strange of me, asking you this. I have very short eyelashes. I have brown eyes and brown hair and I think if I had longer eyelashes it would improve the looks of my eyes.

Could you tell me how you and other movie actresses grow such long eyelashes?

Gayle C.

Dear Mrs. C:

The truth of the matter is that very few of us have the luxuriant eyelashes we appear to possess. I might say that, in this respect at least, the majority of us owe a great deal to the make-up artist.

However, there are a number of things that you can do to make your eyelashes appear thicker and to make them grow. A good mascara, carefully applied, will give your lashes body and castor oil applied sparingly each night should do wonders toward encouraging growth.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am an eighteen-year-old boy in the Coast Artillery. I am six feet tall, weigh 180 pounds and am neat and well-groomed. I believe my physical appearance is suitable to either stage or screen work with the exception of one thing—my two front teeth have a slight space between them and the enamel is a little bit mottled.

I have asked many dentists to remove the stain (which, incidentally, was caused by a mineral and fluorine content in drinking water) but they have told me that if they remove the stain the process will ruin the teeth.

Miss Davis, could you please recommend a good dentist? After this war is done I am going to a prominent dramatic school in California, but I fear that unless I get these teeth fixed, it will tend to ruin my chances. After all, an actor has to have a handsome smile.

Private Marlow F.

Dear Private F:

I spoke to a dentist about your problem and he assured me that fluorosis is quite common in large areas of Southern Colorado and Texas. Here is something very interesting: It seems that the same minerals in the drinking water that cause discoloration also serve to form extremely hard, beautifully shaped teeth.

For this reason you are uniquely fortunate, because the discoloration and separation won't interfere with your stage or movie chances. In pictures, actors or actresses who don't have perfect teeth can obtain porcelain caps. These are feather-weight and can be applied during working hours. You need have no worries that your teeth will be a handicap.

Bette Davis.

MAUREEN O'HARA in RKO-Radio's "This Land is Mine"



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... the color stays on through every lipstick test

THERE'S A THRILL awaiting you when you try this remarkable lipstick... when you see how the wonderful lifelike red gives your lips an alluring color accent.

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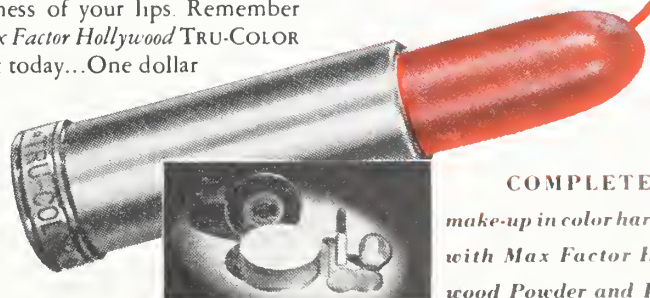
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These rugged woven sandals that have brought cool comfort to so many thousands of American feet in recent years are still available for immediate delivery at no increase in price. Each pair is an original creation, beautifully handcrafted in natural beige leather that ages to a deep tan (also in white, plain weave). Send foot outline, mention shoe size. We guarantee a fit in any size for men or women.



\$2.95 POSTPAID

Please send pair Huaraches
 Outline of foot enclosed, size.....
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 Address

The OLD MEXICO SHOP
 P SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

Dear Miss Davis:

I am married and have a little boy five years old. I have been married six and a half years, but about two years ago I found out I didn't love my husband.

But now, Miss Davis, I have met another man whom I am sure I love. This man is married also, but he and his wife have been separated several different times. I am sure he loves me.

He wants to marry me, but he says he wants me to be sure I want to get a divorce, for he wants me to be happy. He says I can take my boy with us. That, Miss Davis, is my trouble. My son wants to stay with his Daddy, and he doesn't want me to leave home either.

I haven't yet told my husband that I am in love with another man and want to leave. I am twenty-three, my husband is thirty-five and the other man is only twenty-two. What should I do?

Cynthia T.

Dear Mrs. T:

It seems to me that the first thing to consider, in this situation, is the fact that both you and the man you say you love are running the risk of doing great damage to the lives of a great many people. You say that this man has been separated from his wife several different times—yet each time they must have patched up their quarrel and been reunited. This would indicate to me that there is some very strong tie between them.

Have you ever asked yourself why they have separated so often? Perhaps the very thing that causes misunderstanding between them might also create friction between you and this man.

And what of your own home, and your little boy? It is only natural for him to love his father and to want his home to remain as he has known it. You must have questioned your little boy about wanting to leave his father or you wouldn't know his opinion. In a way, this was unfair, because it must have given him a sense of instability that is bad for children. Psychologists will tell you that a child needs to feel safe, loved and protected.

Actually, no one can solve your problem except you yourself. It may be that your husband has behaved in some manner to kill your love for him. It may be that there were always great personality differences between you and that the daily wear of association has increased their importance in your eyes.

However, as I say, only you can find the answer to all this difficulty.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

My face is long, thin and plain and my hair is short, dry, brittle and lifeless. There is no way I can arrange it to become my unfortunate face. The reason why I am mentioning my face and hair is because I am afraid it is keeping me out of the romantic world.

I am past twenty-five and have never yet had a date with anyone of the opposite sex.

During my school days I was always considered as being funny-looking. You can imagine how I felt when I was called by rude names, especially as I hadn't done anything to deserve them. Even my mother, at times, has called me ugly.

I do not even have any close friends. Although I do have old school friends, they merely smile and pass on after speaking to me on the street.

What would you advise a girl of twenty-five to do when she is finding herself growing to be an old maid?

Mona L.

Dear Miss L:

It just so happened the day I was answering your letter the editor of a prominent woman's magazine was on the set, so I asked her for advice on your problem. She said there are success schools in New York City which have helped girls far more handicapped than you are, and trained them to be attractive, popular, and happy persons. As I understand it, the course is given by mail. You supply these people with a photograph, full figure as well as face, of yourself. They diagnose your problems and prescribe for you.

There is only one way to take a course of this kind. If you really want to change—which you seem to—you must seriously apply yourself to their suggestions.

Let me know how you progress.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am seventeen and I am very much in love with a soldier who is stationed in California. We have written many letters and we have decided that we want to be married. There is only one thing troubling us: We are second cousins.

I would like to know if there is any possible way we could be married.

Virginia W.

Dear Miss W:

I telephoned the Los Angeles County License Bureau and explained your problem. They assured me that you and your



The author of "What Should I Do?" turns the actress of "Old Acquaintance": Bette Davis listening to a problem (purely fictional!) of new star Gig Young

sweetheart could be married here in California, as we have no state law against the marriage of second cousins.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

God gifted me with a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice. I have studied for five years during which I sang over the radio, in concert and on the stage with success. Now, I want to try my luck in New York.

I have an aunt who is ready to give me one hundred dollars to go there, but unless I have a job as soon as I arrive, I couldn't go far on that money. If I could extend my musical studies I'd make the Metropolitan Opera easily. Please don't think for a moment that I am bragging.

What would you do in my place?

Yvonne R.

Dear Miss R:

By stating that your aunt would give you one hundred dollars, did you mean that such a sum would have to cover your transportation, as well as your living expenses until you found employment?

If so, I frankly don't believe it will be enough.

However, before you make any plans whatsoever, you should write to the Metropolitan and make some arrangements for an audition. Then you should get in touch with some of the larger employment agencies and learn what opportunities for work would be open to you.

You can secure the addresses of employment agencies from a N. Y. paper.

Bette Davis.

Dear Bette:

To make a long story short I have been going to business school, much as I've hated it and wanted to quit, but now I have a chance for a job. If I save from now until next August, I will have nearly \$700.

Do you think, since I have studied dancing for six years, that it is silly of me to want to go to New York so "darn" bad that I don't care if I have to dance in a cheap night club for a start, as long as it is dancing and New York?

I want to be successful, but I just don't feel that I could be happy in a small town pecking a typewriter when in my heart I want to dance.

Kitty M.

Dear Miss M:

If you actually have \$700 saved by August, you should try your luck in New York by all means. In addition to that nest egg, your business training has given you a profession on which you can always depend in an emergency.

I like your spirit very much. I find that a great many people have no inclination to help themselves; but you are planning ahead with intelligence.

As for dancing in a night club, some of our greatest performers have secured their start in humble spots. The thing to remember is: No matter how small your start is, don't let it have any effect upon your work. Do your best and keep your eyes on your ultimate goal.

Bette Davis.

The End

If—

you would like to have your problem answered by Bette Davis, Hollywood's famous advice star, write to her in care of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and if your letter seems to her to present a universal issue, she will respond in these pages.



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Fair target for the delightful devastation wrought by her loveliness!

And what man could resist such enchantment? Mist-softness of Evening in Paris face powder... delicate blush of velvety rouge... brilliant silken allure of lips touched with Evening in Paris lipstick.

Surely this is a loveliness combination to capture the heart of the bravest hero!

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Evening in Paris

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**"REGULAR PAIN doesn't
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KEEPING at it means more now. Days off from work, even housework, are harder to spare. So to save time, save *yourself*—with Midol! Rely on it regularly for swift relief of your functional menstrual suffering—cramps, headache, and miserable depression.

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Relieves functional periodic pain

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Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3¢ A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

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We CAN!



The most modern way to do the biggest
job for yourself and Uncle Sam

BY ANN HAMILTON

Lucille Ball,
trying new
tricks in a
wartime
kitchen

THEY are Hollywood pioneers 1943 style, Lucille Ball and husband Desi Arnaz. They live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley and although they know that it may be only a week or a month before Desi's fatherland Cuba taps him on the shoulder and says, "Into service you go," instead of having a last gay holiday together they are sticking at home and doing what the government has asked all of us to do. They are raising a Victory garden and canning fruits and vegetables. They have another good idea, too—to trade part of their apricot crop for a share of a neighbor's grapes so that both households will have greater variety.

The garden is Desi's province and Lucille heads the canning department. "When I first thought about canning I was scared to death," Lucille admitted. "But honestly I think I could do anything now."

Successful canning, she feels, is only a matter of following directions exactly.

Fruits, tomatoes, pickles and preserves, she said, can safely be canned by the open-kettle method; but vegetables and meats must be processed; that is, packed into jars and then cooked in a pressure cooker, steam cooker or hot water bath canner. The water bath is probably the simplest equipment for beginners. Use a large kettle with a close-fitting cover, large enough so that the jars will not touch each other during processing, deep enough for the water to cover the jars at least one inch and with a wooden or galvanized rack that will hold the jars at least a half inch from the bottom of the kettle.

TOMATOES (Open Kettle)

Select firm, ripe tomatoes. Wash in cold water, let stand in boiling water one minute, plunge into cold water and remove skin. Cut out cores and any soft or decayed spots. Boil for twenty minutes, adding salt to taste. Pour into hot, sterile jars (jars, lids and rubbers should be sterilized by washing, then boiling for 20 minutes) and seal each jar as it is filled.

PEAS (Water Bath)

Cover shelled peas with boiling water and boil three minutes for small peas, five for large. Pour peas and liquid into hot sterilizing jars, adding one-half tsp. salt to each pint jar. Seal or partially seal (be sure to read directions given you with the jars to see whether jars should be completely sealed or only partially sealed) and place in water bath which has been filled with hot water. Cover and process for three hours, counting the time from when the water begins to boil. Water must boil during entire processing time; if it boils away add more boiling water.

BEEFS (Water Bath)

Select young tender beets. Wash, leave on tap roots and an inch or so of stem. Boil until skin can be removed easily, then cut off roots and stems. Pack into sterilized jars, cover with boiling water and add one-half tsp. salt to each pint jar. Seal or partially seal and process for two and one-half hours.

CABBAGE (Water Bath)

Select firm cabbage, wash and cut into pieces that can be packed easily. Cook in boiling salted water (one and one-half tps. salt to one qt. water) until tender. Pack into hot sterilized jars, cover with fresh boiling water, seal or partially seal and process for two hours.

SUMMER SQUASH (Water Bath)

Be sure the squash is young and tender. Wash, cut off stem and blossom ends and slice or dice. Steam until tender, pack into hot sterilized jars and add one-half tsp. salt to each pint jar. Seal or partially seal and process for three hours.

NEW POTATOES (Water Bath)

Take freshly dug potatoes. Wash and scrape potatoes, boil for ten minutes then pack into hot sterilized jars, adding one tsp. salt to each quart jar. Cover with boiling water, seal or partially seal and process for two and one-half hours.

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 15)

... fighting mad! Miss Granville's portrayal of Anna was spectacular and I'm the sap who said, "Spectacular things don't impress me." There are many girls who need convincing and I hope every one of them sees "Hitler's Children."

Ardyce Pfanstiel,
San Antonio, Tex.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Thinking Out Loud

Isn't Ingrid Bergman quite the loveliest thing this side of heaven?

Why doesn't Ginger Rogers get her hair cut? It looks awful. Don't you think she was much more attractive as a blonde?

Isn't Robert Sterling just like your own big brother?

Don't you agree that Alan Ladd is the screen's Mr. Dynamite?

Wouldn't you love to have Ann Sheridan and Barbara Stanwyck for your big sisters?

I wonder if we'll ever know whether Vic Mature was really that way or whether he was just the victim of the publicity department.

Aren't we lucky to be able to turn on our radio and shake with laughter at the inane jokes of Bob Hope, Jack Benny and Red Skelton instead of shaking with fear at the insane shouts of a dictator?

Fay Hicks,
Guelph, Ont.

HONORABLE MENTION

SPRING is here and a young girl's fancy turns to—clothes. Here are the stars I'd consult to create a perfect costume:

A gay, morale-lifting hat designed by Rosalind Russell.

A soft two-piece suit chosen by Janet Gaynor. (Of course, I'd hope for tips from Adrian!)

Shoes by Betty Grable. (With her dancing feet, she ought to know about shoes!)

A corsage of spring flowers, as an extra touch, arranged by Ann Rutherford. (She's like a breath of spring, herself.)

Boy, wouldn't I lead the "Easter Parade"!

Evelyn Walker,
Conroe, Tex.

HEREWITH enter my protest against cluttering up the pages of Photoplay-Mirror with pictures of actresses displaying "crazy" hair-dos.

To illustrate my point, take a quick glance at Ginger Rogers on page 25 (April issue). Then if you are a glutton for punishment, turn to page 27 and see what a mess Betty Grable has made of herself with her "up-roached" coiffure, as my little niece calls them. On pages 48 and 56, Rosalind Russell and Joan Crawford do a thorough job of de-glamourizing themselves. Can anything be done about this? Perhaps you can ration crazy coiffures!

Ardis Hawley Snow,
Alexandria, Va.

WHAT'S in a smile? Take Spencer Tracy's, for instance. There is something about it that will warm your heart.

Next we'll say, "Come on, John Payne, give us a smile!" He doesn't smile at a moment's notice, but when he does—need I say more?

Virginia O'Brien even smiles—or does she? Anyway, Pat does. I like that smile of his. Why? Because his eyes smile, too. That's what I call a "double feature."

Leslie A. Holmes,
Anderson, S. C.



Now I buy good-looking, durable CLOPAYS at the 5¢ and 10¢ store

AND KEEP CRISP, FRESH SHADES AT MY WINDOWS ALL THE TIME

HONESTLY, THEY LOOK just like costly cloth shades! They're made of magical cellulose fiber, and cost so little—10¢, 15¢, 29¢—you can afford new CLOPAY window shades every year.

USE YOUR OLD ROLLERS! It's as easy as sealing a letter to attach CLOPAYS to old rollers. Just moisten the curved gummed strip. Smooth on. No tacks or tools needed. Saves money. Saves metal.

WHY PAY SO MUCH for window shades that you feel you have to live with them when they get dirty and drab? Join the millions of women who buy good-looking, durable CLOPAY Window Shades. They cost so little—you can change them, have fresh, clean, new shades every year. Get them at 5¢ and 10¢ and neighborhood stores everywhere. CLOPAY Shade-mores still 10¢, Lintones 15¢, Oil-Finish Washables 29¢, for the 36 in. x 6 ft. size, ready to attach.

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CLOPAY

WINDOW SHADES

If you find your store temporarily out of a particular size or color, we know you'll understand. An increasing part of CLOPAY production is devoted to direct war work.



Was she wrong when she said: "Pleased to meet you!"

It's Etiquet, when introduced, to say: "How do you do?" Such phrases as "Pleased to meet you," "Glad to make your acquaintance," are incorrect. Avoid embarrassment from such mistakes. And avoid embarrassment from under-arm perspiration and odor! Use Etiquet—new *antiseptic* deodorant cream. More effective!*

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- SAFELY STOPS under-arm perspiration 1 to 3 days. Use twice a week or oftener.
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LOOK FOR THE BLUE-PLAID JAR AT
TOILET GOODS COUNTERS. 10¢, 39¢.



Buy War Bonds and Stamps!

Etiquet THE ANTISEPTIC
DEODORANT CREAM

A Letter to my Mother

(Continued from page 19) country, that sometimes we ended up wanting a lot of things that weren't good for us. Unless I'm mistaken, when it's all over, we'll have a lot saner sense of values.

Not to change the subject, but I'm still looking for a pitcher you haven't got. Found a little Indian one the other day, but remembered you had two in your collection and didn't send it. Have made it part of my life's ambition to find somewhere one of these days a pitcher you don't already have. I was telling the fellows you have about 500 pitchers in your collection.

Remember the time, Mom, after I'd flunked solid geometry twice in succession and you and Dad were despairing about whether I'd ever get out of high school and I pulled the old gag about threatening to burn down the schoolhouse so I could get out? But you gave me a talking-to and tried to explain to me that in order to get a lot of the things you wanted in life, there'd always be a lot of things you had to do that you didn't like. I've found that increasingly true ever since I've been away, but I never expected it to be true about the same things. After ten years or more I wind up with solid geometry and math at flying school again only now, Mom, I've got to pass it. I got through the first stage and feel pretty proud about it and know that half of it must be due to the prayers I asked you to say. Maybe the things you slough off in life you have to go back to. It's even possible that the reason we're fighting this war is because we didn't finish the last one the way we should have.

Give Aunt Rosie my love and you two hold down the fort. I hear Brother Pete is in line for promotion. I hope he gets it. I was awfully glad to hear that Brother Bill got the job he wanted in the shipyards. Hope he likes the work. Tell him it's too bad he couldn't have been a little younger to join Pete and me and that I'm proud of him.

When I see my daughter Julie on my trips home from camp, she seems more beautiful and talkative each time. Did I ever ask that many questions, Mom? Anyway, I'm going to write you soon again for some answers when I run out of information for Julie. She sends her love and, naturally, Mom, you know how you stand with me though I still don't write as often as I should. I think of you and Godmother and Aunt Rosie and everyone at home every day.

I love you, dear, and God bless you.

John.

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LISTEN TO—"MY TRUE STORY"—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in co-operation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Check your local newspaper for local time of this —

BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION

The Champ!

(Continued from page 31) Was A Lady." Then Hollywood discovered her. She became a leader in the "Sweater Set."

She is unlike most star actresses. She doesn't have a secretary, a personal hairdresser, or even a business manager. On the set her best friends are invariably the chorus girls and boys she dances with.

She likes plain American cooking, but highly seasoned. The pepper pot is always near her when she's eating.

She bathes in jig time. Five minutes is usually enough. She hates showers and likes to take a tub bath at least twice a day, one warm, one cold.

SHE abhors slinky clothes, favors sport things. She looks good in a sweater, and knows it.

She was very thrilled when she was invited to put her mark in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater, a sort of Hollywood Hall of Fame. It proved she was now a genuine movie celebrity. But instead of taking her footprints, as is the custom, they took her leg prints.

Her bedroom is done in light pastels. Her dressing table is piled with perfumes. She collects them as a hobby. She is always experimenting with lipstick. There have never been any objections.

She wears a nightgown to bed. She's tried pajamas, but doesn't like them. Her nightgowns run the gamut of colors, from white to purple. They're nearly all caught in the middle by a ribbon, and they're all of pure silk—or have been to date. She sleeps without a pillow and piles a mountain of blankets on herself. Regardless of the famous California climate, she says she's always cold when she goes to bed.

She loves to walk barefooted. She walks barefooted about the house and on the lawn of her Brentwood house. She believes walking barefooted helps her legs. She's the kind of a girl who can walk barefooted, wear a sweater and please her public.

HER biggest and most publicized romance was George Raft, and this is how it started: She first met George Raft when she was working in the chorus of Frank Fay's revue, "Tattle Tales." She and her sister went out with Raft and a friend. "I was a squirt of fourteen or fifteen then," she says. "I had to be home by twelve o'clock." After this initial meeting, she didn't see Raft again until she was married to Jackie Coogan and working at Paramount. Then Raft was a better friend of Coogan's than of hers.

It was long after her divorce from Coogan that Raft asked her for a date. He had a third party arrange the meeting. "He's a very shy person," she says. He took her to a "Bundles for Britain" party.

They went with each other constantly after that until Betty decided to terminate the romance, and this is why. After many talks between them George went East to discuss the matter of a divorce with Mrs. Raft, from whom he has been separated for years. He asked for a divorce again. It was practically the same story. He and Mrs. Raft, who couldn't agree on marriage, couldn't agree even on the terms of a settlement.

George's lawyers are still discussing the matter with his wife's lawyers and it looks as though George and Betty won't be able to get together again unless George can get a legal separation from Mrs. Raft.

The love problem of Betty and her "Honey" is certainly a much more difficult one than any they have faced in a Hollywood scenario.

The End

"Like he said...

Gee, Monkey-face,
you're the first
welder whose hands
I've ever kissed!"



GREASY grime left my hands rough as sandpaper. Just *wouldn't* wash off! Then I got

wise to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream...yep, started using it *before and after* work. Say, Hinds helps against drying, ground-in dirt. Now my hands wash up soft and happy...whiter-looking than I'd ever hoped!

Smooth? You
bet! I use **Hinds**—
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lotion!



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BEFORE WORK—housework or factory work—use Hinds. Tests prove grease and grime wash off faster, hands come out cleaner. Hinds skin softeners actually help guard your skin against drying, ground-in dirt.

AFTER WORK—Hinds again! Extra-creamy, extra-softening. Gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look, a comfy feel. It *benefits* skin abused by work or weather.

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QUICK-SOFTENING, TOO! 10¢, 39¢.



**WORK
SLOWED UP
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Irritation from ground-in grime makes hands unsightly, uncomfortable...makes work difficult and slow. Use Hinds before work, and after wash-ups, to reduce risk of irritation which may lead to ugly dermatitis, if neglected.

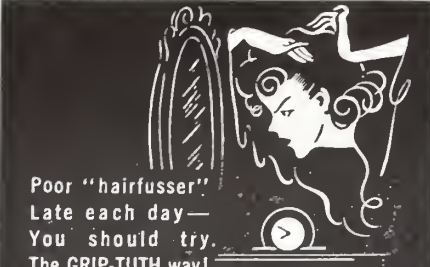
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BEHOLD



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Change from "hair fussed" to "hairfixed" in a jiffy! Between beauty-shop visits, GRIP-TUTH, the modern HAIRTAINER holds every hair securely in place; exclusive "spring-tooth" action means GRIP-TUTH can't fall out! And that's especially important if you're a defense worker. Sold at all leading beauty salons, department stores, chains; card of one large or two small retainers, 25c.

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ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY—M-G-M: Captain Pierre Matard, Bertrand Corlay, Pierre Aumont; Anne Pinot, Susan Peters; Elise, Signe Hasso; Jean Kerenor, Richard Whorf; Mme. Charlotte Corlay, Margaret Wycherly; Col. Franc, Reginald Owen; Col. Fournier, Miles Mander; Albertine, Sara Padden; Capt. Deichgruber, John Emery; Capt. Holz, George Colours; Jeannine, Juanita Quigley.

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CHINA—Paramount: Carolyn Grant, Loretta Young; Mr. Jones, Alan Ladd; Johnny Sparrow, William Bendix; Lin Cho, Philip Ahn; Lin Yun, Richard Lwo; Lin Wei, Sen Yung; Kwan Su, Iris Wong; Tan Ying, Jessie Tai Sing; Donald Duck, Irene Tso; Chang Tch, Chinese Wah Lee; Tai Shan, Swo Yong; Captain Tao-Yuan-kai, Beal Wong; Aide to Captain, Bruce Wong; Eurasian Women, Tala Birell, Helma Kuo.

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EDGE OF DARKNESS—Warners: Gunnar Brogge, Errol Flynn; Karen Stensgard, Ann Sheridan; Dr. Martin Stensgard, Walter Huston; Katja, Nancy Coleman; Captain Koenig, Helmut Dantine; Gerd Bjarnesen, Judith Anderson; Anna Stensgard, Ruth Gordon; Johann Stensgard, John Beal; Sixtus Andresen, Morris Carnovsky; Kaspar Torgensen, Charles Dingle; Lars Malten, Roman Bohnen; Pastor Aalesen, Richard Fraser; Knut Osterholm, Art Smith; Hammer, Tom Fadden; Major Ruck, Henry Brandon; Paul, Tonio Selwart; Frida, Helene Thimig; Jensen, Frank Wilcox; Mortensen, Francis Pierlot; Mrs. Mortensen, Lottie Williams; Petersen, Monte Blue; Solveig Brategaard, Dorothy Tree; Hulda, Virginia Christine; Helmut, Henry Rowland.

FALCON STRIKES BACK, THE—RKO Radio: Tom Lawrence, Tom Conway; Gwynne Gregory, Harriet Hilliard; Marcia, Jane Randolph; Smiley Jordan, Edgar Kennedy; Rickety Davis, Erford Gage; Goldy, Cliff Edwards; Mia, Rita Corday; Mrs. Lip-ton, Wynne Gibson; Inspector Donovan, Cliff Clark; Bates, Ed Gargan; Jerry, Richard Loo; Bruno Steffen, Andre Charlot; and the Velma Dawson Puppets.

HARRIGAN'S KID—M-G-M: Benny McNeil, Bobby Readick; Mr. Garnet, Frank Craven; Tom Harrigan, William Gargan; Ted Jerrett, J. Carroll Naish; McNamara, Jay Ward; "Skip," Douglas Croft; Joe, Bill Cartledge; Dink, Irvin Lee; Mr. Ranley, Selmar Jackson; Etley, Allen Wood; Sam, Jim Toney; Jockey, Mickey Martin; Col. Lowry, Russell Hicks.

HE HIRED THE BOSS—20th Century-Fox: Hubert Wilkins, Stuart Erwin; Emily Conway, Evelyn Venable; Mr. Bates, Thurston Hall; Sally Conway, Vivian Blaine; Don Bates, William T. Orr; Jimmy, Bennie Bartlett; Clark, James Bush; Fuller, Chick Chandler; Jordan, Hugh Beaumont; Stokes, Ken Christy; Mason, Robert Emmett Keane; Hank, Harold Goodwin; Driver, Eddie Acuff; Butler, Charles Coleman; Mailman, Syd Saylor; Perry, Emmett Vogan; Carter, Ralph Dunn.

HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO—20th Century-Fox: Trudy Evans, Alice Faye; Johnny Cornell, John Payne; Dan Daley, Jack Oakie; Bernice Croft, Lynn Bari; Sam Weaver, Laird Cregar; Beulah Clancy, June Havoc; Sharkey, Ward Bond; Douglas Dawson, Aubrey Mather; Ned Clark, John Archer; Lou, Frank Orth; Proprietor, George Lloyd; Missionary, Frank Darien; Burkham, Harry Hayden; Foreman, Eddie Dunn; O'Reilly, Charles Cane; Auctioneer, Frank Thomas; Specialty Singer, Kirby Grant; Cockney Maid, Mary Field.

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HIGH EXPLOSIVE—Paramount: *Buzz Mitchell, Chester Morris; Connie Baker, Jean Parker; Mike Douglas, Barrie Sullivan; Squinchy Andrews, Ralph Sanford; Jimmy Baker, Rand Brooks; Dave, Dick Purcell; Doris Lynch, Barbara Lynn.*

HIT PARADE OF 1943—Republic: *Rick Farrell, John Carroll; Jill Wright, Susan Hayward; Toni Jarrett, Gail Patrick; Belinda Wright, Eve Arden; Bradley Cole, Melville Cooper; J. MacClellan Davis, Walter Catlett; Janie, Mary Treen; Westinghouse, Tom Kennedy; Joyce, Astrid Allwyn; Bronnie, Tim Ryan; and Jack Williams; the Harlem Sandman; Dorothy Dandridge; Pops and Louie; the Music Mads; the Three Cheers; Chinita; the Golden Gate Quartette; and Freddy Martin and his orchestra; Count Basie and his orchestra; Ray McKinley and his orchestra.*

HOPPY SERVES A WRIT—U.A.: *Hopalong Cassidy, William Boyd; California Carlson, Andy Clyde; Johnny Travers, Jay Kirby; Tom Jordan, Victor Jory; Steve Jordan; George Reeves; Jean Hollister, Jan Christy; Greg Jordan, Hal Taliaferro; Ben Hollister, Forbes Murray; Rigney, Bob Mitchum; Danvers, Byron Foulger; Jim Belnap, Earle Hodgins; Colby, Roy Barcroft.*

I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE—RKO-Radio: *Rand, James Ellison; Betsy, Frances Dee; Holland, Tom Conway; Mrs. Rand, Edith Barrett; Dr. Maxwell, James Bell; Jessica, Christine Gordon; Alma, Teresa Harris; Calypso Singer, Sir Lancelot; Carre Four, Darby Jones; Dancer, Jeni LeGon.*

ISLE OF ROMANCE—Universal: *Tommy (Chief Atamu), Allan Jones; Joan Holton, Jane Frazee; Eddie Dolan, Andy Devine; Mrs. Holton, Ernest Truex; Susie Dugan, Mary Wickes; Chief Natano, Nestor Paiva; Luani, Aquanetta; Mrs. Holton, Marjorie Gateson.*

IT AIN'T HAY—Universal: *Grover Mockridge, Bud Abbott; Wilbur Hoolihan, Lou Costello; Princess, Patsy O'Connor; Kitty, Grace McDonald; Joe, Leighton Noble; King, Cecil Kellaway; Warner, Eugene Pallette; Harry the Horse, Eddie Quillan; Umbrella Joe, Shemp Howard; Chauncey the Eye, Dave Hacker; Col. Brainard, Samuel Hinds; Slicker, Richard Lane; Reilly, Wade Boteler; Grant, Selmer Jackson.*

LADIES' DAY—RKO-Radio: *Pepita, Lupe Velez; Wacky, Eddie Albert; Hazel, Patsy Kelly; Hippo, Max Baer; Updyke, Jerome Cowan; Kitty, Iris Adrian; Joan, Joan Barclay; Dan, Cliff Clark; Marianna, Carmen Morales; Doc, George Cleveland; Marty, Jack Briggs; Smokey, Russ Clark; Tony, Nedrick Young; Spike, Eddie Dew; House Detective, Tom Kennedy; Umpire, Ralph Sanford.*

NEXT OF KIN: *Beppie Leemans, Nova Pilbeam; Miss Claire, the dancer, Phyllis Stanley; Naval Captain, Basil Sidney; Private John, Geoffrey Hibbert; Private Jimmy, 2nd Lt. Richard Norris, R.F.; No. 23 (Mr. Davis), Lt. Mervyn Johns; Mr. Barratt, Lt. C. Stephen Murray; Major Richards, Sgt. Leader Reginald Tate; Intelligence Officer, Lt. David Hutcheson; Mrs. "Ma" Webster, Mary Clare; The Colonel, Frederick Leister; Private Durn Ford, Alexander Field; Brigade Major, 2nd Lt. Jack Hawkins; The Brigadier, Bresni O'Rourke.*

SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS—M-G-M: *Peggy Evans, Lana Turner; Bob Stuart, Robert Young; Cornelius Birden, Walter Brennan; Baba, Dame May Whitty; Durstin, Eugene Pallette; English Gentleman, Alan Mowbray; Mrs. Roanoke-Brooke, Florence Bates; Mr. Quill, Howard Freeman; Baldwin, Millard Mitchell; Jimmy, Ward Bond; Mitzi, Pamela Blake; Snodgrass, Ray Collins; Stanhope, Paul Stanton.*

THIS LAND IS MINE—RKO-Radio: *Albert Lory, Charles Laughton; Louise Martin, Maureen O'Hara; George Lambert, George Sanders; Major Von Keller, Walter Slezak; Paul Martin, Kent Smith; Mrs. Emma Lory, Una O'Connor; Prof. Sorel, Philip Merivale; May, Thurston Hall; Prosecuting Attorney, George Coulouris; Julie Grant, Nancy Gates; Presiding Judge, Ivan Simpson; Edmund Lorraine, John Donat; Lt. Schwartz, Frank Allen; Little Man, Leo Bulgakov; Mr. Lorraine, Wheaton Chambers; Mrs. Lorraine, Cecil Weston.*

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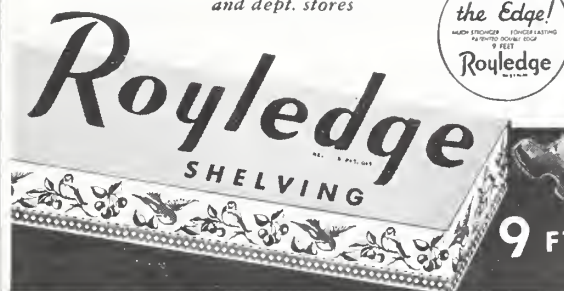
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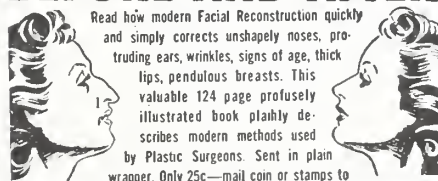
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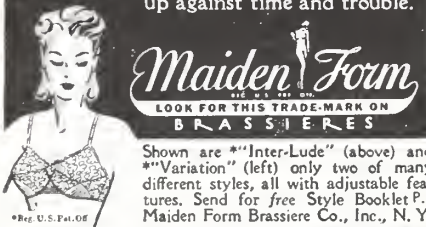
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 16) to an impersonation. And so well does Lana feign her amnesia attack even Bob, who knew her when, is puzzled.

Walter Brennan gives a sympathetic performance as the man of wealth who accepts Lana as his long-lost child. Dame May Whitty is splendid as the nurse.

There are times when the story plot grows thin around the edges, but Lana and Bob are strong enough to offset the dull moments.

Your Reviewer Says: Romance in the comedy manner.

✓ Hello, Frisco, Hello (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A group of entertainers who climb to the top.

PATTERNED to the formula that made hits of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Rose Of Washington Square," this musical, based on still another song hit of another era emerges a honey of a movie. Alice Faye, after a year's absence from the screen, returns to score a solid hit as the singer in love with John Payne, who can't resist the Nob Hill lovely, Lynn Bari. Alice's singing of "You'll Never Know" and the duet between John and Alice of the title song is one of those moments in movie history not to be forgotten. There is something wistfully plaintive in la Faye's voice that tugs away at the love strings of a body's heart. In her belaced, beplumed and befurbelowed gowns of the Gay Nineties, Alice is a picture of loveliness.

Payne gives one of the best performances of his career as the vascillating hero and Jack Oakie is just Oakie with his inimitable singing and strutting. Nostalgic memories flit about as we listen to such old favorites as "It's Tulip Time In Holland," "Shine On Harvest Moon" and "Doing The Grizzly Bear."

Laird Cregar hides behind a pair of massive whiskers as a prospector and June Havoc, who is given her best screen opportunity, makes the most of every second.

Your Reviewer Says: Miss this and you'll be sorry.

✓ Edge Of Darkness (Warners)

It's About: Revolt of natives against Nazi occupationists.

THIS is a story well told, well directed and, in several instances, beautifully acted, though at times it does go over the edge of darkness into black shadow.

Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan (not too well photographed) are Norwegian leaders of a revolution against Nazi oppressors. When arms arrive from England, the revolt flares into action only after rape and murder have made life unendurable for the Norwegians.

Flynn seems rather negative in his role as the fisherman; Ann is too repressed. Walter Huston and Ruth Gordon, as her parents, and John Beal, as the weak brother, are very good, indeed. Helmut Dantine earns his title of the despised Nazi leader. Mr. Dantine is so very tense one keeps wishing for one little sign of relaxed easiness. It never comes. Incidentally, Dantine is the highlight of the whole proceedings.

Charles Dingle, as the Nazi sympathizer, and Nancy Coleman, as the Polish girl en-

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slaved by Dantine, give polished performances. Summed up, "Edge Of Darkness" will have its chief appeal for the followers of Flynn and Sheridan.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture to make you think.

✓ I Walked With A Zombie (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A nurse who walks with the living dead.

IT creeps along with eerie tread, a slow devastating dark thing that holds and fascinates. And while one is well aware it's so much hokey, the story is told with such conviction it can't be taken lightly.

The tale, told in retrospect, is that of a nurse who goes to the Caribbean where she discovers her patient is insane. On the island the natives proclaim the stricken woman a zombie, a member of the walking dead, and in order to help restore her to normalcy, the nurse becomes involved in weird voodoo hoodoo. Frances Dee is beautiful, dignified and charming as the nurse, which, come to think of it, may account in part for the plausibility of the tale. Tom Conway is the husband and Jimmy Ellison is so very good as his younger brother. Sir Lancelet, the famous calypso singer, Edith Barrett and James Bell complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Talk about "The Cat People!" Get a load of this one.

✓ It Ain't Hay (Universal)

It's About: A pair of comics who annex a race horse by accident.

IT'S Abbott and Costello, friends, which means it's a funny picture just on general principles and not because the story is too good (for it isn't) or the gags too fresh. With that pair they needn't be.

This time the lean and heavy pair attempt to replace the horse of a Central Park hack driver that Costello has helped hasten to its death by feeding it peppermint candy. Thinking they are swiping a worthless race horse, the lads, instead, steal Tea Biscuit, the champion, and the hullabaloo that ensues is typical Abbott and Costello fun.

Grace McDonald and Leighton Noble take care of the romance department. Little Patsy O'Connor leads off with a bit

Best Pictures of the Month

This Land Is Mine
Hello, Frisco, Hello
Next Of Kin
Desert Victory

Best Performances

Charles Laughton in "This Land Is Mine"
Una O'Connor in "This Land Is Mine"
Alice Faye in "Hello, Frisco, Hello"
Joan Davis in "He's My Guy"
Robert Donat in "The Young Mr. Pitt"
Alan Ladd in "China"
William Bendix in "China"



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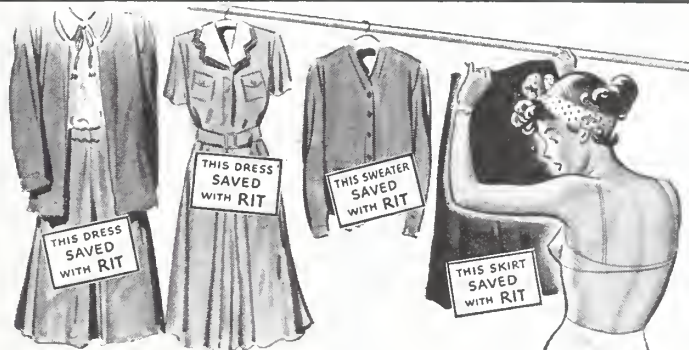
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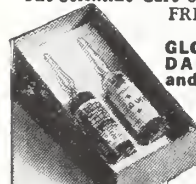
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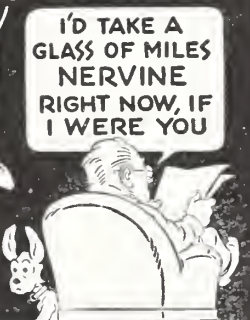
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of hit singing and Eugene Pallette is 400
pounds of frustrated efficiency. The music,
incidentally, is pleasing.

Your Reviewer Soys: Typical Abbott and
Costello confusion.

✓ **The Desperadoes (Columbia)**

It's About: A bad man who is almost hung
for a crime he didn't commit.

WHAT scenery! This technicolor mas-
terpiece should be framed and signed
by its cameramen artists, George Meehan
and Allen Davey, and hung in movie's
memory gallery, it's that photographically
beautiful.

The story is off the beaten path, too,
and tells of Glenn Ford, a young badman,
who rides into Red Valley, Utah, in the
early 1860's to rob a bank and, finding the
job already performed by another, remains
in town in order to see more of the beau-
tiful Evelyn Keyes. When the natives de-
cide Ford is guilty and decide to act there-
on, Sheriff Randy Scott warns Ford and the
result leads to a wow of a rousing
climax.

Edgar Buchanan is a cutie-pie as the
barkeep and Claire Trevor plays another
of those shady lady roles.

Your Reviewer Soys: Beauty plus entertain-
ment.

✓ **Hit Parade Of 1943 (Republic)**

It's About: A song writer who falls in love
with a song pirate.

LOVELY redheaded Susan Hayward goes
lover to Republic Studios and does a
knockout job as a song writer, out to seek
revenge on John Carroll who has delib-
erately lifted one of her numbers. But you
know what happens, don't you? Susie and
Johnnie go boom.

Eve Arden is swell with her smart-dame
chatter and Gail Patrick couldn't be
wrenchier as the jealous female. The tunes
are so tuneful and Susie does a swell job
of singing. Why she isn't on top we'll
never know. Republic, at least, has done
right by her in this little honey. Freddy
Martin's music is so oh-my-goshy.

Your Reviewer Soys: Entertainment served to
taste.

Isle Of Romance (Universal)

It's About: Fakery who try to sell an island
paradise.

FROM their unending flow of minor mu-
sicals, Universal brings still another with
Allan Jones and Andy Devine posing re-
spectively as native chief and beachcomber
of an island paradise. What's more, they
even attempt to sell the island (which
isn't theirs to sell) to wealthy Ernest Truex
and wife, Marjorie Gateson, and almost
succeed. The return of the natives breaks
up the little scheme.

Lovely Acquannetta, Jane Frazee and
Mary Wickes are neatly written into this
tale of song and nonsense.

Your Reviewer Soys: Oh well, nobody's hurt.

Buckskin Frontier (U. A.)

It's About: The early fights for railway su-
premacy out West.

ALONG comes another of those Harry
Sherman Western films, famous for their
scenic beauty, scope and action. In fact,

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there are moments when the scenic grandeur surpasses the action in this story, but once it gets going it's a fight to the finish.

The picture stars Richard Dix, who is fresh, believable and handsome. Lee Cobb as Marr is outstanding and, we may say, unusual in this type of film. Here is an actor what am. Jane Wyatt is a lovely and dignified heroine and Albert Dekker's good as usual.

The picturesque flow of wagon trains across the Western plains is beautifully photographed.

Your Reviewer Says: Beauty rising to action.

Hoppy Serves A Writ (U.A.)

It's About: Outlaws who get lured over the wrong border.

A GRAND little Western series are these *Hopalong Cassidy* stories, stories that never disappoint fans who like fast action in their outdoor epics. In this one, brave and handsome *Hopalong*, played as usual by William Boyd, leads the pursuit of robbers. The brigands cross the state border, but Sheriff *Hopalong* refuses to be blocked. Using a disguise he travels across the border and traps the rascals over to the right side—but the wrong side for the bad boys.

A fight to a finish between *Hopalong* and Victor Jory, the robber, is a lulu. Whewie, do those boys wrastle!

Your Reviewer Says: Outlaws out West.

✓ He's My Guy (Universal)

It's About: A husband and wife reunited through war work.

IT'S getting to be a habit with Hollywood, this building movies around song titles, and we must say such pictures usually emerge hits. This is no exception. We leap to modify this statement somewhat, though, for without the ribald clowning of Joan Davis "He's My Guy" would be something else again.

Joan is an auburn-haired riot who creates a laugh a minute. Why the talents of this comedienne have been neglected, we'll never know.

Dick Foran and Irene Hervey, the estranged couple who are reunited through a defense plant show, sing several numbers delightfully. Gertrude Niesen, the little girl with the big voice, puts across her numbers in wonderful style. The Mills Brothers, Fuzzy Knight and the Dorene Sisters contribute a lot of entertainment, but it's Joan Davis who walks (and what a stride) away with the show.

Your Reviewer Says: Ha, ha, ha!

Ladies' Day (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A too energetic wife of a baseball player.

THAT Eddie Albert, a fine actor if ever there was one, should be tossed into this potpourri of hot tamale nonsense, is a crying shame. Come to think of it, he looked unhappy, too.

The story has Eddie cast as a baseball player with a wife, Lupe Velez, who interferes with his work. As a result the wives of other players get together to keep Lupe in place.

Patsy Kelly and Max Baer are another husband and wife couple and among the bit players we may glimpse Jack Briggs, bridegroom of Ginger Rogers.

Your Reviewer Says: Forget it, friends.



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health and the Power, which there came to him.

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As a first step in their progress toward the Power that Knowledge gives, Mr. Dingle wants to send the readers of this notice a 9,000-word treatise. It is free. For your free copy, send your name and address to the Institute of Mental-physic, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. F 246, Los Angeles, Calif. Write promptly.



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Harrigan's Kid (M-G-M)

It's About: An ex-jockey who coaches a new rider.

BOBBY READICK makes his cinema debut as a young jockey trained in arrogance and dishonesty by ex-jockey Bill Gargan. And from where we sat the lad looked a good bet. Gargan (as always) is splendid in his role and rises to meet the neat finish. J. Carrol Naish and Frank Craven lend a lot to this little racetrack tale.

Your Reviewer Says: Not too good, not too bad.

✓✓ China (Paramount)

It's About: Two Americans who join the Chinese in their struggle.

RIGHT up that ladder of fame, rung by rung, climbs Mr. Alan Ladd to his lofty star perch. We doubt if even his absence in the Army can dim the movie-goers' ardor for 1943's boy wonder. Ladd has that something, that cold, calm, fascinating charm that women love and, what's more, he has it in a nice, blond, American way. The first screen bad boy to sport a crooked smile, a dimple and blond hair, Ladd is now tops in his field. Ask any woman who has seen him.

Slightly divergent (thank goodness) in character is Alan's role as the oil agent in China who refuses to take sides in the life and death struggle between the Japs and Chinese. Even the persuasive arguments of Loretta Young, a school-teacher in China, who with her brood of children is rescued by Ladd, fails to daunt him until suddenly he comes face to face with the Japs' atrocities. From then on in it's a different story.

Right alongside of Ladd marches big and unpretty Bill Bendix, who is also rapidly forging to the top with his splendid work. As Alan's truck driver, Bendix is terrific. What a pair these two make.

Miss Young is very pretty and believable. Philip Ahn and Jessie Tai Sing lend strength to this strong-armed story of China.

Your Reviewer Soys: Great stuff.

Corregidor (P. R. C.)

It's About: The inevitable triangle during the siege on Corregidor.

IT'S becoming more and more a habit with Hollywood producers to seize upon a name in the headlines of the news and build a story around it. Such a picture ("Casablanca") can be a fine story or, as in this instance, it can prove an effort not up to the action that prompted the headline news.

The action begins on the island of Manoi the day before Pearl Harbor is bombed. Elissa Landi, a woman doctor, arrives on the island to marry scientist Otto Kruger just as the bombing begins. Joining a party of American flyers whose plane has been shot down, Kruger and his bride make their way to Corregidor where Elissa meets her former fiancé, Donald Woods. Together they give all possible aid to the wounded under terrific bombings until Kruger is finally killed, leaving Landi and Woods free to wed.

A fitting tribute to the heroes of Corregidor closes the film. Miss Landi is very good in her role and should be seen more often. Frank Jenks scores in his role of a soldier.

Your Reviewer Soys: We pause to think.

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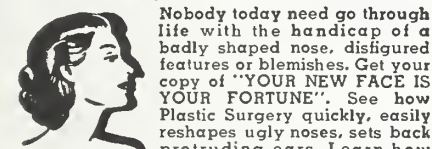
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✓ The Young Mr. Pitt (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The political career of an English prime minister.

ROBERT DONAT of "Mr. Chips" fame comes to the screen in a rather stuffy biographical tale that is beautifully acted and historically interesting, but as pure entertainment leaves much to be desired. With true British deliberation the story plods along ponderously, telling of the career of Pitt, who becomes prime minister of England at twenty-four and who weathers the storms of adversity and criticism when Napoleon's triumphs threaten to engulf England. So conscientiously does Pitt adhere to his duties he sacrifices his health and the one love of his life, coming at last to a fitting climax of a glorious and unselfish career.

Robert Morley, the English actor remembered for his work here in "Marie Antoinette," is convincingly real in his role of Charles Fox, Pitt's opponent in the House. Phyllis Calvert is impressive as the girl Pitt loves, and Raymond Lowell, as George III, stands out in his every scene.

The comparison between England's plight in the early 1800's with Napoleon's hordes as an ever-present threat and today's similar situation with the Nazi hordes barking across the Channel is really remarkable.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy as a history book.

High Explosive (Paramount)

It's About: The bravery of a nitro truck driver.

CHESTER MORRIS washes out as an auto midget racer to take on the perilous job of driving a truck loaded with nitroglycerine. Morris is an expert in handling high explosives and also at casting big eyes at Jean Parker, secretary of the company.

When Jean's brother, Rand Brooks, is killed in a truck explosion, Chester is blamed and only redeems himself by bravely aiming a plane at a burning munitions plant in order to snuff out the blaze.

Things move always at a sassy rate of speed and all in all it's not such a bad little "pitcher."

Your Reviewer Says: Fair enough.

He Hired The Boss (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: An all-time loser who finally hits the jackpot.

STUART ERWIN is a sappy little office worker plodding along year after year, getting nowhere and hoping for a raise so he can marry his co-worker, Evelyn Venable. Finally fate takes matters in her hands and makes it possible, through a property deal, for Stuart not only to take over the business himself but to hire his boss, Thurston Hall, to work for him. William Orr is the boss's son and Chick Chandler is a city-slicker salesman.

There's a certain homey quality about the story that's appealing somehow. As usual, Erwin's work bears a deep sincerity that carries weight and authority.

Your Reviewer Says: Homey as pumpkin pie.

✓ Air Raid Wardens (M-G-M)

It's About: Two small-town failures who are consumed with patriotism.

NOW—NO OLD TUBE NEEDED TO GET THIS

Bottled TOOTH PASTE



POURS FROM THE BOTTLE
STANDS UP ON
YOUR BRUSH

Now thousands who want genuine toothpaste—but haven't a tube to turn in—can get it! Without an empty tube, you can get TRANS—genuine toothpaste. It conveniently pours from a bottle and economically stands up on your brush.

TRANS quickly cleanses and helps remove the dull film from the teeth, invigorates the gums with massage, and sweetens the breath, all without the use of harsh abrasives or other harmful materials.

Do not confuse TRANS with so-called "liquid dentifrices"; it is "bottled toothpaste," that cleanses without having to use soda along with it.

Before offering TRANS for sale, many people were asked to "pre-approve" it. All reported it the equal of any toothpaste they'd used—85% called it "the best." Ask for Trans Bottled Toothpaste at drug, department or 10c stores.



Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores.

Golden Peacock BLEACH CREME
25 Million Jars Already Used

FREE

This ad entitles you to a beautiful Enlargement mounted in a De Luxe Studio Folder—both free. Just send this ad with photo. Enclose only 10c for mailing. Canada also. Or Oil tinted sent C.O.D. for only .35c plus postage. News, 30c. New York Air Service, 200 West 72nd St., N.Y.C.



Try NEW
11-Minute
Home Shampoo
Tonight

Specially made for blondes. Helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it takes but 11 minutes for a glorious shampoo that you can do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair. Sold at 10c, drug and department stores.



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



FILM DEVELOPED 25¢
24-HOUR SERVICE
Your Choice: 16 regular-size prints or 8 double-size (nearly postcard size) from your 8-exposure roll or negatives.
WILLARD STUDIOS • Dept. 14 • CLEVELAND, OHIO

TENDER. HOT. PERSPIRING FEET

Enjoy quick relief from uncomfortable, perspiring or odorless feet, by dusting them with Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. Promotes foot health. Costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toilet Goods Counters.



**Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER**

Gray Hair!

Don't be embarrassed by streaks and discolorations from inferior tints! Use Rap-I-Dol. Be sure of a natural-looking appearance with Rap-I-Dol's sparkling, highlighted color. Quickly applied — can't rub off — will not affect your "permanent"!

FREE! GRAY HAIR ANALYSIS!
Let us mail confidential analysis of your hair, and recommendation of Rap-I-Dol tint to match! Send name and address, with a strand of your hair, today!
(CAUTION: Use only as directed on label)

RAP-I-DOL DISTRIBUTING CORP.
151 West 46th St., Dept. 226 New York City

HOW we laughed! And how we've laughed at Laurel and Hardy in the past, and how we're still laughing at these masters of nuttury who close up their small-town bicycle shop and set off for the wars. However, branch after branch of the service refuses the pair and they finally return home to become air-raid wardens. Every possible blunder known to man is committed by the boys, until the chief warden can endure them no longer. On their own, the lads finally round up a gang of saboteurs and emerge heroes. Stan and Ollie are in rare form, with Edgar Kennedy going along for the laughs. Pretty Jacqueline White and Horace McNally are the slightly romantic twosome.

Your Reviewer Says: Funnier than a joke book.

The Falcon Strikes Back (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The amateur detective who finds himself framed.

GEORGE SANDERS, the original Falcon, has now been eliminated entirely from this series with his brother, Tom Conway, supplanting him as the amateur sleuth with an eye for a pretty girl. In fact, it's this very weakness that leads Conway into becoming the victim of a brawl in a phony barroom. While he is unconscious, thieves use his car in a huge bond theft. When Mr. Conway attempts to explain to the cops, he finds the barroom gone and also his alibi. So, with the aid of his stooge, Cliff Edwards, and pretty Jane Randolph, the woman reporter, Conway digs in and solves the crime.

Edgar Kennedy decorates the proceedings. Harriet Hilliard, Wynne Gibson and Rita Corday complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Neat little thing.

Next Of Kin (Universal)

It's About: How loose talk can lose lives.

THIS is truly a "strike home" picture, filled with suspense, excitement, thrills. It is a vivid—and terrifying—portrayal of how loose talk can lose lives of loved ones.

Two German spies are sent to England. One is caught promptly by an alert Tommy; the other escapes to join the huge net of Nazi spies already in Britain. There follows an exciting account of how he manages to get a complete picture of a secret

British plan to wipe out a German submarine base in Occupied France.

Through the film march the tragically innocent betrayers of England—the officer who, in exchange for a date, tells a spy dancer where the brigade chosen for the attack is training; the soldier in the brigade who, against all rules, sneaks out a letter to his sweetheart, a Dutch refugee working in a bookshop, thereby subjecting her to horrors at the hands of the Nazis; the lax officer who fails to guard well enough the final plans for the attack.

Because of the weakness of these people, the Germans are ready when the English strike and this English victory, which could have been such a glorious one, becomes merely an achievement of an objective at the cost of heavy casualties. To the "Next of Kin," then, are sent the tragic telegrams—because people talked!

A British-produced film, this has a prologue and epilogue by our own J. Edgar Hoover.

Your Reviewer Says: If you don't see this, you should have a guilty conscience.

Desert Victory (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: Rommel's African rout.

THIS is it—the picture to silence forever the arm-chair critics of the African war! Filmed by the British during actual combat that starts with El Alamein, it is the most superb factual picture to come out of the war thus far.

You see a new manner of warfare, with General Montgomery insisting every private under his command have complete understanding of the military objective and the strategy and methods by which he means to take it. You see supply lines—the longest in history—and you begin to realize the magnitude of the African effort. You see men fighting and dying. You see our forces burying our dead and the enemy dead too; and new hate for the Nazi's way of living and fighting rises within you. You see a Highlander crossing the desert at the height of a hellish fight, his skirts swinging and his pipes sounding, and new courage springs into your heart.

Here is the chance for the folks back home to learn, at first hand, what goes on where their loved ones fight.

Your Reviewer Says: It makes your newspaper headlines come excitingly alive.



★

Your boy in the service might do the same thing—and you might be guilty yourself if you don't see "Next of Kin" with Nova Pilbeam and Geoffrey Hibbert

★

DOWN

(and I don't mean maybe)

REMEMBER how glorious it all was . . . landing your job the very day school ended? It was *your* way of enlisting . . . doing a man's work while he's away fighting for freedom!

You can still see Mom . . . her face beaming when you brought home your first week's pay, safely salted away in War Stamps. And Dad, proud as punch . . . with his glasses all misted up . . . remember?

But today it's different . . . you wish you'd never even started! And you wonder how other girls *always* manage? Sally and Bess and all the rest *never* seem to feel down in the dumps. They'll sail through their full eight hours and their dates, too . . . without a care in the world!

Maybe you were thinking out loud! Because Sally, the starter, takes you under her wing—tells you how girls-in-the-know keep going, keep smiling *every* day. "It's not just luck," she explains. "It's because we've learned by experience that Kotex sanitary napkins are made to stay soft while wearing!"

Hit a New High!

How right she was (and you're glad you didn't break your date)! For Kotex is lots different from pads that just feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. Kotex gives you *more comfort* and (joy of joys!) no wrong side to cause accidents.

All this—and *confidence*, too! Because there's no ceiling to a girl's confidence, with the superb protection only Kotex can promise. No need to forfeit a moment's poise, thanks to that 4-ply safety center . . . and you can depend on those flat, pressed ends to keep your secret safe!

With all these advantages, you'd naturally expect more girls to choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together . . . wouldn't you? *And they do!*

Keep going in comfort—with KOTEX!

THUMBS UP? THUMBS DOWN? "Difficult days"—and what to do about them! The new free booklet, "As One Girl To Another" solves the mysteries of a girl's intimate life . . . tips you off on grooming, activities, social contacts. Rush your name and address on a penny postcard to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-6, Chicago, Illinois. Remember—it's **FREE!**

For Certain Days . . . if you suffer from cramps, try KURB tablets, a Kotex product compounded expressly for relief of periodic discomfort. It merits your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!



★ T M Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Dear Miss "Puzzled":

Ask your baby sister
how to look lovelier !



HAVE A LOOK AT BABY. She's a heart-breaker already with her pink, perfect complexion. *You* can use *her* beauty secret, Sis! Baby's beauty boss is Doctor, and *he* says, "Ivory Soap for *you*, beautiful." You see, baby's sensitive skin needs *gentle* care. And pure, mild Ivory contains no coloring matter, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.



HAVE A CHAT WITH DOCTOR . . . and you won't puzzle any longer. He'll advise you to change from improper cleansing methods. There is no *milder*, *safer* care than regular cleansing with "Velvet-suds" Ivory Soap. No wonder more doctors advise pure, mild Ivory for your skin *and* baby's than all other brands of soap together!



SEE WHAT IT DOES FOR YOUR COMPLEXION. When baby isn't looking, try *her* Ivory beauty treatment. Just borrow her white cake of Ivory. Use *plenty* of that luxurious Ivory lather. You'll soon know how much lovelier your complexion is. That adoring look in *his* eyes will tell you!

99+4/100% pure . . . It floats

Look lovelier . . . with pure, mild
IVORY . . . the soap more Doctors advise
than all other brands together!



